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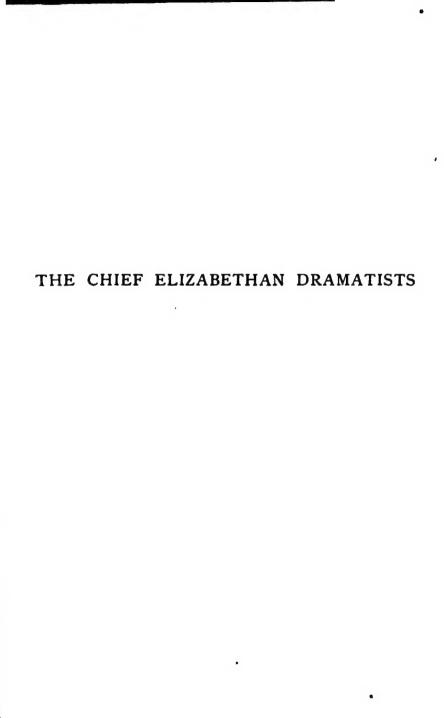


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FRANCIS BEAUMONT
THOMAS MIDDLETON

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BEN JONSON
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PHILIP MASSINGER



THE CHIEF ELIZABETHAN DRAME (1888)

EXCLUDING SHACE OF THE

Selected Plans

LYLY, PEPLE GREENE, MARKAN, A DEKKER, MARSTON, GEYWARD WERSTER, MIDDLETON, WASHING

FOURTH FROM THE COURSES WITH NOTES, COMMON TO THE

WILLIAM ARE COLLECTED FOR



**SPON AND NEW YOR HOUGHFON MIFFLIN + 6 N/2 + Controlled Press Cambridge 1911



THE CHIEF ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS

EXCLUDING SHAKESPEARE

Selected Plays

BY

LYLY, PEELE, GREENE, MARLOWE, KYD, CHAPMAN, JONSON DEKKER, MARSTON, HEYWOOD, BEAUMONT, FLETCHER WEBSTER, MIDDLETON, MASSINGER, FORD, SHIRLEY

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL QUARTOS AND FOLIOS WITH NOTES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND BIBLIOGRAPHIES

BY

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON, Ph. D. PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, MARVARD UNIVERSITY



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PREFACE

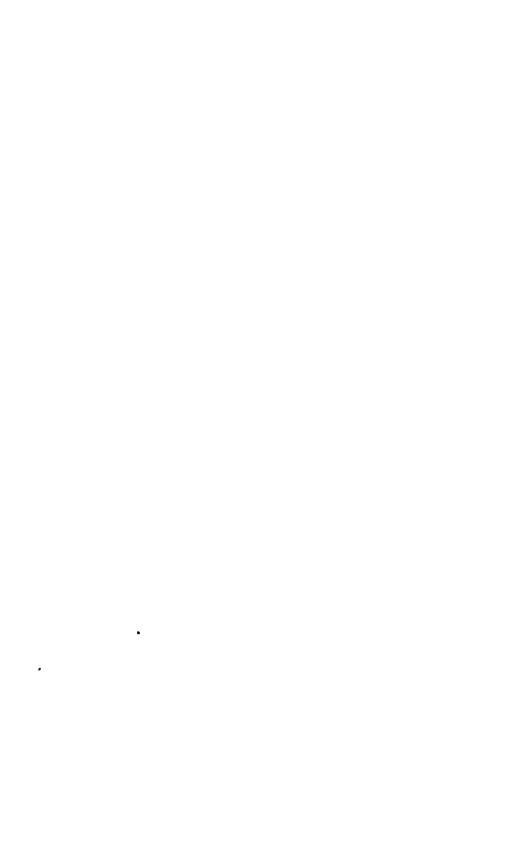
THE aim in the selection of the plays in this volume has been twofold: first, to present typical examples of the work of the most important of Shakespeare's contemporaries, so that, read with Shakespeare's own writings, they might afford a view of the development of the English drama through its most brilliant period; secondly, to present, as far as it was possible in one volume, the most distinguished plays of that period, regarded merely from the point of view of their intrinsic value. It is clear that these two purposes could not always be perfectly combined; but it is hoped that each has been in good measure achieved without undue sacrifice of the other, and that the interests of the academic student and the general reader have been fairly harmonized.

In the treatment of the text, the same principles have been followed as in the editor's edition of Shakespeare's works in the Cambridge Poets Series. Each play has been printed from the most authentic text accessible, and emendations have been adopted sparingly. Modern stage directions, and divisions into scenes and acts which do not appear in the original editions, have been distinguished by square brackets; modern notes of place at the beginning of scenes have been relegated to the footnotes; and indications given by the early copies of the authors' intentions with regard to the reading of the metre have been carefully preserved, especially in the matter of clided vowels. It is probable that, in the case of most of the present plays, the final -ed of verbs was intended to be pronounced as a separate syllable whenever it is spelled in full. The spelling and punctuation have been acceptanced throughout, except when the older spelling implied a different pronunciation.

The footnotes give the most important variant readings, and explanations of obsolete expressions; and the Additional Notes at the end of the volume supply information with regard to the circumstances of publication, date, and sources of each play. In accordance with the plan of the Chief Poets Series, to which the volume belongs, there have been added concise biographical sketches and a selected bibliography of the dramatic work of each author. In view of the full bibliographies printed recently in Professor Schelling's Eucabethan Drama and in The Cambridge History of English Literature, vols. v and vi, it has not accomed advisable to attempt to give exhaustive bibliographies at the expense of reducing the number of dramas. All collected editions of the dramatists concerned are, however, mentioned; all separate editions of the plays here printed; a complete list of ach author's dramas, with the dates of the original editions; and a selection of the more important critical and biographical articles and books. Attention may also be called to the complete index of all the dramatis personae who have speaking parts, and to the index of

In the selection of the thirty plays to be included I have received valuable advice from many friends and colleagues on the faculties of many colleges and universities; so many that a complete acknowledgment would be impracticable, a partial one invidious. For all such help I am deeply grateful. I have also received courtesies from the authorities of







FRANCIS BEAUMONT
THOMAS MIDDLETON

GEORGE CHAPMAN
BEN JONSON
JAMES SHIRLEY

JOHN FLETCHER
PHILIP MASSINGER

ENDYMION C 1586

THE MAN IN THE MOON

JOHN LYLY

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

enveroy, in lose with Cyuthia. Describe a life friend, in love with Semele. Lords of Cynthia's Court. renas-saa, the Greek Philosopher. TITTES an Egyptian Southeaver.

TITTES an Egyptian Southeaver.

TITTES an old wan, husband to Dipsac,

TITTES as Braggart:

TITTES Page to Enumender.

**LEXA, Page to Fodymion

EFFEUR, Page to Fodymion

EFFEUR, Page to Fodymion

Master Constable. First Watchman. Second Watchman.

CURTRIA, the Queen.
TRILLE, in love with Endymion.
FLOSCULA, her friend.
SERRIE, loved by Eumenidea. BCINTILLA, | Waiting-maids. FAVILLA, Direas, an old Enchantress. Bagga, her servant.

Watermen; Fairies; Three Ladies and an Old Man in the Dumb Show.]

THE PROLOGUE

Most high and happy Princess, we must tell you a tale of the Man in the Moon, which, if it seem

the malous for the method, or superfluous for the matter, or for the means incredible, for three in drewe can make but one excuse: it is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

It was furbidden in old time to dispute of Chimara because it was a fiction: we hope in our times a well apply pastimes, because they are fancies; for there liveth none under the sun that knows test to make of the Man in the Moon. We present neither consedy, nor tragedy, nor story, nor applying but that whosever hearsth may say this: Why, here is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

ACT I

SCRNE 1.2

[Enter] ENDYMION and EUMENIDES.

Endymion, I find, Eumenides, in all things best variety to content, and safrety lockit, saving only in my affections, which are so staid, and works! so stately, that I gan mither satisfy my beer with laws, not mine ever with wonder. It thoughts, Emmendes, are stitched to the care, which he may as high as I can see, thou west imagine how much higher they are than

from the most, your thoughts are ridiculous, but the most, your thoughts are ridiculous, but that things immortal are not subject to the major of allured or enchanted with those mostory thangs under the most, you show that to such (low, 'trifles.

End. My love is placed neither under the

Interpret the play as referring to political or other

the Gurdens of Cynthia's Palace.

" to Board Old edd fore

Eum. I hope you be not sotted upon the Man in the Moon.

End. No: but settled either to die or possess

End. No; but settled either to die or possess the moon herself.

Eum, Is Endymion mad, or do I mistake? Do you love the moon, Endymion?

End. Enmenides, the moon.

Eum. There was never any so prevish to imagine the moon either capable of affection or shape of a mistress; for as impossible it is to make love fit to her humour, which no man knoweth, as a coat to her form, which con- to time the motion of the property which are to make love fit to be property which me man knoweth, as a coat to her form, which con- to time the not in one biguess whilst she is measurtinusth not in one biguess whilst she is measur-ing. Cease off, Endymion, to feed so much upon fancies. That melancholy blood must be purged which draweth you to a dotage no less muserable

than monstrous.

End. My thoughts have no veins, and yet unless they be let blood, I shall perish.

Eum. But they have vanities, which being reformed, you may be restored.

End. O, fair Cynthia, why do others term [so
thee unconstant whom I have ever found unmonstall? I minimum time. movable? Injurious time, corrupt manners, unkind men, who, finding a constancy not to be matched in my aweet mistress, have christened

6 Infatuated with.

8 Foolish.

her with the name of wavering, waxing, and [" Is she inconstant that keepeth a setthed course; which, since her first creation, altereth not one minute in her moving? There is nothing thought more admirable or commendable in the sea than the ebbing and flowing ; |50 and shall the moon, from whom the sea taketh this virtue, be accounted fickle for increasing and decreasing? Flowers in their buds are nothing worth till they be blown, nor are blossoms accounted till they be rips fruit; and shall [so we then say they be changeable for that they from bads to their perfection? Then, why be not twigs that become trees, children that become mon, and mornings that grow to even- [eings, termed wavering, for that they continue not at one stay? Ay, but Cynthia, being in her fulness, decayeth, is not delighting in her greatest beauty, or withering when she should be most honoured. When makes cannot object [w anything, folly will, making that a vice which is the greatest virtue. What thing my mistress excepted, being in the pride of her beauty and latter minute of her age, that waxeth young again? Tell me. Enmenides, what is he that [50] having a mistress of ripe years and infinite virtues, great honours and unspeakable beauty, but would wish that she might grow tender again, getting youth by years, and never-decaying beauty by time; whose fair face neither the [3 summer's blaze can seem, nor winter's blast chap, nor the numbering of years breed altering of colours? Such is my sweet Cynthia, whom time cannot touch because she is divine, nor will offend because she is delicate. U Cynthin, if thou shouldst always continue at thy fulness, both gods and men would conspire to ravish thee. But then, to abate the pride of our affections, dost detract from thy perfections, thinking it sufficient if once in a month [80] we enjoy a glimpse of thy majesty; and then, increase our gracis, thou dost decrease thy glemms, coming out of thy royal robes, wherewith

gleams, coming out of thy royal robes, wherewith thom dazzlost our eyes, down into thy swathe clouts, begoiding our eyes; and then —
**Eum. Stay there, Endymion; thou that committeet idolatry, wilt straight blaspheme, if thou he suffered. Sleep would do thee more good than speech; the moon heareth thee not, or if the do, regardeth thee not.

**End. Vain Emmendes, whose thoughts never grow legher than the crown of thy head! Why

troublest thou me, having neither head to con-ceive the cause of my love or a heart to receive the impressions? Follow thou thing own fortunes, which creep on the earth, and suffer me to the to mine, whose fall, though it be desperate, yet shall it come by daving. Farewell. [Exit]

Fun. Without doubt Endymion is bewitched;

otherwise in a man of such rare virtues there [165 could not harbour a mind of such extreme mad-ness. I will follow him, lest in this fancy of the moon he deprive himself of the sight of the sun. Exit. Scene II.2 Eusnem ? [Enter] Telles and Floscola Junta

Tellus. Treacherons and most perjured Endy-mion, is Cynthia the sweetness of thy life and the bitterness of my death? What revenge may be devised so full of shame as my thoughts are replenished with malice? Tell me, Floscula, [5] if f diseases in love can possibly be jamished with extremity of hate? As long as sword, fire, or poison may be hired, no traiter to my love shall live unrevenged. Were thy oaths without manber, thy kisses without measure, thy sighs without end, forged to deceive a poor credulous virgin, whose simplicity had been worth thy favour and better fortune? If the gods sit unequal beholders of injuries, or laughers at lovers' deceits, then let mischief be as well for [16]

given in women as perjuty winked at in men.

Flose. Madam, if you would compare the
state of Cynthia with your own, and the height
of Endymon his thoughts with the meanness of your fortune, you would rather yield than for contend, being between you and her no comparison; and rather wonder than rage at the greatness of his mind, being affected with a

thing more than mortal.

Telius. No comparison, Floscula? And a why so? Is not my beauty divine, whose body is decked with fair flowers, and veins are vines, yielding sweet liquor to the dullest sprits; whose ears are corn, to bring strength; and whose hairs are grass, to bring abundance? [50] Doth not frankincense and myrrh breathe out of my nostrils, and all the sacrifice of the gods breed in my bowels? Infinite are my creatures, without which neither thou, nor Endymion, nor

any, could love or live.

Flose. But know you not, fair lady, that Cynthia governeth all things? Your grapes would be but dry husks, your corn but chaff, and all your virtues vain, were it not Cynthia that preserveth the one in the bud and noursheth the fee other in the blade, and by her influence both conforteth all things, and by her authority com-mandeth all creatures. Suffer, then, Endymion to follow his affections, though to obtain her be impossible, and let him flatter himself in his for

own imaginations, because they are immortal.

Tellus, Louth I am, Endymion, then shouldest die, because I love thee well; and that thou shouldest live, it grieveth me, because then lovest Cynthia too well. In these extremities, | what shall I do? Floscula, no more words; I am

what shall I do? Floscula, no more words; I am resolved. He shall neither live mor die.

Flosc. A strange practice, if it be possible, Tellus. Yes, I will entangle him in such a sweet net that he shall neither find the means to come out, nor desire it. All allurements of pleasure will I cast before his eyes, insomuch that he shall slake that love which he now voweth to Cynthia, and huse in mine of which he eth to Cynthia, and burn in mine, of which he seemeth careless. In this languishing, be- tween my amorous devices and his own loose desires, there shall such dissolute thoughts take

¹ Swaddling-clothes.

root in his head, and over his heart grow so thick of journelment nor commel of the wisest, nor lear company of the worthiest, shall alter his hu-Flow. A revenue incredible, and, if it may

Town. He shall know the malice of a wo- [w man to have neither mean nor end; and of a varian deluded in love to have neither rule nor reason. I can do it; I must; I will? All his virtues will I shadow with vices; his person ash, which person as he shall forget it is his own person; his durry wit all, wit too-sharp that hath cut off all my joys? shall be use in flattering of my face and do using somethin my favour. The prime of his youth and pride of his time shall be spent [of the too handredy passions, careless behaviour, untained thoughts, and unbridled affections.

Force, When this is done, what then? Shall it continue till his death, or shall be dote forever in this delight?

Town. Ah, Placula, thou rendest my heart w snuder in putting me in remembrance of the

Fine. Why, if this be not the end, all the

In action question of surveite.

The sale no end, it the end, all the local Yer suffer me to imitate Jano, who will turn Jupiter's lovers to beasts on the each, though she know afterwards they should be turn in lower.

Fine. Affection that is bred by enchant-less to like a flower that is wrought in silk. — in colour and form most like, but nothing at all

Inite It shall suffice me if the world talk

that I am favoured of Endymoon.

For. Well, use your own will; but you shall bed that love gotten with witcheraft is as unwant as fish taken with medicines i unwhole-

Pollus. Flowenia, they that be so poor that [106 her have nother net nor hook will rather win father than pine with hunger; and she but we approved with love that she is neither the suth because mer wit to obtain her friend, with he will will duit, Ett.

be the parts. I will do it. Ent. E. The p about it. Poor Endymion, what it is no level for thee because then become the bonderest in that all the world wonders that! And what ast to make thee unfortunate that Ins Labort of all men to be the faithfulest ! Exit.

SCENE III.2

[Enter] DARES and SAMIAS.

Pares. No our mosters are in love up to the school have we to do but to be in knowny with the crosses?

The crosses?

On that we had Sir Tophas, that we require, in the midst of our mirth, — et is ere was m. "Will you see the Devil".—

Enter SIR TOPHAS [and EPITON].

Top. Epi!
Epa. Here, sir.
Top. I brook not this idle humour of love; it tickleth not my liver, from whence the love- to mangers in former ages seemed to infer they should proceed.

Epi. Love, sir, may lie in your lungs, — and I think it doth, and that is the cause you blow

and are so pursy.

Top. Tush, boy, I think it but some device of

Top. I ush, boy, I think it but some device of the poet to get money.

Epil A poet? What's that?

Top. Dost thou not know what a poet is?

Epil No.

Top. Why, fool, a poet is as much as one should say—a poet. [Noticing Darks and Santas.] But soft, yonder be two wreus; shall I should at them?

Epr. Larks or wrens, I will kill them.

Epr. Larks or wrens, I will kill them.

Epr. Larks I Are you blind? They are two

little hoys. Top. Rirds or boys, they are both but a pit-

tance for my breakfast; therefore have at them, for their brains must as it were subroider my bolts. Sam. Stay your courage, valiant knight, for

your wisdom is so weary that it stayeth itself.

Par. Why, Sir Tophas, have you forgotten your old friends?

Top. Friends? Nego argumentum.

Sam. And why not friends?

Top. Because amicina (as in old annuls we

not because america as note analyses finds is inter pares. Now, my profity com- a panions, you shall see how unequal you be to me, but I will not cut you quite off, you shall be my half-friends for reaching to my nieldle; so far as from the ground to the waist I will be

your friend.

Dar. Learnedly. But what shall become of the rest of your body, from the waist to the

Top. My children, quod supra cos mhil ad cos; you must think the rest immortal, be- [80] cause you cannot reach it.

Epi. Nay, I tell ye my master is more than a

PERENT

Dar. And thou less than a mouse.

Top. But what he you two!

Sam. I am Sami as, page to [Emmenides]. Dar. And I Dares, page to Endymion].

Top. Of what occupation are your mesters? Dar. Occupation, you clown! Why, they are

honourable and warriors.

Top. Then are they my prentices.

Dar. Thine! And why so?

Top. I was the first that ever devised war, and therefore by Mars himself given me for my arms a whole armory; and thus I go, as you is see, clothed with artillery. It is not silk, milk-sops, nor tissues, nor the fine wool of Seres,

[&]quot; Conglet with palaoned dough-balls.

⁴ West of Beres, Chinese silk. Old edd. read Cores.

but iron, steel, swords, flame, shot, terror, clamour, blood, and rain, that rocks asleep my thoughts, which never had any other cradle ["

thoughts, which never had any other cradle [w] but cruelty. Let me see, do you not bleed?

Dar. Why so?

Top. Commonly my words wound.

Sam. What then do your blows?

Top. Not only [wound,] but also confound, w
Sam. How darest thou come so near thy
master, Epi? Sir Tophas, spare us.

Top. You shall live:—you, Samias, because
you are little; you, Dares, because you are no
bigger; and both of you, because you are but [w
two; for commonly I kill by the dozen, and have
for every particular adversary a pseuliar weuron. for every particular adversary a peculiar weapon. sam. May we know the use, for our better skill in war?

Top. You shall. Here is a bird-bolt for the [augly beast the blackbird.

Dar. A cruel sight.

Top. Here is the musket for the untamed or,

as the vulgar sort term it, the wild mullard.2

as the vulgar sort term it, the wild mallard.²
Som. O desperate attempt!
Eds. Nay, my master will match them.
Dar. Ay, if he catch them.
Top. Here is a spear and shield, and both necessary, the one to conquer, the other to subdue or overcome the terrible trout, which although he be under the water, yet tying a string to the top of my spear and an engine of iron to the end of my line, I overthrow him, and then herein I put him.
Som. O wonderful war! [Aside.] Dares, [100]

Sam. O wonderful war! [Aside.] Dares, [100] didst thou ever hear such a dolt?

Dur. [Aside.] All the better, we shall have good sport hereafter, if we can get leisure.

Sam. [Aside.] Leisure! I will rather lose my muster's service than his company! Look [100] how he struts. [To Sir Torras.] But what is this? Call you it your aword?

Top. No, it is my simitar; which I, by construction often studying to be compendious, call my smiter.

Line. What, are you also learned, sir?

Top. Learned? I am all Mars and Ars.

Sam. Nay, you are all mass and ass.

Top. Mock you me? You shall both suffer, yet with such weapons as you shall make choice of the weapon wherewith you shall perish. Am I all a mass or lump; is there no proportion in me? Am I all ms; is there no wit in me? Epi, prepare them to the slaughter.

prepare them to the slaughter.

Sam. I pray, sir, hear us speak! We call for you mass, which your learning doth well understand is all man, for mas, maris is a man. Then as as you know! is a weight, and we for your virtues account you a weight.

Top. The Latin hath saved your lives, the first which a world of silver could not have ransom'd. I understand you, and pardon you.

Dar. Well, Sir Tophas, we bid you farewell, and at our next meeting we will be ready to do

and at our next meeting we will be ready to do you service.

Top. Samins, I thank you: Dares, I thank you: but especially I thank you both.

Sam. [Aside.] Wisely. Come, next time we'll have some pretty gentlewomen with us to walk, for without doubt with them he will to be very dainty.

Dar. Come, let us see what our masters do:

it is high time. Execut | SAMIAS and DARES. |
Top. Now will I march into the field, where, if I cannot encounter with my foul [us enemies, I will withdraw myself to the river, and there fortify for fish, for there resteth no minute free from fight.

Exeunt [Sir TOPHAS and EPITON.] 148

SCENE IV.

[Enter at one side] FLOSCULA and TELLUS, [at the other Dirsas.

Tellus, Behold, Floscula, we have met with the woman by chance that we sought for by travel. I will break my mind to her without ceremony or circumstance, lest we lose that time in advice that should be spent in execu-[s

Flose. Use your discretion; I will in this case neither give counsel nor consent, for there cannot be a thing more monstrous than to force affection by sorcery, neither do I imagine [10 anything more impossible.

Tellus. Tush. Florenla, in obtaining of love, what impossibilities will I not try? And for the

winning of Endymion, what impicties will I not practise? Dipsas, whom as many honour for [u age as wouder at for cunning, listen in few words to my tale, and answer in one word to the pur-pose, for that neither my burning desire can afford long speech, nor the short time I have to stay many delays. Is it possible by herbs, [20] stones, spells, incantation, enchantment, exorcisms, fire, metals, planets, or any practice, to plant affection where it is not, and to supplant

it where it is?

Dipsas. Fair lady, you may imagine that [28 these heary hairs are not void of experience, nor the great name that goeth of my cunning to be without cause, I can darken the sun by ny skill and remove the moon out of her course; I can restore youth to the aged and make [36] hills without bottoms; there is nothing that I cannot do but that only which you would have me do: and therein I differ from the gods, that I am not able to rule hearts; for were it in my power to place affection by appointment. I [www.would make such evil appetites, such inordinate lusts, such cursed desires, as all the world should be filled both with superstitious heats and ex-

trene love.

Tellus. Unhappy Tellus, whose desires are [66 so desperate that they are neither to be conseived of any creature, nor to be cured by any

28.81

Dipsas. This I can: breed slackness in love, though never root it out. What is he whom [so you love, and what she that he honoureth?

Tellus. Endymion, sweet Endymion is he that hath my heart; and Cynthia, too, too fair

Cynthia, the miracle of nature, of time, of for-ture, is the lady that he delights in, and [80 dates on every day, and dies for ten thousand

Dipose. Would you have his love either by Cynthia should mistrust him, or be jealous [46 of hum without colour?

Frave. It is the only thing I crave, that, seeing my love to Endymion, unspotted, cannot be assigned, his truth to Cynthia, though it be unspected.

It is the only thing I crave, that, seeing the last the control of the control of

has that all his love shall be doubted of, and therefore become desperate; but this will wear out with time that treadeth all things down but

Time. Let us go. Deposes. I follow.

Excunt.

ACT II

SCENE I.

[Enter] ENDYMION.

Endymeon. O fair Cyuthin! O unfortunate thy thoughts, or her beauty less than heavenly; the changing or her beauty less than heavenly; in why are not thine honours as rare as her beauty, or thy fortunes as great as thy decisions. Sweet Cynthia, how wouldst thou he planed, how possessed? Will labours, parient of electronicies, obtain thy love? There is no mount in so steep that I will not climb, no monute as cruel that I will not tune, no action has desperate that I will not attempt, Desirent than the passions of love, the sad and melancholy moods of perplexed minds, the not-to-besperased torments of racked thoughts? Dehold we sad teams, my deep sights. espressed torments of racked thoughts? Benote my said tears, my deep sighs, my hollow is east, my broken sleeps, my heavy countenance. Bouldet thou have me vow'd only to thy besuty and consume overy minute of time in the service? Remember my solitary life almost these server years. Whom have I entertained in but mine own thoughts and thy virtues? What these seven years. Whom have I satertained in leat mine own thoughts and thy virtues? What bare I used but contemplation? Whom have I would'ted at but thee? Nay, whom have I use contemped for thee? Have I not crept to those on whom I might have trodden, is any locanese thou didatahine upon them? Have set injuries been sweet to me, if thou youch affect I should bear them? Have I not spent and the vertex in hones, waxing old with when I should bear them? Have I not spent my adden years in hopes, waxing old with reshing yet wishing nothing but thy love? [so With Tellus, fair Tellus, have I dissembled, using her but as a clock for nine affections, at others, seeing my mangled and disordered wind, might think it were for one that loveth me not for I yithin, whose perfection allowth no companion nor comparison. In the midst not only junious of my truth, but careless, surpirone, and socure; which strange humour mak-

eth my mind as desperate as thy conveits are doubtful. I am none of those wolves that bark most when thou shinest brightest, but that fish (thy fish, Cynthia, in the flood Ararus which at thy waxing is as white as the driven snow, art thy waring is as white as the deark- is and at thy waning as black as deepest dark- is ness. I am that Endymion, sweet Cynthin, that have carried my thoughts in equal balance with my actions, being always as free from imagin-ing ill as enterprising; that Endymion whose eyes never esteemed anything fair but thy | face, whose tongue termed nothing rare but thy virtues, and whose heart imagined nothing nuvirtues, and whose heart imagined nothing intraculous but thy government; yea, that findymion, who, divorcing himself from the anniablemess of all ladies, the bravery of all courts, 15 the company of all men, hath chosen in a sultrary cell to live, only by feeding on thy favour, accounting in the world—but thyself—nothing excellent, nothing immortal; thus mayest thom soe every vein, sinew, muscle, and artery of to my love, in which there is no flattery, nor deceit, error, nor art. But soft, here cometh Tellus. I must turn my other face to her, like Janua, lest she be as suspicious as Juno.

Enter Tellus, [Floscula, and Invens].

Tellus. Yonder I espy Endymion. I will be seem to suspect nothing, but soothe him. that seeing I cannot obtain the depth of his love. I may learn the height of his dissembling. Flosmay learn the height of his dissembling. Phacula and Dipsas, withdraw yourselves out of our sight, yet be within the hearing of our its saluting. [FLOSCULA and Direass withdraw.] How now, Endymion, always solitary? No company but your own thoughts, no friend but melancholy faucies?

End. You know, fair Tellus, that the [79]

sweet remembrance of your love is the only companion of my life, and thy presence, my paradise; so that I am not alone when notody is with me, and in heaven itself when thou art

with me.

Tellus. Then you love me, Endymion? End. Or else I live not, Tellus. Tellus. Is it not possible for you, Endymion, to dissemble?

End. Not, Tellus, unless I could make me (se

a woman.

Tellus. Why, is dissembling joined to their sex inseparable, as heat to fire, heaviness to

earth, moisture to water, thinness to air?

End. No, but found in their sex as com- on mon as spots upon doves, moles upon faces, caterpillars upon sweet apples, cobwebs upon fair windows.

Tellus. Do they all dissemble?

End, All but one.

Tellus. Who is that?

End. I dare not tell: for if I should say you, then would you imagine my flattery to be extreme; if another, then would you think my love to be but indifferent.

¹ Overcome. * The same.

tage of your words. But, in sooth, Endymion, without more ceremonies, is it not Cynthia?

End. You know. Tellus, that of the gods we

are forbidden to dispute, because their dei- in ties come not within the compass of our reasons; and of Cynthia we are allowed not to talk but to wonder, because her virtues are not within the reach of our especities.

Tellus. Why, she is but a woman.

End. No more was Venus.

Tellus. She is but a virgin. End. No more was Vesta.

Tellus. She shall have an end.

End, So shall the world. 118 Tellus. Is not her beauty subject to time:
End. No more than time is to standing still.
Tellus. Wilt thou make her immortal?

Tillus. Wilt thou make her immortal?

End. No, but incomparable.

Tellus. Take heed. Endymion, lest like [150]
the wrestler in Olympia, that striving to lift an impossible weight catch'd an incurable strain, thou, by fixing thy thoughts above thy reach,

fall into a disease without all recurs. But I see thou art now in love with Uynthia.

End. No. Tellus, thou knowest that the stately cedar, whose top reacheth unto the clouds, never boweth his head to the shrubs that grow in the valley; nor ivy, that climbeth up by the clm, can ever get hold of the loo beams of the sun. Cynthia I honour in all hunility, whom none ought or dare adventure to love, whose affections are immortal, and virtues infinite. Suffer me, therefore, to gara on the moon, at whom, were it not for thyself, I would is die with wondering.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.1

[Enter] DARES, SAMIAS, SCINTILLA, and FA-VILLA.

- Dar. Come, Samias, didst thou ever hear such a sighing, the one for Cynthia, the other for Semele, and both for moonshine in the mater ?

Sum. Let them sigh, and let us sing. How for my you, gentlewomen, are not our masters too

far in love

Scant. Their tongues, haply, are dipp'd to hat I think their hearts are senree tipp'd on [10

The side with constant desires.

Dur. How say you, Favilla, is not love a lurcher, that takethmen's stomachs away that they cannot eat, their spicen that they cannot laugh, their hearte that they cannot fight, is their eyes that they cannot sleep, and leaveth

nething but livers to make nothing but lovers! Fam. Away, prevish bay; a rol were better under thy girdle than love in thy month! It will be a forward cock that croweth in the [10]

Dur. Alas, good old gentlewoman, how it becometh you to be grave!

Scint. Favilla, though she be but a spark, yet is she tire.

> 1 The mane. 2 A thing.

And you, Scintilla, be not much Favil. more than a spark, though you would be esteemed a flame.

Sam. [... sudr to Dares.] It were good sport to see the fight between two sparks.

Dar. [... ds. de to Samias.] Let them to it, and we will warm us by their words.

Scint. You are not angry, Favilla?
Favil. That is, Scintilla, as you list to take

Sam. That, that! Soint. This it is to be matched with girls, who coming but yesterday from making of babies, would before to-morrow be accounted matrons,

Facil. I cry your matronship mercy. Betherefore your feet must needs be higher in the insteps. You will be mine elder because you

stand upon a stool and I on the floor.

Sam. Good!

Dar. [To Samias.] Let them alone, and see with what countenance they will become

frieuds.

Saint. Nay, you think to be the wiser, because you mean to have the last word.

Saint. [To Dares.] Step between them lest they scratch.—In faith, gentlewomen, seeing we came out to be merry, let not your jarring mar our jests; be friends. How say you?

Scint. I am not angry, but it spited me to [was a was was a was a

see how short she was

Favil. I meant nothing till she would needs cross me.
Dar. Then, so let it rest.

Scint. I am agreed.

Scint. I am agreed.

Fund. And I. Yet I never took anything so unkindly in my life.

Scint. 'T is I have the cause, that never of-

fered the occasion. H'eeps.] Dar. Excellent, and right like a woman.

Sam. A strange sight to see water come out of fire.

Dar. It is their property to carry in their yes fire and water, tears and turches, and in their months honey and gall.

Enter (at the opposite side) Sir TOPHAS [and Erron].

Scint. You will be a good one if you live. But what is youder formal fellow?

Dar. Sir Tophas, Sir Tophas, of whom we told you. If you be good wenches, make as though you love him, and wonder at him.

Faril. We will do our parts.)

Dar. But first let us stand aside, and let him use his garb, o for all consisteth in his gracing.

. [The four retire.] Top. Epi!

Eps. At hand, sir.
Top. How likest than this martial life, where nothing but blood besprinkleth our bosoms?
Let me see, be our enemies fat?

Epi. Passing fat: and I would not change

this life to be a lord; and yourself passeth all | ...

Dolls. Loose shoes
The troat which Epiton is carrying. 3 Show his style.

comparison, for other captains kill and boat, and there is nothing you kill, but you also eat. Top. I will draw out their guts out of their belies, and tear the flock with my teeth, or ctal is my hate, and so eager my un- se standard stomack.

Epr. My master thinks himself the valuation man in the world if he kill a wron;

ralantest man in the world if he kill a wron; a sarlike a thing he accounted to take away for though it be from a link.

Top. Em. I find my thoughts to swell and my spirit to take wings, insomuch that I cannot eatings within the compass of so slender com-

Facel. This passeth! S. ad. Why, whe not mad? Sem. No. but a little vainglorious. ([Aside.]

Em. Sir
Top. I will encounter that black and cruel 100 money that beareth rough and untewed locks apon his body, whose sire throweth down the strongest walls, whose legs are as many as both ours, on whose hand are placed most harrible horne by nature as a defence from all harms, us

Eps. What mean you, masses,
Eps. What mean you, masses,
Top. Homour inciteth me, and very hunger
compelleth me.
Eps. What is that monster?
Top. The monster Oms. I have said, -let
with work. Top. The monster Oms. I have said, —let hy wite wark.

Eps. I cannot imagine it. Yet let me see, — a black enemy? with "rough locks." It may be a cheep, and Oma is a sheep. His sire so the strong a rain is a sheep's sire, that being also at engine of war. Horus he hath, and four logs.—so hath a sheep. Without doubt, this anatter is a black sheep. Is it not a sheep that Top. Then hast hit it: that monster will I

I g. Thou hast hit it: that monster will I kill and sup with.

Som. I holde. Come let us take him off.

SOME DAMES, FAVILLA, and SCINTILLA
tom Soward Sir Tophas, all hai!

Typ. Welcome, children; I soldom cust mine
eres solow as to the crowns of your heads, and
to refere pardon me that I spake not all this

Dr. No harm done, Here be fair ladies | 100 asse to wonder at your person, your valour, your at, the report whereof both made them careless of their own honours, to glut their eyes and

hearts upon yours.

Ty. Report connot but injure me, for that [see not knowing fully what I am, I fear she both son a nugard in her profess.

> not. No, gouthe knight, report hath been

from a niggard in her princes.

Sont. No, gentle knight, report hath been
control for she hath left you no equal, nor

relf credit, so much hath she told, yet no [us

are than we now see,

it or. A good weach.

From If there remain as much pity toward

and the left hat be because against your

then shall we be happy, who, hear [100

ing of your person, came to see it, and seeing it' are now in love with it.

Top. Love me, ladies? I easily believe it, Top. Love me, ladies? I easily heliave it, but my tough heart receiveth no impression with sweet words. Mars may pierce it, 155 Venus shall not paint on it.

Faud. A cruel saying.

Som. [Aside.] There is a girl.

Dar. Will you cast these ladies away, and all for a little love? Do but speak kindly.

Top. There conneth no soft syllable within her love eastern both made my words bloody.

my lips; custom hath made my words bloody and my heart barbarous. That pelting word and my heart barbarous. That pelling word love, how waterish it is in my mouth, it carrieth no sound. Hate, horror, death, are but speeches that nourish my spirits. I like honey, but I care not for the bees; I delight in music, but I love not to play on the happines; I can vouchsafe to hear the voice of women, but to touch their bodies, I disdain it as a [50] thing childish and fit for such men as can digest nothing but milk.

nothing but milk.

Scint. A hard heart! Shall we die for your love and find no remedy?

Top. I have already taken a surfeit.

Epi. Good master, pity them.

Top. Pity them. Epi No. I do not think that this breast shall be pest red with such a foolish passion. What is that the gentlewoman carrieth in a chain?

Epi. Why, it is a squirrel.

Top. A squirrel? O gods, what things are made for money!

made for money !

Dar. Is not this gentleman over-wise? Favil. I could stay all day with him, if [166] I feared not to be sheat.

North. Is it not possible to meet again?

Dar. Yes, at any time.

Favil. Then let us hasten home.

Scint. Sir Tophus, the god of war deal pobetter with you than you do with the god of

Favil. Our love we may dissemble, digest we cannot; but I doubt not but time will ham-

per you and help us.

Top. I defy time, who hath no interest in my heart. Come, Epi, let me to the battle with that hideous beast. Love is pap, and hath no relish in my taste because it is not terrible.

[Excust Sir Torras and Erron.]

Dar. Indeed a black sheep is a perilous [900

beast; but let us in till another time.
Favil. I shall long for that time.

SCENE III.4

[Enter] ENDYMION.

End. No rest, Endymon! Still uncertain how to settle thy steps by day or thy thoughts by night! Thy truth is measured by thy fortune, and thou art judged unfaithful because thou art unhappy. I will see if I can beguile [4 myself with sleep, and if no slumber will take hold in my eyes, yet will I embrace the golden thoughts in my head, and wish to melt by mus-

ing; that as ebony, which no fire can scorch, is yet consumed with sweet savours, so my heart, [10 which cannot be bent by the hardness of fortune, may be bruised by amorous desires. On tune, may be bruised by amorous desires. On yonder bank never grew anything but lunary, and hereafter I will never have any bed but that bank. O Endymion, Tellus was fair. But to what availeth beauty without wisdom? Nay, Endymion, she was wise. But what availeth wisdom without honour? She was honourable, Endymion; belie her not, Ay, but how obscure is honour without fortune. Was she not for for tunate whom so many followed? Yes, yes, but base is fortune without majesty; thy majesty, Cynthia, all the world knoweth and wondereth at, but not one in the world that can imitate it at, but not one in the world that can imitate it or comprehend it. No more, Endymion. Sleep [20 or die. Nay, die, for to sleep, it is impossible;—and yet I know not how it cometh to pass, I —and yet I know not how it cometh to pass, if feel such a heaviness both in mine eyes and heart that I am suddenly benumbed, yea, in every joint. It may be weariness, for when [so did I rest? It may be deep melancholy, for when did I not sigh? Cynthia! Ay, so; —I say, Cynthia!

[Enter DIPRAG and BAGOA.]

Dipsas. Little dost thou know, Endymion, when thou shalt wake, for hadst thou placed [22 thy heart as low in love as thy head lieth now in sleep, thou mightest have commanded Tellus, whom now, instead of a mistress, thou shalt find a tomb. These eyes must I seal up by art, not nature, which are to be opened neither by [a art nor nature. Thou that layest down with golden locks shalt not awake until they be turned to silver hairs; and that chin on which scarcely appeareth soft down shall be filled with bristles as hard as broom. Thou shalt sleep [4 out thy youth and flowering time, and become dry hay before thou knewest thyself green grass; and ready by age to step into the grave when thou wakest, that was youthful in the court when thou laidest thee down to sleep. [40 The malice of Tellus bath brought this to pass, which if she could not have intreated of me by which it she could not have intreated of the by fair means, she would have commanded by memcing, for from her gather we all our simples to maintain our sorceries, [To BAGOA.] see Fan with this hemlock over his face, and sing the enchantment for sleep, whilst I go in and finish those coronomies that are required in our art. Take heed ye touch not his face, for the fan is so seasoned that whose it toucheth with lee a leaf shall presently die, and over whom the

wind of it breatheth, he shall sheep forever.

Bagoa. Let me alone: I will be careful. (Exit
Disease. What hap hadst thou, Endymion, to
come under the hands of Diseas? O fair Endymion, how it grieveth me that that fair face must be turned to a withered skin and taste the pains of death before it feel the reward of love !

I fear Tellus will repent that which the heavens themselves seemed to rue. But I hear Dipsas is coming! I dare not repine, lest she make me pine, and rock me into such a deep sleep that I shall not awake to my marriage.

Re-enter DIPBAB.

Dipsas. How now, have you finished?
Bagoa. Yen.
Dipsas. Well then, let us in; and see that you do not so much as whisper that I did this, for if you do, I will turn thy hairs to adders and all thy teeth in thy head to tongues. Come away, come away. Excunt [Direas and Bagoa]. [80]

A DUMB SHOW! representing the dream of Enlymon).

Music sounds. Three ladies enter: one with a knife and a looking-glass, who, by the procurement of one of the other two, offers to stab Endy mion as he sleeps; but the third we not her hands lamenteth, affering still to prevent it, but dates is not. At last, the first lady looking in the glass casts down the knife.

Execute

Enters an ancient man with books with three leaves; affers the same twier. Endymion refuseth, He rendeth two and affers the third, we where he stands awhile; and then Endymion Exit the Old Manl. offers to take it.

ACT III

SCENE L.

[Enter] CYNTHIA, TELLUS, [SEMELE, EUMENI-DES, CORSITES, PARFLION, and ZONTES.]

Cynthia. Is the report true, that Endymion is stricken into such a dead sleep that nothing can either wake him or move him?

Eum. Too true, madam, and as much to be pitied as wondered at.

Tidius. As good sleep and do no harm as wake

and do no good.

Cynth, What maketh you, Tellus, to be so short? The time was Endymion only was.

Eum. It is an old saying, madam, that a [10]
waking dog doth afar off bark at a sleeping

Sem. It were good, Eumenides, that you took a nap with your friend, for your speech beginneth to be heavy.

Eum. Contrary to your nature, Semele, which hath been always accounted light.

Cynth. What, have we here before my face these unseemly and malapert overthwarts! I will tame your tongues and your thoughts. [10 and make your speeches answerable to your duties, and your conceits fit for my dignity, elso will I banish you both my person and the world.

Eum. Pardon, I humbly ask; but such is my

unspotted faith to Endymion that whatsoever |

Moonwort. "I have heard of an herb called Lunary that the my bound to the pulses of the wek cause nothing but drawns of weddings and dances." Act III, Sc. 3. Sapho and Phao. (Baker.)

Pumb show. Omitted in first edition. Given by leunten 1672 Plount reads readeth. • In the Gardens of the Palace.

muth a needle to prick his finger is a dagger

cometh a needle to prick his finger is a dagger to wound my heart.

PostA If you be so dear to him, how happeneth it you neither go to see him, nor search tor senedy for him?

**Eas.* I have seen him to my grief, and sought recure with despair, for that I cannot imagine who should restore him that is the wonder to all mon. Your Highness, on whose hands the compass of the earth is at command, though is not in pessession, may show yourself both northy our rea, your patter, and your self both areathy our rea, your patter, and your self both. f you redeem that honourable Endymion,

of you redeem that homourable Endymion, whose rips years foretell rare virtues, and whose united lowed conceits promise rips counsel. [10] Cwith. I have lind trial of Endymion, and consider agreement of his age than I could hope of his youth.

Tokus, But timely, madam, crooks that tree that will be a cammock, and young it pricks [25] that will be a thorn; and therefore he that becan without care to settle his life, it is a sign without care to settle his life, it is a sign without care to settle his life, it is a sign without care to settle his life, it is a sign without care to settle his life, it is a sign without care to settle his life, it is a sign without care to settle his life, it is a sign without care to settle his life, it is a sign without care to settle his life, it is a sign without care to settle his life, it is a sign without care to settle his life. sithant amendment he will end it.

Coath. Presumptuous girl, I will make thy harmer. Corntes, carry her to the eastle in the

-t, there to remain and weave.

(se, Shull she work stories or postries?

Cys.A. It skilleth? not which, Go to, in both;

to she shall find examples infinite in either [4] that punishment long tongues have. Eumeniwhat punishment long tongues have. Eumenided if either the soothsayers in Egypt, or the pullosophers in Thessaly, or the pullosophers in the sages of the world can find remote. I will procure it, therefore, dispatch for with all speed: you, Eumenides, into Thessaly, you, Zontes, into Greece, because you are apprinted in Athens; you, Panelion, to Egypt; saying that Cynthia sendeth, and if you will,

Even. On bowed knee I give thanks, and with many on my legs, I fly for remedy.

Z.a. We are ready at your highness' commod, and hope to return to your full content, Crath. It shall never be said that Cynthm, [19]

whose merry and goodness tilleth the heavens it joys and the world with marvels, will after either Endymou or any to perish, if he Fum Your Majesty's words have been al- [10]

rays deeds, and your deeds virtues.

SCENE II.3

[Enter] CORSUTES and TRULUS.

Core Here is the castle, fair Tollus, in which ou must weave, till either time end your days, or t yothin her displemenre. I am sorry so fair a

or tynchia her displeasaire. I am sorry so tair a lane thould be subject to so hard a fortune, and that the flower of beauty, which is honoured is uncorts, should here wither in prison.

Tidus. Corates. Cynthia may restrain the berry of my body, of my thoughts she cannot; ad the refore do I extern myself most free,

woch I am in greatest bondage.

Cors. Can you then feed on fancy, and suldue the malice of eavy by the sweetness of imagination?

Tellus. Corsites, there is no sweeter music to the miserable than despair; and therefore [6] the more bitterness I feel, the more sweetness I find; for so vain were liberty, and so unwel-come the following of higher fortune, that I choose rather to pine in this castle than to be a prince in any other court.

Cors. A humour contrary to your years and nothing agreeable to your sex; the one com-monly allured with delights, the other always

with sovereignty.

Tellus. I marvel, Corsites, that you being [as a captain, who should sound nothing but terror and suck nothing but blood, can find in your heart to talk such smooth words, for that it agreeth not with your calling to use words so noft as that of love.

Cors. Lady, it were unfit of wars to discourse with women, into whose minds nothing can sink but smoothness; besides, you must not think that soldiers be so rough-hewn, or of such knotty mettle, that beauty cannot allure, is and you, being beyond perfection, enchant.

Tellus. Good Corsites, talk not of love, but let me to my labour. The little beauty I have

shall be bestowed on my luom, which I now mean to make my lover.

Cors. Let us in, and what favor Corsites can low. Tellus shall command. Tellus. The only favour I desire is now and then to walk.

SCENE III.4

[Enter] Sir TOPHAS and EPITON.

Tophas, Epi!
Epi, Here, sir,
Tophas, Unrig me, Heigho!
Epi, What a that?

Tophas. An interjection, whereof some are [s

of mourning as cho, cah. Epi. I understand you not.
Tophas. Thou seest me.

Epi. Ay. Tophas. Thou hearest me.

Epi. Ay. Tophas. Thou feelest me.

Epi. Ay. Tophas. And not understand'st me?

Tophas. And not understand st me?

Epi. No.,

Tophas. Then am I but three-quarters of a noun substantive. But alsa, Epi, to tell thee the troth. I am a noun adjective.

Epi. Why?

Tophas. Because I cannot stand without [so another.

Epi. Who is that?

Tophas. Dipass.

Epi. Are you in love?

Tophas. No; but love hath, as it were, [so

In the Gardens of the Palace.

a Here, and below, the alluaious are to W. Lilly restre Grammar.

A croobed tree. * Mattern. * Before a castle.

1.00

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milk'd my thoughts and drained from my heart the very substance of my accustomed courage; it worketh in my head like new wine, so as I must hoop my sconce with iron, lest my head break, and so I bewray 'my brains. But, I [so pray thee, first discover me in all parts, that I may be like a lover, and then will I sigh and die. Take my gun and give me a gown: Cedaat arma toga:2

Ept. Here,
Tophas. Take my sword and shield and give
me beard-brush and soissors: Bella gerant alii,

the Pari semper ama. S

Epi. Will you be trimm'd, sir?

Tophas. Not yet; for I feel a contention [so within me whether I shall frame the bodkin beard or the bush. But take my pike and give

me peu: Dicere qua puduit, scribere jussit amor. Lpi. I will furnish you, sir.
Tophas. Now, for my bow and belts give [a me ink and paper, for my smiter a pen-knife;

for

Segipelium, calami, atramentum, charta, Kbelli, Sint semper studuis arma parata meis.

Epi. Sir, will you give over wars and play [** with that bauble called love?

Tophas. Give over wars? No. Epi, Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.

Epi. Love hate made you very eloquent, but your face is nothing fair.

Tophas. Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulyanes.

Epi. Nay, I must seek a new master if you

can speak nothing but verses.

Tophas. Quicquid condour dicere, versus [serat. Epi, I feel all Ovid De Arte Amandi lie as heavy at my heart as a load of logs. Oh, what a fine, thin hair hath Dipsas! What a pretty low forehead! What a tall and stately nose! What little hollow eyes! What great [se and goodly lips! How harmless she is, being toothless, - her fingers fut and short, adorned with long nails like a bittern! In how sweet a proportion her cheeks hang down to her brensts like dugs and her paps to her waist like bags! [19 What a low stature she is, and yet what a great foot she carrieth! How thrifty must she be in whom there is no waist! How virtuous is she like to be, over whom no man can be jealous!

Epi. Stay, master, you forget yourself. Tophas. O Epi, even as a dish melteth by the

fire, so doth my wit increase by love.

Epi. Pithily, and to the purpose! But what, begin you to nod?

Tophas. Good Epi, let me take a nap; for [8] as some man may better steal a horse than another look over the hedge, so divers shall be aleepy when they would fainest take rest.

He sleeps.

1 Disclose

2 Cicero, De Officils, 1, 22, 76.
2 Adapted from Ovid, Heroides, 276, 284.

4 Ovid, Her. iv. 10.

I These lines seem to be Lyly's own.

Ovid, Amores, i. 9. 1.
 Ovid, Ara Amalaria, ii. 123.
 Ovid, Tristia, iv. 10. 26.

Epi. Who ever saw such a woodcock ! Love Dipsas! Without doubt all the world will |== now account him valigut, that ventureth on her whom none durst undertake. But here cometh two wags.

Enter DARES and SAMIAS.

Sam. Thy master bath slept his share.

Dar. I think he doth it because he would [w

not pay me my board-wages.

Sam. It is a thing most strange: and I think mine will never return, so that we must both seek new masters, for we shall never live by our manners.

Epi. If you want masters, join with me and serve Sir Tophas, who must needs keep more men, because he is toward marriage.

Sam. What, Epi, where s try i Epi. Yonder, sleeping in love. What, Epi, where's thy master?

Dar. Is it possible?
Epi. He hath taken his thoughts a hole lower. and saith, seeing it is the fashion of the world, he will vail 10 bonnet to beauty.

he will van " bonner to beauty.

Sam. How is he attired?

Epi. Lovely.

Dar. Whom loveth this amorous knight?

Fpi. Dipsas.

Sam. That ugly creature? Why, she is a fool, a scold, fat, without fashion, and quite [no mithant funces.] without favour.

Epi. Tush, you be simple; my master hath

Apr. Tush, you be simple; my master that a good marriage.

Dar. Good? As how?

Epi. Why, in marrying Dipsas he shall [us have avery day twelve dishes of meat to his dinner, though there be none but Dipsas with him: four of flesh, four of fish, four of fruit. Sam. As how, Epi?

Sam. Epi. For flesh these: woodcock, goose, [100

bittern, and rail.

Dar, Indeed, he shall not miss, if Dipsas be there.

Epi. For fish these: crab, carp, lump, and

porting.
Sam. Excellent, for of my word she is both

orabbish, lumpish, and carping.

Epi. For fruit these: fritters, medlam, hartichokes, and lady-longings. Thus you see he shall fare like a king, though he be but a [so

beggar.
Dar. Well, Epi, dine thou with him, for I had rather fast than see her face. But see, thy master is asleep; let us have a song to wake this amorous knight.

Epi. Agreed. Sam. Content.

THE FREST SOME."

Epi. Here snores Tophas,

That amorous ass,

Who loves Dipuss,

With face so sweet. Nose and chin meet

All three. At sight of her each Fury skips. And flings into her lap their whips.

10 Take off. 11 The Song appears first in Blount's edition. 186

Ler. Bolla, bolla in his car.

The witch, ours, thrust her fingers there. Cramp tum, or wring the foel by th' nose;

Or chap aonie hurroug flan to his toes. What mush, 'a best to wake him? How wow, let bandops shake him! Let asiders him in ear;

All tarce.

I the may in time sleep himself wise.

Top. Sleep is a binding of the senses, love a

Ande. Let us hear him awhile.

a. Ande. Let us hear min awares of their appeared in my sleep a goodly [180]. Their appeared in my shoulder, cried out, who, sitting upon my shoulder, cried that, twit', and before mine eyes presented the off the express image of Dipsas. I marsized what the owl said, till at the last I persised "Tait, twit," "To it, to it," only have contraction admonished by this vision to make account of my sweet Venus.

am. Sir Tophas, you have overslept your-

Top. No. youth, I have but slept over [170

Thur. Love? Why, it is impossible that into noble and unconquered a courage love should creep, having first a head as hard to merce as steel, then to pass to a heart [175 aru.'d with a shirt of mail.

Epr. Ay, but my master yawning one day in the sun, Love crept into his mouth before he sold close it, and there kept such a tumbling in his body that he was glad to untruss? To the points of his heart and outertain Love as a

Top. If there remain any pity in you, plead tor me to Dipeas.

It is Plead! Nay, we will press her to it. [100 inche to Samtas] Let us go with him to Dipeas, and there shall we have good sport.— But, our Tophon, when shall we go? For I find my long us coluble, and my heart vonturous, and Il myself like myself.

Sam. Linde to DARES.] Come, Dares, let us one as he liveth, we shall lack neither mirth

Ept. We will traverse. Will you go, sir? 100 Excunt. Top. I pries sequer!

SCENE IV.5

Enter! EUMENIDES and GREON.

Sum. Father, your sad music being tuned on the same key that my hard fortune is, hath so metted my mond that I wish to hang at your mouth's and all my life end.

Ger. These tipes, gentleman, have I been [a constant d with these fifty winters, having no sher house to shroud myself but the broad harving; and so familiar with me hath use make misery that I esteem serrow my chiefest

Transis the laces. Section 1. 144.

To entire the laces. Section 1. 144.

Advert place, with a fountain.

solace, and welcomest is that guest to me lie that can rehearse the saddest tale or the bloodiest tragedy.

Eum. A strange humour. Might I inquire the

свиве?

Ger. You must pardon me if I deny to tell in it, for knowing that the revealing of griels is, as it were, a renewing of sorrow, I have vowed therefore to conceal them, that I might not only feel the depth of everlasting discontentment, but despair of remedy. But whence are you? '10 What fortune liath thrust you to this distress?

Eum. I am going to Thessaly, to seek remedy for Endymion, my dearest friend, who bath been cast into a dead sleep almost these twenty years, waxing old and ready for the grave

being almost but newly come forth of the cradle.

Ger. You need not for recure travel far, for whose can clearly see the bottom of this fountain shall have reneely for anything.

Eum. That methinks this impossible, Why, |or

what virtue can there be in water?

Ger. Yes, whosoever can shed the tears of a faithful lover shall obtain anything he would. Read these words engraven about the brim.

Eum. Have you known this by experience,

or is it placed here of purpose to delude men?

Ger. I only would have experience of it, and then should there be an end of my misery; and then would I tell the strangest discourse that

ever yet was heard.

Eum. Ah, Eumenides! Ger. What lack you, gentleman; are you not Ger.

Eum. Yes, father, but a qualm that often cometh over my heart doth now take hold of 146 me. But did never any lovers come hither?

Ger. Lusters, but not lovers; for often have I seen them weep, but never could I hear they saw the bottom.

Eum. Came there women also?

Ger. Some.

Eum. What did they see?

Ger. They all wept, that the fountain over-flowed with tears, but so thick became the water with their tears that I could scarce im discern the brim, much less behold the bottom.

Eum. Be faithful lovers so scant?

Ger. It seemeth so, for yet heard I never of

any.

Eum. Ah, Eumenides, how art thou per | wo plexed! Call to mind the beauty of the sweet mistress and the depth of thy never-dying affections. How oft hast thou honoured her not only without spot, but suspicion of falsehood! And how hardly both the rewarded thee without of cause or colour of despute. How secret hast thou been these seven yours, that hast not, nor once darest not to name her, for discontenting

her. How faithful, that hast offered to die for her, to please her! Unhappy Enmenides! [19 Ger. Why, gentleman, did you ones love? Eum. Once? Ay, father, and ever shall. Ger. Was she unkind and you faithful? Eum. She of all women the most frowns and I of all creatures the most fond

Ger. You doted then, not loved, for after

is grounded on virtue, and virtue is never peevish; or on beauty, and beauty leveth to be

Eum. Ay, but if all virtuous ladies should [or yield to all that be loving, or all amiable gentle-women entertain all that be amorous, their virtues would be accounted vices, and their beauties deformities; for that love can be but between two, and that not proceeding of him [w that is most faithful but most fortunate.

Ger. I would you were so faithful that your tears might make you fortunate. Eum. Yea, father, if that my tears clear not this fountain, then may you swear it is but a [" were mockery

Ger. So saith every one yet that wept.

Eum. Ah, I faint, I die! Ah, sweet Semele, let me alone, and dissolve, by weeping, into water.

[He gazes into the fountain.] [water. Ger. This affection seemeth strange: if he see nothing, without doubt this dissembling passeth, for nothing shall draw me from the

Eum. Father, I plainly see the bottom, [100 words. Ask one for oll, and but one thing at all.

Ger. O fortunate Eumenides, (for so have I

heard they call thiself, let me see. I cannot discern any such thing. I think thou dreamest, less Eum. Ah, father, thou art not a faithful lover, and therefore caust not behold it.

Ger. Then ask, that I may be satisfied by

the event, and threelf blessed.

Eum. Ask? So I will. And what shall I [10]
do but ask, and whom should I ask but Semele, the possessing of whose person is a pleasure that cannot come within the compass of comparison; whose golden locks seem most curious when they seem most careless; whose sweet looks (115 seem most alluring when they are most chaste; and whose words the more virtuous they are, the more amorous they be accounted? I pray thee, Fortune, when I shall first meet with fair Semele, dash my delight with some light disgrace, lest embracing sweetness beyond measure. I take a surfeit without recure. Let her practise her accustomed coyness that I may diet myself upon my desires; otherwise the fulness of my joys will diminish the sweetness, and [12] I shall perish by them before I possess them. Why do I trifle the time in words? The least

why do I tribe the time in words? The least minute being spent in the getting of Semele is more worth than the whole world; therefore let me ask. What new, Eumenides! Whither [126 art thou drawn? Hast thou forgotten both friendship and duty, cure of Endymion, and the commandment of Cynthia? Shall he die in a lenden sleep because thou sleepest in a golden dreum? Ay, let him sleep ever, so I slumber w but one minute with Senade. Love knoweth neither friendship nor kindred. Shall I not hazard the loss of a friend for the obtaining of her for whom I would often lose myself? Fond 1 Eumenides, shall the enticing beauty of a [160 most disdainful lady be of more force than the

rare fidelity of a tried friend? The love of men to women is a thing common and of course; The friendship of man to man infinite and immortal.
Tush! Semele doth possess my love. Ay, indust Endymion hath deserved it. I will help Endymion. I found Endymion unspotted in his truth. Ay, but I shall find Semele constant in her love. I will have Semele. What shall I do? Father, thy gray hairs are embassaders of [100 experience. Which shall lask?

Ger. Eumenides, release Endymion, for all things, friendship excepted, are subject to for-tune: fove is but an eye-worm, which only which only tickleth the head with hopes and wishes friendship the image of eternity, in which there is nothing morable, nothing mischievous. As much difference as there is between beauty and virtue, hodies and shadows, colours and life, au great odds is there between love and friend- [100]

ship.

Love is a chameleon, which draweth nothing into the mouth but air, and nourisheth nothing in the body but lungs. Believe me, Eumenides, desire dies in the same moment that beauty he sickers, and beauty fadeth in the same instant that it flourisheth. When adversities flow, then love ebbs; but friendship standeth stiffly in storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast friend, [170] which neither heat, nor cold, nor misery. nor place, nor destiny, can alter or diminish. O friendship, of all things the most rare, and therefore most rare because most excellent, whose comforts in misery is always sweet, in and whose counsels in prosperity are ever for-tunate! Vain love, that, only coming near to friendship in name, would seem to be the same

or better in nature!

Eum. Father, I allow your reasons, and [100] Eam. Father, I allow your reasons, and per will therefore conquer mine own. Virtue shall subdue affections, wisdom lust, friendship beauty. Mistresses are in every place, and as common as hares on Athos, bees in Hybla, fowls in the air; but friends to be found as are like the phoenix in Arabia, but one; or the philadelphi in Arays, never above two, I will have Endymon. Sucred fountain, in whose bowels are hidden divine secrets. I have in-creased your waters with the tears of unspotted thoughts, and therefore let me receive the reward you promise. Endymion, the truest friend to me, and faithfulest lover to Cynthia, is in such a dead sleep that nothing can wake or move him.

Ger. Dost thou see anything?

Eum. I see in the same pillar these words: When she whose figure of all is the perfectest, and never to be measured; always one, yet never the same; still inconstant, yet never wavering; and the same; sin thomson, he will come and kiss Endymion in his steep, he shall then rise, else never. This is strange.

Ger. What see you else?

Enm. There couleth over mine eyes either

a dark mist, or upon the fountain a deep lest thickness, for I can perceive nothing. But how am I deluded, or what difficult, may impossible, thing is this? Ger. Methinketh it easy

Esm. Good father, and how?

Lem. Yes. Ger. And is not Cynthia of all circles the most absolute?

Even. Yes.

lier. Is it not impossible to measure her, who work-th by her influence, never standing

at one stay?

Ewo. 1 es.

Tier. 1s she not always Cynthin, yet seldom in the same biguess; always wavering in her waxgoverned, our seasons the dailier give their to rease; pet never to be removed from her [25]

Cer. Then who can it be but Cynthia, whose premes being all divine must needs bring things to puse that be miraculous? Go, humbby thyall to Cynthia; tell her the success, of which my all shall be a witness. And this assure thy-... if, that she that sent to find means for his

Luin. How fortunate am I, if Cynthia be [556

the that may do it!

Ger. How fond art thou, if then do not

Eur. I will hasten thither that I may entreat on my knees for succour, and embrace in ...

mine arms my friend.

Ger I will go with thee, for unto Cynthia most I discover all my sorrows, who also must

work in me a contentment.

Eura. May I now know the cause?

there. That shall be us we walk, and I doubt not but the strangeness of my tale will take as but the strangeness of my fale as by the tellourness of our journey.

Lya. Let us go.

Ger. I follow.

Exeunt. | 250

ACT IV

SCHNE L.

[Enter] TELLUS.

Tellus. I marvel Corsites giveth me so much nberty. - all the world knowing his charge to be so high nel his nature to be most stronge, -bo hath so ill entreated ladies of great honour that he hath not suffered them to look out [3] of windows, much less to walk abroad. It may be he is in love with me, for Endymion, hardbe no 13 in love with me, for 'raidymion, intro-be-acted Endymion, excepted) what is he that is not enamour'd of my beauty? But what re-spected them the love of all the world? En- [iv dynam, better thee, Abis, pear Endymion, my makes both exceeded my love, and thy faith at embia quenched my affections. Quenched, I-Bas? Nzy, kindled them afresh; insomuch that I not seem hing flames for dead embers, in and cruel encounters of war in my thoughts material of awvet parleys. Ah, that I might once

again see Endymion! Accursed girl, what hope hast thou to see Endymion, on whose head already are grown gray hars, and whose life [as must yield to nature, before Cynthia and her must yield to nature, before Cynthin end her must yield to nature, before Cynthin end her displeasure. Wicked Dipsas, and most devilish Tellus, the one for cunning too exquisite, the other for hate too intolerable! Thou wast commanded to weave the stories and poetries [5] wherein were showed both examples and punishments of tattling tongues, and thou hast only embroidered the sweet face of Endymion, de-vices of love, inclaucholy imaginations, and what not, out of thy work, that thoushouldst [study to pick out of thy mind. But here cometh Corsites. I must seem yielding and stout; full of mildness, yet tempered with a unjesty; for if I be too flexible, I shall give him more hope than I mean; if too froward, enjoy less liberty a fore will practise that which is most contrary to our sex, to dissemble.

Enter CORSITES.

Cor. Fair Tellus, I perceive you rise with the lark, and to yourself sing with the nightin-

Tellus. My lord, I have no playfellow but fancy; being barred of all company, I most question with myself, and make my thoughts

my friends. Cor. I would you would account my thoughts also your friends, for they be such as are only busied in wondering at your beauty and wisdom; and some such as have esteemed your fortune too hard; and divers of that kind [20]

that offer to set you free, if you will set them

free.

Tellus. There are no colours so contrary as white and black, nor elements so disagreeing as fire and water, nor anything so opposite as [4

men's thoughts and their words.

Cor. He that gave Cassandra the gift of prophesying, with the curse that, spake she assert to true, the should never be believed. bath I think poisoned the fortune of men. (*)
that attering the extremities of their inward
passions are always suspected of outward perjurios,

Telius, Well, Corsites, I will flatter myself and believe you. What would you do to en- 10 joy my love?

Cor. Set all the ladies of the castle free, and

make you the pleasure of my life; more I can-

not do, less I will not.

Trilus. These be great words, and fit your [10] calling; for captains must promise things im-possible. But will you do one thing for all? Cor. Anything, sweet Tellus, that um ready

for all.

Tellus. You know that on the lunary bank [a sleepeth Endymion.

Cor. I know it.

Tellus. If you will remove him from that place by force, and convey him into some abscure cave by policy, I give you here the [10]

¹ Foolish.

^{*} Before Coraites' Castle.

I lloud emends to customory.

faith of an unspotted virgin that you only shall possess me as a lover, and in spite of malice have me for a wife.

Cor. Remove him, Tellus! Yes, Tellus, he shall be removed, and that so soon as 1 thou [45] shalt as much commend my diligence as my force. I go.

Tellus. Stay, will yourself attempt it?

Cor. Ay, Tellus; as I would have none partaker of my sweet love, so shall none be [**
partners of my labors. But I pray thee go at your best leisure, for Cynthia beginneth to rise, and if she discover our love, we both perish, for nothing pleaseth her but the fairness of virginity. All things must be not only without [ss lust but without suspicion of lightness.

Tellus. I will depart, and go you to Endy-

mion.

Cor. I fly, Tellus, being of all men the most Exit. | 100 fortunate.

Tellus. Simple Corsites, I have set thee about a task, being but a man, that the gods themselves cannot perform, for little dost thou know how heavy his head lies, how hard his fortune; but such shifts must women have to deceive [105] men, and under colour of things easy, entreat that which is impossible; otherwise we should be cumb'red with importunities, caths, sighs, letters, and all implements of love, which to one resolved to the contrary are most loath-[110] some. I will in, and laugh with the other ladies at Corsites' sweating.

Scene II.2

[Enter] SAMIAS and DARES.

Sam. Will thy master never awake?

Dar. No; I think he sleeps for a wager. But how shall we spend the time? Sir Tophas is so far in love that he pineth in his bed and cometh not abroad.

Sam. But here cometh Epi in a pelting chafe.8

[Enter Epiton.]

Epi. A pox of all false proverbs, and were a proverb a page, I would have him by the ears!

Sam. Why art thou angry?

Epi. Why? You know it is said, "The [10 tide tarrieth no man."

Sam. True.

Epi. A monstrous lie; for I was tied two hours, and tarried for one to unloose me.

Dar.

Dar. Alas, poor Epil Epi. Poor! No, no, you base-conceited slaves, I am a most complete gentleman, al-though I be in disgrace with Sir Tophas.

Dar. Art thou out with him? Epi. As, because I cannot get him a lodging with Endymion. He would fain take a nap for forty or fifty years.

Dar. A short sleep, considering our long life.

Sam. Is he still in love?

Epi. In love? Why he doth nothing but [seep. 1]

make sonnets.

 That.
 In the Gardens of the Palsos. ³ Irritable humour. Sam. Canst thou remember any one of his poems? Epi. Ay, this is one: -

The beggar, Love, that knows not where to lodge, [se At last within my heart, when I slapt, He crept, I wak'd, and so my fancies began to fodge.

Sam. That's a very long verse.

Epi. Why, the other was short. The first [se called from the thumb to the little finger; the second from the little finger to the elbow; and some he hath made to reach to the crown of his head, and down again to the sole of his foot. It is set to the tune of the black [* Saunce 5; ratio est, because Dipsas is a black saint.

Dar. Very wisely. But pray thee, Epi, how art thou complete; and being from thy master, what occupation wilt thou take?

Epi. Know,6 my hearts, I am an absolute Microcosmus, a petty world of myself: my library is my head, for I have no other books but my brains; my wardrobe on my back, for I have no more apparel than is on my body; [* my armory at my fingers' ends, for I use no other artillery than my nails; my treasure in my purse. Sic omnia mea mecum porto.

Dar. Good!

Epi. Know, sirs, my palace is pav'd with grass, and tiled with stars, for Calo tegitur qui non habet urnam, 9 — he that hath no house must lie in the yard.

Sam. A brave resolution! But how wilt thou

spend thy time?

**Epi. Not in any melancholy sort; for mine exercise I will walk horses.

**Dar. Too bad!

Epi. Why, is it not said, "It is good walking when one hath his horse in his hand"? [

**Sam. Worse and worse! But how wilt thou

Epi. By angling. Oh, 't is a stately occupation to stand four hours in a cold morning, and to have his nose bitten with frost before his [* bait be mumbled with a fish.

Dar. A rare attempt! But wilt thou never travel?

Epi. Yes, in a western barge, when with a good wind and lusty pugs, 10 one may go ten [18

miles in two days.

Sam. Thou art excellent at thy choice. But what pastime wilt thou use? None?

Eps. Yes, the quickest of all.
Sam. What, dice?
Eps. No, when I am in haste, one-and-twenty games at chess, to pass a few minutes.

Dar. A life for a little lord, and full of

quickness.

Move.

* Black Sanctus, a hymn to Saint Satan.

* So Baker. Old edd. read No.

* Quoted by Cicero in Paradoza Stoicorum, i. 1, as from Blas (Baker).

* So Baker. Old edd. read Now.

Lucan, vii. 819.

Eps. Tush, let me alone! But I must be needs see if I can find where Endymion lieth, and then go to a certain fountain hard by, where they say faithful lovers shall have all these they will ask. If I can find out any of these, Ego et mayster meas erimus in tuto. I be and my master shall be friends. He is resolved to weep some three or four pailfuls to avoid the

Ewer [Master Constable and Two] Watchmen].

Saw. Shall we never see thy master, Dares?

Dar. Yes, let us go now, for to-morrow [8]

Cynthia will be there.

Lyothia will be there.

Ept. I will go with you; — but how shall we see for the Watch?

Saw. Tush, let me alone! I'll begin to them.

Masters, God speed you.

1 Watch. Sir boy, we are all speed already.

Ept. 'Ande.! So methinks, for they smell all of drink, like a beggar's heard.

Dur. But I pray, sirs, may we see Endynman?

Watch. No, we are commanded in Cyn-

2 Watch. No, we are commanded in Cyntin's name, that no man shall see him.

Sare. No man! Why, we are but boys.

I Watch. Mass, neighbours, he says true, for it I seems! will never drink my liquor by 100 for quart, and yet call for two pints, I think with a aafe conscience I may enrouse both.

Dur. Pathals, and to the purpose.

2 Watch. Tush, tush, neighbours, take me

Dur. Aride.) This will grow hot.

Dur. Aride.) Let them alone.

1 Match, It I may to my wife, "Wife. I will have no raisins in my pudding," she puts in arrants; small raisins are raisins, and how one mem: even using wife should have put no some in my pudding, so shall there no boys

Dur Learnedly.

Maxes Complete. You know, neighbours, 't is the said saw, "Children and fools speak

the True.

Mast. Court. Well, there you see the men be the tools, because it is provided from the chil-

Dar, Good,
Most. Co. st. Then, say I, neighbours, that has been must not say Endymion, because chil-

Kin. O wicked application!

Sam. Scarvily brought about!

1 Watch. Nav., he says true, and therefore [would Cynthia base been here, he shall not be un-

Just 1 States of Season and Epi.] A watch, quoth man A man may suitch seven years for a man watch and and and and and season and sea

Master Constable, shall we have a song before

Mast. Const. With all my heart.

THE SECOND SUNG.3

Watch, Stand! Who goes there? We charge you appear Fore our constable here Fore our constable here,
In the manie of the Man in the Moon,
To us billimen relate
Why you stagger so late,
And how you come drunk so soon,
Force, What are yo, ecabs?
Winch.
The Watch;

This the Constable.

Progra.

A patch. 4

Const. Knock bun down unless they all stand: If any run away, "T is the old watchman's play

T is the old watchman's play,
To reach him a bill of his hand,
Flages, O gentlemen, hold,
Your gowin freese with cold,
And your rotten tech dance in your head;
Epr., Wins, nothing shall cost ye;
Sam. Nor huge fires to roast ye.
Dires. Then solventy let us be led.
Const. Come, my trown bills, we'll roas, a
Bounce loud at tavern deer.
Consis. And I'th' morning steal all to bed.

Excunt.

SCENE III.6

CORSITES solus. [ENDYMION lies aslesp on the lunary bank.]

Corsites. I am come in sight of the lunary bank. Without doubt Tellus doubt upon me, and cunningly, that I might not perceive her love, she buth set me to a task that is done before it is begun. Endymion, you must change [a your pillow, and if you be not weary of sleep, I will carry you whereat ease you shall sleep your will all twere good that without more exercionis. It were good that without more exercionis. I took him, lest being espied, I be entrapt, and so incur the displeasure of Cynthia, who is commonly setteth watch that Endamion have no wrong. Me tries to lift Endamion. What now, is your mastership so heavy, or are you mail d to the ground? Not stir one whit! Then mail'd to the ground? Not stir one whit? Then use all thy force, though he feel it and wake, by What, stone-still? Turn'd, I think, to earth with lying so long on the earth. Didst not thou, Corsites, before Cyarbia, pull up a tree that forty years was fast'ned with roots and wreathed in knots to the ground? Didst not 12 thou, with main force, pull open the iron gates which no ram or engine could move? Have my weak thoughts made heavy refullen my strong weak thoughts made brawn-fallen my strong arms, or is it the unture of love, or the quinstring, or is it the initure of love, or the quin-tessence of the mind, to breed numbross or [38] litherness,? or I know not what languishing in my joints and sinews, being but the base strings of my body? Or doth the remembrance of Tellus so refine my spirits into a matter so subtle and divine that the other fleshy parts les cannot work whilst they muse? Rest thyself, rest thyself; nay, rend thyself in pieces, Cor-

² Let me understand

This song appears first in Blount's edition.
 Foot.
 In the Grove, till v. 56. ⁵ Swagger. I Languer.

sites, and strive, in spite of love, fortune, and nature, to lift up this dulled body, heavier than dead and more senseless than death.

Enter Fairies.

But what are these so fair fiends that cause my hairs to stand apright and spirits to fall down? Hage, - out alss, nymphs, I crave pardon. Ay me, out! what do I hear!

[The Fairies dance, and with a song pinch him, and he fulleth asleep. They kiss Endymion and depart.

THE THIRD SONG! BY FAIRIES

Omnea. Pinch bim, pinch him, black and blue, Saucy mortals must not view. What the Queen of Stars is doing, What the Queen of Stars is doing, Nor pry into our fairy woong. 1 Facey, Finch him blue, 2 Facey. And punch him black; 3 Facey. Let hun not lack

Sharp mais to pinch him thus and red, Till steep has rock'd his addic head. 4 Forp. For the treapose he hath done, Spots o'er all his flock shall run.

Kim Endymien, kee his eyes, Then to our midnight heidegyes. 2 Ereunt [Pairies].

[Enter, at the side of the stage apposite Corsites.] CYNTHIA, FLOSCULA, SEMPLE, PANELION, ZONTES, PYTHAGORAS, and GYPTES, [COR-SITES sleeps still.

Cynth. You see, Pythagoras, what ridiculous opinions you hold, and I doubt not but you are

now of another mind.

Pythag. Madam, I plainly perceive that the perfection of your brightness hath pierced through the thickness that covered my mind; insomuch that I am no less glad to be reformed than ashamed to remember my [se

grossness. Chey are thrice fortunate that live in our palace where truth is not in colours but life, virtues not in imagination but execution.

he, virtues not in imagination but execution.

Cynth, I have always studied to have rather [a living virtues than painted gods, the body of truth than the tomb. But let us walk to Endymion; it may be it lieth in your arts to deliver him; as for Eumenides, I fear he is dend.

Fithag. I have alleged all the natural reasons

I can for such a long sleep.

Guptes. I can do nothing till I see him.

Conth. Come, Floscula; I am sure you are
gled that you shall behold Endymion.

Flasc I were blessed, if I might have him were blessed, if I might have him

recovered.

Cynth. Are you in love with his person?
Flose. No, but with his virtue.
Cynth. What say you, Somele?
Sem. Madam, I dare say nothing for fear I offend.

Cynth. Belike you cannot speak except you be spiteful; but as good be silent as sancy. Panelion, what punishment were fit for [85]

Appears first in Blount's edition.

A country dance.

Now the Gardena.

Semele, in whose speech and thoughts is only

contempt and sourness?

Panel. I love not, madam, to give any judgment; yet, sith Your Highness commandeth, I think to commit her tongue close prisoner [w to her mouth.

to her mouth.

Cynth. Agreed. Semele, if thou speak this twelvemonth, thou shalt forfeit thy tongue. Behold Endymion! Alas, poor gentleman, hast thou spent thy youth in sleep, that once [exceeded of the content of th now are thy days ended before my favour begin. But whom have we here? Is it not Corsites?

Zon. It is, but more like a leopard than a man. Cynth. Awake him. [Zontes wakens Corsites.] How now, Corsites, what make you here? [10] How came you deformed? Look on thy hands,

and then thou seest the picture of thy face.

Cors. Miserable wretch, and accursed! How am I deluded! Madam, I ask pardon for my of-fence, and you see my fortune deserveth pity. us

Cynth. Speak on; thy offence cannot deserve reater punishment: but see thou rehearse the truth, else shalt thou not find me as thou

wishest me.

Cors. Madam, as it is no offence to be in [15] love, being a man mortal, so I hope can it be no shume to tell with whom, noy lady being heavenly. You Majosty committed to my charge fair Tellus, whose beauty in the same moment took my heart captive that I undertook to carry ins her body prisoner. Since that time have I found such combats in my thoughts between love and duty, reverence and affection, that I could neither endure the conflict, nor hope for the

conquest.

Cynth. In love? A thing far unfitting the name of a captain, and as I thought) the tough and unsmoothed nature of Corsiles. But

forth!

Cors. Feeling this continual war, I thought [156 rather by patley to yield than by certain danger to perish. I unfolded to Tellus the depth of my affections, and framed my tongue to utter a sweet tale of love, that was wont to sound nothing but threats of war. She, too fair to be [160 true and too false for one so fair, after a nice denial, practised a notable deceit, commanding me to remove Endymion from this cabin, and carry him to some dark cave; which I, seeking to accomplish, found impossible; and so by [os fairies or fiends have been thus handled.

Cynth. How say you, my lords, is not Tellus always practising of some deceits? In sooth,

Corsites, thy face is new too foul for a lover, and thine heart too fond for a soldier. You [mo

Again in the Grove.

we when warriors become wantons how their marners after with their faces. Is it not a sharne, Corsites, that having lived so long in Mara his camp, thou shouldst now be rocked in Venas's cradle. Dost thou wear Cupid's los quiver at thy guille and make lances of looks? Well, Corsites, rouse thyself and be as thou hast been; and let Tellos, who is made all of lives, not there if in her own looseness. we when warriors become wantons how their

Cors. Madam, I doubt not but to recover [100 my fortner state, for Tellus's beauty never rought such love in my mind as now her deceit bath despites, and jet to be revenged of a woman area a thing than love itself more womanish.

63, 68. Those spots, gentleman, are to be [assure out, if you call them over with this lungry; so that in place where you received this marin you shall find a medicine.

Care I thank you for that. The gods bless in from love and these pretty ladies that [170]

and the green. Fine Countes, I would Tellus saw your ami-

Zont. How spitefully Somele hugheth, that

thre not speak.

Could you not stir Endymion with that doubled strength of yours?

Con Not so much as his finger with all my

Conth. Pythogorus and Gyptes, what [100 think you of Findymion? What reason is to be

Even, what remedy?
Pyth. Madam, it is impossible to yield reason t though that happen not in compass of nature, it is most certain that some strange en- [16] chartment both bound all his senses.

Costs What say you, Gyptos ?

Gyptes With Pychagores, that it is enchantment, and that so strange that no art can undo at for that heaviness argueth a malice three los movable in the enchantress, and that no power on end it, till she die that did it, or the heavens

Fase. O Endymion, could spite itself devise a machs for monetrous as to make thee dead [we with life, and living, being ultogether dead?] Where others number their years, their hours, their neutrites, and step to age by stairs, thou only

ber fruntler, and step to age by starrs thou only lest the veries and times in a cluster, being old before than comeanly test than wast young. [190] Court No more, Foocola; pity doth him no gold I would anything else might; and I would not the inspectical bonaut of a haly be should not more it. But is this all, Gyptes, that is to be

Gaptes. All as vet. It may be that either the management and life or else be discovered; if solver happen, I will then practice the utmost of no art. In the mean season, about this grove would I have a wortch, and the first living [no time that toucheth Endymion to be taken, Cynth, Corates, what say you, will you undertake this?

Cors. Good madam, pardon me! I was overtaken too late, I should rather break into [115 the midst of a main battle than again fall into

the hands of those fair babies.

Cynth. Well, I will provide others. Pythagoras and Gyptes, you shall yet remain in my court, till I hear what may be done in this [27]

matter. Pyth. We attend. Cynth. Let us go in.

Excunt.

ACT V

SCENE I.2

[Enter] SAMIAN and DARES.

Samias. Eumenides hath teld such strange tales as I may well wonder at them, but never believe them.

Dar. The other old man, what a sad speech used he, that caused us almost all to weep. a Cynthia is so desirons to know the experiment of her own virtue, and so willing to case En-dymion's hard fortune, that she no sooner heard the discourse but she made herself in a readi-

ness to try the event.

Sam. We will also see the event. But whist!
here cometh Cynthm with all her train. Let us sneak in amongst them.

Enter CYNTHIA, FLOSCULA, SEMELE, [EUMENI-DES, PANELION, etc.

Cynth. Eumenides, it cannot sink into my head that I should be signified by that salar cred fountain, for many things are there in the world to which those words may be applied.

Eum. Good madam, vouchsafe but to try else shall I think myself most unhappy that I

asked not my sweet mistress.

Conth. Will you not yet tell me her name?

Conth. Will you not yet tell me her name? Eum. Pardon me, good madam, for if Endy-mion awake, he shall; myself have sworn never to reveal it

Conth. Well, let us to Endemion. I will be not be so stately, good Endemion, not to stoop to do thee good; and if the liberty consist in a kisa from me thou shall have it; and although my mouth bath been heretofore as untouched as my thoughts, yet now to recover thy life, 100 though to restore thy youth it be impossible, will do that to Endymion which yet never mortal man could boast of heretofore, nor shall ever hope for hereafter. She kisseth him.

Eum, Madam, he beginneth to stir.

Cunth. Sett. Eumendes; stand still.
Eum. Ah, I see his eyes almost open.
Cynth. I command thee once again, stir not.

I will stand behind him.

Pan. What do I see? Endymion almost [40] Pan.

Eum. Endymion, Endymion, art thou denf or dumb, or both this long sleep taken away thy memory? Ah, my sweet Endymion, seest thou not Enmenides, thy faithful friend, thy faithful Eumenides, who for thy safety hath been careless of his own content? Speak, Endymion! Endymion! Endymion! End. Endymion? I call to mind such a

name.

Eum. Hast thou forgotten thysen, proposed in the do I not marvel thou rememb'rest not thy friend. I tell thee thou art Endymon, by and I Eumenides. Behold also Cyuthia, by and I Eumenides. Behold also Cyuthia, by virtue thou shalt continue thy natural course.

Cysth. Endymion, speak, sweet Endymion!

Knowest thou not Cynthia?

End, O heavens, whom do I behold? Fair

End. O heavens, whom do I behold? Fair Cynthia, divine Cynthia?

Cynthia, divine Cynthia?

Cynthia and Cynthia.

End. "Endymion"! What do I hear!? What, a gray beard, hollow eyes, withered body, decayed limba, — and all in one night?

Eum. One night! Thou hast here slept forty years. — by what enchantress as yet it is not known. — and behold, the twig to which thou hidly the head is now become a tree. thou laid'st thy head is now become a tree. Callest thou not Eumenides to remembrance?

End. Thy name I do remember by the insound, but thy favour? I do not yet call to mind; only divine Cynthus, to whom time, fortune, destiny, and death are subject, I see and remember, and in all humility I regard and rev

Conth. You have good cause to remember his own soluce.

End. Am I that Endymion who was wont in court to lend my life, and in justs, tourneys, [so and arms, to exercise my youth? Am I that Endymion?

Eum. Thou art that Endymion, and I Eumenides: wilt thou not yet call me to remem-

brance ?

End. Ah, sweet Eumenides, I now perceive thou art he, and that myself have the name of Endymion; but that this should be my body I doubt, for how could my curled locks be turned to gray hairs and my strong body to a dying [so weakness, having waxed old, and not knowing

Cynth. Well. Endymion, arise. [Endymion, toping to rise, sinks back.] A while sit down, for that thy limbs are stiff and not able to stay [so thee, and tell what hast thou seen in thy sleep all this while. — what dreams, visions, thoughts, and fortunes; for it is impossible but in so long

time thou shouldst see things strange,
End. Fair Cynthia, I will rehearse what [100 I have seen, humbly desiring that when I exceed in length, you give me warning, that I may end; for to utter all I have to speak would be troublesome, although haply the strangeness may somewhat abate the tediousness. 108 Conth. Well. Endymion, begin. End. Methought I saw a lady passing fair,

but very mischisvons, who in the one hand carried a knife with which she offered to cut my throat, and in the other a looking-glass, [no wherein seeing how ill anger became ladies, she

refrained from intended violence. She was accompanied with other damsels, one of which, with a stern countenance, and as it were with with a steed malice engraven in her eyes, [112]
provoked her to execute mischief; another,
with visage and, and constant only in sorrow,
with her arms crossed, and watery eyes, seemed to lament my fortune, but durst not offer to prevent the force. I started in my sleep, [12] feeling my very veins to swell and my snews to stretch with fear, and such a cold swent bedewed all my body that death itself could not be so terrible as the vision.

Cynth. A strange sight! Gyptes, at our [114]

End. After long debating with herself, mercy overcame anger, and there appeared in her heavenly face such a divine majesty mingled with a sweet mildness that I was ravished [10 with the sight above measure, and wished that I might have enjoyed the sight without end; and so she departed with the other ladies, of which the one retained still an unmovable cruelty, the other a constant pity.

Cynth. Poor Endymion, how wast thou affrighted! What else?

End. After her, immediately appeared an aged man with a beard as white as snow, caraged man with a beard as white as snow, carrying in his hand a book with three leaves, low and speaking, as I remember, these words; "Endymion, receive this book with three leaves, in which are contained counsels, policies, and pictures," and with that he offered me the book, which I rejected; wherewith, low moved with a disdainful pity, he rent the first leaf in a thousand shivers. The second time he offered it, which I refused also; at which, bending his brows, and mitching his ways fast bending his brows, and pitching his eyes fast to the ground, as though they were fixed [100 to the earth and not again to be removed, then suddenly casting them up to the heavens, he tore in a rage the second leaf, and offered the book only with one leaf. I know not whether fear to offend or desire to know some [155] strange thing moved me: I took the book, and so the old man vanished.

Cynth. What didst thou imagine was in the

Conth. What didst thou imagine was in the last leaf?
End. There portray'd to life, with a cold [wo quaking in every joint. I beheld many wolves barking at thee, Cynthia, who having ground their teeth to bite, did with striving bleed themselves to death. There might I see lagratical with an handrol ever grazing for beneitade with an hundred eyes gazing for bene- [140 fits, and with a thousand teeth grawing on the bowels wherein she was bred; Treachery stood all clothed in white, with a smiling countenance, but both her hands bathed in blood; Enry with a pale and meagre face (whose body in was so lean that one might tell all her hones, and whose garment was so tatter d that it was sant whose garment was so there it was a stars, whose darts fell down again on her own face. There might I behold drones or 122 beetles—I know not how to term them—creeping under the wings of a princely eagle, who, being carried into her nest, sought there

Or here. Old odd. read heere.

Appearance.

suck that vein that would have killed the agle. I mused that things so base should [190 account a fact so barbarous, or durst imagine a thing so bloody. And many other things, makin, the repetition whereof may at your laster leisure seem more pleasing, for bees sur-test sometimes with honey, and the gods are [is dutted with liarmony, and your highness may be fulled with delight.

Cynth, I am content to be dieted; therefore, tas in. Eumenden, see that Endymion be well ter as in. Enumenades, see that Endymion be well sended, lest either eating immoderately or [no desping again too long, he full into a deadly surfeit or into his former sloep. See this also he preschained; that whosever will discover that prescrice shall have of Cynthia infinite thanks and no small rewards.

Execute tall except ENDYMION,

Execut fall except ENDYMION, EUMENDER, FLOROULA and SEMELE.

Flose, Ah, Endymion, none so joyful as Flos-cula of thy restoring. Fum. Yes, Florenta, let Enmenides be someand gladder, and do not that wrong to the settied framiship of a man as to compare it [22] and the light affection of a woman. Ah, my have friend Endymion, suffer me to die with

but me all wait on Cynthia. I marvel Semele watch not a word.

From Because if she do, she loseth her

fad. But how prospereth your love?

End. I donbt not but your affection is old

I vour appetite cold.

Eve No. Endymion, thine hath made it the need and now are my sparks grown to the and my funcies almost to frenzies; but be no follow, and within we will debate all this Exeunt. [110

SCENE II.1

[Enter | Sir Tornas and Epiton.

Top. Eps. Love both justled my liberty from the wall, and taken the upper hand of my

Let me then trip up the heels of your trou and thrust your good will into the |8

Fig. No. Epi, Love is a lord of misrule and keep th Christmas in my corps.

Fig. No. doubt there is good cheer: what mines of delight doth his lordship feast you [or

The First with a great platter of plum por-less of pleasure, wherein is stewed the mutton of district.

Fig. Excellent love-pap.²

[is

Top. Then cometh a pic of patience, a hen

1 to the Gardens of the Palace.

1 to flaker. Old edd, read tove lappe.

of honey, a goose of gall, a capon of care, and many other viands, some sweet and some sour, which proveth love to be, as it was said of in

old years, Dulce venenum.

Epi. A brave banquet!

Top. But. Epi, I pray thee feel on my chin; something pricketh me. What dost thou feel or see?

or see. Epc. There are three or four little hairs. Top. 1 pray these call it my beard. How shall I be troubled when this young apring a shall grow to a great wood!

Epi. Oh, sir, your chin is but a quiller tet; ou will be most majestical when it is fullfledged. But I marvel that you love Dipsas,

that old crone. Top. Agnosco veteris vestigia flamma 6; I love

the smoke of an old fire.

Ept. Why she is so cold that no fire can last

thaw her thoughts.

Top. It is an old goose, Epi, that will eat no cats, old kine will kick, old rats gnaw cheese, and old sacks will have much patching. I prefer an old comey before a rabbit-sucker.⁹ [se and an ancient hen before a young chicken-

peeper.

Epi. [Aside.] Argumentum ab antiquitate; my
master loveth antique work.

Top. Give me a pippin that is withered [... like an old wife!

Eps. Good, sir.
Top. Then, - a contrario sequitur argumentum, - give me a wife that looks like un old pippin.

Epi, [Aside.] Nothing hath made my muster a fool but flat scholarship.

Top. Knowest thou not that old wine is best?

Epi. Yes.

Top. And thou knowest that like will to? [28]

Epi. Ay. Top. And thou knowest that Venus loved

the best wine? Epi. So.
Top. Then I conclude that Venus was an old

woman in an old cup of wine, for est l'enus in

vinis, ignis in igne fuit. O madeap master! You were worthy to win Dipeas, were she as less old again, for in your love you have worn the map of your wit quite off and made it threadbare. But soft, who comes here?

[Enter Samias and Danes.]

Top. My solicitors.
Sam. All hail, Sir Tophas; how feel you [re yourself?

Top. Stately in every joint, which the common people term stiffness. Doth Dipsas stoop? Will she yield? Will she hend? Dar. Oh, sir, as much as you would wish, [19 for her chin almost toucheth her knees.

Epi. Master, she is bent, I warrant you.

a Grove.

7 Old edd. be.

An unfledged bird.
Virgit, Encul, iv. 23.
A sucking rabbit.

Adapted from Orid, Ars. Amat. 1, 244

Taranco, Adelphi, v. 9. 9.

Top. What conditions doth she ask? Sam. She hath vowed she will never love any that hath not a tooth in his head less than [" Top. How many both she?

Dar. One. Epi. That goeth hard, master, for then you

must have none

Top. A small request, and agreeable to the gravity of her years. What should a wise man do with his mouth full of bones like a charmelhouse? The turtle true hath ne'er a tooth.

Sam. [.laide.] Thy master is in a notable [even, that will lose his teeth to be like a turtle.

Eps. [.lside.] Let him lose his tongue, too;

I care not.

Dar. Nay, you must also have no nails, for

she long since hath cast hers.

Top. That I yield to. What a quiet life shall Dips.is and I lead when we can neither bite nor scratch! You may see, youths, how age provides for pence.

Som. [Aside.] How shall we do to make [100] him leave his love, for we never spake to her?

Dar. [Aside.] Let me alone, [To Sir Tornas.]
She is a notable witch, and faith turned her

maid Bagoa to an aspen tree, for hewraying her

Secrets.

Top. I honour her for her cunning, for now when I am weary of walking on two legs, what a pleasure may she do me to turn me to some

goodly ass, and help me to four.

Par. Nay, then I must tell you the [10 truth. Her husband, Geton, is come home, who

Top. What do I hear? Hath she an husband? Go to the sexton and tell him Desire is dead, and will him to dig his grave. O [113 heavens, an husband! What death is agreeable to my fortune?

Sam. Be not desperate, and we will help you

Top. I love no grissels; they are so brit. Interference of they will crack like glass, or so dainty that if they be touched they are straight of the fashion of wax; an mus majoribus instat, 2 I desire old metrons. What a sight would it be to embrace one whose hair were as orient as [12] the pearl, whose teath shall be so pure a watchet that they shall stain the truest turqueise, whose nose shall throw more beams from it than the fiery carbuncle, whose eyes shall be environ'd about with reduces exceeding the deepest could, and whose lips might
compare with silver for the paleness! Such a
one if you can help me to, I will by piecemeal curtail my affections towards Dipsas, and walk

my swelling thoughts till they be cold.

Epi. Weely provided. How say you, my friends, will you angle for my master's cause?

Sam. Most willingly.

Dar. If we speed him not shortly, I will burn

my cap. We will serve him of the spades, poo and dig an old wife out of the grave that shall be answerable to his gravity.

Top. Youths, adjen; he that bringeth me first news, shall possess mine inhetitance.

Dar. What, is thy master build? POPLAS.]

Epi. Know you not that my master is liber tenens?

Sam, What's that? Epi. A freeholder. But I will after him. Sam. And we to hear what news of En- [130 dymion for the conclusion.

SCENE III.

[Enter] PANELION and ZONTES.

Pan. Who would have thought that Tellus, being so fair by nature, so honourable by birth, so wise by education, would have entired into a mischief to the gods so odious, to men so detestable, and to her friend so malicious,

Zon. If Bagoa had not bewraved it, how then should it have come to light? But we see that gold and fair words are of force to corrupt the strongest men, and therefore able to work silly

Women like wax.

Pan. I marvel what Cynthia will determine

in this cause.

Zon. I fear, as in all causes: - hear of it in justice, and then judge of it in mercy; for how can it be that she that is unwilling to pundsh it her deadliest foes with disgrace, will revenge in-

juries of her train with death.

Pan. That old witch, Dipsas, in a rage, having understood her practice to be discovered, turned poor Bagoa to an aspen tree. Bet let—us make haste and bring Telles before Cynthia, for she was coming out after us.

Zon. Let us go.

[Enter.] CYNTHIA, SEMPLE, FLOROULA, DIPSAS, ENDYMON, FUMENIUS, [GERON, PYTHAGO-RAS, GYPFES, and Sir Tophas).

Cynth. Dipsas, thy years are not so many as thy vices, yet more innumber than commonly fauture doth afford or justice should permit. Hust thou almost those fifty years practised that detested wickedness of wirch raft? What thou, so simple as for to know the nature of simples, of all creatures to be most sinful? Thou hast threat'ned to turn my course awry and alter by thy damnable art the government that I now possess by the eternal gods; but know thou, Dip-sas, and let all the enchanters know, that Cynthia, being placed for light on earth, is also protected by the powers of heaven. Breathe out thou mayest words; gather thou mayest herbs; find out thou mayest stones agreeable to thine art; yet of no force to speal my heart, in which courage is so rooted, and constant [w persuasion of the merey of the gods so grounded, that all thy witcheratt I esteem as weak as the world doth thy case wretched. This noble gentleman, Geron, once thy husband but now thy mortal hate, didst thou procure to live in |65 a desert, almost desperate; Endymion, the flower of my court and the hope of succeeding time hust thou bewitched by art, before thou

rime hast thou bewitched by art, before then readlest suffer him to flourish by nature.

It raw. Madam, things past may be re- [66 pented, not recalled; there is nothing so wicked that I have not done, nor cayching so wished for as death; yet among all the things that I committed, there is nothing so much termenteth my rested and ranso k'd thoughts as that in [56] the prime of my husband a youth I divorced him by my devilish art; for which if to die might be aneeds, I would not live till to-morrow; if to lete and still be more miserable would better content hum, I would wish of all creatures to jee be 'feet and ugliest.

Geron. Depart, then hast made this difference between me and Endymion, that being both young, thou hast caused me to wake in melanto it. Issuing the joys of my youth, and him is to sleep, not remembiring youth. I just. Stay, here cometh Tellus; we shall no know all.

(K. onler l'Axelion and Zontes, with Consites and Tellis.)

Core. I would to Cynthia thou couldst make

Territor Truthshall be mine answer, and there-

Carth. Is all not study for an excuse.
Carth. Is at possible, Tellus, that so few years amount harbour so many mischiefs? Thy according prode have I borne, because it is a thing but beauty maketh blameless, which the more it crossleth fairness in measure, the more it crossleth fairness in the sure, the more it crossleth itself in disdain. Thy devices against Courtes I stude at, for that wirs, the sharper to ther are, the showder I they are; but this un-quainted I and most unnatural practice with a appointed I and most annatural practice with a abed proposed as a thing most malicious, as I will revenue as a deed most monstrous. It will use for you. Dipeas, I will send you into the desert amongst wild beasts, and try whether no can cast lone, tigers, bears, and bears into as lond a deep as you did Endymion, or turn them trees, as you have done Ragon. But tell me, by I thus, what was the cause of this cruel part, far maticing thy sex, in which nothing should be but simple most, and much disagreeing from the face, as which nothing seemed to be but softby face, in which nothing seemed to be but soft-

life and am content to end it, I can neither the and and content to cont. It can methor it may my full without lying, nor confess it orizont orange; yet were it possible that in so he can be thoughts as yours there could full [100] make earthly motione as mine, I would then hope,

of hearthly motous as unne, I would then hope, I not to be pardoned without extreme punished at the total be heard without extreme punished at the same of the same timagine any thing that can colour such a cruelty.

Total Endymun, that Endymin, in the case of his youth, so ravished my heart with the theorem, that to obtain my devices I could not and too are, nor to resist them reason. What was

she that favoured not Endymion, being [110 young, wise, honourable, and virtuous; besides, what metal was she made of the she mortal) that is not affected with the spice, may, infected with the poison of that not-to-be-expressed yet always-to-be-felt love, which breaketh the low brains and never bruiseth the brow, consumeth the heart and never toucheth the skin, and maketh a deep sear to be seen before any wound at all be feit." My heart, too tender to withstand such a divine fury, yielded to love, Madam, I, not without bluebing, confess [1] yielded to love.

unth. A strange effect of love, to work such an extreme hate. How say you, Endymion?

End. I say, madam, then the gods send me a woman's hate. Cynth. That were as bad, for then by contrary you should never sleep. But on, Tellus; let us

heat the end.

Tellus, Feeling a continual burning in all my bowels, and a bursting almost in every vein, I could not smother the inward fire, but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke; and by the flying abroad of divers spanks, less than the state of the same of the sa divers judged of my scalding flames. Endymion, as full of art as wit, marking mine eyes, in which he might see almost his own,) my sighs, (by which he might ever hear his name sounded,) aimed at my heart, in which he [140] was assured his person was impranted, and by questions wrang out that which was ready to burst out. When he saw the depth of my affections, he swore that mine in respect of his were as funes to . Etca, valleys to Alps, ants (so to eagles, and nothing could be compared to my heavity but his love and eternity. Thus drawing a smooth shoe upon a crooked foot, he made me believe that which all of our sex willingly acknowledges I was beautiful, and that any of his sex should be faithful.

Conth. Endymon, how will you clear yourself? wonder which indeed is a thing miraculous)

End. Madam, by mine own accuser.

Cynth. Well, Tellus, proceed; but briefly, lest taking delight in uttering thy love, thou

offend us with the length of it.

Tellus, I will, madam, quickly make an end of my love and my tale. Finding continual [100] or my love and my tale. Finding continual tentile increase of my tormenting thoughts, and that the enjoying of my love made deeper wounds than the entering into it. I could find no means to ease my grief but to follow Endymion, and continually to have him in the object of per mine eyes who had me slave and subject to his love. But in the moment that I feared his false. hood and tried myself most in mine affections, I found - ah, grief, even then I lost myself! - I found him in most melancholy and desperate |120 terms cursing his stars, his state, the earth, the heavens, the world, and all for the love of — Cynth. Of whom? Tellus, speak boldly.

¹ Bond transposes scar and wound; and seen and

Tellus, Madam, I dare not utter, for fear to

Cynth. Speak, I say; who dare take offence, if then be commanded by Cynthia?
Tellus. For the love of Cynthia.
Cynth. For my love, Tellus? That were strange. Endymion, is it true?
End. In all things, madam, Tellus doth not

Speak false.

Cynth. What will this breed to in the end?

Well. Endymion, we shall hear all.

Tellus. I, seeing my hopes turned to mis- [w haps, and a settled dissembling towards me, and an immovable desire to Cynthia, forgetting both myself and my sex, fell into this unnatural hate; for knowing your virtues, Cynthia, to be immortal, I could not have an imagination to withdraw bim; and finding mine own affections unquenchable, I could not earry the mind that any else should possess what I had pursued. For though in majesty, beauty, virtue, and dignity, I always humbled and yielded myself lost to Cynthia, yet in affections I esteemed myself equal with the goldesses, and all other creatures. tures, according to their states, with myself; for stars to their biguess have their lights, and the sun hath no more, and little pitchets, when [50] they can hold no more, are as full asgreat vessels that run over. Thus, modam, in all truth have I uttered the unhappiness of my love and the cause of my hate, yielding wholly to that divine judgment which never erred for want of 1964 wisdom or envied for too much partiality.

Cynth. Howsay you, my lords, to this matter? But what say you, Endymion; bath Tellus told

truth ?

End. Madam, in all things but in that [110

End. Madam, in all things but in that in she said I loved her and swore to honour her.

Cinth. Was there such a time whenas for my love thou didst yow thyself to death, and in respect of it leathed thy life? Speak, Endymion; I will not revenge it with hate.

End. The time was, madam, and is, and ever shall be, that I honoured your highness

ever shall be, that I honoured your highness above all the world, but to stretch it so far as to call it love I never durst. There hath none pleased mine eye but Cynthia, none delighted a mine ears but Cynthia, none possessed my heart but Cynthia. I have forsaken all other fortunes to follow Cynthia, and here I stand ready to die, if it please Cynthia, Such a difference hath the gods set between our states that all must be |20 duty, loyalty, and reverence; nothing (with-out it vonchsafe your highness be termed love, My unspotted thoughts, my languishing body, my discontinued life, let them obtain by princely favour that which to challenge they lee must not presume, only wishing of impossi-bilities; with imagination of which I will spend my spirits, and to myself, that no creature may hear, softly call it love; and if any urge to utter what I whisper, then will I name it honour. [135] From this sweet contemplation if I be not driven, I shall live of all men the most content, taking more pleasure in mine aged thoughts than ever I dol in my youthful actions. Cynth. Endymion, this honourable respect [860

of thine shall be christened love in thee, and my reward for it, favour. Persevere, Endymiou, in leving me, and I account more strongth in a true heart than in a walled city. I have bebouted to win all, and study to keep such as I | 540 have won; but those that neither my favour can move to continue constant, nor my offered benefits get to be faithful, the gods shall either reduce to truth, or revenge their treacheries with justice. Endymion, continue as thou hast , begun, and thou shalt find that Cynthia shineth

not on thee in vain.

End. Your Highness hath blessed me, and your words have again restored my youth; me-thinks I feel my joints strong and these lose mouldy hairs to moult, and all by your virtue, Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that

Cynthia, into whose hands the bandlee that weigheth time and fortune are committed.

Cynth. What, young again! Then it is pity to punish Tellus.

Tellus. Ah, Endymion, now I know thee and ask pardon of thee; suffer me still to wish thee well.

End. Tellus, Cynthia must command what

she will.

Flosc. Endymion, I rejoice to see thee in thy former estate.

End. Good Floscula, to thee also am I in my

former affections. Eum. Endymion, the comfort of my life, | 500 how am I ravished with a joy matchless, saving only the enjoying of my mistress.

Cynth. Endymion, you must now tell who Eumenides shrineth for his saint.

End. Semele, madam. Conth. Semele, manam. Cunth. Semele, Eumenides? Is it Semele, the very wasp of all women, whose tongue sting-eth as much as an adder's tooth?

Eum. It is Semele, Cynthia, the possessing of whose love must only prolong my life. — Cynth. Nay, sith Endymion is restored, we will have all parties pleased. Semele, are you content after so long trial of his faith, such rare secreey, such unspotted love, to take Eu-menides? Why speak you not? Not a word? --End. Silence, madam, consents; that is most

Cynth. It is true, Endymion. Eumenides, take

Semele; take her, I say.

Eum. Humble thanks, madam; now only [== do I begin to live.

Sem. A hard choice, madam, either to be married if I say nothing, or to lose my tongue if I speak a word. Yet do I rather choose to have

my tongue cut out than my heart distentions my tengue cut out than my heart distention pered: I will not have him.

Cynth. Speaks the parrot! She shall nod hereafter with signs. Cut off her tongue, nay her head, that having a servant of honourable buth, honest manners, and true love, will not be [persuaded.

Sem. He is no faithful lover, madam, for then would be have asked his mistress.

Ger. Had he not been faithful, he had never seen into the fountain, and so lost his friend [--and mistress.

Eum. Thine own thoughts, sweet Semele.

witness against thy words, for what hast thou forced in my life but lowe? And as yet what have I found in my love but bitterness? [no Madam, pardon Semele, and let my tougue ranson hers.

Coath. Thy tongue, Eumenides! What,

Coath. Thy tongue, Eumenides! What, chouldst thou live wanting a tongue to blaze the teauty of Semale! Well, Semele, I will just command lave, for it cannot be enforced; bt me entrent it.

bet me entreat it.

Som I am content your highness shall commisted, for more only do I think Eumenides faithful, that is willing to lose his tongue for my feetake, yet leath, because it should do me better acrous. Madam, I accept of Eumenides.

Conth. I thank you, Semele.

Esm. Ah, tuppy Eumenides, that hast a found so furthful and a mixtress so fair! [128] With what sudden mischief will the gods daunt this excess of joy? Sweet Semele, I live or die a thou will.

Coath. What shall become of Tellus? Tellus, know Endymion is rowed to a service [20] asterh still a lovely look towards you. How say ran, will you have your Corsites, and so receive part in for all the t is part?

To a. Madam, most willingly.

235

Co. A. But I cannot sell whether Corsites be

arred.

Corr. Ay, madam, more happy to enjoy Tel-tion the monarchy of the world. Furn Why, she caused you to be pinch'd [80

Coss. A), but her fairness hath pinched my

to the the place of Endymion.

Cych. Well, enjoy thy love. But what have you wrought in the castle, Tellus?

Tellus, Only the picture of Endymion.

Cych. Then so much of Endymion is his picture.

Cora. Ah, my sweet Tellus, my love shall be the beauty is, matchless, Crais. Now it restets, Dipons, that if then all forewear that vile art of enchanting, Geron ash promised again to receive thee rotherwise, f than be woulded to that wickedness, I must and will see it punished to the uttermost.

Dipsas. Madam, I renounce both substance and shadow of that most horrible and hateful trade, vowing to the gods continual penance, and to your highness obedience.

Conth. How say you, Geron; will you admit her to your wife?

Ger. Ay, with more joy than I did the first day, for nothing could happen to make me happy but only her forseking that lewd and detestable course. Dipass, I embrace thee.

Dipass. And I thee, Geron, to whom I will hereafter recite the cause of these my first

Conth. Well, Endymion, nothing resteth now but that we depart. Thou hast my favour; [20] Telius her friend; Enmendes in Paradise with

reflus her friend; Emmendes in Paradiag with his Semele; Goron content with Dipsas.

Sir Top. Nay, soft; I cannot handsomely go to bed without Pagoa.

Cynth. Well, Sir Tophas, it may be there [55] are more virtues in me than myself knoweth of, for Endymion I awaked, and at my words he waxed young. I will try whether I can turn this

tree again to thy true love.

Top. Turn her to a true love or false, so [so she be a wonch I care not.

Cynth. Bagon, Cynthia putteth an end to thy hard fortunes, for, being turn d to a tree for revealing a truth, I will recover thee again, if in my power be the effect of truth.

BAGON recovers human shape.]

Top. Bagon, a bots 2 upon thee!

Cont. Come, my lords, let us in. You, Gyptes and Pythagorus, if you can content yourselves in our court, to fall from vain follies of philosephers to such virtues as are here practised, you shall be entertraned according to your deserts, for Cynthia is no stepmother to strangers

Pythag. I had rather in Cynthin's court spend

ten years than in Greece one hour.

Guptes. And I choose rather to live by all Egypt.

Clouth. Then follow. the sight of Cynthia than by the possessing of

Cunth. Then follow. Eum. We all attend.

Exeunt.

1 Mean, lune.
2 Worms. A comic execution.

THE EPILOGUE

A MAN walking abroad, the Wind and Sun strove for sovereignty, the one with his blast, the order with his beauss. The Wind blew hard; the man wrapped his garment about him harder; it but feel more strongly; he then girt it fast to him. "I cannot prevail," said the Wind. The Sun, astring her crystal beaus, began to warm the man; he unlossed his gown; yet it shined brighter; he then put it off. "I yield," said the Wind, "for if thou continue shining, he will also put off [1]

Dr. ad Saversign, the malicious that seek to overthrow us with threats, do but stiffen our thoughts, and make them sturdier in storms; but if your highness youchsafe with your favourable beams to

your majorty's feet.



THE OLD WIVES TALE C. 1590

GEORGE PEELE

IDRAMATIS PERSONAE

BACKAPANT. First Brother, named CALYPRA. Second Brother, named THELMA. EUMENIDES. ERESTUS. LAMPRINCUS. HUANEBANGO. - Gabrill Garwly COREBUS. WIGGEN. Churchwarden. Sexton. Ghost of JACK.

Enter ANTIC, FROLIC, and FANTASTIC.

Ant. How now, fellow Frolic! What, all amort? Doth this sadness become thy madness? What though we have lost our way in the woods, yet never hang the head as though thou hadst no hope to live till to-morrow; for [s Fantastic and I will warrant thy life to-night for twenty in the hundred.

Fro. Antic and Fantastic, as I am frolic franion, never in all my life was I so dead slain. What, to lose our way in the wood, without either fire or candle, so uncomfortable! Occlum! Oterra! O Maria! O Neptune!

Fan. Why makes thou it so strange, seeing Cupid hath led our young master to the fair lady, and she is the only saint that he hath [15

sworn to serve?

Fro. What resteth, then, but we commit him to his wench, and each of us take his stand up in a tree, and sing out our ill fortune to the tune of "O man in desperation"?

Ant. Desperately spoken, fellow Frolic, in the dark; but seeing it falls out thus, let us rehearse the old proverb:

"Three merry men, and three merry men, And three merry men be we; I in the wood, and thou on the ground, And Jack sleeps in the tree."

Fan. Hush! a dog in the wood, or a wooden dog! O comfortable hearing! I had even as lief the chamberlain of the White Horse had [so called me up to bed.

Fro. Either hath this trotting cur gone out of his circuit, or else are we near some village, which should not be far off, for I perceive the

I Q Franticks.

Pejected.

A gay fellow.
With a pun on wood, mad.

Friar, Harvest-men, Furies, Piddlers, &c. DELIA, sister to CALYPHA and THELEA. VERELIA, betrothed to ERESTUS. ZANTIPPA, daughters to Lampriscus. Hostess.

ANTIC. Proute. PANTASTIC. CLUECH, a smith. MADOR, his wife.]

Enter [CLUNCH] a smith, with a lantern and candle.

glimmering of a glow-worm, a candle, or a [se cat's eye, my life for a halfpenny! In the name

cat's eye, my life for a halfpenny! In the name of my own father, be thou ox or ass that appearest, tell us what thou art.

Smith. What am I? Why, I am Clunch the smith. What are you? What make you in [so my territories at this time of the night?

Ant. What do we make, dost thou ask? Why, we make faces for fear; such as if thy mortal eyes could behold, would make thee water the long seams of thy side alops, [so smith] smith.

Fro. And, in faith, sir, unless your hospitality do relieve us, we are like to wander, with a sorrowful heigh-ho, among the owlets and hobgoblins of the forest. Good Vulcan, for a Cupid's sake that hath cozened us all, befriend us as thou mayst; and command us howsoever, wheresoever, whensoever, in whatsoever, for

wheresover, whensover, in whatsover, are ever and ever.

Smith. Well, masters, it seems to me you [se have lost your way in the wood; in consideration whereof, if you will go with Clunch to his cottage, you shall have house-room and a good fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to

put you in.

All. O blessed smith, O bountiful Clunch!

Smith. For your further entertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so.

A don barks [within].

A dog barks [within]. Hark !6 this is Ball my dog, that bids you all welcome in his own language. Come, take [se heed for stumbling on the threshold. — Open door, Madge; take in guests.

5 Long wide trousers.
5 The scene is now at the cottage.

Enter [MADOR, an old woman.

Madge. Welcome, Clunch, and good fellows II. that come with my good-man. For my good-man sake, come on, sit down; here is [70] piece of choese, and a pudding of my own making.

Ant. Thanks gammer; a good example for

Fro. Cammer, thou and thy good-man ait [78 bivingly together; we come to chat, and not to

Smith Well, masters, if you will eat nothing, take away. Come, what do we to pass away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to roast for [9] lamble wool. What, shall we have a game at trump? or ruff to drive away the time? How

Fig. This smith leads a life as merry as a king with Madge his wife. Sirrah Frolic, I [80] an sure thou art not without some round or other; go doubt but Clouch can bear his part. Fro. Else think you me ill brought up; so set

to it when you will. They sing.

Soxo.

Whenas the rye reach to the chin, And chapeherry, the pelierry ripe within, Strawberries awinning in the cream, And school-boys playing in the stream; Then, O, then, O, then, O, my true-love said, I'l that time come again She could not live a maid.

4st. This sport does well; but methinks, sames, a meny winter's tale would drive say the time trimly. Come, I am sure you are not without a score.

Fig. 1 faith, gammer, a tale of an hour long vire as good as an hour's sleep.

For Look you, gammer, of the giant and the king's daughter, and I know not what. I have seen the day, when I was a little one, look

maght have drawn me a mileafter you with such a discourse.

Madu Well, since you be so importunate, magaod-man shall fill the pot and get him to bed, they that ply their work must keep he bed, they that ply their work must keep pro-ceed hours. One of you go lie with him; he is a ban-skinned man. I tell you, without either apren or wind goll; set I am content to drive way the time with an old wives' winter's tale. Fan. No better hay in Deconshire; o'my pus-eral, grammen. I'll be one of your audience. Fro. And I another, that 's flat, Ant. Then most I to bed with the good-man. Itsus new gammen. - Good night, Fredic. South, Come on, my lad, thou shalt take [is-pomentated rest with me.

Lay annatural rest with me.

Est Astre and the smith. he morning, to be ready at the sight thereof

" Make is salish old sensors in the speech-tags

A trink made of ale and the pulp of roasted crab-

A common card game.

Madge. Now this bargain, my masters, in must I make with you, that you will say hum and ha to my tale, so shall I know you are awake.

Both. Content, gammer, that will we do.
Madge. Once upon a time, there was a [56
king, or a lord, or a duke, that had a fair daughter, the fairest that ever was, as white as snow and as red as blood; and once upon a time his daughter was stolen away; and he sent all his men to seek out his daughter; and he sent so long, that he sent all his men out of his land.

Fro. Who drest his dinner, then? Madge. Nay, either hear my tale, or kiss my

tail.

Fan. Well said! On with your tale, gammer.

Madge. O Lord, I quite forgot! There was a
conjurer, and this conjurer could do any thing,
and he turned himself into a great dragon, and and he turned himself into a great dragon, and carried the king's daughter away in his is mouth to a castle that he made of stone; and there he kept her I know not how long, till at last all the king's men went out so long that her two brothers went to seek her. O, I forget! she (he, I would say,) turned a proper * [100 young man to a bear in the night, and a mon in the day, and keeps by a cross that parts three several ways; and he made his lady run mad, — Coda me langes who comes here. - Gods me bones, who comes here ?

Enter the Two Brothers.

1. . . . Fro. Soft, gammer, here some come to [144 tell your tale for you,

Fan. Let them alone; let us hear what they

will way.

1 Bro. Upon these chalky cliffs of Albion We are arrived now with redrous toil; And compassing the wide world round about, To seek our sister, to seek tair beha forth,

Yet cannot we so much as hear of her. 2 Bro. O fortune cruel, cruel and unkind! Unkind in that we cannot find our sister, Our sister, hapless in her cruel chance! Soft! who have we here?

Enter Senex (ERESTUS) at the cross, stooping to gather.

1 Bro. Now, father, God be your speed! What do you gather there?

Erest. Hips and haws, and sticks and postraws, and things that I gather on the ground, my 500.

1 Bro. Hips and haws, and sticks and straws!

Why, is that all your food, father?

Errst. Yea, son.

2 Bro. Father, here is an alms-penny for me; and if I speed in that I go for, I will give thee as good a gown of grey as ever thou didst

1 Bro. And, father, here is another alms- [impenny for me; and if I speed in my journey. I

4 Handsome.

1 (The young man) lives.

4 Erestus is called old mon in the speech-tage throughout in Q.

will give thee a palmer's staff of ivory, and a scallop-shell of beaten gold. Erest. Was she fair? 2 Bro. Ay, the fairest for white, and the [100 purest for red. as the blood of the deer, or the

Then hark well, and mark well, my

old spell

Be not afraid of every stranger; tart not aside at every danger; Things that seem are not the same; Blow a blast at every flame; For when one flame of fire goes out,

Then comes your wishes well about: If any ask who told you this good, Say, the white bear of England's wood,

i Bro. Brother, heard you not what the old man said?

"Be not afraid of every stranger; Start not aside for every danger; Things that seem are not the same; Blow a blast at every flame; For when one flame of the goes out. Then comes your wishes well about :] If any ask who told you this good,
Say, the white bear of England's wood."

2 Bra, Well, if this do us any good,
Well fare the white bear of England's
wood!

Exeunt the Two Brothers]. Erest. Now sit thee here, and tell a heavy

Sad in thy mood, and sober in thy cheer; Here sit thee now, and to thyself relate. The hard mishap of thy most wretched state. In Thesandy I liv'd in sweet content, Until that fortune wrought my overthrow; For there I wedded was unto a dame, That liv'd in honour, virtue, love, and fame, 215 But Sacrapant, that cursed sorcerer. Being besotted with my beauteous love, My dearest love, my true betrothed wife, Did seek the means to rid me of my life. But worse than this, he with his chanting spails.

Did turn me straight unto an ugly bear; And when the sun doth settle in the west,
Then I begin to don my ngly hide
And all the day I sit, as now you see,
And speak in riddles, all inspired with rage, [200] seeming an old and miserable man, And yet I am in April of my age.

Enter VENELIA his lady, mad; and goes in again.

See where Venelia, my performed to the woods, Runs madding, all energy d, about the woods, See where Venelia, my betrothed love, All by his cursed and enchanting spells. --

Enter Lambuscus with a pot of honey.

But here comes Lamprisons, my discontented neighbour. How how, neighbour! You look to-ward the ground as well as I; you muse on

something.

Lamp. Neighbour, on nothing but on the [essemanter I so often moved to you. If you do anything for charity, help me; if for neighbour-

hood or brotherhood, help me: never was one so cumbered as is poor Lampriscus; and to begin, I pray receive this pot of honey, to 1240

mend your fare.

Erest. Thanks, neighbour, set it down; honey is always welcome to the bear. And now, neighbour, let me hear the cause of your

coming.

Lump. I am, as you know, neighbour, a man unmarried; and lived so unquietly with my two wives, that I keep every year holy the day wherein I buried them both; the first was on Saint Andrew's day, the other on Saint | 200 Luke's.

Erest. And now, neighbour, you of this country say, your custom is out. But on with

your tale, neighbour.

Lamp. By my first wife, whose tongue [see wearied me alive, and sounded in my ears like the clapper of a great hell, whose talk was a continual torment to all that dwelt by her or lived nigh her, you have heard me say I had a handsome daughter.

Erest. True, neighbour.

Lamp. She it is that afflicts me with her con-

tinual clamours, and hangs on me like a bur. Peor she is, and proud she is; 123 poor as a sheep new-shorn, and as proud of her hopes 122 as a pencock of her tail well-grown.

Erest, Well said, Lampriscus! You speak it like an Englishman.

Lump. As curst as a wasp, and as frownrd as a child new-taken from the mother's teat; | 100 she is to my age as smoke to the eyes or as vinegar to the teeth.

Erest, Holily praised, neighbour. As much

for the next.

Lamp. By my other wife I had a daughter |:" as hard-favoured, so foul and ill-faced, that I think a grove full of golden trees, and the leaves of rubies and diamonds, would not be a

dowry answerable to her deformity.

Erest. Well, neighbour, now you have [see apoke, hear me speak. Send them to the well for the water of life; there shall they find their fortunes unlooked for. Neighbour, farewell.

Lamp. Farewell, and a thousand! And ,ree now goeth poor Lampriscus to put in execution this excellent counse.

Fro. Why, this goes round without a fiddling-stick: but, do you hear, gammer, was this the man that was a hear in the night and a man (see

in the day?

Madge. Ay, this is he; and this man that came to him was a heggar, and dwelt upon a green. But soft! who comes here? O, these are the harvest-men; ten to one they sing a [= song of mowing.

Enter the Harvest-men a-singing, with this song double repeated.

> All ye that lovely lovers be, Pray you for me.
> Let here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
> And sow sweet truits of fore; In your sweet hearts well may it prove'

Excunt.

Easer HUANERANDO with his two-hand sword, and BOORY, the cown.

as. Gammer, what is he?

M saye (), this is one that is going to the

Mario C. this is one that is going to the counter. Let him alone; hear what he says. Hears. Now, by Mars and Mercury, [say Jupater and Janus, Sol and Saturnus, Venus and Vesta, Pallas and Proserpina, and by the humour of my house, Pelimackeroeplacidus, it to a wonder to see what this love will make silly fellows adventure, even in the wane of their [00] to and infancy of their discretion. Alas, my found! what foctune calls thee forth to seek the fortune among brazen gates, enchanted towers, fire and brimstone, thunder and lightness. Texang, I tell there is peerless, and justice procious whom thou affectest. Do off these deserve. good countryman; good friend, run away from thoself; and, so soon as thou canst, seget her, whom none must inherit but he that it monsters time, labours achieve, riddles footself, losee cuchantments, murder magic, and kill conjoring,—and that is the great and rights fire neoange.

Resy, Hark you, sir, hark you. First know have been the flurring feather, and have lose the flurring feather, and have lose the flurring feather, and riddle me, and it is the great and the best the flurring feather, and "riddle me, all have the wench from the conjurer, if he were ten conjurers, lose Huma. I have abandoned the court and heaverable company, to do my devoir against the sore soreerer and mighty magicinn; if this lids he so far as she is said to be, she is mine, and a turne; mean, mean, mean, in contemptum [magnetic course.]

the to filling; moust, med, mettin, in contempliam |me

Rady O folsom Latinum! The fair maid is minum

The beit mind is minum, law upper constitute gibletis and all.

iters. If she be mine, as I assure myself [80]
the heavens will do somewhat to reward my surfamess, she shall be allied to none of the near st gods, but he invested in the most farm as stock of Humobango. Polimackerosphericaes, my mother Dionora de Sardinis, an easie desembled.

Besty Do you hear, sir? Had not you a seem that was called Gustaesridis?

Hear, Inde d. I had a consin that some—[80]

Heard, Inde d. I had a consin that some—[80]

Leaf the well the court infortunately, and his same Bustegnsteeeridis.

The word the court informately, and his arms Bustegnsteceridis.

(***). O Local, I know him well I He is the best of the neat's feet.

Here, O, he loved no capon better? He [as a life of territories descrived his bay of his dinner; the was he fault, good Bustegnsteceridis.

Booky, Come, shall we go along?

Enter Enter at the cross.]

bet here is an old man at the cross; let us be him the way thither. - Ho, you guller! [200]

* The chart appears to be priding himself on his cy - has stome and long stockings.

I pray you tell where the wise man the con-jurer dwells.

Huan. Where that earthly goldens keepeth her abode, the commander of my thoughts, and fair mistress of my heart.

Erest. Fair enough, and far enough from thy

fingering, son.
Huan. I will follow my fortune after mine own fancy, and do according to mine own

discretion.

Erest. Yet give something to an old man

before you go.

Huan. Father, methinks a piece of this cake

might serve your turn.

Erest. Yea, son.

Ilwan, Huanebango giveth no cakes for alms;

ask of them that give gifts for poor beggars. - Fair lady, if thou wert once shrined in this bosom, I would buckler thee harstantara

Booby. Father, do you see this man? You is little think he'll tan a mile or two for such a cake, or pass? for a pudding. I tell you, father, the has kept such a begging of me for a piece of this cake! Whoo! he comes upon me with "a superfantial substance, and the forson! of las the earth," that I know not what he means, If he came to me thus, and said, "My friend Bronky," or so why Booby, or so, why, I could spare him a piece with all my heart; but when he tells the how God bath enriched me above other fellows [50] Booby,

Farewell, my son: things may so hit, Thou mayst have wealth to mend thy wit.

Cor. Farewell, father, farewell; for I must make haste after my two-hand sword that is gone before. Exeunt omnes, [wo

Enter SACRAPANT in his study.

Sac. The day is clear, the welkin bright and The lark is merry and records her not a: Each thing rejoiceth underneath the sky, But only I, whom heaven buth in hate, Wretched and miserable Sacrapant In Thessaly was I born and brought up; My mother Meroe hight, a famous witch, And by her cunning 1 of her did learn To change and alter shapes of mortal men. There did 1 turn myself into a dragon. And stole away the daughter to the king, Fair Delia, the mistress of my heart; And brought her hither to revive the man.
That seemeth young and pleasant to behold,
And yet is aged, emoked, weak, and namb, [as
Thus by enchanting spells I do deceive
Those that behold and look upon my face;
But well may I hid youthful week adding But well may I bid youthful years adieu.

Abundance.
 However hard the times may be.
 Calbel.

Enter DELIA with a pot in her hand.

See where she comes from whence my sorrows

grow !

How now, fair Delia! where have you been ? [40 Del. At the foot of the rock for running water, and gathering roots for your dinner, air. Sac. Ah, Delia, fairer art thou than the running water, yet harder far than steel or adamant !

Del. Will it please you to sit down, sir? Sac. Ay, Delia, sit and ask me what thou

wilt.

Thou shalt have it brought into thy lap.

Del. Then, I pray you, sir, let me have the
best meat from the King of England's table, [128
and the best wine in all France, brought in by the veriest knave in all Spain.

Sac. Delia, I am glad to see you so pleasant.

Well, sit thee down.

Spread, table, spread, Meat, drink, and bread,

Ever may I have

What I over grave, When I am spread For meat for my black cock,

And meat for my red. Enter a Friar with a chine of beef and a pot of

Here, Delia, will ye fall to?

Del. Is this the best meat in England?

No. Yea. Int. What is it?

Suc. A chine of English beef, meat for a king and a king's followers.

Del. Is this the best wine in France? Sac. Yea.

Sac. Yea. Del. What wine is it? Sac. A cup of neat wine of Orleans, that never came near the browers in England. Del. Is this the veriest knave in all Spain?

Suc. Yea. Hel. What, is he a friar? Sac. Yea, a friar indefinite, and a knave in-

Del. Then, I pray ye, Sir Friar, tell me before you go, which is the most greediest Englishman?

Fri. The miserable and most covetous usurer. Sac. Hold thee there, friar. (Exit Friar.) Sac. Hold In. But, soft!

Who have we here? Delia, away, he gone!

Enter the Two Brothers.

Delia, away! for beset are we.

But heaven or hell shall rescue her for me. '** [Excunt Delia and Sachapant.]

1 Bro. Brother, was not that Delia did appear,

Or was it but her shadow that was here? 2 Bro. Sister, where art thou? Delia, come

again! He calls, that of thy absence doth complain. -Call out, Calypha, that she may hear, And cry aloud, for Delia is near. Echo. Near.

Near! O, where? Hast thou any

tidings?

Echo. Tidings.

2 Bro. Which way is Delia, then; or that, Echo. This?

1 Bro. ro. And may we safely come where Delia is?

Echo. Yes. 2 Bro. Brother, remember you the white bear of England's wood? "Start not aside for every danger,

Be not afeard of every stranger; Things that seem are not the same."

Bro. Brother.

Why do we not, then, courageously enter? [or 2 Bro. Then, brother, draw thy sword and

Re-enter [SACRAPANT' the Conjurer: it lightens and thunders; the Second Brother falls down.

1 Bro. What, brother, dost thou fall? Suc. Ay, and thou too, Calypha.

The First Brother falls down. Enter Two Furies.

Adeste, domones! Away with them: Go carry them straight to accupanto's cell, [-

There in despair and torture for to dwell.

Execut Furies with the Two Brothers.]

These are Thenores' sons of Thessaly,
That come to seek Pelia their sister forth; But, with a potion I to her have given,

My arts have made her to forget herself. Removes a turf, and shows a light in a glass. See here the thing which doth prolong my life, With this enchantment I do any thing; And till this fade, my skill shall still endure, And never none shall break this little glass.

But she that's neither wife, widow, nor maid.

Then cheer thyself; this is thy destiny, Never to die but by a dead man's hand. Enter EUMENIDES, the wandering knight, and [Enestus, the old man at the cross.

Eum. Tell me, Time, Tell me, just Time, when shall I Delin see? When shall I see the loadstar of my life? When shall my wand'ring course end with her sight,

Or I but view my hope, my heart's delight? Seving Erentus,

Father, God speed! If you tell fortunes, I pray.

good father, tell me mine.

Erest. Son, I do see in thy face.

Thy blessed fortune work apace. I do perceive that then hast wit;

Beg of thy fate to govern it, For wisdom govern'd by advice, Makes many fortunate and wise. Bestow thy alms, give more than all,

Till dead men's bones come at the call. Farewell, my son! Dream of no rest, Till thou repent that then did t best.

Eum. This man hath left me in a Frit.

rinth: He biddeth me give more than all, Till dead men's bones come at my call; He inddeth me dream of no rost, Tall I repeat that I do best.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Exer Wiggen, Conenus, 1 Churchwarden, and

Weg. You may be schamed, you whoreson [22] and Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had my shame in those shameless faces of yours, to to a poor man lie so long above ground en-berted. A rot on you all, that have no more experient of a good fellow when he is gone! so (2200.4. What, would you have us to bury him, and to snawer it ourselves to the parish?

him, and to snawer it ourselves to the parish?

S.r. Parish me no parishes; pay me my fees, and let the rest run on in the quarter's accounts, and put it down for one of your good [so docks, o' God's nume! for I am not one that urinusly stands upon merits.

C.r. You whoreson, solden-headed sheep's-has, shall a good fellow do loss service and mer honesty to the parish, and will you not, [so has he is dead, let him have Christmas burial?

W. France, Corolina! As sure as Jack was all the feelic'st femiling amounts you and I

the frolie'st francon amongst you, and I, the his fourals, or some of them shall lie [25] of sold with the fourals, or some of them shall lie [25] of sold with the sold w

wiver or not answer, do this, or have this. [60

Whene & wis apon the parish with a pike-staff: 4

El my Susa awakes and comes to them.

Euro Hotd thy hands, good fellow,

Co Can you blame him, sir, if he take
lax's part against this shuke-rotten parish
that a ill met bury Jack?

Lya. Why, what was that Jack?

Co Who, Jack, sir? Who, our Jack, sir?

As good a fellow as ever tred upon neat's
archer.

Hig Lank you, sir; he gave fourscore | Mo and more than mounting gowns to the parish alone and because he would not make town up's full hundred, they would not bury than was not this good dealing?

Comment O I and, six how he lies! He was [66]

s unthe shalfpenny, and drunk out every sure, and now his fellows, his drunken comparisons would have us to bury him at the charge of the parch. An we make many such a release we may pull down the steeple, sell for the ball, and thatch the chancel He shall lie above ground till be dance a galliard about the Way, See argumentaris, Domine Losch;

It so, Sie areamentaris, Domine Issuen, an ex make many such matches, we may fees could down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chan st."—in good time, sir, and hang paraches in the bell-ropes, when you have

done. Domine, opponens propono tibi hanc quastionem, whether will you have the ground broken or your pates broken first? For one of them shall be done presently, and to begin mine, I'll seal it upon your corcomb. Eum. Hold thy hands, I pray thee, good fellow; be not too hasty.

turned out of the parish one of these days, with never a tatter to your arse; then you are in worse taking than Jack.

Eum. Faith, and he is bad enough This

fellow does but the part of a friend, to seek to bury his friend. How much will bury him? Wig. Faith, about some fifteen or sixteen shillings will bestow him honestly.

Sex. Ay, even thereabouts, sir.

Sex. Ay, even thereabouts, sir.

Eum. Here, hold it, then: -[aside.] and I have left me but one poor three half-pence.

Now do I remember the words the old man spake at the cross, "Bestow all thou hast," and this is all, "till dead men's bones come sea at thy call." - Here, hold it [gives money]; and

wig. God, and all good, be with you, sir! [Ext Eumenders.] Nay, you cormorants. I'll bestow one peal of a Jack at mine own [...]

proper costs and charges.

Cor. You may thank God the long staff and the bilbo-blade crossed not your coxeomb.—

Well, we'll to the church-stile and have a pot, and so trill-lill. | Exit with Wignes. | | 100

Church. | Come, let's go.

Fan. But, back you, gammer, methinks this Jack bore a great sway in the parish.

Madys, O, this Jack was a marvellous [99] fellow! he was but a poor man, but very well beloved. You shall see anon what this Jack will come to.

Enter the Harvest-men singing, with women in their hands.

Fro. Soft! who have we here? Our amorons harvesters.

Fan. Ay, ay, let us sit still, and let them alone.

Here they begin to sing, the song doubled.

Le, here we come a-resping, a-resping,

To reap our harvast-fruit

And thus we pass the year so long, And never be we mut-

Exeunt the Harvest-men.

Enter HUANEBANGO and COREBUS, the clown.

Fro. Soft! who have we here?

Madge. O, this is a choleric gentleman! All you that love your lives, keep out of the smell of his two-hand sword. Now goes he to the

Fan. Methinks the conjurer should put the fool into rjuggling-box.

Huan. Fee, fa., fam,

Here is the Englishman,—

Open the argument from my sals. (Bullen). Oo.
Where the ale-house often stood.

² Q. Simon.

Preservaly, Booby, the cloud. That a flat the 4 th approximately pike-stag a . . . pike-staff appears as part of

GEORGE PEELE

for him that can,—
for his lady bright,
ove himself a kuight,
win her love in fight.
w. Master Bango, are you [160
u., you had best sit down here,
s with me.
r. base cullion! Here is he that
agress and egress with his
will enter at his voluntary, [162
1 no.

flame of fire; HUANEBANGO falleth down.

ith that they kissed, and spoiled good a two-hand sword as ever Now goes Corebus in, spite [400

ANT] the Conjurer and [Two Furies].

ith him into the open fields, g prey to crows and kites: , carried out by the Two Furies.] illain, let him wander up and

darkness and eternal night. [em Strikes Commus blind. ist thou slain Huan, a alashing

or Corebus of his sight, Exit.
villain, hence!—Now I have
a

of forgetfulness, comes, she shall not know her

labour, like to country-claves,

her by another name; she know herself again, spant hath breath d his last. [ess tomes.

Enter DELIA.

telia, take this goad; here hard eves do work and dig for gold: the this, and thou shalt have Gives her a goad.

I know not what you mean. [and she hath forgottes to be Della, the same she should forget; we her name.

trangers, wench; they dig for Exil. [an

ne, how to this fair young man! these strangers to their work: come,

Brothern in their shirts, with spades, digging.

ther, see where Delia is!

o see thee here!

Del. What tell you me of Delia, prating

I know no Delia, nor know I what you mean.
Ply you your work, or else you 're like to
smart.

1 Bro. Why, Delia, know'st thou not thy brothers here?

We come from Thessaly to seek thee forth;
And thou deceiv'st thyself, for thou art Delia.

Del. Yet more of Delia? Then take this.

Del. Yet more of Delia? Then take this, and smart. [Pricks them with the goad.] What, feign you shifts for to defer your labour?

Work, villains, work; it is for gold you dig. 2 Bro. Peace, brother, peace: this vild!

enchanter

Hath ravisht Delia of her senses clean,
And she forgets that she is Delia,

1 Bro. Leave, cruel thou, to hart the miscrable.—

Here they dig, and descry a light [in a glass] under a little hill.

2 Bro. Stay, brother; what hast thon descried?

Del. Away, and touch it not; 'tis something

My lord hath hidden there,

Covers the light again.

Re-enter SACRAPANT.

Sac. Well said! thou plyest these pioners well. —

Go get you in, you labouring slaves.

[Exeunt the Two Brothers.]

Come, Bereeynthia, let us in likewise,

And hear the nightingale record her notes.

Excust.

Enter ZANTIPPA, the curst daughter, to the Well [of Life], with a pot in her hand.

Zan. Naw for a husband, house, and home: God send a good one or none, I pray God! [ww My father hath sent me to the well for the water of life, and tells me, if I give fair words, I shall have a husband. But here comes

Enter [CELANTA], the foul wench, to the Well for water with a pot in her hand,

Celanta, my sweet sister. I'll stand by and hear what she says.

Cel. My father hath sent me to the well for water, and he tells me, if I speak fair, I shall have a husband, and none of the worst. Well, though I am black, I am sure all the world will not forsake me; and, as the old proverb [ns is, though I am black, I am not the devil.

Zan. Marry-gup with a nurrain, I know

Zan. Marry-gup with a murrain. I know wherefore thou speakest that: but go thy ways home as wise as thou camest, or I'll set thee home with a wanton.

Here she strikes her pitcher against her sister's, and breaks them both, and then exit.

1 Vile. ¹ Well done: ² Diggers. ⁴ Ugly. ⁵ Plague take you! ⁵ With a vengeance. The origin of the phrase is uncertain.

Cel. I think this be the curstest quean in the world. You are what she is, a little fair, but as proud as the dovd, and the veriest vixon that two open God's cauth. Well, I'll let her alone, and go home and get another pitcher, and for all this, get me to the well for water. Exit.

Fater two Fucies out of the Conjurer's cell and the Mr. and and the execut | Resenter Lantur's with a pitcher

Zen. Once again for a husband; and, in faith, Cain. Once again for a husband; and, in faith, Cainsta, I have got the start of you; belike husbands grow by the well-side. Now my father eys I most cube my tongne. Why, alas, itselfact am I, then? A woman without a tongue use soldier without his weapon. But I'll have ay water, and be gone.

Here she offers to dip her pitcher in, and a Head speaks in the well.

Head. Gently dip, but not too deep, or fear you make the golden beard to weep, an far marden, white and red,

Stroke me smooth, and comb my head, And thou shalt have some cockeli-bread. Lan. What is this?

Fair maiden, white and red, Could me amouth, and stroke my head.

And then shall have some cockell-bread "?"

"Cockell" callest them it, bey? Faith, I'll

pre you cockell-brend. the beening her pitcher upon the Hend: then it that is a and lightens and HUANKHANGO, as is deaf and cannot hear, rises up. ?

Hosn, Philida, phileridos, paniphilida, florid a flories

bab dub a dub, bounce, quoth the guns, with a subplurous huff-sunff; I want with a wanch, pretty post, pretty love, and my sweet pretty paysme. I Just by the side shall sit surmaned great Humeburgo.

Thanebringo.

Safe in my arms will I keep thee, threat Mars or thinder Olympus.

Zan. larede! Foh, what greasy groom [no have we have? He looks as though he crept out of the backside of the well, and speaks like a drue perishi at the west end.

Ham. U. that I might, but I may not, were to my destiny therefore! - 6

Lead that I close! but I cannot. Tell me, my destiny, when fore?

Zan. in de. Whoop' now I have my dream. I you never hear so great a wonder as this? These blue beaus in a blue bladder, rattle, but lee, cattle.

bellet rattle.

How set my counter [wo set my counter [wo set my counter] which is the first may be, this rimtant tall is too rode in encounter. — Let me, for lady, if you be at leasure, revel with your

" I mel as a lorg chartin

Apparently a panely of Stanylment's hexameters,

The earn during

a marking from Harvey's Foremium Lauri.

Chancel of these for alliferation.

aweetness, and rail upon that cowardly con-jurer, that bath cost me, or congested me in rather, into an unkind sleep, and polluted my carcuss.

Zun. [aside.] Laugh, laugh, Zantippa; thou hast thy fortune, a fool and a husband under one.

Huan. Truly, sweet-heart, as I seem, no about some twenty years, the very April of

mine age.

Zan. 'aside.] Why, what a prating ass is this! Huan. Her coral lips, her crimson chiu, Her silver teeth so white within,

Her golden locks, her rolling eye, Her pretty parts, let them go by, Heigh-ho, hath wounded me, That I must die this day to see!

Zan. By Gogs-bones, thou art a flouting | 200 knave. "Her coral lips, her crimson chin"! ka, wilshaw!

Huan. True, my own, and my own hecause mine, and mine because mine, ha, ha! Above

mine, and mine because name, ha, ha! Above a thousand pounds in possibility, and things [10] fitting thy desire in possession.

Zan, [astde.] The sot thinks I ask of his lands. Lob! be your comfort, and enckeld beyour destiny!— Hear you, sir; an if you will have us, you had best say so betime.

Huan. True, sweet-heart, and will royalize thy progeny with my pedigree.

Execut.

Enter Et MENIDES, the wandering knight.

Eum. Wretched Eumenides, still unfortunate, Envied by fortune and forlorn by fate, Here pine and die, wretched Eumenides, Die in the spring, the April of my age! Here sit thee down, repent what thou hast done:

I would to God that it were ne'er begun!

Enter [the GHOST OF JACK.

[G. of] Jack. You are well overtaken, sir, Eum. Who's that?

[G. of] Jack. You are heartily well met, sir, Eum. Forbear, I say; who is that which

Eum. Forbear, I may, pincheth me? [G. of Jack. Trusting in God. good Master Eumenides, that you are in so good health as los all your friends were at the making hereof, God give you good morrow, sir! Lack you not a neat, handsome, and cleanly young lad, the same of lifteen or sixteen years, that about the age of fifteen or sixteen years, that can run by your horse, and, for a need, make but your mastership's shoes as black as ink? How

say you, sie?

Eum. Alas, pretty lad, I know not how to keep myself, and much less a servant, my

pretty hoy; my state is so bad.

[G. of] Jack. Content yourself, you shall not be so ill a master but I 'll be as bad a servant. Tut, sir, I know you, though you know not me. Are not you the man, sir, deny it if you can, sir, that came from a strange place because the state of the strange place. in the land of Catita, where Jack-an-apes flies. with his tail in his mouth, to seek out a lady

6 Queth ho
7 "Lab's pound" meant "the thralldom of a henpocked married man," (Hullen.)

as white as snow and as red as blood? Ha, ha!

have I touched you now?

Eum. |aside.] I think this boy be a spirit, [98]

Eum. [aside.] I think this boy be a spirit, [ss - How knowest thou all this?

[G. of] Jack. Tut, are not you the man, sir, deny it if you can, sir, that gave all the money you had to the burying of a poor man, and but one three half-pence left in your [ss] purse? Content you, sir, I'll serve you, that is

Eum. Well, my lad, since thou art so impor[tu]nate, I am content to entertain thee, not as a servant, but a copartner in my journey. [825] But whither shall we go? for I have not any

money more than one bare three half-pence.

6. [4] Jack. Well, master, content yourself, for if my divination be not out, that shall be spent at the next inn or alchouse we come [440 to: for, master, I know you are passing hungry; therefore I 'll go before and provide dinner until that you come; no doubt but you'll come fair

In the year country and softly after.

Eum. Av. go before; I'll follow thee.

[G. of] Jack. But do you hear, master? Do you know my name?

Eum. No, I promise thee, not yet.

[G. of] Jack. Why, I am Jack.

Exit.

Eum. Jack! Why, be it so, then,

Enter the Hostess and JACK, setting meat on the tuble; and Fidiflers come to play. EUMENIUES walketh up and down, and will eat no meat.

Host. How any you, sir? Do you please to sit down?

Eum. Hostess, I thank you, I have no great

steinach. Host. Pray, sir, what is the reason your [sas muster is so strange? Doth not this ment please him 9

(), of Jack. Yes, hostess, but it is my master's fashion to pay before he eats; therefore, a reckoning, good hostess.

Host. Marry, shall you, sir, presently. Exit. Eum. Why. Jack, what dost than mean? Than knowes! I have not any maney; therefore, sweet Jack, tell me what shall I do?

[G. of | Jack. Well, master, look in your [see

phran. Eum. Why, faith, it is a folly, for I have no money.

G. of | Jack. Why, look you, master; do so much for me.

Eum. [looking into his purse.] Alas, Jack, my purse is tall of money!
[G. of] Jack, "Alas," unster! does that word belong to this accident? Why, methinks I should have seen you cast away your clock, [82] and in a bravado dance a galliard round about the chamber. Why, master, your man can teach you more wit than this.

[Re-enter Hostess.]

Come, hostess, cheer up my master.

Host. You are heartily welcome, and if it please you to eat of a fat capou, a fairer bird, a finer bird, a swester bird, a crisper bird, a nester bird, your worship never ext of.

Eum. Thanks, my fine, eloquent hostess.
[G. of] Juck. But hear you, master, one word by the way. Are you content I shall be halves in all you get in your journey?

Eum. I am, Jack, here is my hand.
[G. of] Jack. Enough, master, I ask no more.
Eum. Come, hostess, receive your money; and I thank you for my good entertainment. [Given money.]

Host, You are heartily welcome, sir.

Eum. Come, Jack, whither go we now?

[G. of] Jack, Marry, master, to the con-

jurer's presently.

Eum. Content, Jack.— Hostess, farewell.

Enter Corenus [blind], and CFLANTA, the foul wench, to the Well for water.

Cor. Come, my duck, come: I have now got a wife. Thou art fair, art thou not?

Cel. My Corebus, the fairest alive; make no

doubt of that.

Cor. Come, wench, are we almost at the well?
Cel. Ay, Corebus, we are almost at the well now. I'll go fetch some water; sit down while

I dip my pitcher in.
Vaice. Gently dip, but not too deep, For fear you make the golden beard to weep.

A Head comes up with ears of corn, and she combs them into her lap.

Fair maiden, white and red, Comb me smooth, and stroke my head, And thou shalt have some cockell-bread.

A [Second] Hend comes up full of gold; she combs it into her lap. 1

[Sec. Head.] Gently dip, but not too deep, [900 For fear thou make the golden beard to weep. Fair maid, white and red

Comb me smooth, and stroke my head, And every bair a sheaf shall be,

And every sheaf a golden tree. Cel. O, see, Corebus, I have comb'd a great deal of gold into my lap, and a great deal of

Cor. Well said, wench! now we shall have

gold. But come, shall we go home, sweet-heart?
Cel. Nay, come. Corebus, I will lead you.
Cor. So. Corebus, things have well lut:

Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit.

Enter [the GROST OF] JACK and [EUMENHOUS] the wandering knight.

[G. of] Jack. Come nway, master, come, Eum. Go along, Jack. I'll follow thee, Jack, they say it is good to go cross-legged, and say

his prayers backward; how sayest thou?

[G. of] dack. Tut, never fear, master; let me alone. Here sit you still; speak not a word; leaned because you shall not be entired with his enchanting speeches, with this same wool 1'll

¹ This stage direction occurs in Q after tree.

1 Weil done!

stop your cars: and so, moster, sit still, for I must to the conjurer.

Easer BACKAPANTI the Conjurer to the wandering knight.

Sac. How now! What man art thou that sits

why dost then gaze upon those stately trees without the leave and will of Sacrapant! What, not a word but main? Then, Sacra-TARRAT

Thou art betray'd.

Resenter the GROST OF JACK invisible, and takes off SACRAVANT'S ureath from his head, and his swered out of his hand.

What hand invades the head of Sacrapant? [wo What hateful Fury doth envy my happy state? Then, Sacrapant, these are thy latest days.

Also, my voins are numb'd, my sinews shrink,

My blood is piere'd, my breath fleeting away, And now my timeless date is come to end! [643] He in whose life his actions hath! been so foul, Your in his death to hell descends his soul. He dieth.

G. of Jack. O. sir, are you gone? Now I hape shall have some other cod. Now, muster, how like you this? The conjurer he is two dead, and your never to trouble us more. Now with her. — Alas, he he right no not all this but, but I will help that.

Fig. the road out of the ears of Et MENIDES.

Evon How now, Jack What news?

Mark Here, master, take this sword,

dag with it at the foot of this hill.

L. MENUES digs, and spies a light [in a glass].

East. How now. Juck! What is this?

17. of Juck. Master, without this the conmost could do nothing; and so long as this 'esinht lasts so long doth his art endure, and this
lating out, then doth his art decay.

East. Why, then, Jack, I will soon put out

* of Jack. Ay, master, how?

* Eam. Why, with a stone I II break the glass.

** I then blow it out.

** G. of Jack. No, master, you may as soon beak the smith's anvil as this little vial; nor the orgest blast that ever Horeas blew cannot the out this little light, but she that is neither used, wife, nor widow. Master, wind this horn, and see what will happen.

Elwenthen winds the horn. Here enters VE-NILLA, and breaks the glass, and blows out the light, and goeth in again.

m. mater, how like you this? This is she that can madding in the woods, his historhed love sight that keeps the cross; and now, this light being cat, all are restored to their former liberty.

And sees, master, to the lady that you have so long howelf for.

1 Qr. Read life's for life his?

The GHOST OF JACK drawth a curtain, and there Dulls sitteth asieep.

Eum. God speed, fair maid, sitting alone, iso-there is once; God speed, fair maid, - there is twice; God speed, fair maid, - that is thrice.

thries.

Del. Not so, good sir, for you are by.

(ii. of) Jack. Enough, master, she hath [∞ spoke; now I will leave her with you. [Exa.]

Eum. Thou fairest flower of these western

parts,

Whose beauty so reflecteth in my sight As doth a crystal mirror in the sun , For thy sweet sake I have crost the frozen

Rhine; 2 Leaving tair Po, I sail'd up Danuby

As far as Saba, whose enhancing streams Cut twixt the Tartars and the Russians;

These have I crost for thee, fair Delia: Then grant me that which I have sa'd for

Del. Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is so good

To find me out and set my brothers free,
My faith, my heart, my hand I give to thee,
Eum. Thanks, gentle madam; but here

Eum. Thanks, gentle madam; but here comes Juck; thank him, for he is the poolest friend that we have.

Re-enter [the GHOST OF JACK, with a head in his hand.

How now, Jack! What hast thou there? [G. of] Jack. Marry, muster, the head of the

conjurer.

Eum. Why, Jack, that is impossible; he [1008]

was a young man.

(G. of Jack. Ah. master, so he deceived them that beheld him! But he was a uniscrable, old, and crooked man, though to each man's eye he seemed young and fresh: for, jummaster, this conjurer took the shape of the old master, this conjurer took the shape of the old man that kept the cross, and that old man was in the likeness of the conjurer. But now, master, wind your horn.

EUMENIDES winds his horn. Enter VENETAA. the Two Brothers, and EBESTUS) he that was ut the cross.

Eum. Welcomo, Erestus! welcomo, fair Venelia! Welcome, Thelea and Calypha both! Now have I her that I so long have sought; So saith fair Delia, if we have your consent. 1 Bro. Valiant Eumenides, thou well de-

Bervest

To have our favours; so let us rejuice That by thy means we are at liberty

Here may we joy each in other's sight, And this fair lady have her wandering knight, [G. of dack So, master, now ye think you have done; but I must have a saying to 22 you. You know you and I were partners, I to have half in all you got.

' This and the next three lines are found, with slight variations, in Greene's culando Furcoso. (Dyce.)

GEORGE PEELE

Eum. Why, so thou shalt, Jack. [G. of] Jack. Why, then, master, draw your sword, part your lady, let me have half of [1000]

sword, part your lady, let me have half of less her presently.

Eum. Why, I hope, Jack, thou dost but jest. I promised thee half I got, but not half my lady.

[G. of] Jack. But what else, master? [see Have you not gotten her? Therefore divide her straight, for I will have half; there is no

remedy.

Eum. Well, ere I will falsify my word unto my friend, take her all. Here, Jack, I'll [1000] give her thee

[G. of] Jack. Nay, neither more nor less, master, but even just half.

Eum. Before I will falsify my faith unto my friend, I will divide her. Jack, thou shalt [1008] have half.

1 Bro. Be not so cruel unto our sister, gentle knight. .

2 Bro. O, spare fair Delia! She deserves no death.

Eum. Content yourselves; my word is passed to him. — Therefore prepare thyself, Delia, for thou must die.

Del. Then farewell, world! Adieu, Eumenides !

EUMENIDES offers to strike, and [the GHOST OF]

JACK stays him.

[G. of] Jack. Stay, master; it is suffi- [1055 cient I have tried your constancy. Do you now remember since you paid for the burying of a poor fellow?

poor fellow?

Eum. Ay, very well, Jack.
[G. of] Jack. Then, master, thank that [1000]
good deed for this good turn; and so God be
with you all!

Eum. Jack, what, art thou gone? Then farewell, Jack!—
Come, brothers, and my beauteous Delia,
Erestus, and thy dear Venelia,
We will to Thessaly with joyful hearts.

All. Agreed: we follow thee and Delia.

Execute all [except Frolic, Fartastic, and MADGE]. Principle of the MADGE | Deliver of the MADGE | Principle of the MADGE

Fan. What, gammer, saleep?

Madge. By the mass, son, 't is almost day; and my windows shut at the cock's crow.

Fro. Do you hear, gammer? Methinka this

Fro. Do you hear, gammer? Methinks this black bore a great sway amongst them.

Madge. O, man, this was the ghost of the poor man that they kept such a coil to bury; and that makes him to help the wander-lies ing knight so much. But come, let us in: we will have a cup of ale and a toast this morning, and so depart.

Fan. Then you have made an end of your tale, gammer?

Madge. Yes faith: when this was done. I

Madge. Yes, faith: when this was done, I took a piece of bread and cheese, and came my way; and so shall you have, too, before you go, to your breakfast. [Exeunt.]

¹ Separate.

THE HONOURABLE HISTORY OF FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY CA 1584-10

ROBERT GREENE

IDRAMATIS PERSONAE

two Heray THE Terat.

LINGTON, PYPHON OF Wales, his son.

PERSON OF GREENAY.

LING OF CASTRE.

LOT. Harl of Lincoln.

FACTURE Earl of Sussen.

CHARLES Employment.

LINGTON SURVEY, the King's Pool. HAR BELOW HAR, Fran Broun's poor scholar, HAR POTROAT. HER VANCERMANT, a German. Doctors of Oxford. sta T. | gentlemen.

(SCENE I.11

Easy PRINCE EDWARD molcontented, with LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY, and RALPH CAFY. NUNELI.

Lacy. Why looks my lord like to a troubled

when beaven's bright shine is shadow'd with a

when heaven's origin annue is an original for the lawns for the form of the lawns are the left of the lawns by the lawns of the lawns o

And now - chang'd to a melancholy dump. War. After the prince got to the Keeper's

And had been jocund in the house awhile, Toward off ale and milk in country come, Whether it was the country's sweet content, to the the boung damael fill'd us drink.

Pat sem'd so stately in her stammel's red,

that a qualen did cross his stomach then,—
but usught he fell into his passions.

Eta. Surah Ralph, what any you to your

master?

Shall be thus all amort a live malcontent?

Of late.
Diga that roused the game.
Dejected.

Two Scholars, their sons. The Keeper of Fressingfield. THOMAS, | fariners' sous. Constable. Lords, Country Clowns, &c.

BLINOR, daughter to the King of Castile.
MARGARET, the Keeper's daughter of Freezingfield.
JOAN, a country weach
Hostess of the Bell at Henley.

Spirit in the shape of HERCULES. A dragon shooting fire.]

Ralph. Hearest thou, Ned? - Nay, look if

Rolph. Hearest thon, Ned?—Nay, look if he will speak to me!

P. Edw. What say'st thou to me, fool?

Ralph. I prithee, tell me, Ned, art thou in polove with the Keeper's daughter?

P. Edw. How if I be, what then?

Ralph. Why, then, sirrah, I'll teach thee how to deceive Love.

P. Edw. How, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, Sirrah Ned, thou shalt put on my cap and my coat and my dagger, and I will put on thy clothes and thy sword; and so thou shalt he my fool.

shalt be my fool.

P. Edw. And what of this?

Ralph. Why, so thou shalt beguile Love; for Love is such a proud scab, that he will never meddle with fools nor children. Is not Ralph's counsel good, Ned?

P. Edw. Tell me, Ned Lacy, didst thou mark

P. Edw. Tell me, Ned Lacy, didst thou mark the maid,
How lively in her country-weeds she look'd?
A bonnier wench all Suffolk cannot yield —
All Suffolk! nay, all England holds none such,
Ralph. Sirrah Will Ermsby, Ned is deceived,
Erms. Why, Ralph?

Ralph. He says all England hath no such,
and I say, and I'll stand to it, there is one better in Warwieckshire.

War. How provest thou that, Ralph?
Ralph, Why, is not the abbot a learned man, be and hath read many books, and thinkest them he hath not more learning than thou to choose he hath not more learning than thou to choose a bonny wench? Yes, I warrant thee, by his whole grammar.

Erms. A good reason, Ralph.

8. Edw. I tell thee, Lacy, that her sparkling

Do lighten forth sweet love's alluring fire;
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden hair;
Her bashful white, mix'd with the morning's red, Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks; Her front is beauty's table, where she paints ther front is beauty's cubic, where one promise. The glories of her gorgeous excellence; Her teeth are shelves of precious marguerites, Richly enclos'd with ruddy coral cliffs.

Tush, Lacy, she is Beauty's over-match, 25 characterists has automating imagery 3

If thou survey'st her curious imagery.²
Lacy. I grant, my lord, the damsel is as fair
As simple Suffolk's homely towns can yield; But in the court be quainter dames than she, we Whose faces are enrich'd with honour's taint, Whose beauties stand upon the stage of Fame, And vaunt their trophies in the Courts of Love. P. Edw. Ah, Ned, but hadst thou watch'd

her as myself,
And seen the secret beauties of the maid,

Their courtly coyness were but foolery.

Erms. Why, how watch'd you her, my lord?

P. Edw. Whenas she swept like Venus

through the house, And in her shape fast folded up my thoughts, Into the milk-house went I with the maid, And there amongst the cream-bowls she did shine

As Pallas 'mongst her princely huswifery. She turn'd her smock over her lily arms, And div'd them into milk to run her cheese; But, whiter than the milk, her crystal skin, Checked with lines of azure, made her blush That art or nature durst bring for compare. Ermsby, if thou hadst seen, as I did note it

well. How Beauty play'd the huswife, how this girl, Like Lucrece, laid her fingers to the work. •• Thou wouldst, with Tarquin, hazard Rome and all

To win the lovely maid of Fressingfield. Ralph. Sirrah Ned. wouldst fain have her? P. Edw. Ay, Ralph. Ralph. Why, Ned. I have laid the plot in [8] my head; thou shalt have her already. P. Edw. I'll give thee a new coat, an learn

Ralph. Why, Sirrah Ned, we'll ride to Oxford to Friar Bacon. O, he is a brave scholar, in sirrah; they say he is a brave necromancer, that he can make women of devils, and he can juggle cats into costermongers.

P. Edw. And how then, Ralph?
Ralph. Marry, sirrah, thou shalt go to [105]
him: and because thy father Harry shall not miss thee, he shall turn me into thee; and I 'll to the court, and I 'll prince it out; and he shall make thee either a silken purse full of gold, or else

a fine wrought smock.

P. Edw. But how shall I have the maid? Ralph. Marry, sirrah, if thou be'st a silken

Pearls,
 Rare appearance.
 Tint.
 Would have made that woman blush whom art, etc.

purse full of gold, then on Sundays she 'll hang thee by her side, and you must not say a word. Now, sir, when she comes into a great [us press of people, for fear of the cutpurse, on a sudden she 'll swap thee into her plackerd; 5 then, sirrah, being there, you may plead for yourself.

yourself.

Erms. Excellent policy!

P. Edw. But how if I be a wrought smock?

Ralph. Then she'll put thee into her chest and lay thee into lavender, and upon some good day she'll put thee on; and at night when you go to bed, then being turned from a smock liss to a man, you may make up the match.

Lacy. Wonderfully wisely counselled, Ralph.

P. Edw. Ralph shall have a new cost.

Ralph. God thank you when I have it on my back, Ned.

P. Edw. Lacy, the fool hath laid a perfect

back, Ned.

P. Edw. Lacy, the fool hath laid a perfect

For-why 6 our country Margaret is so coy, And stands so much upon her honest points That marriage or no market with the maid.

Ermsby, it must be necromantic spells And charms of art that must enchain her love, Or else shall Edward never win the girl. Therefore, my wags, we'll horse us in the morn,

And post to Oxford to this jolly friar: Bacon shall by his magic do this deed. Way War. Content, my lord; and that 's a speedy To wean these headstrong puppies from the test.

P. Edw. I am unknown, not taken for the prince;

They only deem us frolic courtiers,

That revei thus among our liege's game;
Therefore I have devis'd a policy.
Lacy, thou know'st next Friday is Saint
James',

And then the country flocks to Harleston fair; Then will the Keeper's daughter frolic there, And over shine the troop of all the maids That come to see and to be seen that day. Haunt thee disguis'd among the country-swains, Feign thou 'rt a farmer's son, not far from

thence, Espy her loves, and who she liketh best Cote 8 him, and court her, to control 9 clown;

Say that the courtier tired and in given,
That help'd her handsomely to run her cheese,
And fill'd her father's lodge with venison, ay that the courtier tired all in green, Commends him, and sends fairings to herself. Buy something worthy of her parentage, Not worth her beauty; for, Lacy, then the fair

Affords no jewel fitting for the maid. And when thou talk'st of me, note if she blush;

O, then she loves: but if her cheeks wax pale, Disdain it is. Lacy, send how she fares And spare no time nor cost to win her loves.

⁵ Placket, slit fh a woman's skirt.

Outstrip. * July 25.

Lacy. I will, my lord, so execute this charge of that Lacy were in love with her.

I'. Edw. Send letters speedily to Oxford of

the news.
Rulph. And, Sirrah Lacy, buy me a thou- [19
and thousand million of fine bells.
Lary. What wilt thou do with them, Ralph?
Rulph. Marry, every time that Ned sighs for
the Keeper's daughter, I 'll tie a bell about him;
and so within three or four days I will send [19
anetter Ned is become Love's morris-dance.
P. Erix. Well, Lacy, look with care unto
thy charge,
And I will haste to Oxford to the friar,
the last by art and thou by secret gifts.

Heat he by art and thou by secret gifts to M cost make me lord of merry Frescingfield.

Lacy. God send your honour your heart's

Exeunt.

[Scenz II.]1

Euro FRIAR BACON, with MILES his poor S Areat, with books under his arm; with them BURDEN, MASON, and CLEMENT, three Doc-

Baron. Miles, where are you? Vies. Hie sum, ductissime et reverendissime

linean. Attulisti nos libras meos de necroman-

Wies. Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum

Her on. Now, masters of our neadomic state, That rule in Oxford, viceroys in your place, where heads contain maps of the liberal arts, to pointing your time in depth of learned skill, why risch you thus to Bason's secret cell, fruir newly stall'd in Brazen-nose?

So what syour mind, that I may make reply. Bard. Bacon, we hear that long we have

that then art read in magic's mystery; a pyrom.ancy, to divine by flames; To tell, by hydromatic, obles and tides; y automanny to discover doubts,

Become Well, Master Burden, what of all this?

Mice. Marcy, sir, he doth but fulfil, by relearning of these manes, the fable of the Fox and the Grapes; that which is above us pertains

Rand. I tell thee, Bacon, Oxford makes re-

Nas. England, and the court of Henry says, Then it making of a brazen head by art, Which shall unfold strange doubts and apho-

and read a lecture in philosophy; And, by the help of devils and ghastly fiends, The mean'st, ere many years or days be past, I compass England with a wall of brass.

Busen And what of this?

Year, What of this, master! Why, he doth [30]

speak mystically; for he knows, if your skill full to make a brazen head, yet Mother Waters' strong ale will fit his turn to make him have a

copper nose.
Clem. Bacon, we come not grieving at thy skill.

But joying that our academy yields A man supposed the wonder of the world; For if thy cunning work these miracles, England and Europe shall admire thy fame, And Oxford shall in characters of biass.

And statues, such as were built up in Rome, Etérnize Friar Bacon for his art. Mason. Then, gentle friar, tell us thy intent. Bacon. Seeing you come as friends unto the

friar, Resolve you, 2 doctors, Bacon can by books Make storming Boreas thunder from his cave,
And dim fair Luna to a dark schyse.
The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles when Bacon hids him or his fiends Bow to the force of his pentagonon.³
What art can work, the frolic friar knows;
And therefore will I turn my magic books, And strain out necromancy to the deep.
I have contrived and framed a head of brass (I made Beleephon hammer out the stuff), And that by art shall read philosophy; And I will strengthen England by my skill, That if ten Casars liv'd and reign'd in Rome, With all the legions Europe doth contain. They should not touch a grass of English ground.

The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon, The brazen walls fram'd by Semirantis, Cary'd out like to the portal of the sun, Shall not be such as rings the English strand From Dover to the market-place of Rye.

Burd. Is this possible?

Miles. I'll bring ye two or three witnesses.
Burd. What be those?

Miles. Marry, sir, three or four as honest
devils and good companions as any be in bell.

Mason. No doubt but magic may do much in

this ; For he that reads but mathematic rules Shall find conclusions that avail to work

Wonders that pass the common sense of men, Burd, But Bacon roves a bow beyond his reach,
And tells of more than magic can perform,
Thinking to got a fame by fooleries.
Have I not pass'd as far in state of schools,
And read of many secrets? Yet to think
That heads of brass can utter any voice,

That heads of oldes participated for more, to tell of deep philosophy,—
This is a fable Æsop had forgot.

Bacon. Burden, thou wrong'st me in detract-

ing thus : Bacon loves not to stuff himself with lies. But tell me 'fore these doctors, if then dare, ... Of certain questions I shall move to thee.

Burd. I will: ask what thou can,

Be assured.

¹ Frier Bacon's cell at Brasettone.

[†] Pentagram, the five-rayed star supposed to have magnest properties.

Alms, tries to shoot with.

Miles. Marry, sir, he'll straight be on your pick-pack, to know whether the feminine or the masculine gender be most worthy.

Bacon. Were you not yesterday, Master Burden, at Henley upon the Thames?

Burd. I was; what then?
Bacon. What book studied you thereon all

night?

Burd. I! none at all; I read not there a line. Bacon. Then, doctors, Friar Bacon's art knows naught.

Clem. What say you to this, Master Burden?

Doth he not touch you?

Burd. I pass not of ² his frivolous speeches. ¹⁰⁸
Miles. Nay, Master Burden, my master, ere
he hath done with you, will turn you from a
doctor to a dunce, and shake you so small, that he will leave no more learning in you than is in Balaam's ass. .

Bacon. Masters, for that learned Burden's

skill is deep,
And sore he doubts of Bacon's cabalism,
I'll show you why he haunts to Henley oft: Not, doctors, for to taste the fragrant air, But there to spend the night in alchemy, To multiply with secret spells of art;
Thus private steals he learning from us all.
To prove my sayings true, I'll show you straight

The book he keeps at Henley for himself.

Miles. Nay, now my master goes to conjura-

tion, take heed.

Bacon. Masters, stand still, fear not, I'll show you but his book. Here he conjures. Per omnes deos infernales, Belcephon!

Enter a Woman with a shoulder of mutton on a spit, and a Devil.

Miles. O master, cease your conjuration, or you spoil all; for here's a she-devil come [125] with a shoulder of mutton on a spit. You have marr'd the devil's supper; but no doubt he thinks our college fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cook with a shoulder of mutton, to make it exceed.

Hostess. O, where am I, or what's become of me?

Bacon. What art thou?
Hostess. Hostess at Henley, mistress of the Bell

Bacon. How camest thou here?

Hostess. As I was in the kitchen 'mongst the maids,

Spitting the meat 'gainst supper for my guests, A motion s mov d me to look forth of door: No sooner had I pried into the yard, But straight a whirlwind hoisted me from

thence

And mounted me aloft unto the clouds. As in a trance, I thought nor feared naught, Nor know I where or whither I was ta'en, Nor where I am nor what these persons he. Bacon. No? Know you not Master Burden?

Hostess. O, yes, good sir, he is my daily guest.

1 Pick-a-back, on your shoulders.

² Care not for. ³ Impulse. What, Master Burden! 't was but yesternight That you and I at Henley play'd at cards. Burd. I know not what we did. — A pox of all conjuring friars!

Clem. Now, jolly friar, tell us, is this the book

That Burden is so careful to look on?

Bacon. It is. — But, Burden, tell me now, Think'st thou that Bacon's necromantic skill Cannot perform his head and wall of brass, When he can fetch thine hostess in such

post?

Miles. I'll warrant you, master, if Master Burden could conjure as well as you, he would have his book every night from Henley to study on at Oxford.

Mason. Burden, What, are you mated by this frolic friar?— Look how he droops; his guilty conscience Drives him to bash, and makes his hoster

blush.

Bacon. Well, mistress, for I will not have you miss'd,
You shall to Henley to cheer up your guests **
'Fore supper gin.— Burden, bid her adieu;
Say farewell to your hostess fore she goes.—

Sirrah, away, and set her safe at home.

Hostess. Master Burden, when shall we see you at Henley?

Exeunt Hostess and Devil, Burd. The devil take thee and Henley too.
Miles. Master, shall I make a good motion?
Bacon. What's that?

Miles. Marry, sir, now that my hostess is gone to provide supper. conjure up another [18] spirit, and send Doctor Burden flying after.

Bacon. Thus, rulers of our academic state, You have seen the friar frame his art by proof; And as the college called Brazen-nose Is under him, and he the master there, So surely shall this head of brass be fram'd, And yield forth strange and uncouth apho-

risms,
And hell and Hecate shall fail the friar, But I will circle England round with bran Miles. So be it et nunc et semper, amen Excunt.

[Scene III.] 6

Enter MARGARET, the fair maid of Fressingfield, and JOAN; THOMAS, [RICHARD,] and other Clowns; and LACY disguised in country apparel.

Thom. By my troth, Margaret, here's a weather is able to make a man call his father "whoreson": if this weather hold, we shall have hay good cheap, and butter and cheese at

Harleston will bear no price.

S
Mar. Thomas, maids when they come to see the fair

Count not to make a cope? for dearth of hay; When we have turn'd our butter to the salt, And set our cheese safely upon the racks.

⁴ Cast down. Be absahed.

⁶ Harleston Fair. 7 Bargain.

Then let our fathers price it as they please. We country sluts of merry Fressingfield Come to buy needless naughts to make us fine, And look that young men should be frank this

day, ad court as with such fairings as they can. Phoebus is blithe, and frolic looks from heaven,

As when he courted lovely Somele, to Swearing the podlars shall have empty packs, If that fair weather may make chapmen buy. Lazy, But, lovely Peggy, Somele is dead, And therefore Physbus from his palace prics, 20

And deteriore l'horbus from his palace pries, a
And, seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,
Shows all his glories for to court yourself.
Mar. This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,
To eathe me up with such smooth flattery;
But learn of me, your seoff a too broad before, — 1
Will Learn bounds.

Well, Joan, our beauties must abide their jests; We corre the turn in jolly Fressingfield. Joan. Margaret, a farmer's daughter for a

Incurr's som rrant you, the meanest of us both hall have a mate to lead us from the church.

Rat, Thomas, what's the news? What, in a damp? Give me your hand, we are near a pedlar's

shop ; that with your purse, we must have fairings

Thou. Faith, Joan, and shall. I'll bestow a fairing on you, and then we will to the tavern, [16

and map off a pint of wine ar two.

All this while Lacy whispers

Mandaker in the car.

Mar. Whence are you, sir? Of Suffolk? For

Are finer than the common sort of men.
Lucy. Faith, lovely girl, I am of Beccles by,
Your neighbour, not above six miles from

A farmer's son, that never was so quaint 2 A farmer's son, that never was so quaint?
But that he could do courtesy to such dames.
But trust me. Margaret, I am sent in charge
From him that revell'd in your father's house,
And fill'd his lodge with cheer and venison,
Irred in green. He sent you this rich purse,
He taken that he help'd you run your cheese,
And in the milkhouse chatted with yourself.

Mar. To me?
Lagy. You forget yourself;

Description weak in memory.

Lace. You forget vourself; 5 we wonen are often weak in memory.

Mar. O. pardon, sir, I call to mind the man.

I were little manners to refuse his gift, and set I hope be sends it not for love;

For we have little loisure to debate of that. as

Joan. What. Margaret! blush not; maids

ment have their loves.

Thom. Nay, by the mass, she looks pale as

the ways anery.

the sere angry.

10 h. Serrah, are you of Beecles? I pray, has doth freedman Coh? My father bought a fee of him. — I'll tell you, Margaret, a were read to be a gentleman's jade, for of all things

in the face of it. Q. give these words to Mar.

the foul hilding t could not abide a doong-

Mar. [aside.] How different is this furmer from the rest.

That erst as yet have pleas'd my wand'ring sight!

sight!
His words are witty, quickened with a smile,
His courtesy gentle, smelling of the court;
Facile and debonair in all his deeds,
Proportion'd as was Paris, when, in grey,
He courted Œnon in the vale by Troy,
Great lords have come and pleaded for my love:
Who but the Keeper's lass of Freewingfield?
And yet methinks this farmer's jolly son
Passeth the proudest that hath pleas'd mine

Passeth the proudest that hath pleas'd mine

But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love, And show as yet no sign of love to him, Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy love:

Ceep that to thee till time doth serve thy turn, To show the grief wherein thy heart doth barn.

Come, Joan and Thomas, shall we to the fair? -

You, Beccles man, will not forsake us now?

Lacy. Not whilst I may have such quaint

girls as you.

Mar. Well, if you chance to come by Fressingfield,

Make but a step into the Keeper's lodge,
And such poor fare as weedness can afford,
Butter and cheese, cream and fat venison,
You shall have store, and welcome therewithal.
Lacy. Grameroies, Peggy; look for me ere

long. Excunt.

[SCENE IV.] 6

Enter [King] Henry the Third, the Emperon, the King of Castile, Elinor, his daughter, and Vandermast, a German.

K. Hen. Great men of Europe, monarchs of

the west, Ring'd with the walls of old Oceanus, Whose lofty surge is like the battlements That compass'd high-built Babel in with

towers, Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave western

Kinga,

To England's shore, whose promontory cliffs
Show Albion is another little world;
Welcome says English Henry to you all;
Chiefly unto the lovely Elinor.
Who dar'd for Edward's sake cut through the

Seas. And venture as Agenor's damsel through the

deep.
To get the love of Henry's wanton son.

A. of Cast. England's rich monarch, brave
Plantagenet.
The Pyren Mounts swelling above the clouds.
That ward the wealthy Castile in with walls, u

Could not detain the beauteous Elinor; A term of contempt.

A l. c. shepherd's garb. · Hampton Court. But, hearing of the fame of Edward's youth, she dar'd to brook Neptunus haughty pride, and bide the brunt of froward . Eolus.

Then may fair England welcome her the more.

Elia. After that English Henry by his lords
Had sent Prince Edward's love'y counterfeit,
A present to the Castile Elinor, The comely portrait of so brave a man, The virtuous fame discoursed of his deeds, Edward's courageous resolution, Done at the Holy Land 'fore Damas' walls, Led both mine eye and thoughts in equal links
To like so of the English monarch's son,

That I attempted perils for his sake.

Emp. Where is the prince, my lord?

K. Hen. He posted down, not long since,

from the court, To Suffolk side, to merry Framlingham, To sport himself amongst my fallow deer; From thence, by packets sent to Hampton-

honse, We hear the prince is ridden with his lords To Oxford, in the académy there To hear dispute amongst the learned men. But we will send forth letters for my son,

To will him come from Oxford to the court. & Emp. Nay, rather, Henry, let us, as we be, Ride for to visit Oxford with our train. Fain would I see your universities,
And what learn'd men your academy yields.
From Hapsburg have I brought a learned clerk
To hold dispute with English orators.
This doctor, surnam'd Jaques Vandermast, A German born, pass'd into Padua, To Florence and to fair Bologna, To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans, And, talking there with men of art, put down The chiefest of them all in aphorisms,1

In magic, and the mathematic rules: Now let us, Henry, try him in your schools. K. Hen. He shall, my lord; this motion likes

We'll progress straight to Oxford with our trains.

And see what men our academy brings. -And, wonder Vandermast, welcome to me. In Oxford shalt thou find a jolly friar Call'd Friar Bacon, England's only flower: Set him but nonplus in his magic spells, And make him yield in mathematic rules, And for the glory I will bind the brows, Not with a poet's garland made of bays, but with a coronet of choicest gold. Whilst,2 then, we set 2 to Oxford with our trough

Let's in and banquet in our English court. Exeunt.

[SCENE V.] 4

Enter RALPH SIMBELL in [PRINCE] EDWARD'S appropriate and PRINCE] EDWARD, WARREN, and Exmeny, disjussed.

Kalph. Where he these vagabond knaves, that they attend no better on their master?

Definitions, statements of scientific principles.
 Till. 2 Q₁M; Q₂M. Qy. flit? 4 Uxford: astroct.

P. Edw. If it please your honour, we are all ready at an inch."

ready at an inch.

Rulph. Sirrah Ned, I'll have no more poet- [s house to ride on: I'll have another fetch.

Erms. I pray you, how is that, my lord?

Rulph. Marry, sir, I'll send to the Isle of Ely for four or five dozen of geese, and I'll have them tied six and six together with whip-cord. [12] Now upon their backs will I have a fair field-bed with a canopy; and so, when it is my pleasure. I'll flee into what place I please. This will be converted.

War. Your honour bath said well; but hashall we to Brazen-nose College before we pull

off our boots?

Erms. Warren, well motion'd; we will to the

Before we revel it within the town. -Ralph, see you keep your countenance like a prine

Ralph. Wherefore have I such a company of cutting knaves to wait upon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies? Have you not good swords and bucklers?

Enter [FRIAR] BACON and MILES.

Erms. Stay, who comes here? War. Somescholar; and we'll ask him where

Friar Racon is.

Friar Bacon is.

Bacon. Why, thou arrant dunce, shall I never make thee good scholar? Doth not all the so town ery out and say, Friar Bacon's subsizer' is the greatest blockhoad in all Oxford? Why, thou caust not speak one word of true Latin.

Miles. No. sir? yes. What is this else? Ego sum tuns homo. "I am your man": I warrant syon, sir, as good Tully's phrase as any is in Oxford.

Bacon. Compact in all.

Baron, Come on, sirrah; what part of speech is Equ ?
Mites. Eqo, that is "I"; marry, nomen is

substantivo.

substantivo.

Bacon. How prove you that?

Mues. Why, sir. let him prove himself an 'a will; I can be heard, felt, and understoed.

Bacon. O gross dunce!

P. Edw., Come, let us break off this dispute between these two.—Sirrah, where is Brazennese College?

Miles Vet far from Convergentials Hall.

Miles. Not far from Coppersmith's Hall, P. Edw. What, dost thou mock me? Miles. Not I, sir; but what would you at Brazen-nose?

Erms. Marry, we would speak with Friar Bacon.

Miles. Whose men be you? Erms. Marry, scholar, here's our master. Ralph, Sirrah, I am the master of these good

fellows; mayst thou not know me to be a lord by my reparrel? Miles. Then here 's good game for the hawk;

for here's the master-fool and a covey of cax-

At hand, at any instant. Trick. The Swaggering.
A student who received free board and tuition, and, formerly, performed mental services.

combs. One wise man, I think, would spring you

P. Edw. Gog's wounds! Warren, kill him.
War. Why, Ned, I think the devil be in [45
my sheath; I cannot get out my dagger.
Erms. Nor I mine. 'Swounds, Ned, I think I am bewitcht.

Miles. A company of scabs! The proudest of you all draw your weapon, if he can.

[Aside.] See how boldly I speak, now my master is by. P. Edw. I strive in vain; but if my sword be shut

And conjur'd fast by magic in my sheath, Villain, here is my fist.

Strikes MILES a box on the ear. Miles. O, I beseech you conjure his hands [8 too, that he may not lift his arms to his head, for he is light-fingered!

Ralph. Ned, strike him; I'll warrant thee by mine honour.

Bacon. What means the English prince to wrong my man? Edw. To whom speak'st thou?

P. Edw. To whom speak'st thou?

Bacon. To thee.
P. Edw. Who art thou?

Bacon. Could you not judge when all your

That Friar Bacon was not far from hence? Edward, King Henry's son and Prince of Wales, Thy fool disguis'd cannot conceal thyself. I know both Ermsby and the Sussex Earl, Else Friar Bacon had but little skill. Thou com'st in post from merry Fressing-

field, Fast-fancied 1 to the Keeper's bonny lass, To crave some succour of the jolly friar; And Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, hast thou left To treat a fair Margaret to allow thy loves; But friends are men, and love can baffle lords;

The earl both woos and courts her for himself.

War. Ned, this is strange; the friar knoweth all.

Apollo could not utter more than this P. Edw. I stand amaz'd to hear this jolly frier

Tell even the very secrets of my thoughts. — But, learned Bacon, since thou know'st the

Why I did post so fast from Fressingfield, Help, friar, at a pinch, that I may have The love of lovely Margaret to myself, And, as I am true Prince of Wales, I'll give

And, as I am true Frince of Wales, I'll give
Living and lands to strength thy college state.

War. Good friar, help the prince in this.

Raiph. Why, servant Ned, will not the friar
do it? Were not my sword glued to my seabhard by conjuration, I would cut off his [ne
head, and make him do it by force.

Miles. In faith, my lord, your manhood and
your sword is all alike: they are so fest conjured

rour sword is all alike; they are so fast conjured

that we shall never see them. Erms. What, doctor, in a dump? Tush, help

the prince And thou shalt see how liberal he will prove.

I Tied by love. 2 Entreat. Bacon. Crave not such actions greater dumps than these?

I will, my lord, strain out my magic spells For this day comes the earl to Fressingfield, 118 And fore that night shuts in the day with dark, They'll be betrothed each to other fast. But come with me; we'll to my study straight, And in a glass prospective I will show What 's done this day in merry Fressingfield.

P. Edw. Gramercies, Bacon; I will quite thy

Bacon. But send your train, my lord, into the town;

My scholar shall go bring them to their inn. Meanwhile we'll see the knavery of the earl.
P. Edw. Warren, leave me: — and, Ermsby,

take the fool;

Let him be master, and go revel it,
Till I and Friar Bacon talk awhile.

War. We will, my lord.

Ralph. Faith, Ned, and I'll lord it out till
thou comest. I'll be Prince of Wales over all the black-pots in Oxford.

[SCENE VI.]4

FRIAR BACON and [PRINCE] EDWARD go into the study.5

Bacon. Now, frolic Edward, welcome to my cell; Here tempers Friar Bacon many toys, And holds this place his consistory-court, Wherein the devils plead homage to his words.

Within this glass prospective thou shalt see 5
This day what 's done in merry Fressingfield
'Twixt lovely Peggy and the Lincoln Earl.

P. Edw. Friar, thou glad 'st me. Now shall
Edward try

How Lacy meaneth to his sovereign lord. Bacon. Stand there and look directly in the

Enter MARGARET and FRIAR BUNGAY.

What sees my lord? P. Edw. I see the Keeper's lovely lass appear,

As brightsome 6 as the paramour of Mars, Only attended by a jolly friar.

Bacon. Sit still, and keep the crystal in your

eye. r. But tell me, Friar Bungay, is it true⁷ Mar.

That this fair courteous country swain, Who says his father is a farmer nigh,

Can be Lord Lacy, Earl of Lincolnshire?

Bun. Peggy, 't is true, 't is Lacy for my life, so Or else mine art and cunning both doth fail, Left by Prince Edward to procure his loves; For he in green, that holp you run your cheese, Is son to Henry and the Prince of Wales.

Mar. Be what he will, his lure is but for

lust.

Leathern wine jugs.
 Friar Bacon's Cell.

. This stage-direction shows that the change of scene

took place only in the minds of the audience.

Qq. bright-sunne. Gayley suggests sunne-bright.

The Prince does not bear the following dialogue.

But did Lord Lacy like poor Margaret, Or would he deign to wed a country lass, Fring, I would his humble handmaid be, And for great wealth quite him with cour-

tesy.

Bun. Why, Margaret, dost thou love him?

Mar. His personage, like the pride of vaunting Troy,

Might well avouch to shadow 1 Helen's scape : 2 His wit is quick and ready in conceit, As Greece afforded in her chiefest prime: Courteous, ah friar, full of pleasing smiles! 55
Trust me, I love too much to tell thee more;
Suffice to me he 's England's paramour.

Bun. Hath not each eye that view'd thy pleasing face

Surnamed thee Fair Maid of Fressingfield?

Mar. Yes, Bungay; and would God the Mar. Yes, Bu

Had that in esse that so many sought.

Bun. Fear not, the frar will not be behind To show his canning to entangle love.

P. Edw. I think the friar courts the bonny

wench;

Bacon, methinks he is a lusty churl.
Bacon, Now look, my lord.

Enter LACY | disguised as before].

P. Edw. Gog's wounds, Bacon, here comes

Bucon. Sit still, my lord, and mark the comedy,

Bun. Here's Lacy, Margaret; step aside They withdraw. Lacy. Dapnne, Phæbus fast, Daphne, the damsel that caught

And lock'd him in the brightness of her looks, Was not so beautrous in Apollo's eyes As is fair Margaret to the Lincoln Earl. Recant thee, Lacy, thou art put in trust: Edward, thy sovereign's son, both chosen thee, A secret friend, to court her for himself, And dar'st thou wrong thy prince with treach-

Lacy, love makes no exception of a friend, Nor deems it of a prince but as a man. Honour bids thee control "bin in this last,
His wooing is not for to wed the girl,
But to entrap her and beguile the lass,
Lacy, thou lov'st, then brook not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy prince's frown; "
For better die than see het live disgrac'd.

Mar. Come, friar, I will shake him from his
dumps. — (Comes forward.) Honour bids thee control 5 him in his lust;

How cheer you, sir? A penny for your thought! You're early up, pray God it be the near. What, come from Beceles in a mern so soon?

Lacy. Thus watchful are such men as live in JUVI.

Whose eyes brook broken slumbers for their aleep. I tell thee, Peggy, since last Harleston fair

My mind bath felt a heap of passions.

1 Bo tlayley Qq cape. Other edd. rape.

I Check, overmanter

Mearer (to your nurpose).

Mar. A trusty man, that court it for your friend. Woo you still for the courtier all in green?

I marvel that he sues not for himself.

Lacy. Peggy, pleaded first to get your grace for him;

But when mine eyes survey'd your beauteous looks,

Love, like a wag, straight div'd into my heari, And there did shrine the idea of yourself. Pity me, though I be a farmer's son, And measure not my riches, but my love.

Mar. You are very leasty; for to garden well, Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring:

Love ought to creep as doth the did's shade, For timely 5 ripe is rutten too-too soon.

Bun. [coming forward.] Deus hie; room for a morry friar!

What, youth of Beccles, with the Keeper's lass?

'T is well; but tell me, hear you any news?

Mar. No, friar. What news?

Mar. No, friar. What news? Bun, Hear you not how the pursuivants do

With proclamations through each country-

town?

Lacy. For what, gentle friar? Tell the news.
Bun. Dwell'st thou in Beccles, and hear'st
not of these news?
Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, is late fled
From Windsor court, disguised like a swain,

And lurks about the country here unknown. Henry suspects him of some treachery, And therefore doth proclaim in every way. That who can take the Lincoln Earl shall have,

Paid in the Exchequer, twenty thousand crowns.

Lucy. The Earl of Lincoln! Friar, thou art mad.

It was some other; then mistak'st the man. **
The Earl of Lincoln! Why, it cannot be,
Mar. Yes, very well, my lord, for you are he:
The Keeper's daughter took you prisoner.
Lord Lacy, yield, I'll be your gauler once,
P. Edw. How familiar they be, Bacon! **
Bacon. Sit still, and mark the sequel of their

loves.

Lacy. Then am I double prisoner to thyself.
Peggy, I yield. But are these news in jest?
Mar. In jest with you, but carnest unto me;
For-why 6 these wrongs do wring me at the

heart. Ah, how these earls and noblemen of birth

Fintter and feign to forge poor women's ill!

Locy. Believe me, lass, I am the Lincoln

Earl;

I not deny but, tired thus in rags,
I liv'd disguis d to win fair Peggy's love.

Mar. What love is there where wedding ends
not love?

Lacy. I meant, fair girl, to make thee Lacy's wife,

Mar. I little think that earls will stoop so low. Lacy. Say, shall I make thee counters ere I aleep?

• Prematurely

· Becames.

Mar. Handmaid unto the earl, so please him-

A wife in name, but servant in obedience.
Lacy. The Lincoln Counters, for it shall be so:
I il placht the bands, and seal it with a kiss.
I'. Edw. Gog's wounds, Bucon, they kiss! I'll

bacon. O, hold your hands, my lord, it is the

glues!

Educ. Choler to see the traitors gree so

Bacon. 'T were a long pomiard, my lord, to reach between

Oxford and Fressingfield; but sit still and see Well, Lord of Lincoln, if your loves be

And that your tongues and thoughts do both

To avoid ensuing jars, I'll hamper up the match.

Il take my portace I forth and wed you

Then go to bed and seal 2 up your desires. 140
Lecy. Friar, content. - Peggy, how like you

Mer What likes my lord is present, Bea Then hand-fast hand, and I will to my

Boron What sees my lord now? Edw. Bacon, I see the lovers hand in

The friar ready with his portace there

The read ready with his portace there to see them both, then am I quite undone.

Raum, help now, if e'er thy magic serv'd;

loop, Bacon! Stop the marriage now,

If d-vile or norvaminey may suffice,

and I will give thee forty thousand crowns.

Bacon. Fear not, my lord, I'll stop the jolly

For mumbling up his orisons this day.

Licy. Why speak'at not, Bungay? Friar, to thy book.

Hungay is mute, crying, "Hud, hud."
Hor. How look'st thon, frine, as a man dis-

tranght?

test of the senses, Bungay? Show by signs,

I than be damb, what passions holdeth thee.

Lacy. He's damb indeed. Bacon hath with
his devils

a hanted him, or else some strange disease

*** Pegcy, what he cannot with his book,

*** Pegcy, what he cannot with his book,

*** Il 'twiat us both unite it up in heart.

*** Else be me die, my lord, a miscreant.

*** Erbe Why stands Friar Bungay so amay'd?

***Bacon, I have struck him dumb, my lord; and, if your honour please.

*** Il fetch this Bungay straightway from Fressian is a single of the struck him dumb, my lord; and if your honour please.

singlichd and he shall dine with us in Oxford here. l'. Elw. Bacon, do that, and thou contentest

Portable breviacy. 1 Gayley scale, as Q. 1 From.

Lacy. Of courtesy, Margaret, let us load the

Unto thy father's lodge, to comfort him
With broths, to bring him from this hapless trance

Mar. Or else, my lord, we were passing un-Kind

To leave the friar so in his distress.

Enter a Devil, who carries off BUNGAY on his back.

O, help, my lord! a devil, a devil, my lord!
Look how he carries Bungay on his back!
Let's hence, for Bacon's spirits be abroad.
Exit [with Lacy].

P. Edw. Bacon, I laugh to see the jolly friar Mounted upon the devil, and how the earl Flees with his bonny lass for fear.

As soon as Bungay is at Brazen-nose,
And I have chatted with the merry friar,
I will in post hie me to Fressingfield,
And quite these wrongs on Lacy ere 't be long.
Bacon. So be it, my lord; but let us to our dinner:

dinner ;

or ere we have taken our repast awhile, We shall have Bungay brought to Brazen-nose, Exeunt.

[SCENE VII.]4

Enter three doctors, BURDEN, MASON, and . CLEMENT.

Mason. Now that we are gathered in the

Regent-house,
It fits us talk about the king's repair.
For he, trooped with all the western kings,
That he alongst the Dantzie seas by east,
North by the clime of frosty Germany. The Almain monarch, and the Saxon duke,

Castile and lovely Elinor with him.

Have in their jests resolv'd for Oxford town.

Burd. We must lay plots of stately tragedies. Strange comic shows, such as proud Roscius Vaunted before the Roman emperors, To welcome all the western potentates.

Clem. But more; the king by letters bath

foretold That Frederick, the Almain emperor, Hath brought with him a German of esteem, to Whose surname is Dan Jaques Vandermast, Skilful in magic and those secret arts. Mason. Then must we all make suit unto the

friar,

To Friar Bacon, that he wouch this task, And undertake to countervail in skill

The German; else there's none in Oxford can
Match and dispute with learned Vandermast.

Burd. Bacon, if he will hold the German

play,
Will teach him what an English friar can do.
The devil, I think, dure not dispute with him. so
Clem. Indeed, Mas doctor, he [dis]pleasur'd

In that he brought your hostess with her spit

From Henley, posting unto Brazen-nose.

4 The Regent-house at Oxford.

Shir &

Burd. A vengeance on the friar for his pains! But leaving that, let's hie to Bacon straight, so To see if he will take this task in hand.

Clem. Stay, what rumour is this? The town is up in a mutiny. What hurly-burly is this?

Enter a Constable, with RALPH SIMNELL, WAR-REN, ERMSBY, [all three disguised as before], and MILES.

Cons. Nay, masters, if you were ne'er so good, you shall before the doctors to answer [ss your misdenieanour.

Burd. What 's the matter, fellow?

Cons. Marry, sir. here's a company of rufflers, that, drinking in the tavern, have made a great brawl, and almost killed the vintner,

Miles. Salve, Doctor Burden! This lubberly lurden. Ill shap d and ill-faced. Disdain d and disgraced, What he tells unto robis

Mentitur de nohis.

Burd. Who is the master and chief of this

Miles. Ecce asinum mundi Fugura rotundi.

Neat, sheat.2 and fine, As brisk as a cup of wine.

Burd. What are you?
Ralph. I am, father doctor, as a man would say, the bell-wether of this company; these [ss are my lords, and I the Prince of Wales, Clein. Are you Edward, the king's son?

Ralph. Sirrah Miles, bring hither the tapster that drew the wine, and, I warrant, when they see how soundly I have broke his head, [60 they'll say 't was done by no less man than a prince.

Muson. I cannot believe that this is the Prince of Wales.

War. And why so, sir?

Mason. For they say the prince is a brave

and a wise gentleman.

War. Why, and think'st thou, doctor, that he is not so?

Dar'st thou detract and derogate from him.

Being so lovely and so brave a youth? **

Erms. Whose face, shining with many a sug'red smile,

Bewrays that he is bred of princely race.

Miles. And yet, master doctor,

To speak like a proctor,

And tell unto you What is veriment and true: To cease of this quarrel,

Look but on his apparel; Then mark but my talis.

He is great Prince of Walis, The chief of our gregis,

And filius regis: Then 'ware what is done, For he is Henry's white 3 son.

Ralph. Doctors, whose doting night-caps are is not capable of my ingenious dignity, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you dis-

: Worthless fellow. : Trim (?) (Cent. Dict.) * Darling.

please will make a ship that shall hold all your colleges, and so carry away the niniversity with a fair wind to the Bankside in Southwark. [se How sayest thou, Ned Warren, shall I not do it?

War. Yes, my good lord; and, if it please your lordship, I will gather up all your old pantofles, and with the cork make you a [w

pantones, and with the cork - make you a pinnace of five-hundred ton, that shall serve the turn marvellous well, my lord.

Erms. And I, my lord, will have pioners to undermine the town, that the very gardens and orchards be carried away for your summer- [160]

walks. Miles. And I, with scientia and great diligentia, Will conjure and charm, To keep you from harm; That utrum horum mavis, Your very great nacis, Like Barclay's 5 ship, From Oxford do skip With colleges and schools, Full-loaden with fools. Quid dicis ad hoc,

Worshipful Domine Dawcock? Clem. Why, have brain'd courtiers, are you drunk or mad.

To taunt us up with such scurrility? Deem you us men of base and light esteem, To bring us such a fop for Henry's son? Call out the beadles and convey them hence Straight to Bocardo: 6 let the roisters lie

Close clapt in bolts, until their wits be tame, as Erms. Why, shall we to prison, my lord?
Ralph. What sayest, Miles, shall I honour

the prison with my presence?

Miles. No. no: out with your blades, And hamper these jades; Have a flurt and a crash, Now play revel-dash. And teach these sacerdos That the Bocardos.

Like peasants and elves,

23

Mason. To the prison with them, constable.
War. Well, doctors, seeing I have sported

me With laughing at these mad and merry wags, Know that Prince Edward is at Brazen-nose, And this, attired like the Prince of Wales, Is Ralph, King Henry's only loved fool; I, Earl of Sussex, and this Ermsby. One of the privy-chamber to the king; Who, while the prince with Friar Bacon stays, Have revell'd it in Oxford as you see.

Mason. My lord, pardon us, we knew not what you were:

But courtiers may make greater scapes than these.

Wilt please your honour dine with me to-day?
War. I will. Master doctor, and satisfy | w

 From the soles of the slippers.
 Qq. Eartlets, perhaps rightly, as Greene may have intended Miles to corrupt the name of the author of The Ship of Fooles,

4 The old north gate of Oxford, used as a prison.

the vintner for his hurt; only I must desire you to magne him all this forenoon the Prince of Wales.

Monon. I will, sir, Record. And upon that I will lead the way; [100 only I will have Miles go before me, because I ave hosed Henry say that wisdom must go be-

[SCENE VIII.] 1

Enter Present Edward with his poniard in his hand, Lacy, and Mangarer.

P. Edic. Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitorous thoughts,
for cover, as did Cassius, all his wiles;
For Edward bath an eye that looks as far
as Lyncous from the shores of Greeia. bid nor 1 of in Oxford by the friar, and see the court the maid of Fressingfield, along the flattering funcies with a kiss? bel not proud Bungay draw his portace forth, d, joining hand in hand, had married you, It Fruit Breon had not struck him dumb, And mounted him upon a spirit's back,
Itat we might chat at Oxford with the friar?
Iraitor, what answer'st? Is not all this true?
Lary Truth all, my lord; and thus I make

reply.

At fischeston fair, there courting for your grace, whomas name eye survey'd her curious shape, to And drew the beauteous glory of her looks And drew the beauteous glory of her looks leaders into the centre of my heart, Loo taught me that your honour did but jest, that princes were in fancy? but as men; so that the lovely muid of Fressingfield Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife. Than remembine unto the Prince of Wales.

P. Edw. Lujurious Lacy, did I love thee

In an Alexander his Hephastion?

Dol I and old the passions of my love,
tred back them in the closet of thy thoughts?

Wert them to Edward second to himself.

Sole friend and partner of his secret loves?

And could a glance of fading beauty break so

To enchance detters of such private friends?

Box coward, ficks, and too effeminate

I his corrival? with a prince in thoughts!

From Oxford bare I posted since I din'd,

To quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep.

Mar. 'T was I, my lord, not Lacy stept awry:
For of the sol'd and courteel for yourself,
had still won'd for the courtier all in green;

but i, whom fancy made but over-fond,
'saded my self with looks as if I lov'd;
had none eye with gazing on his face. Alexander his Hephæstion?

ted mine eye with graing on his face, At still be witch'd lor'd Lacy with my looks; My beart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded with

to the beld pity and content at once, and the level to be ld pity and content by signs, as that I lov d Lord Lavy with my heart. From worthy Edward, measure with thy mind I women's favours will not force men fall,

' freeingfield. ! Love. 1 Sharer. If beauty, and if darts of piercing love, Are not of force to bury thoughts of friends. of P. Edw. I tell thee, Poggy, I will have thy loves;

Edward or none shall conquer Margaret In frigates bottom'd with rich Sethin a planks, In frigates bottom'd with rich Sethin's planks Topt with the lofty firs of Lebanon, Stemm'd and ineas'd with burnish d ivory, And over-laid with plates of Persian wealth, Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the wover. And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes, To dance lavoltas in the purple streams: Sirons, with harps and silver psalteries, Shall wait with music at thy frigate's stem, And entertain fair Margaret with their lays, I England and England's wealth shall wait on

thee Britain shall bend unto her prince's love.

And do due homage to thine excellence, Mar. Pardon, my lord: if Jove's great royalty Sent me such presents as to Danae; If Phoebus, tired in Latona's webs ome courting from the beauty of his lodge; to The dulcet tunes of frolic Mercury, -Nor all the wealth heaven's treasury affords Should make me leave Lord Lacy or his love. P. Edw. I have learn'd at Oxford, then, this

point of schools,

Ablata causa, tollitur effectus: Lacy, the cause that Margaret cannot love Nor fix her liking on the English prince.
Take him away, and then th' effects will fail.
Villain, prepare thyself; for I will bathe
My poniard in the bosom of an earl.

Lacy. Rather than live, and miss fair Margaret's love,

Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doom, But stab it home: end both my loves and life, Mar. Brave Prince of Wales, honoured for royal deeds.

'T were sin to stain fair Venus' courts with blood:

Love's conquest ends, my lord, in courtesy. Spare Lacy, gentle Edward; let me die,

For so both you and be do cease your loves.

P. Edw. Lacy shall die as tractor to his lord.

Locy. I have deserv'd it, Edward; not it

Mar. What hopes the prince to gain by Lacy's death?
P. Edw. To end the loves 'twixt him and

Margaret.
Mar. Why, thinks King Henry's son that
Margaret's love
Hangs in th' uneertain balance of proud time?
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?

No, stab the earl, and, 'fore the morning sun Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east, Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens.

Lacy. If aught betides to lovely Margaret That wrongs or wrings her honour from content. Europe's rich wealth nor England's monarchy

4 Shittim.

Should not allure Lucy to over-live.

Then, Edward, short my life, and end her loves.

Mar. Rid me, and keep a friend worth

many loves.

Lucy. Nay, Edward, keep a love worth many friends.

An if thy mind be such as fame hath blaz'd,

Then, princely Edward, let us both abide The fatal resolution of thy rage.

Banish thou fancy and embrace revenge, And in one tomb knit both our carcases, Whose hearts were linked in one perfect love.

P. Edw. [aside.] Edward, art thou that famous Prince of Wales.

Who at Danusco beat the Saracens, And brought'st home triumph on thy lance's

And shall thy plumes be pull'd by Venus

Is't princely to dissever lovers' leagues, To part such friends as glory in their loves? Leave, Ned, and make a virtue of this fault, And further Peg and Lacy in their loves: So in subduing fancy's passion, 120 Conquering thyself, thou gett'st the richest

spoil. -

Lacy, rise up. Fair Peggy, here's my hand. The Prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts.

And all his loves he yields unto the earl.
Lacy, enjoy the maid of Fressingfield;
Make her thy Lincoln Countess at the church,
And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,
Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife,
Lacy. Humbly I take her of my sovereign,
As if that Edward gave me England's right, 120

And rich'd me with the Albion diadem, Mar. And doth the English prince mean true?

Will be vouchsafe to cease his former loves, And yield the title of a country maid
Unto Lord Lacy?

P. Edw. I will, fair Peggy, as I am true lord.
Mar. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as

great,

In conquering love, as Cæsnr's victories,
Margatot, as mild and humble in her thoughts
As was Aspesia unto Cyrus' self,
Yields thanks, and, next Lord Lacy, doth enahrine

Edward the second secret in her heart.

P. Edw. Gramercy, Peggy. Now that vows

are past,

And that your loves are not to be revolt, 2 Once, Lacy, friends again. Come, we will post To Oxford; for this day the king is there, And brings for Edward Castile Elinor. Peggy, I must go see and view my wife: I pray God I like her as I loved thee. Beside, Lard Lincoln, we shall hear dispute 100 Twist Frant Bacon and learned Vandermast. Peggy, we'll leave you for a week or two.

Mar. As it please Lord Lacy; but love's fool-

ish looks Think footsteps miles and minutes to be hours.

1 Overturned.

Lacy. I'll hasten, Peggy, to make short return.

But please your honour go unto the lodge, We shall have butter, cheese, and venison; And yesterday I brought for Margaret lusty bottle of neat claret-wine :

Thus can we feast and entertain your grace. P. Edw. 'T is cheer, Lord Lacy, for an em-

If he respect the person and the place, Come, let us in ; for I will all this night Ride post until I come to Bacon's cell.

Exeunt.

[SCENE IX.] 8

Enter King Henry, the Emperor, the King of Castile, Elinor, Vandermast, and BUNGAY.

Emp. Trust me, Plantagenet, these Oxford achouls

Are richly seated near the river-side: The mountains full of fat and fallow deer, The battling bastures lade with kine and

flocks, The town gorgeous with high-built colleges, And scholars seemly in their grave attire,

Learned in searching principles of art.— What is thy judgment, Jaques Vandermast? Van. That lordly are the buildings of the town,

Spacious the rooms, and full of pleasant walks: But for the doctors, how that they be learned. It may be meanly, for aught I can hear.

Bun. I tell thee, German, Hapsburg holds none such,

None read so deep as Oxenford contains. There are within our academic state

Men that may lecture it in Germany
To all the doctors of your Belgie schools.

K. Hen. Stand to him, Bungay, charm this
Vandermust,

And I will use thee as a royal king. Wherein darest thou dispute with lan.

me o Bun. In what a doctor and a friar can. Van. Before rich Europe's worthies put thou

forth

The doubtful question unto Vandermast.

Bun. Let it be this, - Whether the spirits of pyromancy or geomancy be most predomi- [20 nant in magic?

Van, I say, of pyromancy.
Bun. And I, of geomancy.
Van. The cabalists that write of magic

spells, As Hermes, Melchie, and Pythagoras, Affirm that, 'mongst the quadruplicity Of elemental essence, terra is but thought. To be a punctum squared to the rest; And that the compass of ascending elements Exceed in bigness as they do in height; Judging the concave circle of the sun To hold the rest in his circumference. If, then, as Hermes says, the fire be great'st,

Oxford. | Fattening. | Compared.

Get rid of.

Purest, and only giveth shape to spirits, Then must these demones that haunt that place Be every way superior to the rest.

Bun. I reason not of elemental shapes, Nor tell I of the concave latitudes Noting their essence nor their quality, But of the spirits that pyromancy calls, And of the vigour of the geomantic fiends. I tell thee, German, magic haunts the ground, And those strange necromantic spells. That work such shows and wondering in the world,

Are acted by those geomantic spirits That Hermes calleth terræ filii. The fiery spirits are but transparent shades, That lightly pass as heralds to bear news; But earthly fiends, clos'd in the lowest deep, sever mountains, if they be but charg'd,

Being more gross and massy in their power.

Van. Rather these earthly geomantic spirits

Are dull and like the place where they remain;

For when proud Lucifer fell from the heavens, The spirits and angels that did sin with him, ...
Retain'd their local essence as their faults, All subject under Luna's continent.

They which offended less hang in the fire,
And second faults did rest within the air; But Lucifer and his proud-hearted fiends Were thrown into the centre of the earth, Having less understanding than the rest, As having greater sin and lesser grace. Therefore such gross and earthly spirits do serve For jugglers, witches, and vile sorcerers; whereas the pyromantic genii

Are mighty, swift, and of far-reaching power.
But grant that geomanny hath most force; Bungay, to please these mighty potentates,
Prove by some instance what thy art can do. **

Rus. I will.

Emp. Now, English Harry, here begins the game ;

We shall see sport between these learned men.

Van. What wilt thou do?

Bus. Show thee the tree, leav'd with refined

gold,

Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat, That watch'd the garden call'd Hesperides, Subdu'd and won by conquering Hercules. Van. Well done!

Here BUNGAY conjures, and the tree appears with the dragon shooting fire.

K. Hen. What say you, royal lordings, to my friar?

Hath he not done a point of cunning skill? Van. Each scholar in the necromantic spells Can do as much as Bungay hath perform'd-But as Alemena's bastard raz'd this tree, So will I raise him up as when he liv'd, And cause him pull the dragon from his seat, And tear the branches piecemeal from the root.-Hercules! Prodi, prodi, Hercules!

HERCULES appears in his lion's skin.

Her. Quis me vult? Van. Jove's bastard son, thou Libyan Her-Van. Jov

Pull off the sprigs from off the Hesperian tree, As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.

Her. Fiat. Begins to break the branches. Van. Now, Bungay, if thou canst by magic charm

The fiend, appearing like great Hercules, From pulling down the branches of the tree Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.

Bun. I cannot. Van. Cease, Hercules, until I give thee

charge.-Mighty commander of this English isle, Henry, come from the stout Plantagenets, Bungay is learn'd enough to be a friar; But to compare with Jaques Vandermast, Oxford and Cambridge must go seek their cells To find a man to match him in his art. To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna, Rheims, Louvain, and fair Rotterdam, Frankfort, Lutetia, and Orleans: And now must Henry, if he do me right, Crown me with laurel, as they all have done.

Enter BACON.

Bacon. All hail to this royal company, That sit to hear and see this strange dispute! Bungay, how stand'st thou as a man amaz'd? What, hath the German acted more than What, thou?

Van. What art thou that questions thus? Bacon. Men call me Bacon.

Van. Lordly thou look'st, as if that thou wert learn'd;

Thy countenance as if science held her seat Between the circled archers of thy brows.

K. Hen. Now, monarchs, hath the German

found his match. Emp. Bestir thee, Jaques, take not now the foil,

Lest thou dost lose what foretime thou didst gain.

Van. Bacon, wilt thou dispute? Bacon. No.

Inless he were more learn'd than Vandermast: For yet, tell me, what hast thou done?

Van. Rais'd Hercules to ruinate that tree

That Bungay mounted by his magic spells.

Bacon. Set Hercules to work.

Van. Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy

Pull off the golden branches from the root

Her. I dare not. See'st thou not great Bacon here,

Whose frown doth act more than thy magic can?

Van. By all the thrones, and dominations, 100 Virtues, powers, and mighty hierarchies, I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.

Her. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Bel-

cephon,

And rules Asmenoth, guider of the north, Binds me from yielding unto Vandermast.

K. Hen. How now, Vandermast! Have you K. Hen. How now, met with your match?

¹ I. e. Paris. Qq. Lutrech.

Van. Never before was 't known to Vandermant

That men held devils in such obedient awe. Bacon doth more than art, or else I fail.

Emp. Why, Vandermast, art then overcome?—

Bacon, dispute with him, and try his skill. Bacon. I come not, monarchs, for to hold dis-

pute With such a novice as is Vandermast; I came to have your royalties to dine With Friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose; And, for this German troubles but the place, And holds this audience with a long suspence,
I'll send him to his academy hence.

Thou Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,
Transport the German unto Hapsburg straight, That he may learn by travail, 'gainst the spring, More secret dooms and aphorisms of art. Vanish the tree, and thou away with him !

Exit the spirit [of HERCULES] with VANDER-MAST and the tree.

Emp. Why, Bacon, whither dost thou send him?

Bucon. To Hapsburg; there your highness at

return Shall find the German in his study safe.

K. Hen. Bacon, thou hast honour'd England

with thy skill, And made fair Oxford famous by thine art;

I will be English Henry to thyself.

But tell me, shall we dine with thee to-day?

Bacon. With me, my lord; and while I fit my cheer,

See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you,

Gracious as the morning-star of heaven. Exit.

Enter [PRINCE] EDWARD, LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY.

Emp. Is this Prince Edward, Henry's royal How martial is the figure of his face!

Yet lovely and beset with amorets.

K. Hen. Ned, where hast thou been?

P. Edw. At Framlingham, my lord, to try

your bucks If they could scape the teasers 2 or the toil, 100 But hearing of these lordly potentates Landed, and progress'd up to Oxford town, I posted to give entertain to them: Chief, to the Almain monarch; next to him, And joint with him. Castile and Saxony Are welcome as they may be to the English court. Thus for the men: but see, Venus appears, Or one that overmatcheth Venus in her shape! Sweet Elinor, beauty's high-swelling pride, Rich nature's glory and her wealth at once, no Fair of all fairs, welcome to Albion; Welcome to me, and welcome to thine own,

If that thou deign'st the welcome from myself.

Elin. Martial Plantagenet, Henry's high-

minded son.

The mark that Elinor did count her aim, I lik'd thee 'fore I saw thee: now I love, And so as in so short a time I may; Yet so as time shall never break that so, And therefore so accept of Elinor.

K. of Cast. Fear not, my lord, this couple

will agree, If love may creep into their wanton eyes: ——
And therefore, Edward, I accept thee here,
Without suspence, as my adopted son.

K. Hen. Let me that joy in these consorting

greets,
And glory in these honours done to Ned,
Yield thanks for all these favours to my son, And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter MILES with a cloth and trenchers and

Miles. Salvete, omnes reges, That govern your greges In Saxony and Spain.
In England and in Almain!
For all this frolic rabble Must I cover the table With trenchers, salt, and cloth; And then look for your broth.

Emp. What pleasant fellow is this?

Emp. What pleasant tellow is the .

K. Hen. 'Tis, my lord, Doctor Bacon's poor scholar.

Miles [aside.] My master hath made me sewer of these great lords; and, God knows, as I am as serviceable at a table as a sow is under an apple-tree. 'T is no matter; their cheer shall not be great, and therefore what skills where the salt stand, before or behind?

K. of Cast. These scholars know more skill in axionis.

How to use quips and sleights of sophistry, Than for to cover courtly for a king.

Re-enter MILES with a mess of pottuge and broth; and, after him, BACON.

Miles. Spill, sir? why, do you think I never carried twopenny chop! before in my life? By your leave, nobile decus, For here comes Doctor Bacon's pecus, Being in his full age

To earry a mess of pottage.

Bacon. Lordings, admire 5 not if your chess be this,

For we must keep our academic fare; No riot where philosophy doth reign: And therefore, Henry, place these potentates, And bid them fall unto their frugal cates.

Emp. Presumptuous friar! What, scoff'st thou at a king?

What, dost thou taunt us with thy peasants' fare,

And give us cates fit for country swains? Henry, proceeds this jest of thy consent, To twit us with a pittance of such price? Tell me, and Frederick will not grieve thee long

K. Hen. By Henry's honour, and the royal faith

¹ Love-kindling looks. # See note on I. 5.

A servant who sets the table.
 Chopped meat in broth (?) (N. E. D.)
 Wouder.
 Qq. with such.

The English monarch beareth to his friend, I knew not of the frac's feeble fare, Nor am I pleas'd be entertains you thus,

Burn. Content thee, Frederick, for I show'd

To let thee see how scholars use to feed;
the little mear refines our English wits.—
Miles, take away and let it be thy dinner.
Miles, Marry, sir, I will,

Miles, Marry, ur. 1 will.
This day shall be a festival-day with me;
For I shall exceed in the highest degree, (Exit.)
Bucon I tell thee, monarch, all the German

Could not afford the entertainment such, So negal and so full of majesty, As Riscon well present to Frederick.

The basest water that attends the cups shall be in honours greater than theself;
And for the enter tich Alexandria drugs, 1

Foth d by carvels from Egypt's richest straits, Found in the wearthy strand of Africa, Shall coyalize the table of my king;
Wines richer than th' Egyptian countermatch, 1
Shall coyalize the table of my king;
Wines richer than th' Egyptian countermatch, 1
Shall he carons d in English Henry's feast; it and y shall yield the richest of her cames; consider than the table of my king;

The Africa dates, myrob dans's of Spain,
Carer es and suckets of her spacery;

Arter dates, myrob dans's of Spain,
Carer es and suckets of from Tiberias,
artes from Judosa, choicer than the hamp 4

That three Rome with sparks of gluttony,
Shall searths the board for Frederick;

[SCHNE X.] 6

[Excunt.]

Lad therefore gradge not at a friar's feast.

Euer two gentlemen, LAMBERT and SERLSBY, with the Keeper.

Lem. Come, frohe Keeper of our liege's game, whose table spread hath ever venison And jacks of wine to welcome passengers, knew I in in love with jelly Marg eet. That overshipes our damsels as the moon a back'neth the brightest sparkles of the night. In Lastield here my land and living lies: I discke thy daughter jointer of it all. So then consent to give her to my wife; and I can should five hundred marks never, no see. Lam the landsslord, Keeper, of thy holds,

And I can spend five hundred marks a year, to see. Lam the bands-bord, Keeper, of thy holds, By capy all thy living hes in me; Lartfold did never see me raise my due; I call enfort fair Margaret in all.

here. Now, courteous gentles, if the Keep-

Hath please'd the liking fancy of you both.

And with her beauty hath subdu'd your thoughts.

Tie doubted to decide the question, it passure that such men of great esteem should lay their liking on this base estate,

t A versity of plants.
Contributionery.
Lamprey (') Ward).

1 Pressingfield.
1 Pressingfield.
7 Jointure, or jointress

Mostlemery. Jointure, or jointress.

And that her state should grow so fortunate
To be a wife to meaner men than you.
But sith such squires will stoop to keeper's fee,⁵
I will, to avoid displeasure of you both,
Call Margaret forth, and she shall make her
choice.

Exc.

Lam. Content, Keeper; send her unto us.
Why. Scalaby, is thy wife so lately dead,
Are all thy loves so lightly passed over,
As thou caust wed before the year he out?
Ser. I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her:
The grave ends and begins a married state.

Enter MARGARET.

Lam. Peggy, the lovely flower of all towns, Suffolk's faut helen, and rich Lagdand's star, whose beauty, tempered with her huswitery, Makes England talk of merry Fressingfield', Ser. I cannot trick it up with possies. Nor paint my passions with compacesons, Nor tell a tale of Phasbus and his loves: for tell a tale of Phasbus and his loves: for the believe me, Laxfield here is mine, Of ancient rent seven hundred pounds a-year, And if thou canst but love a country squire, I will enfooff thee, Margaret, in all.

I cannot flatter; try me, if then please.

Mar. Brave neighbouring squires, the stay
of Suffolk's clime.

A keeper's daughter is too base in gree? To match with men accounted of such worth: But might I not displease, I would reply.

Lam. Nay, Peggy; mught shall make us discontent.

Mar. Then, gentles, note that love hath little

Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire Be kindled but by fancy's motion: Then pardon, gentles, if a maid's reply. Be doubtful, while 10 I have debated with my-

Who, or of whom, love shall constrain me like.

Ser. Let it be me; and trust me. Margaret,
The meads environed with the silver streams,
Whose battling pastures fatt'neth all my flocks,
Yielding forth fleeres stapled with such wool:

As Leominster 11 cannot yield more finer stuff,
And forty kine with fair and burmsh'd hends,
With strouting 14 days, if thou wed with me.

Lam. Let pass the country wealth, as flocks and kine, And lands that wave with Ceres' golden sheaves,

Filling my barns with plenty of the fields; But, Peggy, if thou wed thyself to me, Thou shalt have garments of embroid red silk, Lawns, and rich net-works for thy head-attire:

Costly shall be thy fair habiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lambert's loving wife.

Mar. Content you, gentles, you have proffer'd

And more than fits a country maid's degree;

* Estate (Gayley), O Qu Lomputer (phonotic).

* Dagree.

* Till.

D Hang loosely (N. E. D.).

But give me leave to counsel me a time, For tancy blooms not at the first assault; Give me but ten days' respite, and I reply,

Which or to whom myself affectionates, Ser. Lambert, I tell thee, thou'rt importunate; Such beauty fits not such a base esquire ; It is for Serlsby to have Margaret.

Lam. Think at thou with wealth to overreach

me ?

Serisby, I scorn to brook thy country braves, I dare thee, coward, to maintain this wrong, At dint of rapier, single in the field, Ser. I'll answer, Lambert, what I have

avouch'd. Margaret, farewell; another time shall serve.

Lam. I'll follow. - Peggy, farewell to thyself:

Losten how well I'll answer for thy love. Exit.

Mar. How Fortune tempers lucky haps with frowns,

And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight! Love is my bliss, and love is now my bale. Shall I be Helen in my froward ¹ fates, As I am Helen in my natchless hue, And set rich Suffolk with my face alire? If lovely Lacy were but with his Peggy, The cloudy darkness of his bitter frown Would check the pride of these aspiring squires. Before the term of ten days be expired, Whenas they look for answer of their loves, 100 My lord will come to merry Freesingfield. nd end their fancies and their follies both : Till when. Peggy, be blithe and of good cheer.

Enter a Post with a letter and a hay of gold.

Post. Fair lovely damsel, which way leads this path?

How might I post me unto Fremingfield? Which footpath leadeth to the Keeper's lodge? Your way is ready, and this path is right;

Myself do dwell hereby in Freesingfield, And if the Keeper be the man you seek, I am his daughter: may I know the cause? 100 l'ost. Lovely, and once beloved of my lord,o marvel if his eye was lodg'd so low, When brighter beauty is not in the heavens. — The Lincoln Earl hath sent you letters bete, And, with them, just an hundred pounds in

guld. Sweet, bonny weach, read them, and make

reply.

7. The scrolls that Jove sent Danne, fine harnish'd g Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnish'd gold, Were not more welcome than these lines to me, Tell me, whilst that I do unrip the scale, 120 Lives Lacy well? How faces my lovely lord?

Post. Well, if that wealth may make men to live well.

Mar, treads. The blooms of the almond-tree grow in a night and vasues in a morn; the flies humers, 2 love Peggy, take life with the sun, is and die with the dew; fancy that shippeth in with a yaze, goeth out with a wink; and too timely 2

loves have ever the shortest length. I write this as thy grief, and my fully, who at Fressingfield laved that which time hath taught no to be but mean and duraties. Eyes are dissemblers, and Janey es but queary; therefore know, Margaret, I have chosen a Spanish lady to be my wife, chief waiting-woman to the Princess Elmor: a lady tair, and no less fair than theself, honourable and wealthy. In that I forsuke thee, I leave thee to thine own liking; and for the downy I have sent ther an hundred pounds; and ever assure thereof my favour, which shall avail thee and thine much

Farewell. Not thene, nor his own, [im

EDWARD LACY,

Fond Ate, doomer of bad-boding fates That wraps proud Fortune in thy snaky locks, Didst thou enchant my birth-day with such stars As light'ned mischief from their infancy? 48 If heavens had yow'd, if stars had made decree, To show on me their froward influence, If Lacy had but lov'd, heavens, hell, and all Could not have wrong'd the patience of my mind.

I'ost. It grieves me, damsel; but the earl is fore'd

To love the lady by the king's command.

Mar. The wealth combin'd within the English shelves.

Europe's commander, nor the English king, Should not have mov'd the love of Peggy from her lord.

Post. What answer shall I return to my

lord? Mar. First, for thou cam'st from Lacy whom I lov'd, —
Ah, give me leave to sigh at every thought!—

Take thou, my friend, the hundred pound he ent,

For Margaret's resolution craves no dower. The world shall be to her as vanity; Wealth, trash; love, hate; pleasure, despair; For I will straight to stately Frankingham, And in the abbey there be shorn a nun, And yield my loves and liberty to God. Fellow, I give thee this, not for the news, For those be hateful unto Margaret, But for thou 'rt Lacy's man, once Margaret's

love.

Post. What I have heard, what passions I have seen.

I'll make report of them unto the earl. Mar. Say that she joys his funcies be at

And prays that his misfortune may be here. Exeunt.

[SCENE XI.]4

Enter FRIAR BACON drawing the curtains with a white stick, a book in his hand, and a lamp lighted by him; and the Brazen Head, and MILES with weapons by him.

Bacon, Miles, where are you? Bacon. How chance you tarry so long?

Friar Bacon's cell.

Think you that the watching of the Branes Head craves no furniture? I warrant [5] you, cir, I have so armed myself that if all your devile come, I will not fear them an inch.

Racon Miles,
Thou know 'st that I have dived into hell,

and ought the darkest palaces of fiends; That with my magic spells great Belcephon Bath left his ledge and kneeled at my cell; The infrees of the earth rent from the poles, and three-form'd Luna hid her silver looks, r-mbling upon her concave continent, When Bason read upon his magic book.
With seven years tossing necronantic charms,
Poring upon dark Hecat's principles, have fram'd out a monstrous head of brass, Dint, by the enchanting forces of the devil, to shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms, and girt fair England with a wall of brass. Bungay and I have watch'd these threescore

thay our vital spirits crave some rest.
If Argus liv'd, and had his hundred eyes,
They could not over-watch l'hobetor's night.

>> Males, in thee rests Friar Bacon's weal:
The honour and renown of all his life
Illows in the watching of this Bruzen Head;
Therefore I charge thee by the immortal God, so
Feat hobbs the souls of men within his fist, throught thou watch; for ere the morning star The night thou watch; for ere the morning star-nds out his glorious glister on the north,
the head will speak; then, Miles, upon thy life,
Wake me; for then by magic art I 'll work so
I and my seven years' task with excellence,
I that a wink but that thy watchful eye,
Then farewell Baron's glory and his fame!
- we chose the curtains, Miles; now, for thy life,
be satchful, and — Here he falleth asleep, [of
Whise, So., I thought you would talk yourself
where arms and it is no marvel, for Bungay out
to lark a grad he on the mights, have watched.

the days, and he on the nights, have watched the these ten and fifty days; now this is the sent and tis my task, and no more. Now, less the sent and to my task, and no more to how, less the sent and to more autem glorificare; but ran tank of nor due my provincere; but have a more that I wernant may be called nor reason populars for the people of the parish, wit I am furnished with weapons: now, [so I will not me down by a post, and make it province a waterman to wake me, if I chance to dumber. I thought, Goodman Head, I would

nater's cunning, to spend seven years' study years. "Time is "? Well, sir, it may be we shall have some better orations of it anon. Well, I'll which you as marrowly as ever you were less atched, and I'll play with you as the night-

ingale with the alow-worm; I'll set a prick

ingale with the slow-worm; I'll set a prick against my breast. Now rest there, Miles. Lord have mercy upon me, I bave almost killed myself! [A great noise.] Up, Miles; list how to they rumble.

The Brazen Head. Time was!

Miles. Well. Friar Bacon, you spent your seven-years' atudy well, that can make your head speak but two words at once, "Time [7] was." Yea, marry, time was when my master was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brazen Head. You shall lie while?

your arse ache, an your head speak no better. your aree ache, an your head speak no better. Well, I will watch, and walk up and down, [60 and be a peripatetian and a philosopher of Arestotle's stamp. [A great noise.] What, a fresh noise? Take thy pistols in hand, Miles.

Here the Head speaks, and a lightning flushes Jorth, and a hand appears that breaks down the Head with a hammer.

The Brazen Head. Time is past!
Miles. Muster, muster, up! Hell's broken [as loose! Your head speaks; and there's such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is up in arms. Out of your bed, and take a brown-bill in your hand; the latter day is come.

Bacon. Miles, I come. O, passing warily watch'd!

Bucon will make thee next himself in love.
When spake the head?
Miles. When spake the head! Did not you
say that he should tell stronge principles of is
philosophy? Why, sir, it speaks but two words

Bacon. Why, villnin, both it spoken oft?

Miles. Oft! ay, marry, both it, three; but in all those three times it buth attered but 100 seven words.

seven words,

Racon. As how?

Miles. Marry, sir, the first time he said
"Time is," as if Fabius Cumentator should
have pronounced a sentence; [the second ...
time] he said, "Time was"; and the third time,
with thunder and lightning, as in great choler,

he said, "Time is past."

Bacon. 'T is past indeed. Ah, villain! time

is past: My life, my fame, my glory, all are past. - [110 Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruin'd down,

Thy seven years' study lieth in the dust:
Thy Brazen Head lies broken through a slave
That watch'd, and would not when the head
did will. —

What said the head first?

Miles. Even, sir, "Time is."

Bucon. Villain, if thou hadst call'd to Bacon

then. If thou hadst watch'd, and wak'd the sleepy

friar,
The Brazen Head had attered aphorisms,
And England had been circled round with brukss

But proud Asmenoth, ruler of the north,

And Demogorgon, master of the fates, Grudge that a mortal man should work so much. Hell trembled at my deep-commanding spells, Fiends frown'd to see a man their overmatch;

Bacon might boast more than a man might

But now the braves of Bacon hath an end, But now the blaves of Bacon hath an end, Europe's conceit of Bacon hath an end, His seven years' practice sorteth to ill end; And, villain, sith my glory hath an end, I will appoint thee to some fatal end. Villain, avoid! get thee from Facon's sight! Vagrant, go roam and range about the world, And perish as a vagaband on earth!

And perish as a vagabond on earth!

Mites. Why, then, sir, you forbid me your
service?

Bacon. My service, villain! with a fatal curse,
That direful plagues and mischief fall on thee.

Miles. 'T is no matter, I am against you with
the old proverb, - The more the fox is cursed.\(^1\)
the better he fares. God be with you, [10]
sir, I 'll take but a book in my hand, a wides
alwayed ways on my back, and a crowned eahaved aroun on my back, and a crowned easleeved gown on my back, and a crowned cap on my head, and see if I can want promotion.

Baron, Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy

weary steps. Until they do transport thee quick to hell; 14 For Bacon shall have never merry day. To lose the fame and honour of his head.

[SCENE XII.]2

Enter the Emperor, the King of Castile, King Henry, Elinor, Prince Edward, LACY, and RALPH SIMNELL.

Emp. Now, lovely prince, the prime of Al-

bion's wealth, How fare the Lady Elinor and you?

What, have you courted and found Castile fit To answer England in equivalence? Will't be a match 'twixt bonny Nell and thee?

P. Edw. Should Paris enter in the courts of

And not lie fettered in fair Helen's looks? On Phoebus scape those piercing amorets That Dupline glanced at his deity? Can Edward, then, sit by a flame and freeze, 10 Whose heat puts Helen and fair Daphne down?

Now, monarchs, ask the lady if we gree,

K. Hen, What, madam, hath my son found
grace or no?

Elin. Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit, And hearing how his mind and shape agreed, 15 And nearing now ins mind and snape agreed, is I come not, troop d with all this warlike train, Doubting of love, but so affectionate As Edward bath in England what he won in

Spann. K. of Cast. A match, my lord; these wantons

needs must love : Men must have wives, and women will be

Let's haste the day to honour up the rites.
Rulph. Surah Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

K. Hen. Ay. Ralph: how then? Ralph. Marry, Harry, follow my counsel: Ralph. Mairy, Harry, follow my counsel: send for Friar Bacon to marry them, for he 'll pa so conjure him and her with his necromancy that they shall love together like pig and lamb whilst they live

K. of Cast. But hearest thou, Ralph, art thou content to have Elinor to thy lady?

Kalph. Ay, so she will promise me two things.
K. of Cast. What's that, Ralph?
Kalph. That she will never scold with Ned.

Kaijh. That she will never scold with Ned. nor tight with me. - Sirrah Harry, I have put her down with a thing unpossible.

K. Hen. What's that, Raiph?
Ralph. Why, Harry, didst thou ever see that a woman could both hold her tongue and her hands? No: but when egg-pies grows on appletrees, then will thy grey mare prove a bag- 100 piper.

Emp. What say the Lord of Castile and the Earl of Lincoln, that they are in such earnest and secret talk?

K. of Cast. I stand, my lord, amazed at his

Excunt.

talk, How he discourseth of the constancy

The Fair Maid of merry Fressingtield.

K. Hen. 'T is true, my lord, 't is wondrous

for to hear;

Her beauty passing Mars's paramour. Her virgin's right as rich as Vesta's was, Lacy and Ned hath told me miracles. K. of Cast. What says Lord Lacy ? Shall she be his wife?

Lacy. Or else Lord Lacy is unfit to live. -May it please your highness give me leave to

To Fressingfield, I'll fetch the bonny girl,

And prove, in true appearance at the court,
What I have vouched often with my tongue.
K. Hen. Lacy, go to the 'query of my stable,
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turn; "
Hie thee to Fressingfield, and bring home the lass

And, for her fame flies through the English const

If it may please the Lady Elinor, One day shall match your excellence and her. Elin. We Castile ladies are not very coy; Your highness may command a greater been:
And glad were I to grace the Lincoln Earl
With being partner of his marriage-day.

P. Edw. Gramercy, Nell, for I do love the

lord,

As he that 's second to myself in love.

Ralph. You love her? - Madam Nell, never believe him you, though he swears he loves you.

Why, Ralph? Ralph. Why, his love is like unto a tapster's glass that is broken with every touch; for the loved the fair maid of Fressingfield once our of all ho. 2 - Nny, Ned, never wink upon me; care not, I.

K. Hen. Ralph tells all; you shall have good secretary of him. -

With a pun on coursed and farcs, goes. 3 At Court.

³ Excessively.

But, Lacy, haste thee post to Fressingfield; For ese thon hast fitted all things for her atate.

The wdeniu marriage-day will be at hand. Legs. I see, my lord.

East. How shall we pass this day, my lord? So K. Hon. To horse, my lord; the day is passing

W. 'Il fly the partridge, or go rouse the deer.

ISPENB XIII.] 1

Ester FRIAR BALON with FRIAR BUNGAY to his

Bun. What means the friar that frolick'd it

of Inte,
To sit as melancholy in his cell
As it he had neither lost nor won to-day?
He on Ah, Bungay, my Brazen Hend is
appill'd,

My glory gone, my seven years' study lost! a The tame of Bacon, bruited through the world, Stall and and perish with this deep disgrace, from Bacon both boilt foundation of his fame

sarely on the wings of true report, With acting strange and uncouth miracles,

this cannot infringe what he deserves. B.con. Bungay, sit down, for by prospective

find this day shall fall out ominous: oue deadly act shall 'tide moore I sleep; Mr mind is heavy, whatsoe'er shall hap.

Eder ton Schulars, some to Lambert and Serleby. Knock

Barra. Who 's that knocks?
Bus Two scholars that desire to speak with Who 's that knocks? 5011

Boem. Bid them come in, —

Sow, my vonths, what would you have?

First School Sir, we are Suffolk-men and neighbouring friends;

Our fathers in their countries lusty squires;
There landwardjoin in Cratfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Lewfield, We are college-mates,
soure brothers, as our fathers live as friends, as
housen. To what end is all this?

Second School. Hearing your worship kept
within your cell

class prospective, wherein men might see

roger to know how that our fathers fare, whiten. My glass is free for every honest

down, and you shall see ere long, how to what state your friendly fathers live.

Menashile, tell me your names.

Fost Schol. Mine Lambert.

See al Schol. And mine Seelsby.

Baren. Bangay, I smell there will be a tra-

gedy.

Friar Bacon's cell.

Enter LAMBERT and SERLISBY with rapiers and dangers. Lam. Serlsby, thou hust kept thine hour like

in finitian :

Thou 'et worthy of the title of a squire,
That durst, for proof of thy affection
And for thy mustress' favour, prize "thy blood.
Thou know 'st what words did pass at Fressingfield.

Such shameless braves as manhood cannot brook: Ay, for I scorn to bear such piercing tamuts, Prepare thee, Serlsby; one of as will die. Ser. Thou see at I single (meet) thee [in] the

Prepare thee, exist I single meet; thee injure field.

And what I spake, I'll maintain with my sword. Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out. An if thou kill me, think I have a son. That lives in Oxford in the Broadgates-hall, who will revenge his father's blood with blood. Lam. And, Serlsby, I have there a lusty hay.

That dares at weapon buckle with thy son, And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine.
But draw thy rapier, for we'll have a bout.

Bacon. Now, lusty younkers, look within the

And tell me if you can deeern your sires.

First Schol. Serlsby, 't is hard; thy father offers wrong.

To combat with my father in the field.

Second Schol. Lambert, thou liest, my father's
is th' abuse,

And thou shalt find it, if my father harm.

Bun. How goes it, sire?

First Schol. Our fathers are in combat hard
by Fressingfield.

by Fressingfield.

Bacon. Sit still, my friends, and see the event.

Lam. Why stand at thou, Serlsby? Dopht'st
thou of thy life?

A veney, man! fair Margaret craves so much.

Ser. Then this for her.

First Schol. Ah, well thrust!

Second Schol. But mark the ward.

[LAMBERT and SERESRY] fight and kill each other.

Lam. O. I am slain!
Ser. And I. — Lord have mercy on me!
First Schol. My futher slain! — Serlsby, ward

tleut. Second Schol. And so is mine! - Lambert, I'll quite thee well.

The two Schulars stab each other [and die]. Bun. O strange stratagem!

Bacon. See, friar, where the fathers both lie dead!

Bacon, thy magic doth effect this massacre: This glass prospective worketh many woes; And therefore seeing these brave lusty Brutes, a These friendly youths, did perish by thine

End all thy magic and thine art at once, The poniard that did end the fatal lives, Shall break the cause efficient of their woes.

S Venture. Bout. * Britons (?) bloods (?)

fade the glass, and end with it the shows That necessarily did infuse the crystal with. Broaks the glass.

Base. What means learn'd Bacon thus to broak his glass?

Bacon. I tell thee, Bungay, if repents me sore That ever Bacon meddled in this art. The hours I have spent in pyromantic spells, The fearful tossing in the latest night Of papers full of necromantic charms, Conjuring and adjuring devils and fiends, With stole and alb and strange pentagonon; The wreating of the holy name of God,
As Soter, Eloim, and Adonai,
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragrammaton,
With praying to the five-fold powers of heaven,
As a contract of the five-fold powers of heaven, Are instances that Bacon must be damn'd For using devils to countervail his God. — Yet, Bacon, cheer thee, drown not in despair Sins have their salves, repentance can do much: Think Mercy sits where Justice holds her sea

And from those wounds those bloody Jews did pierce.

Which by thy magic oft did bleed afresh, From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops. To wash the wrath of high Jehovah's ire, And make thee as a new-born babe from sin. Bungay, I'll spend the remnant of my life In pure devotion, praying to my God That he would save what Bacon vainly lost.

[Scene XIV.] 1

Enter MARGARET in nun's apparel, the Keeper, her father, and their Friend.

Keeper. Margaret, be not so headstrong in these yows O, bury not such beauty in a cell. That England hath held famous for the hue! Thy father's hair, like to the silver blooms That beautify the shrubs of Africa, Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forgo his lovely Margaret.

Mar. Ah, father, when the harmony of

heaven oundeth the measures of a lively faith Soundeth the measures of all the vain illusions of this flattering world Seem odious to the thoughts of Margaret.

Lord Lary was my love; I loved once, - Lord Lacy was my love; And now I hate myself for that I lov'd, And doted more on him than on my God; For this I scourge myself with sharp repents, 18 But now the touch of such aspiring sins Tells me all love is lust but love of heavens : That beauty us'd for love is vanity: The world contains naught but alluring baits, Pride, flattery, and inconstant thoughts. **
To shun the pricks of death, I leave the world, d vow to meditate on heavenly bliss,

Itve in Framlingham a holy nun,

r and pure in conscience and in deed;

for to wish all maids to learn of me

nk heaven's joy before earth's vanity.

Friend. And will you, then, Margaret, be shorn a nun, and so leave us all? Mur. Now farewell world, the engine of all

woe ! Farewell to friends and father! Welcome Christ!

Adieu to dainty robes! This base attire Better befits an humble mind to God Than all the show of rich habiliments. Love — O love! and, with fond love, farewell Sweet Lacy, whom I loved once so dear! Ever be well, but never in my thoughts, Lest I offend to think on Lacy's love: But even to that, as to the rest, farewell !

Enter LACY, WARREN, and ERMSBY, booted and spurred.

Lacy. Come on, my wags, we're near the Keeper's lodge.

Here have I oft walk'd in the watery meads, .

And chatted with my lovely Margaret.

War. Sirrah Ned, is not this the Keeper?

Lacy. 'T is the same.

Erm. The old lecher hath gotten holy mut-

ton 2 to him : a nun, my lord. Lacy. Keeper, how far'st thou? Holla, man, what cheer?

How doth Peggy, thy daughter and my love?

**Keeper. Ah, good my lord! O, woe is me for Peggy

See where she stands clad in her nun's attire. Ready for to be shorn in Framlingham: She leaves the world because she left your love.

O, good my lord, persuade her if you can?

Lacy. Why, how now, Margaret! What, a malcontent?

A nun? What holy father taught you this, To task yourself to such a tedious life As die a maid? 'T were injury to me,

To smother up such beauty in a cell.

Mar. Lord Lacy, thinking of thy former miss,
How fond 3 the prime of wanton years were **spent**

In love (O, fie upon that fond conceit, Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!), I leave both love and love's content at once, Betaking me to Him that is true love,

And leaving all the world for love of Him.

Lacy. Whence, Peggy, comes this metamorphosis?

What, shorn a nun, and I have from the court Posted with coursers to convey thee hence To Windsor, where our marriage shall be kept! Thy wedding-robes are in the tailor's hands. Come, Peggy, leave these peremptory vows. Mar. Did not my lord resign his interest, And make divorce 'twirt Margaret and him? Lacy. 'T was but to try sweet Peggy's con-

stancy.

But will fair Margaret leave her love and lord?

Mar. Is not heaven's joy before earth's fading bliss,

And life above sweeter than life in love?

Lacy. Why, then, Margaret will be shorn a nun ?

i Freeingfield.

³ A lewd woman. Poolishly.

Mar. Margaret bath made a vow which may not be revok'd.

War. We cannot stay, my lord; an if she be so strict,

Our leasure grants us not to woo afresh. Erms. Choose you, fatt damsel, yet the choice

Either a solemn numery or the court, find or Lord Lacy. Which contents you best, To be a num or else Lord Lacy's wife?

Lacy. A good motion. — Peggy, your answerment be stort.

Mor. The flesh is feail: my lord doth know it well,

That when he comes with his enchanting face, Whatsoe'er betide, I cannot say him nay.

Off goes the habit of a maiden's heart,
And, seeing fortune will, fair Franhingham, so
And all the show of holy nuns, farewell!
Lacy for me, if he will be my lord.

Locy. Peggy, thy lord, thy love, thy husband.

Frust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king

tays for to marry matchless Elinor, and I bring thee richly to the court,

that one day may both marry her and thee.—
How say at thou, Keeper? Art thou glad of this?
Keep. As if the English king had given
The park and deer of Fressingfield to me. 100
Ecm. I pray thee, my Lord of Sussex, why
are thou in a brown study?

H. ar. To see the unture of women; that

be they never so near God, yet they love to die

Locy. What have you fit for breakfast? We

And parted all this night to Pressingfield.

Mr. Butter and choese, and unbles of a deer, such as poor keepers have within their lodge. Mac. We'll find one for my lord.

Lury. Come, Sussex, let us in : we shall have

For the speaks least, to hold her promise sure,

[Scene XV.] 1

Enter a Devil to seek MILES.

Der. How reatless are the ghosts of hellish

When every charmer with his magic spells this us from nine fold-trenched Philegethon, Townd and over-scout the earth in post Con the speedy wines of swittest winds! Som Bacon hath rais'd me from the darkest

to warch about the world for Miles his man, Miles, and to torment his lazy bones where he comes. O, he is mine!

Enter MILES with a gown and a corner-cap.

Me A wholar, quoth you! marry, sir, I world I had been made a bottle-maker when I be a deacon, reader, nor schoolmaster, no, not the derk of a parish. Some call me dance, [wanother saith, my head is as full of Latin as an egg of toll of oatmeal. Thus I am tormented, that the devil and Friar Bacon haunts me. —Good Lord, here's one of my master's devils!

I'll go speak to him. — What, Master Plu- [27]

tus, how cheer you?

Dec. Dost thou know me?

Miles. Know you, sir! Why, are not you one of my master's devils, that were wont to come to my master, Doctor Bacon, at Bra-Ben-nose?

Dev. Yes, marry, am I.

Dec. Yes, marry, am I.

Miles. Good Lord, Master Plutus, I have
seen you a thousand times at my master's, and
yet I had never the manners to make you so
drink. But, sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute. — I warrant you,
he is as yeomanly a man as you shall see:
mark you, masters, here is a plain honest man,
without welt or guard. But I pray you, sir, [so
do you come lately from hell?

I here. As marry, how then?

do you come lately from hell?

Dec. Av. marry: how then?

Miles. Faith, 't is a place I have desired long to see. Have you not good tippling-houses there?

May not a man have a lusty fire there. a [44] pot of good ale, a pair? of cards, a swinging piece of chalk, and a brown toast that will clap a white waistcoat 4 on a cup of good drink?

Dec. All this you may have there.
Miles. You are for me, friend, and I am for 146 you. But I pray you, may I not have an office there?

Dec. Yes, a thousand. What wouldst thou be? Miles. By my troth, sir, in a place where I may profit myself. I know hell is a hot place, so and men are marvellous dry, and much drink

is spent there: I would be a tapster.

Then. Thou shalt.

Miles. There's nothing lets me from going with you, but that 't is a long journey, and a

Dev. Thou shalt ride on my back.

Miles. Now surely here 's a courteous devil. Muss. Now sittery mere a a contribute that, for to pleasure his friend, will not stick to make a jude of himself. — But I pray so you, goodman friend, let me move a question to you.

Dev. What's that ?

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Then An amble,

Mules. 'T is well; but take heed it be not a
trot; but 't is no matter, I'll prevent it.

Der. What dost?

Mules. Marry, friend, I put on my apurs; 'of
for if I find your pace either a trot or else uneasy, I'll put you to a false gallop; I'll make
you feel the benefit of my spurs.

Den Cat an unon my lears.

Dev. Get up upon my back. [Mit. 88 mounts on the Devil's back.] Miles. O Lord, here's even a goodly mar- [vel, when a man rides to hell on the devil's back' Exeunt, roaring.

[!] Priar Bacon's cell.

² Trimmings or facings. 1 Pack. 1 Ol troth.

[SCENE XVI.] 1

Enter the EMPFROR with a pointless sword; next the KING OF CASTILE carrying a sword with a point: LACY carrying the globe. PRINCE ELWAND: WARNEN carrying a rost of gold with a dove on it: Enmshy with a crown and sceptre ithe Queen; Pronvers Ellinon, with the Fair Maid of Fressingfield on her left hand; KING HENRY; BACON; with other Lords attending.

P. Edw. Great potentates, earth's miracles

for state, Think that Prince Edward humbles at your

feet, And, for these favours, on his martial sword le vows perpetual homage to yourselves,

Yielding these honours unto Elinor.

K. Hen. Gramercies, lordings; old Planta-

genet. That rules and sways the Albion diadem, With tears discovers those conceived joys, And vows requital, if his men-at-arms, The wealth of England, or due honours done to To Elinor, may quite his favourites. But all this while what say you to the dames

That shine like to the crystal lamps of heaven? Emp. If but a third were added to these two,
They did surpass those gorgeous images
That gloried Ida with rich beauty's wealth.
Mar. 'T is I, my lords, who humbly on my knee

Must yield her orisons to mighty Jove For lifting up his bandmaid to this state, Brought from her homely cottage to the court, 10 And grac'd with kings, princes, and emperors; To whom next to the noble Lincoln Earl) vow obedience, and such humble love

As may a hundmaid to such mighty men. P. Elin. Thou martial man that wears the

Almain crown, Annan erown,
Anna you the western potentates of might,
The Albion princess, English Edward's wife,
Proud that the lovely star of Fressingfield,
Fair Margaret, Countess to the Lincoln Earl,
Attends on Elinor, —graneries, lord, for her,
"T is I give thatks for Margaret to you all,
And rest for her due bounden to yourselves.

K. Hen. Socing the marriage is solemnized, et's march in triumph to the royal feast. But why stands Friar Bacon here so mute?

Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth. That magic's secret mysteries misled, And joyful that this royal marriage

Portends such bliss unto this matchless realm. K. Hen. Why, Bacon, What strange event shall happen to this hand? Or what shall grow from Edward and his

queen?

Bacon. I find by deep prescionce of mine art, Which once I temp'red in my secret cell, That here where Brute did build his Troynovant,

From forth the royal garden of a king Shall flourish out so rich and rair a out. Whose brightness shall deface proud Phæbus' shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud 2.

flower, And over-shadow Albion with her leaves. Till then Mars shall be master of the field, But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease; The horse shall stamp as careless of the puke, Drums shall be turn d to timbrels of delight; With wealthy favours plenty shall curich The strand that gladded wand ring Brute to 200.

And peace from heaven shall harbour in these leaves

That gorgeous beautifies this matchless flower: Apollo's heliotropion then shall stoop, And Venus' hyacinth shall vail 8 her top; Juno shall shut her guliflowers up,
And Pallas' bay shall 'bash her brightest green;
Cores' carnation, in consort with those,

Shall stoop and wonder at Diana's rose,

K. Hen. This prophecy is mystical.

But, glorious commanders of Europa's love,
That make fair England like that wealthy isle
Circled with Gihon and swift, 4 Euphrates, In royalizing Henry's Albion With presence of your princely mightiness, Let's march: the tables all are spread, And viands, such as England's wealth affords, Are ready set to furnish out the boards. You shall have welcome, mighty potentates: It rests to furnish up this royal feast. Only your hearts be frolie; for the time Craves that we taste of naught but jouissance. Thus glories England over all the west.

Eseunt omnes. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile duici.

1 The Court.

This prophecy refers, as usual, to Elizabeth.

Lower. 6 80 Dyco. Qq. first.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT (1587

BV

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

PART THE FIRST

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MYRTES, Ring of Perala.
Common, his Brother.
ORYOUTS,
MEMATICE,
ME

Kino of Arona (Algiers).
Soldan of Eover
Governore of Damascus.
Actions.
Maddens.
Median Lords.
Carvein, an Egyptian Captain.
Philipals., a Messenger
Basses, Lords. Citizens, Moors, Soldiers, and
Attendanta.
Zanon hark, Houghter of the Boldan of Egypt.
Asippe, her Maid
Zanon, Wife of Bajaseth.
Enca, her Maid
Virgins of Damascus.]

THE PROLOGUE

From jigging veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war.
Where you shall hear the Scytbian Tamburlaine
Threat'ning the world with high astounding terms,
And scenezing kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass.
And then appland his fortunes as you please.

ACT I

SCENE I.

Sur! MYCTES, COSROF, MEANDER, THERI-DAMAS, CHINGIUS, CENEUS, [MENAPHON,]

Heather Costoe, I find myself aggriev'd, for an efficient to express the same, for at requires a great and thoud'ring speech: Good brother, tell the cause unto my lords; I know you have a better wit than I. Cos. ('nhappy Persia, that in former age Heat been the sext of mighty conquerors, That, in their prowess and their policies. Here triumph'd over Afric and the bounds Of Karope, where the sun dares scarce appear to for freezing meteors and congested cold, Now to be said and governed by a man At whose hirtholdy Cynthia with Saturn join'd, And Jose, the Sun, and Mercury denied. To their influence in his fields brain! to Now Torks and Tartars stake their swords at those,

Meaning to nample all thy provinces.

No Krother, I see your meaning well enough,

And through your planets I perceive you think I am not wise enough to be a king;
But I refer me to my noblemen
That know my wit, and can be witnesses,
I might command you to be slain for this:
Meander, might I not?
Meand. Not for so small a fault, my sovereign

lord.

Myc. I mean it not, but yet I know I might;
Yet live; yea, live, Mycetes wills it so.
Meander, thou, my faithful counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceived grief.
Which is, God knows, about that Tamburlaine,
That, like a foa in midst of harvest time,
Doth prev upon my flocks of passengers;
And, as I hear, doth mean to pull my plumes:
Therefore t is good and meet for to be wise,
Meand. Oft have I heard your majesty com-

Meand. Oft have I heard your majesty complain

Of Tamburlaine, that sturdy Seythian thief,
That robs your merchants of Persepelis
Trading by land unto the Western Isles,
And in your confines with his lawless train
Daily commits incivil outrages,
Hoping (misted by dreaming prophecies)
To reign in Asia, and with barbarous arms

1 Uncivilized.

To make himself the monarch of the East; But ere he march in Asia, or display His vagrant ensign in the Persian fields, Your grace bath taken order by Theridamas, Charg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend And bring him captive to your highness' throne. Myc. Full true thou speak'st, and like thyself,

my lord,
Whom I may term a Damon for thy love;
Therefore 't is best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent' To apprehend that patry Seythian. How like you this, my honourable lords? Is it not a kingly resolution? Cos. It cannot choose, because it comes from

you. c. Then hear thy charge, valiant Theri-Myc.

damas, The chiefest captain of Mycetes' host, The hope of Persia, and the very legs Whereon our State doth lean as on a staff, That holds us up, and foils our neighbour foes. Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse, Whose fearing gall with rage and high disdain Have sworn the death of wicked Tamburlaine. Go frowning forth; but come thou smiling

home, As did Sir Paris with the Greeian dame ; Return with speed - time passeth swift away; Our life is frail, and we may die to-day. Ther. Before the moon renew her borrowed

light, Doubt not, my lord and gracious sovereign, w But Tamburlaine and that Tartarian rout,

Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercy at your highness' feet.

Myc. Go, stout Theridamas, thy words are
awords,
And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes;
I long to see thee back return from thence. That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine All loaden with the heads of killed men, And from their knees e'en to their hoofs below Besmear'd with blood that makes a dainty

Then now, my lord, I humbly take my

leave.
Theridamas, farewell! ten thousand
Exit Theritamas. Ah, Menaphon, why stay'st thou thus behind, When other men press forward for renown? Go, Menaphon, go into Sevihia;

And foot by foot follow Theridamas.

Cos. Nay, pray you let him stay; a greater

[task]

Fits Memophon than warring with a thief. Create him Prorex 2 of all Africa, That he may win the Babylonians' hearts Which will revolt from Persian government,

Unless they have a wiser king than you Myc. "Unless they have a wiser king than you!"

These are his words; Meander, set them down. Coe. And add this to them - that all Asia so Laments to see the fully of their king.

> I Forthwith. · Viceror.

Myc. Well, here I swear by this my royal seat.

Cas. You may do well to kiss it then.

Myc. Emboss'd with silk as best beseems my state

To be reveng'd for these contemptuous words. Oh, where is duty and allegiance now? Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean main? What shall I call thee? Brother? - No, a foe; Monster of nature! Shame unto thy stock That dar'st presume thy sovereign for to mock! Meander, come: I am abus'd, Meander.

Execut all but Cosney and Menaphon.

Men. How now, my lord? What, mated? and

amaz'd

To hear the king thus threaten like himself! Ah, Menaphon, I pass 1 not for Cos. threats;

The plot is laid by Persian noblemen And captains of the Median garrisons To crown me Emperor of Asia; But this it is that doth excruciate The very substance of my vexed soul — ne To see our neighbours that were wont to quake And tremble at the Persian monarch's name, Now sit and laugh our regiment b to scorn ; And that which might resolve "me into tears, Men from the farthest equinoctial line Have swarm'd in troops into the Eastern India, Lading their ships with gold and precious stones.

And made their spoils from all our provinces.

Men. This should entreat your highness to

rejoice.

Since Fortune gives you opportunity To gain the title of a conqueror By curing of this maimed empery. Afric and Europe bordering on your land. And continent to your dominions. How easily may you, with a mighty host, Pass into Greeia, as did Cyrus once, And cause them to withdraw their forces home, Lest you subdue the pride of Christendom.

[Trumpet within.

But, Menaphon, what means the trumpet's sound?

Men. Behold, my lord, Ortygius and the rest Bringing the crown to make you Emperor! in

Enter Outygius and Centus bearing a crown with others.

Orty. Magnificent and mighty Prince Cosroe, We, in the name of other Persian states ³ And commons of this mighty monarchy, Present thee with th' inperial dindem.

Con. The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen, That heretofore have fill'd Persepolis.

With Afric captains taken in the field, Whose ransom made them march in coats of

gold, With costly jewels hanging at their ears. And shining stones upon their lefty crests, Now living idle in the walled towns, Wanting both pay and martial discipline, Begin in troops to threaten civil war,

Confounded.

· Discolve.

* Persons of state.

And openly exclaim against the king:
Therefore, to stay all andden mutinies,
We will invest your highness Emperor,
Whoreast the soldiers will conceive more joy
Thom did the Macedonians at the spoil
Of great Parms and his wealthy host.
Cos. Well, since I see the state of Persia

droop And languish in my brother's government, I willingly receive th' imperial crown, And you to wear it for my country's good,

And yow to wear it for my country's good, la spite of them shall malice my estate.

Oncy. And in assurance of desir'd success, to we here do crown thee monarch of the East, Empsior of Asia and Persia; iterat Lord of Media and Armenia;

Dake of Africa and Albania,

Mesopotamia and of Parthia, ar India and the late-discovered isles; And of the ever-raging (aspian lake, long live Costoe, mighty Euriperor! Cas, And Juve may! never let me longer live

Than I may seek to gratify your love. And cause the soldiers that thus honour me To triumph over many provinces! By whose desires of discipline in arms I doubt not shortly but to reign sole king, and both tot shortly but to reign sole king, and with the army of Theridamas, Whither we presently will fly, my lords) I rest secure against my brother's force.

Only, We knew, my lord, before we brought the common that the

the crown,

letending your investion 2 so near
The resultance of your despised brother,
The lords would not be too exasperate
To more or suppress your worthy title;
Tr. if they would, there are in readiness

for thousand horse to corry you from hence, in spite of all suspected memies.

Con I know it well, my lord, and thank you all, Orty Sound up the trumpets them. Cod save the King I [Trumpets sound.] Exeunt.

SCIENK II.

[Enter] TAMBUBLAINE leading ZENOCRATE, TRUBELLES, USUNCABANE, Acerdan, Mac-

Tame. Come. lady, let not this appal your thoughts;

thoughts;
he jeweb and the transure we have ta'en
has if you were arriv'd in Syria,
to in the circle of your father's arms,
he may't'y Suldan of Egyptia.

Lee. Ab. ahepherd! pity my distremed
plight.

If, as then accurat, then art so mean a man,)
and seek rost to enrich thy followers
by law less capine from a silly maid,
who travelling with these Medical lords
To Memphia, from my nucle's country, Media,

1 May Jove. 1 Inventiture.
2 Early odd. ruad of Nedeu.

Where all my youth I have been governed, Have pass'd the army of the mighty Turk, Bearing his privy signet and his hand

To safe conduct us thorough Africa.

Mag. And since we have arriv'd in Scythia. Besides rich presents from the paissant Cham, We have his highness' letters to command Aid and assistance, if we stand in need.

Tamb. But now you see these letters and commands

Are countermanded by a greater man; And through my provinces you must expect Letters of conduct from my mightiness, If you intend to keep your treasure safe. As easily may you get the Soldan's crown As any prizes out of my precinct; For they are friends that help to wean my state Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it, so And must maintain my life exempt from servitude .-

But, tell me, madam, is your grace betroth'd?

Zeno. 1 am - my lord - for so you do import.

Tumb. I am a lord, for so my deeds shall

prove: And yet a shepherd by my parentage. But, lady, this fair face and heavenly hue Must grace his bed that conquers Asia, And means to be a terror to the world, Measuring the limits of his empery By east and west, as Phu-bus doth his course, so Lie here ye weeds that I disdain to wear! This complete armour and this curtle are Are adjuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine. And, madam, whatsoever you esteem Of this success and loss unvalued,5 Both may invest you Empress of the East; And these that seem but silly country swains May have the leading of so great an host, As with their weight shall make the mountains quake,

ven as when windy exhalations Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

Tech. As princely lions, when they re h. As princely lions, when they rouse themselves,

Stretching their paws, and threat'ning herds of heasts.

o in his armour looketh Tamburlaine. Methinks I see kings kneeling at his feet. And he with frowning brows and fiery looks, Spurning their crowns from off their enptive heads.

Usum. And making thee and me, Tochellee, kings,

That even to death will follow Tamburlaine.

Tamb. Nobly resolv'd, sweet friends and followers !

These lords, perhaps do scorn our estimates. And think we pratile with distempered spirits; But since they measure out deserts so mean, That in conceit bear empires on our spears, Affecting thoughts coequal with the clouds,

! The curtie-axe (Fr. coulcinsse) was not as axe, but a short curved sword, the modern cutlam.

• Invaluable.

They shall be kept our forced followers, Till with their eyes they view us emperors.

Zeno. The gods, defenders of the innocent,

Will never prosper your intended drifts, That thus oppress poor friendless passengers, 10 Therefore at least admit us liberty, Even as thou hop'st to be eternised,
By living Asia's mighty Emperor.

Agyd. I hope our lady's treasure and our own

May serve for ransom to our liberties. Return our mules and empty camels back,

That we may travel into Syria,
Where her betrothed lord Alcidamas,
Expects th'arrival of her highness person.
May, And wheresoever we repose ourselves, so
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.
Tamb. Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?

Or you, my lords, to be my followers? Think you I weigh this treasure more than you? Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms. Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train, Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove, Brighter than is the silver Khodope, Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills, Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine, Than the possession of the Persian crown, Which gracious stars have promis'd at my birth.
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee, Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus;
Thy garments shall be made of Median silk, the Enchas d with precious jewels of mine own,
More rich and valurous than Zenocrate's. With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled, Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools, And seals the icy mountains lofty tops, Which with thy beauty will be soon resolv'd. My martial prizes with five hundred men, Won on the fifty-headed Volga's waves, Shall we all offer to Zenocrate,

And then myself to fair Zenocrate,

Tech. What now! — in love?

Tamb. Techelles, women must be flattered:

But this is she with whom I am in love.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. News! news! Tamb. How now, what 's the matter? no Sold. A thousand Persian horsemen are at

hand,
Sent from the king to overcome us all,
Tunb. How now, my lords of Egypt, and Zenocrate!

How ! — must your jewels he restor'd again,
And I that triumph'd so be overcome?

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How any you, lordings, — is not this your hope?

Agad. We hope yourself will willingly restore them.

Tamb. Such hope, such fortune, have the

Soft ye, my lords, and sweet Zenocrate!
You must be forced from me ere you go.
A thousand horsemen! — We five hundred foot !-

An odds too great for us to stand against. But are they rich? And is their armour good?

Sold. Their plumed belms are wrought with beaten gold.

Their swords enamell'd, and about their necks Hangs massy chains of gold, down to the waist, In every part exceeding brave and rich.

Tamb. Then shall we fight courageously with

them?

Or look you I should play the orator?

Tech. No; cowards and faint-hearted runs-

Look for orations when the foe is near,

Our swords shall play the orator for us.

Usum. Come! let us meet them at the mountain foot,

And with a sudden and an hot alarum, Drive all their horses headlong downthe hill. :

Tech. Come, let us march!
Tamb. Stay, Techelles! ask a parley first,

The Soldiers enter.

Open the mails, s yet guard the treasure sure; Lay out our golden wedges to the view. That their reflections may amaze the Persians; And look we friendly on them when they come: But if they offer word or violence, We'll fight five hundred men-at-arins to one. Before we part with our possession. . And 'gainst the general we will lift our swords, And either lance his greedy thirsting throat, Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall serve For manacles, till he be ransom'd home.

Tech. I hear them come; shall we encounter them?

Tamb. Keep all your standings and not stir a fout.

Myself will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter THERIDAMAS with others.

Ther. Where is this Scythian Tamburlaine?

Tamb. Whom seek'st thou, Persian? — I am

Tamburlaine.

Tamburlaine!-Seythian shepherd so embellished A Seythan snepherd to embeniance
With nature's pride and richest furniture!
His looks do menuce Heaven and date the gods:
His fiery eyes are fix'd upon the earth,
As if he now devis'd some stratagem,
Or meant to pierce Avernus' darksome vaults To pull the triple-head d d og from hell.

Tamb, Noble and mild this Persian seems to be.

If outward habit judge the inward man. Tech. His deep affections make him passion

ate.

Tamb. With what a majesty he rears his looks

In thee, thou valiant man of Persia, I see the folly of thy emperor. That by characters graven in thy brows, And by thy martial face and stout aspect, Deserv at to have the leading of an host! Forsake thy king, and do but join with me, And we will triumph over all the world. I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains,

¹ Valuable.

² Fine.

and with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about: And so over shall the sun full from his sphere we Than Tambuckaine be slain or overcome. Items forth thy sword, thou mighty man-at-

arms, otending but to raze my charmed skin, and Jove homself will stretch his hand from

to and the blow and shield me safe from harm. we have he raine down heaps of gold in showers, to if he mount to give my soldiers pay ! ted to a sure and grounded argument, less I shall be the monarch of the East, us describe this Saldan's daughter rich and brave, be my Queen and portly Emperess. If thou will stay with me, renowmed man, and lead thy thousand horse with my conduct, to les they share of this Egyptian prize, 199 aposti

f conquered kingdoms and of cities sack'd. ah we will walk upon the lofty clifts. and Christian merchants that with Russian

terch up huge furrows in the Caspian sea, 186

La vail to us, as fords of all the lake.

Let us will reign as consuls of the curth, d mighty kings shall be our sonators. and by the me steps that he hath scal'd the Heav-

Lit we become immortal like the gods. 1 all it me now in this my mean estate, 1 all it me in because, being yet obscure, 0. ostoom far remov'd admire me not.) The actions far remov'd admire me not, and when my name and honour shall be spread to far as Berein claps his bruren wings, a fair flootes sends his cheefful light.

Free thalt thou be competitor's with me, to set with Tamburkines in all his majesty.

The Not Hermes, prolocutor to the gods, so all case persuactions more pathetical.

Large, Nor we Applied or meles more true, been thou shall find my vanits substantial.

For We are his friends, and if the Persian

hould fire present dukedoms to our state, make exchange for that the to make exchange for that the least we all binedoms at the least we all

toider the honour in assured conquests,

Shere kine shall crouch unto our conquering amorals.

Led hours of subdiers stand amaz'd at us:

When with their fearful tongues they shall con-

The What strong enchantments 'tics my yielding sout'

the policy nobles Seythians?

10.411 I prove a traiter to my king?

Toes No, but the trusty friend of Tambur-

Marchantmen.

· Barly edd. noble.

Partner.

Ther. Won with thy words, and conquered

Ther. won with thy words, and conquered with thy looks,
I yield myself, my men, and horse to thee,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintains Theridamas.

Tamb. Theridamas, my friend, take here my

hand,
Which is as much as if I swore by Heaven
And call'd the gods to witness of my vow.
Thus shall my heart be still combin'd with thine Until our bodies turn to elements,

And both our souls aspire celestial thrones.
Techelles and Casane, welcome bim!

Tech. Welcome, renowned Persian, to usall!

Usum. Long may Theridamas remain with

ns!
mb. These are my friends, in whom I more Tamb.

Than doth the King of Persia in his crown, And by the love of Pylades and Orestes, Whose statues we adors in Scytlin. Thyself and them shall bever part from me set Before I crown you kings in Asia.

Make much of them, gentle Theridamas, And they will never leave thee till the death.

Ther. Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine.

Shall want my heart to be with gladness piere'd To do you honour and seem ity.

Tamb. A thousand thanks, worthy Theridamas.

And now fair madam, and my noble lords,
If you will willingly remain with me
You shall have honours as your merits be;
as
Or else you shall be forc'd with slavery.
Agyd. We yield unto thee, happy Tambur-

laine.

Tamb. For you then, madam, I am out of doubt. Zeno. I must be pleas'd perforce. Wretched Zenocrate! Excunt. Excunt. 100

ACT II

SCENE I.

[Enter] Cosnoe, Menaution, Ortygius, Ces-

Cos. Thus far are we towards Theridamas, And valuant Tamburlaine, the man of fame, The man that in the forehead of his fortune Bears figures of renown and miracle. But tell me, that hast seen him, Menaphon, & What stature wields he, and what person-

White 5 Men. Of stature tall, and straightly fushioned, Like his desire, lift upwards and divine; So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit, Such breadth of shoulders as neight mainly bear Old Atlas' burden; 'twixt his manly pitch,' o A pearl, more worth than all the world, is plac'd,

Originally the height to which a falcon soured; hence for height in general. Here it means the shoul-

Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fix'd his piercing instruments of sight,
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
A heaven of heavenly bedies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
Where honour sits invested royally:
Paleof complexion, wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms;
His lefty brows in folds do figure death,
And in their smoothness amity and life;
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
On which the breath of Heaven delights to
play,

Making it dance with wanton majesty. —
His arms and fingers, long, and sinewy, !
Batokening valour and excess of strength —
In every part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdu'd to Tamburlaine.

Cos. Woll hast thou pourtray'd in thy terms

of life
The face and personage of a wondrous man;
Nature doth strive with Fortune and his stara
To make him famous in accomplish'd worth;
And well his merits show him to be made

His fortune's master and the king of men,
That could persuade at such a sudden pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life.
A thousand sworm and overmatching foes,
Then, when our powers in points of swords are

Join'd
And clos'd in compass of the killing bullet,
Though strait the passage and the port² be made
That leads to palace of my brother's life,
Proud is his fortune if we pieze it not.
And when the princely Persian diadem
Shall overweigh his weary witless head,
And fall like mellowed fruit with shakes of

death.
In fair Persia, noble Tamburlaine
Shall be my regent and remain as king.

Orty. In happy hour we have set the crown so Upon your kingly head, that seeks our honour In joining with the man ordain'd by Heaven, To further every action to the best.

Cen. He that with shepherds and a little spoil
Durst, in disdoin of wrong and tyranny,
Defend his freedom 'gainst a monarchy,
What will he do supported by a king,
Leading a troop of gentlemen and lords,
And stuff'd with treasure for his highest
thoughts!

Cos. And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine.

Our army will be forty thousand strong.
When Tamburbaine and brave Theridamas
Have met us by the river Araris;
And all conjoin d to meet the witless king,
That now is matching near to Parthua.
And with unwilling seldiers faintly arm'd,
To seek revenge on me and Tamburbaine,
To whom, sweat Menaphon, direct me straight.
Men. I will, my lord.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

[Enter] MYCETER, MEANDER, with other Lords and Soldiers,

Myc. Come, my Meander, let us to this gear. I tell you true, my heart is awoln with wrath On this same thievish villain, Tamburlaine, And on that false Cosroe, my traitorous brother. Would it not grieve a king to be so abus'd And have a thousand horsemen ta'en away? And, which is worst, to have his diadem Sought for by such scald a knaves as love him not?

I think it would; well then, by Heavens !

Aurora shall not peep out of her doora,
But I will have Cosroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of
sword.

Tell you the rest, Meander; I have said.

Meand. Then having past Armenian deserts

now, And pitch'd our tents under the Georgian hills, Whose tops are covered with Tartarian thieves, That lie in ambush, waiting for a prey, What should we do but hid them battle

straight,
And rid the world of those detested troops?

Last, if we let them linger here awhile.

They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.

This country swarms with vile outrageous men
That live by rapine and by lawless spoil,
Fit soldiers for the wicked Tamburkine;
And he that could with gifts and promises
Inveigle him that led a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith unto his king,
Will quickly win such as are like himself.
Therefore cheer up your minds; prepare to

fight;
He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine
Shall rule the province of Albania:
Who brings that traitor's head, Theridamas,
Shall have a government in Media,
Beside the spoil of him and all his train:
But if Cosroe, (as our spials' say,
And as we know) remains with Tamburlaine,
His highness' pleasure is that he should live,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenity.

[Enter a Spy.]

A Spy. A hundred horsemen of my con-

Scouting abroad upon these champaign plains.
Have view'd the army of the Scythiana.
Which make reports it far exceeds the king's
Meand. Suppose they be in number infinite.
Yet being void of martial discipline

All running headlong after greedy spails,
And more regarding gain than victory,
Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,
Sprung of the teeth of dragous venomena.
Their careless swords shall lance their fellows
throuts,

And make us triumph in their overthrow.

1 So Dyre Early edd read monry.

2 Gate.

Scurvy.

4 Spies.

Was there such brothren, sweet Meaner, eay,

d. So poets say, my lord.
And t is a pretty toy to be a poet.

And the appetty toy to be a poet, sell, Meander, thou art deeply read, sing thee, I have a jewel sure. my lord, and give your charge, I say; it will make us conquerors to-day.

Then, noble soldiers, to entrap these

re confounded in disordered troops, th or riches may prevail with them, ye our camels laden all with gold, you that be but common soldiers ling in every corner of the field;
his the base-born Tartars take it up,
shing more for honour than for gold,

hassacre those greedy-minded slaves; hen their scattered army is subdu'd, umrch on their slaughtered carcases, ually the gold that bought their lives, we like gentlemen in Persia.

p the drum and march courageously! He tells you true, my masters: so he

why sound ye not, when Meander

Exeunt | drums sounding |.

SCENE III.

COMPOS. TANKURLAINE, THERIDAMAS,

Now, worthy Tumburlaine, have I re-

approved fortunes all my hope.

bink'at thou, man, shall come of our at-

en as from assured oracle, thy doom for satisfaction.

And so miatake you not a whit, my

and oracles [of] Heaven have sworn line the deads of Tamburlaine, ake them blest that share in his at-

plit you not but, if you favour me, my fortunes and my valour away direction in your martial deeds, and will strive with hosts of men-at-arms,

and will strive with nosthol menaturing, ym onto the ensign I support: a of Xerven, which by fame is said by the mighty l'arthian Araris, I a handful to that we will have, twenty lances, shaking in the air, divers, like Joyo's dreadful thunderbolts,

I in flames and fiery smoothering mists, so car the gods more than Cyclopian wars: It our sun-bright armour as we march, bluse the stars from Henven and dim

and and muse at our admired arms. ou see, my lord, what working words

But when you see his actions [top] this speech, Your speech will stay or so extol his worth As I shall be commended and excus'd For turning my poor charge to his direction.

And these his two renowmed friends, my lord, =
Would make one thirst and strive to be retain'd In such a great degree of amity.

Tech. With duty and with amity we yield

Our utmost service to the fair Cosroe.

Cos. Which I esteem as portion of my crown.
Usumcasane and Techelles both,
When she that rules in Rhamnus' golden

When site that Total
gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous arms,
Shall make me solely Emperor of Asia,
Then shall your meeds and valours be advanc'd
To rooms of honour and nobility.
Tamb. Then haste, Cosroe, to be king alone,
That I with these, my friends, and all my men

May triumph in our long-expected fate. The king, your brother, is now hard at hand; 4 Meet with the fool, and rid your royal shoulders

Of such a burden as outweighs the sands And all the cruggy rocks of Caspia.

[Enter a Messenger.]

Mes. My lord, we have discovered the enemy Ready to charge you with a mighty army. ... Cos. Come, Tamburlaine! now what thy winged sword,

And lift thy lefty arm into the clouds,
That it may reach the King of Persia's crown,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

Tamb. See where it is, the keenest curtle-name

That e'er made passage thorough Persian arms.
These are the wings shall make it fly as swift
As doth the lightning or the breath of Heaven,
And kill as sure as it swiftly flies.

Cos. Thy words assure me of kind success;

Go, valiant soldier, go before and charge The fainting army of that foolish king. Tamb. Usumeasane and Techelles, come!

We are enow to scare the enemy, And more than needs to make an emperor. [Exeunt to the battle.

[SCENE IV.]

MYCETES comes out alone with his crown in his hand, offering to hide it.

Myc. Accura'd be he that first invented war! They knew not, ah, they knew not, simple men, How those were hit by pelting cannon shot, Stand staggering like a quivering aspen leaf Fearing the force of Boreas' boisterous blasts. In what a lamentable case were I If Nature had not given me wisdom's lore! For kings are clouts that every man shoots at, Our crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave ;

 Burpass. Early edd. read stop.
 Numeris, who had a temple at Rhamma in Attica. (Bullen)

The white mark in the target at which the archers . The peg in the centre which fastened the clout.

Therefore in policy I think it good To hide it close; a goodly stratagem, And far from any man that is a fool: And he from any man that is a fool: So shall I not be known; or if I be, They cannot take away my crown from me. Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter TAMBURLAINE.

Tamb. What, fearful coward, straggling from the camp.

When kings themselves are present in the field?
Myc. Thou liest.

Timb. Base villain! darest thou give the lie?
Myc. Away; I am the king; go; touch me

Thou break'st the law. of arms, unless thou kneel

And cry me "mercy, noble king."

Tamb. Are you the witty King of Persia?

Myc. Ay, marry am I: have you any suit to

Tamb. I would entreat you speak but three wise words.

Myc. So I can when I see my time. Timb. Is this your crown?

Timb. Is this your crown?

Mye. Ay, didst thou ever see a fairer?

Timb. You will not sell it, will you?

Mye. Such another word and I will have so

Mye. Such another word and I will have so thee executed. Come, give it me!

Tamb. No; I took it prisoner.

Mue. You lie; I gave it you.

Tamb. Then 't is mine.

Mye. No; I mean I let you keep it.

Tamb. Well; I mean you shall have it again.

Here; take it for a while: I lend it thee,

Till I may see thee hemm'd with armed men;

Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head:

Thou are no match for mighty Tamburlaine. so

[Exit.]

Myc. O gods! Is this Tamburlaine the thief? I marvel much he stole it not away Trumpets sound to the battle, and he runs in.

[SCENE V.]

[Enter] Cosrós, Tanduhlaine, Theridamas, Menachon, Meander, Ortholus, Techel-les, Usumuasane, with others

Tamb. Hold thee, Cosroe! wear two imperial

CEUW BS : Think thee invested now as royally, Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine, 1- if as many kings as could encompass thee 4

With groutest pump, had crown'd the emperor, Co. So do I, three renowmed man-at arms, And none shall keep the crown but Tambur-

Laine Thee do I make my regent of Persia, And general lientenant of my armies. Meander, you, that were our brother's guide, 10 And chiefest counsellor in all his acts, Since he is vielded to the stroke of war, On your submission we with thanks excuse,

And give you equal place in our affairs.

Mound Most happy Emperor, in humblest bernine,

I vow my service to your malesty, With utmost virtue of my faith and duty. Cos. Thanks, good Meander: then, Cosroc. reign,

And govern Persia in her former pomp! Now send embassage to thy neighbour kings, so And let them know the Persian king is

chang'd,
From one that knew not what a king should do,
To one that can command what 'longs thereto.
And now we will to fair l'ersepolis,
With twenty thousand expert sodiers. The lords and captains of my brother's camp With little staughter take Meander's course, And gladly yield them to my gracious rule. Ortygua and Menaphon, my trusty friends, Now will I gratify your former good, And grace your calling with a greater sway

Orty. And us we ever aim'd at your behoof, And sought your state all henour it desery d, So will we with our powers and our lives

Endeavour to preserve and prosper it.

Cos. I will not thank thee, sweet Ortygius;
Better replies shall prove my purposes.

And now. Lord Tamburlaine, my brother's camp

I leave to thee and to Theridamas, To follow me to fair Persepolis. Then will we march to all those Indian mines, My witless brother to the Christians lost, And ransom them with fame and usury. And till thou overtake me, Tamburlaine, (Staying to order all the scattered traops,) Farewell, lord regent and his happy friends? I long to sit upon my brother's throne.

Meand. Your majesty shall shortly have your wish,

And ride in triumph through Persepolis,

Exeunt all but Tamburgaine, Trenflits,

Thermomen, and Usume assess. Tamb. "And ride in triumph through Perse-

Journal of the state of the sta

Usum. To be a king is half to be a god. Ther. A god is not so glorious as a king. I think the pleasure they enjoy in Heaven, Cannot compare with kingly joys in earth. To wear a crown enchast d with pearl and gold, Whose virtues carry with it life and death; a To ask and have, command and be obeyed; When looks breed love, with tooks to gain the

prize, Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes!

Tamb. Why say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a
king?

Ther, Nay, though I praise it, I can live with-

out it.

Tamb. What says my other friends? Will you be kings?

Tech. I, if I could, with all my heart, my lord. Tumb. Why, that 's well said, Techellos; so would I. And so would you, my masters, would you not? Com. What then, my lord?

The world affords in greatest novelty, And rest attemptiess, faint, and destitute? Methinks we should not: I am strongly mov'd,
That if I should deare the Persian crown,
I could attain it with a wondrous ease.
And would not all our soldiers soon consent, If we should aim at such a dignity?
Thez. I know they would with our persua-

Tumb. Why then, Theridamas, I'll first amay To get the Persian kingdom to unyself; Then thou for Parthia; they for Scythia and

And, if I proper, all shall be as sure
As if the Turk, the pope, Afric, and Greece, to
Came crosping to us with their crowns apace,
Tech. Then shall we send to this triumphing

And hid him battle for his novel crown?
I'rum. Nay, quickly then, before his room be

hot. Tamb. "I will prove a pretty jest, in faith, my

Ther. A jest to charge on twenty thousand

I judge the purchase I more important far.

Tamb. Judge by thyself, Theridamas, not

For presently Techelles here shall haste
To bid him battle ere he pass too far,

And lose more labour than the game will

Then shalt thou see this Scythian Tamburlaine Make but a jest to win the Persian crown.

Techolles, take a thousand horse with thee, And bid lim turn him buck to war with us, that only made him king to make us sport. O's will not steal upon him cowardly.

But give him warning and more warriors.

Haste thee. Techelles; we will follow thee.

[Exit Techelles.]

What with Theridamas? Go on for me. Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

[Ezer] Coarof, Meander, Ortygius, Mena-phon, with other Soldiers.

Cor. What means this devilish shepherd to

With such a giantly presumption
To cost up hills against the face of Heaven,
And date the large of angry Jupiter?
But as he thrust them underneath the hills.
And press'd out free from their burning jaws,
will I send this monstrons slave to hell,

Where flames shall ever feed upon his soul.

Meand. Some powers divine, or else infernal, mix'd

Their anery meds at his conception; Fur he was never sprung of human race, since with the spirit of his fearful pride

1 Ed. of 1805, aprecs. 2 Booty. 2 Requite. He dare so doubtlessly resolve of rule,

And by profession be ambitious.

Orty. What god, or fiend, or spirit of the earth,

Or mouster turned to a manly shape, Or of what mould or mettle he be made, What star or state 4 soever govern him, Let us put on our meet encount 'ring minds
And in detesting such a devilish thief,
In love of honour and defence of right,
Be arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or Heaven, he

Cos. Nobly resolv'd, my good Ortygins; And since we all have suck'd one wholesome air, And with the same proportion of elements Resolve, I hope we are resembled, resolve, I hope we are resembled, Vowing our loves to equal death and life. Let's cheer our soldiers to encounter him, That grievous image of ingratitude, That hery thirster after sovereignty, And burn him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quench but blood and empery.
Resolve, my lords and loving soldiers, now
To save your king and country from decay.
Then strike up, drum; and all the stars that make

The loathsome circle of my dated life, Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart, That thus opposeth him against the gods, And scorns the powers that govern Persia! [Exeunt.]

(SCENE VII.)

Enter to the battle, and after the battle enter Cor-ROE, wounded, TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAN, TECHELLES, UNUMCASANE, with others.

Cos. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine, Thus to deprive me of my crown and life! Treacherous and false Theridamas, Even at the morning of my happy state, Scarce being seated in my royal throne, To work my downfall and untimely end ! An uncouth pain torments my grieved soul, And death arrests the organ of my voice, Who, ent'ring at the breach thy sword hath made,

Sacks every vein and artier 5 of my heart. — 10 Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine! Tamb. The thirst of reign and sweetness of a

crown That caus'd the eldest son of heavenly Ops, To thrust his doting father from his chair, And place himself in the empyreal Heaven, Mov'd me to manage arms against thy state. What better precedent than mighty Jove? Nature that fram'd us of four elements. Warring within our breasts for regiment,6 Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds: Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend The wondrous architecture of the world, And measure every wand'ring planet's course, Still climbing after knowledge infinite, And always moving as the restless spheres,

4 Dyce emends to fale. 5 Artery. # Buda Wills us to wear ourselves, and never rest, Until we reach the ripest fruit of all, That perfect bliss and sole felicity,

The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

Ther. And that made me to join with Tamburlaine:

For he is gross and like the massy earth, That moves not upwards, nor by princely deeds Doth mean to sear above the highest sort.

Tech. And that made us the friends of Tamburlaine,

urn down,

Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a crown, o do we hope to reign in Asi

If Tamburlaine be plac'd in Persia. Cos. The strangest men that ever nature made!

I know not how to take their tyrannies. My bloodless body waxeth chill and cold, And with my blood my life slides through my

wound: My soul begins to take her flight to hell, And summons all my senses to depart. The heat and moisture, which did feed each

other. For want of nourishment to feed them both, is dry and cold; and now doth ghastly death, With greedy talons gripe my bleeding heart, And like a harpy tires on my life. Theridamas and Tamburlaine. I die:

And fearful vengeance light upon you both ! [COSHOE dies. TAMBUILAINE] takes

the crown and puts it on.

Tamb. Not all the curses which the Furies

breathe, Shall make the leave so rich a prize as this.
Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest,
Who think you now is King of Persia?
All. Tamburlaine! Tamburlaine!
Tomb, Though Mars himself, the angry god

of arms, And all the earthly potentates conspire To dispossess me of this diadem, Yet will I wear it in despite of them,

Asgreat commander of this eastern world,
If you but say that Tamburlaine shall reign.
All. Long live Tamburlaine and reign in
Ania!

Tamb. So now it is more surer on my head, ...
Than if the gods had held a parliament, And all pronounc'd me King of Persia. Excunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I.

[Enter] BAJAZETH, the KINGS of PEZ, MOROC-CO, and AUGIER, with others in great pomp.

Bay. Great Kings of Barbary and my portly

We hear the Tartars and the eastern thieves,

· Proye. 2 Algiers. 2 Pashas.

Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine, Presume a bickering with your emperor And thinks to rouse us from our dreadful siege Of the famous Grecian Constantinople. You know our army is invincible; As many circumcised Turks we have, And warlike bands of Christians renied, As hath the ocean or the Terrene sea Small drops of water when the moon begins To join in one her semicircled horns. Yet would we not be bray'd with foreign power, Nor raise our siege before the Grecians yield.
Or breathless lie before the city wills.

K. of Fez. Renowmed Emperor, and mighty

general, What, if you sent the bassoes of your guard

To charge him to remain in Asia

or else to threaten death and deadly arms
As from the month of mighty Bajazeth.

Baj. Hie thee, my basso, fast to Persia,
Tell him thy Lord, the Turkish Emperor,
Dread Lord of Afric, Europe, and Asia,
Great King and conqueror of Gracia,
The ocean, Terrene, and the Coal-black sea, 6 se The high and highest monarch of the world, Wills and commands (for my not I entreat), Not once to set his foot on Africa, Or spread his colours [forth] in Grecia, Lest he incur the fury of my wrath. Tell him I am content to take a truce, Because I hear he bears a valiant mind: Because I hear he bears a valuant mind:
But if, presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to manage arms with me,
Then stay thou with him; say, I bid thee so:
And if, before the sun have measured Heaven
With triple circuit, thou regreet us not, We mean to take his morning's next arise For messenger he will not be reclaim'd, And mean to fetch thee in despite of him.

Bas. Most great and puissant monarch of the earth, Your basso will accomplish your behest,

Your basso will accomplish your beheat, And show your pleasure to the Persian, As fits the legate of the stately Turk. Exit. K. of Arg. They say he is the King of Persia; But, if he dare attempt to stir your siege. "T were requisite he should be ten times more, For all flesh quakes at your magnificence. Bay. True, Argier; and tremble at my looks. K. of Mor. The spring is hind'red by your amothering host,

For neither rain can fall upon the earth, or sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon. The ground is mantled with such multitudes.

Baj. All this is true as holy Mahomet:
And all the trees are blasted with our breaths.
K. of Fez. What thinks your greatness best
to be achiev'd

In pursuit of the city's overthrow?

Baj. I will the captive pioners of Argier
Cut off the water that by leaden pipes Runs to the city from the mountain Carnon. Two thousand horse shall forage up and down. That no relief or succour come by land:

Christians who have abjured their faith.

The Mediterranean. The Black Ses I The Mediterranean.

and all the sea my galleys countermend. And with their cannons mouth'd like Orcus'

guif,
Batter the walls, and we will enter in;
And thus the Greenans shall be conquered. Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter ZENOCRATE, AGYDAS, ANIPPE, with others.

(Agyd.) Madam Zonocrate, may I presume To know the cause of these unquiet hts, That work such trouble to your wonted rest? That work such trouble to your wonted rest?
To more than pity such a heavenly face
bould by heart exertow was so wan and pale,
When your offensive rape by Tamburlaine,
Which of your whole displeasures should be
most.)
Hath even d to be digested long ago.
Zeno. Although it be digested long ago,
As his exceeding favours have deserved.

As his exceeding favours have deserv'd, wo had might content the Queen of Heaven, as well as it hath charg'd my first conceiv'd disdain, yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts with convolets and disconsidate conceits, which does not look so lifeless as they are, as And maght, if my extremes had full events, Make me the ghastly counterfeit of death.

Loyd, Eternal heaven sooner be dissolv'd, And all that pierceth Phebus silver eye, Before such hop fall to Zenocrate!

Zeno. Ah, life and soul, still hover in his breast

ted beave my body conseless as the earth.
It cles unite you to his life and soul,
That I may live and die with Tamburlaine!

Enter (behind) TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, and others.

Agyd. With Tamburlaine ! Ah, fair Zeno-

Let not a man so vile and barbarous, Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
had bashs you from the honours of a queen,
land keeps you from the honours of a queen,
lang supposed his worthless concubine,
lie honoured with your love but for necessity. **
So now the mighty Soldan hears of you,
Your highness needs not doubt but in short time
He will with Tamburlaine's destruction
Robert you from this deadly servitude.

Zeo. [Agydas,] leave to wound me with these

tod speak of Tamburlaine as he deserves.

The stretainment we have had of him labe from villany tor servitude.

And might in noble minds be counted princely.

And. How can you fancy one that looks so

forts, the start of the start o loo harsh a autiject for your dainty cars.

Zeno, As looks the Sun through Nilus'

ing stream,
Or when the Morning holds him in her arms,
So looks my lordly love, fair Tamburlaine;
His talk much sweeter than the Musea' song so
They sung for honour 'gainst Pierides;
Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive: Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive:
And higher would I rear my estimate
Than Juno, sister to the highest gad.
If I were match'd with mighty Tamburlaine.
Agyd. Yet be not so inconstant in your love;
But let the young Arabian live in hope
After your rescue to enjoy his choice.
You see though first the King of Persia,
Being a shepherd, seem'd to love you much, on
Now in his majosty he leaves those blocks. Now in his majesty he leaves those looks,
Those words of favour, and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies.

Zeno. Thence rise the tears that so distain my

cheeks,

Fearing his love through my unworthiness. — METAMEURLAINE goes to her and takes her away lovingly by the hand, looking wrathfully on AGYDAS, and says nothing. [Exeunt all but

Agyd. Betray'd by fortune and suspicious love

Threat ned with frowning wrath and jealousy, Surpris'd with fear of hideous revenge, To see his choice shut in secret thoughts, And wrapt in silence of his ingry soul. Upon his brows was portray'd ugly death; And in his eyes the furies of his heart. That shone as comets, menacing revenge, And casts a pale complexion on his cheeks, as when the assumptions are the fluides. As when the seaman sees the Hyades Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds, (Auster and Aquilon with winged steeds, All sweating, tilt about the watery Heavens, With shivering spears enforcing thunder claps, ** And from their shields strike tlames of light-

All fearful folds his sails and sounds the main, Lifting his prayers to the Heavens for aid Against the terror of the winds and waves, So fires Agydas for the late-felt frowns, That sent a tempest to my danned thoughts, And makes my soul divine her overthrow

Re-enter TECHELLES with a naked dagger.

Tech. See you, Agydas, how the king salutes vou ?

He bids you prophesy what it imports. Exit.

Agud. I prophesied before, and now I prove we The killing frowns of jealousy and love. He needed not with words confirm my fear, For words are vain where working tools pre-

The naked action of my threat'ned end : It says, Agydas, thou shalt surely die, And of extremities elect the least; More honour and less pain it may procure To die by this resolved hand of thine,

¹ Subjection.

¹ Doods.

Than stay the terments he and Heaven have

Sworn. Then haste, Agydas, and prevent the plagues Which thy prolonged fates may draw on thee. Go, wander, free from fear of tyrant's rage, Removed from the torments and the hell Wherewith he may exeruciate thy soul, And let Agydas by Agydas die, And with this stab slumber eternally,

Stabs himself.

[Re-enter TECHELLES with USUMCABANE.]

Tech. Usumensane, see, how right the man Hath hit the meaning of my lord, the king.

Usum. Faith, and Techelles, it was manly

done; And since he was so wise and honourable, Let us afford him now the bearing hence,

And crave his triple-worthy burial.

Tech. Agreed, Casane; we will honour him.

[Execut bearing out the body.]

SCENE III.

[Ener] TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, USUMCA-HANE, THERIDAMAS, a Busso, ZENOURATE, (ANIPPE, with others.

Tamb. Basso, by this thy lord and master knows

I mean to meet him in Bithynia: See how he comes! Tush, Turks are full of brags,

And menace more than they can well perform. He meet me in the field, and fetch thee hence! Alas! poor Turk! his fortune is too weak To encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine. View well my camp, and speak indifferently; Do not my captains and my soldiers look
As if they meant to conquer Africa?

Bas. Your men are valiant, but their num-

ber few, And cannot terrify his mighty host. My lord, the great commander of the world, Besides fifteen contributory kings, Hath now in arms ten thousand Janissaries, as Mounted on lusty Mauritanian steeds, Brought to the war by men of Tripoli; Two hundred thousand footmen that have serv'd In two set battles fought in Gracia: And for the expedition of this war, be think good, can from his garrisons

Withdraw as many more to follow him.

Tech. The more be brings the greater is the spoil.

For when they perish by our warlike hands, We mean to cent our footmen on their steeds, And rifle all those stately Janisars.

Tamb. But will those kings accompany your

lord?

Bas. Such as his highness please; but some must stay

To rule the provinces he late subdu'd.

Tumb. To his Officers.] Then fight courageously their crowns are yours; This hand shall set them on your conquering houds,

That made me Emperor of Asia.

Usum. Let him bring millions infinite of men, Unpeopling Western Africa and Greece, Yet we assure us of the victory.

Even he that in a trice vanquish'd two kings,

More mighty than the Turkish emperor,
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered army till they yield or die.
Tamb. Well said, Theridamas; speak in that

mood : For will and shall best fitteth Tamburlaine, Whose smiling stars give him assured hope Of martial triumph ere he meet his foes I that am term'd the scourge and wrath of God. The only fear and terror of the world, Will first subdue the Turk, and then enlarge Those Christian captives, which you keep as

Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains, And feeding them with thin and slender fare; That naked row about the Terrene sea,

And when they chance to breathe and rest a space. Are punish'd with bastones so greevously, That they lie panting on the galley's side. And strive for life at every stroke they give. These are the cruel pirates of Argier, That damned train, the scum of Africa, Inhabited with straggling runagates, That make quick havoe of the Christian blood; But, as I live, that town shall curse the time That Tumburlaine set foot in Africa.

Enter Bajazeth with his Bassoes, and contribu-tory Kings of Fez, Monocco, and Angles; Zabina and Ebra).

Baj. Bassoes and Janissaries of my guard, Attend upon the person of your lord,
The greatest potentate of Africa.

Tamb. Techelles and the rest, prepare your

swords:

I mean to encounter with that Bajazeth,
Baj. Kings of Fez, Moroccus, and Argier,
He calls me Bajazeth, whom you call Lord!
Note the preaumption of this Seythian slave! I tell thee, villain, those that lead my horse Have to their names titles of dignity,

And dar'st thou bluntly call me Bajazeth?

Tamb. And know, thou Turk, that those which lead my horse,

Shall lead thee captive thorough Africa; And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine? Baj. By Mahomet my kinsman's sepulchre, and by the holy Alcoran I swear, He shall be made a chaste and lustless cunuch,

And in my sarell 2 tend my concubines; And all his captains that thus stoutly stand, Shall draw the chariot of my emperess, Whom I have brought to see their overthrow.

Tamb. By this my sword, that conquer'd Persia.

Thy full shall make me famous through the world.
I will not tell thee how I 'll handle thee,

But every common soldier of my camp Shall smile to see thy miserable state.

1 Sticks, Ital, bastone,

* Bernglio.

K. of Fez. What means the mighty Turkish

To talk with one so base as Tamburlaine?

K. of Mor. Ye Moors and valuent men of Barbary.

How can ye suffer these indignities?

K. of Arg. Leave words, and let them feel your lances' points

Which gloded through the bowels of the Greeks.
Bay. Well said, my stout contributory kings: Your threshold army and my hugy! host Shall swallow up these base horn Persians. 56 Tech. Puissant, renowned, and mighty Tam-

Why stay we thus prolonging all their lives?

Ther. I long to see those crowns won by our

awords,
That we may reign as kings of Africa.
Usum. What coward would not fight for such
a prize?
Tomb. Fight all courageously, and be you

lamb. Fight an courageously, and of kings, lamb, kings, lamb, words are oracles.

Bay. Zabina, mother of three braver boys. Than Hercules, that in his infancy.

Bid pash the paws of serpents venomous; to whose hands are made to gripe a warlike lance, the county of the their shoulders bread for complete armour fit, beir limbs more large, and of a bigger size, bear all the brats ysprung from Typhon's loins; who, when they come unto their father's age.
Who, when they come unto their father's age.
Will batter turnets with their manly fists;— un
it here upon this royal chair of state,
And on thy head wear my imperial crown,
and all his captains bound in captive chains, us
And all his captains bound in captive chains.

Zuc. Such good success happen to Bajazeth!
Tamb. Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,
furer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,
the only paragon of Tamburlaine,

eves are brighter than the lamps of Henven Heaven

And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony!

That with thy looks caust clear the darkened sky,

And caim the rage of thund ring Jupiter,

At down by her, adorned with my crown,

As if thou went the Empress of the world.

The nate Remocrate, until thou see

We march victoriously with all my men,

I complied over him and these his kings,

Which I will bring as vassals to thy feet;

Till then take thou my crown, vaunt of my

worth.

worth.

And manage words with her, as we will arms.

Zeso. And may my love, the King of Persin,

Return with his tory and free from wound!

Baj. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish

which lately made all Europe quake for fear, as have of Turks, Arabians, Moors, and Jews, Loongh to causer all Bithynia. Let thousands die; their slaughtered carcasses shall serve for wells and bulwarks to the reat and as the heads of Hydra, so my power, 160 builded, shall stand as mighty as before.

Thy soldiers' arms could not endure to strike So many blows as I have heads for thee.
Thou know st not, foolish, hardy Tamburlaine, What 't is to meet me in the open field,

If they should yield their necks unto the sword.

That leave no ground for thee to march upon.

Tamb. Our conquering swords shall marshal us the way

We use to march upon the slaughtered foe, 109 Trampling their bowels with our horses' hoofs; Brave horses bred on the white Tartarian hills; My camp is like to Julius Casar's host, That never fought but had the victory; Nor in Pharsalia was there such hot war As these, my followers, willingly would have, me Legious of spirits fleeting a in the air

Direct our bullets and our weapons' points, And make your strokes to wound the senseless

And when she sees our bloody colours spread,
Then Victory begins to take her flight,
Resting herself upon my milk-white tent.—
But come, my lords, to weapons let us fall.
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife, and all.
Exit with his followers.

Baj. Come, kings and basses, let us glut our swords,

That thirst to drink the feeble Persians' blood.

Ent with his followers.

That am the empress of the mighty Turk?
Zeno. Disdainful Turkess and unreversad

Call'st theu rue concubine, that am betroth'd Unto the great and mighty Tamburlaine? 200 Zab. To Tamburlaine, the great Tartarian thief!
Zeno. Thou wilt repent these lavish words of

thine,

When thy great hasso-master and thyself
Must plend for mercy at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your advocate.
Zab. And sue to thee! I tell thee, shameless

girl,
Thou shalt be laundress to my waiting maid!—
How lik at thou her, Eben? Will she serve?
Eben. Madam, she thinks, perhaps, she is too

But I shall turn her into other weeds,

And make her dainty fingers fall to work.

Zeno. Hear'st thou, Anippe, how thy drudge

doth talk?

And how my slave, her mistress, menaceth? Both for their sauciness shall be employed of To dress the common soldiers' meat and drink, For we will scorn they should come near our-Anip. Yet sometimes let your highness send

for them To do the work my chambermaid disdains.

They sound the buttle within.

Ploating.
 Qq. oar.
 Ferhaps in the sense of "dacoy." Ellis suggests "light" from Fr. lucur. Dyce.comj. air.
 Contemptuously used of a woman.
 Early edd, add and stay.

Zeno. Ye gods and powers that govern Persia, And made my lordly love her worthy king, 199 Now strengthen him against the Turkish Baj-

azeth,
And let his foes, like flocks of fearful ross
Pursu'd by hunters, fly his angry looks,

That I may see him issue conqueror!
Zab. Now, Mahomet, solicit God himself. And make him rain down murdering shot from Heaven

To dash the Scythians' brains, and strike them dead.

That dare to manage arms with him

That offered jewels to thy sacred shrine,
When first he warr'd against the Christians! 100
They sound to the battle again.
Zeno. By this the Turks lie welt'ring in their blood,

And Tamburlaine is Lord of Africa.

Zab. Thou art deceiv'd. — I heard the trumpets sound

As when my emperor overthrew the Greeks, And led them captive into Africa. Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves:

Prepare thyself to live and die my slave.

Zeno. If Mahomet should come from Heaven

and swear

My royal lord is slain or conquered, Yet should be not persuade me otherwise But that he lives and will be conqueror.

BAJAZETH flies and [TAMBURLAINE] pursues him. The battle short, and they enter. BAJAZETH

Tamb. Now, king of basses, who is con-queror?

Baj. Thou, by the fortune of this damned

Baj.

Tamb. Where are your stout contributory kings?

Re-enter Tuchelles, Theridamas, and Usum-CASANK.

Tech. We have their crowns, their bodies strow the field.

Tomb. Each man a crown! Why, kingly fought, i' faith.

Deliver them into my treasury.

Zeno. Now let me offer to my gracious lord

His royal crown again so highly wou. Tamb. Nay, take the Turkish crown from her.

Zenocrate,
And crown me Emperor of Africa.
Zah. No. Tamburlaine: though now thou gat the best,

Thou whalt not yet be lord of Africa.

Ther. Give her the crown, Turkesa: you were best.

He takes it from her, and gives it to ZI NOCRATK.

Zab. Injurious villains! thieves! runngates! How dare you thus abuse my majesty? 24 Ther. Here, madain, you are Empress; she is

none.
mb. Not now, Theridamas; her time is Tamb. Intest.

1 Defeat. Early edd, read soils.

The pillars that have bolstered up those terms, Are fallen in clusters at my conquering feet, 10 Zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ran-

somed.
Tamb. Notall the worldshall ransom Bajazeth. Baj. Ah, fair Zahina! we have lost the field; And never had the Turkish emperor so great a foil by any foreign foe. Now will the Christian miscreants be glad. Ringing with joy their superstitious bells, And making benfires for my overthrow. But, ere I die, those foul idolaters Shall make me benfires with their filthy bones.

For though the glory of this day be lost, Afric and Greece have garrisons enough

To make me sovereign of the earth again.

Tamb. Those walled garrisons will I subdue.

And write myself great lord of Africa. so from the East unto the furthest West Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arm.
The galleys and those pilling 2 brigandines.
That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf.
And hover in the Straits for Christians' wrack,
Shall lie at anchor in the isle Asant. Until the Persian fleet and men of war, Sailing along the oriental sea, Have fetch'd about the Indian continent, Even from Persepolis to Mexico, And thence unto the straits of Jubalter; 4

And thence unto the straits of Jubatter; "
Where they shall meet and join their force in one
Keeping in awe the bay of Portingale,"
And all the ocean by the British shore;
And by this means I 'll win the world at last. >
Baj. Yet set a ransom on me, Tamburhaine.
Tamb. What, think'st thou Tamburhaine esteems thy gold?

I'll make the kings of India, ere I die,
Offer their mines to sue for peace to me.

Offer their mines to am for peace to me, And dig for treasure to appeare my weath.

Come, bright bind them both, and one lead in the The Turkess let my love's maid lead away.

Thy built them.

Baj. Ah, villains! - dare you touch my sacred arms?

() Mahomet! - () sleepy Mahomet!

Zab. O cursed Mahomet, that makes as thus The slaves to Scythians rude and barbarons! en Tamb. Come, bring them in; and for this luppy conquest,

Triumph and solemnise a martial feast. Ercunt.

ACT IV

SCENE L.

[Enter the] SOLDAN of ECVPT, with three or four Lords, CAPOLIN, [and a Messenger].

Sold. Awake, ye men of Memphia! Hear the clang

Of Seythian trumpets ! Hear the basilisks

· Gibraltar. : Plundering

Zante (Bullen.) Bucay

Purces of ordinance, so called from their fancied compliance to the fabulous serpent of that name-(Cunningham.)

That, roaring, shake Damascus' turrets down! The rogue of Volga hobis Zenocrate, That, roaring, shake Damascus' turrets down! The rogue of Volga holds Zemocrate.
The Soldan's daughter, for his concubine,
And with a troop of thieves and vagabonds,
Hath spread his colours to our high disgrace,
While you, faint-hearted, base Egyptians,
Lie slumbering on the flowery banks of Nile,
As crossodiles that unaffrighted rest,
While thund ring cannons rattle on their skins.

Mers. Nay, mighty Soldan, did your greatness

The frowning looks of fiery Tamburbine, That with his terror and imperious eyes Commands the hearts of his associates, It might amare your royal majesty.
Sold. Villain, I tell thee, were that Tambur-

laine

As monstrous as Gorgon, prince of bell,
The Soldan would not start a foot from him.
But speak, what power hath he?
Moss.
Mighty lord

Mighty lord, 20 Three hundred thousand mon in armour clad, t pon their prancing steeds disdainfully with wanton paces trampling on the ground: Five hundred thousand footmen threat'ning

Shaking their swords, their spears, and iron bills, Environing their standard round, that stood so he heistly pointed as a thorny wood:
Their warlike engines and munition Exceed the forces of their martial men.
Sold. Nay, could their numbers countervail the stars.

Or ever-drizzling drops of April showers or withered leaves that Autumn shaketh down Tet would the Soldan by his conquering power, Societter and consume them in his rage,

That not a man should live to rue their fall. so Capo. So might your highness, had you time

to sort.

Tour fighting men, and raise your royal host;
But Tanburkaine, by expedition,
Advantage takes of your unreadiness.

Sold. Let him take all th' advantages he can.

Wore all the world conspir'd to fight for him,
Say, were he devil, as he is no man,
let in revence of fair Zenocrate,

When he detainest in despite of us,
This arm should send him down to Erebus,

To chroud his shame in darkness of the night,

Mear. Pleaseth your mightiness to understand,

stand,

His resolution far exceedeth all.
The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,
White is their hue, and on his silver creat,
A amony feather spangled white he bears,
To signify the rolldness of his mind, But when Aurora mounts the second time

As red as earlet is his furniture;

Then must his kindled wrath he quench'd with
blood,

Not spacing any that can manage arms; But if these threats move not submission, Black are his colours, black pavilion;

1 Trayllabic bets. 1 Demogorgon.

His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,

And jetty feathers menace death and hell! Mithout respect of sex, degree, or age,
He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.

Sold. Merciless villain! Peasant, ignorant
Of lawful arms or martial discipline! Pillage and murder are his usual trades;

The slave usurps the glorious name of war. See, Capolin, the fair Arabian king, That hath been disappointed by this slave Of my fair daughter and his princely love, May have fresh warning to go was with us, And be reveng'd for her disparagement.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

[Enter] TAMBUBLAINE, TROUBLES, THERIDA-MAS, USUMCASANE, ZENOCRATE, AMPPE, two Moors drawing BAJAZETH in his cage, and his wife [Zabina] following him.

Tamb. Bring out my footstool.

They take him out of the cage. Baj. Ye holy priests of heavenly Muhomet, That, sacrificing, slice and cut your flesh, Staining his altars with your purple blood; Make Heaven to frown and every fixed star To suck up poison from the moorish fens,
And pour it in this glorious a tyrant's thront!

Tamb. The chiefest God, first mover of that

sphere

inchas'd with thousands ever-shining lamps. Will sooner burn the glorious frame of Heaven,

Than it should so conspire my otherthrow. But, villain! thou that wishest this to me, Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth,
And be the footstool of great Tamburlaine,
That I may rise into my royal throne.

Baj. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy

sword,
And sacrifice my heart to death and hell,
Before I yield to such a slavery.
Tamb. Base villain, vassal, slave to Tambur-

laine!

Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground, That hears the honour of my royal weight; Stoop, villain, stoop!—Stoop! for so he hids That may command thee piecemeal to be torn, Or scattered like the lofty cedar trees

Struck with the voice of thund'ring Jupiter. Baj. Then, as I look down to the damned fiends,

Fiends look on me! and thou, dread god of hell, With ebon sceptre strike this hateful earth, And make it swallow both of us at once!

(TAMBURLAINE) gets up upon him to his chair. Tamb. Now clear the triple region of the air.

And let the majesty of Heaven behold Their scourge and terror tread on emperors. Smile stars, that reign'd at my nativity. And dim the brightness of their neighbour

lamps!

* Vain-giorious, boastful.

Disdain to borrow light of Cynthia ! For I, the chiefest lamp of all the earth, First rising in the East with mild aspect, But fixed now in the meridian line, Will send up fire to your turning spheres, And cause the sun to borrow light of you. My sword struck fire from his cont of steel, Even in Bithynia, when I took this Turk; As when a fiery exhalation, Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud Fighting for passage, make[a] the welkin crack, And casts a flash of lightning to the earth: 68 But ere I march to wealthy Persia, Or leave Damascus and th' Egyptian fields, As was the fame of Clymene's brain-sick son, That almost brent the axle-tree of Heaven, 60

shall our swords, our lances, and our shot Fill all the air with hery meteors:

Then, when the sky shall wax as red as blood, It shall be said I made it red myself,

To make me think of nought but blood and war, a Zab. I nworthy king, that by thy cruelty Unlawfully unsurp'st the Persian seat. Unlawfully unsurp ist the Fermian seat,
Dar'st thou, that never saw an emperor
Refore then met my husband in the field,
Being thy captive, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly body in a cage,
That roofs of gold and sun-bright palaces
Should have prepar'd to entertain his grace?
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings of Africa have kiss'd.

Tech. You must devise some torment worse.

my lord,

To make these captives rein their lavish tongues.

Tamb. Zenocrate, look better to your slave. Zeno. She is my handmaid's slave, and she shall look

That these abuses flow not from her tongue: 70 Chide her, Anippe.

Anip. Let these be warnings for you then, my slave,

How you abuse the person of the king; Or else I swear to have you whipt, stark-nak'd. Ba). Great Tamburlaine, great in my overthrow.

Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low, For trending on the back of Bajazeth, That should be horsed on four mighty kings.

Tumb. Thy names and titles and thy digni-

Are fled from Bajazeth and remain with me, ...
That will maintain 't against a world of kings. Put him in again They put him back into the cage.]

Baj. Is this a place for mighty Bajazeth? Confusion light on him that helps thee thus!

Tamb. There, whiles he lives, shall Bajazeth

be kept;
And, where I go, be thus in friumph drawn;
And thou, his wife, shalt feed him with the

sernps My servitors shall bring thee from my board; For he that gives him other food than this Shall sit by him and starve to death himself; » This is my mind and I will have it so. Not all the kings and emperors of the earth,

If they would lay their crowns before my feet, If they would lay their crowns before my tesshall ransom him or take him from his cage. The ages that shall talk of Tamburlaine, Even from this day to Plato's wondrous year, Shall talk how I have handled Bajazeth; These Moors, that drew him from Bithymia To fair Damascus, where we now remain, Shall lead him with us wheresoe'er we go. Techelles, and loving followers Now may we see Damascus' lofty towers, ike to the shadows of Pyramides That with their beauties grac'd the Memphian

fields. The golden statue of their feathered bird That spreads her wings upon the city walls Shall not defend it from our battering shot. The townsmen mask in silk and cloth of gold, and every house is as a treasury:

The men, the treasure, and the town is ours.

Ther. Your tents of white now pitch'd before Ther. the gates,

And gentle flags of amity display'd, I doubt not but the governor will yield, Offering Damascus to your majesty.

Tamb. So shall he have his life and all the

rest. But if he stay until the bloody flag

Be once advanc'd on my vermilion tent, He dies, and those that kept us out so long. And when they see me march in black array. With mournful streamers hanging down their heads.

Were in that city all the world contain'd, Not one should scape, but perish by our swords. Zeno. Yet would you have some pity for my sake,

Because it is my country's, and my father's.

Tamb. Not for the world, Zenocrate, if I've sworn.

Come; bring in the Turk.

Ereunt

SCENE III.

[Enter the] SOLDAN, [the King of] ARABIA, CA-POLIN, with streaming colours and Soldiers.

Sold. Methinks we march as Meleager did. Environed with brave Argolian knights, To chase the savage Calydonian boar, Or Cephalus with lasty Theban youths Against the wolf that angry Themis sent To waste and spoil the sweet Aonian fields. A monster of five hundred thousand heads, Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil.

The scam of men, the hate and scourge of God. Raves in Egyptia and annoyeth us. My lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine, A sturdy felon and a base-bred thief, y murder raised to the Persian crown, That dares control us in our territories. To tune the pride of this presumptuous heast, u Join your Arabians with the Soldan's power. Let us unite our royal bands in one, And basten to remove Damascus' siege. It is a blemish to the majesty And high estate of mighty emperors,

² Early edd. read stature.

That such a base usurping vagahond should brave a king, or wear a princely crown.

K. of Arab. Renowmed Soldan, have you lately heard

The overthrow of mighty Bajazeth
About the confines of Bithynia?
The slavery wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turk and his great emperess?

Sold. I have, and sorrow for his bad success;
But, noble lord of great Arabia,
Respersonded that the Soldan is
No more dismay'd with tidings of his fall
Than in the haven when the pilot stands And views a stranger's ship rent in the winds, And shivered against a cragger rock;
Assured you to Heaven and him I make,
confirming it with him holy name,
That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the hour, Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong
Unto the hallowed person of a prince,

to kept the fair Zenocrate salong
An concubine, I fear, to feed his lust,

K. of Arab. Let grief and fury hasten on re-

La Tamburlaine for his offences feel

long to break my spear upon his creet, and prove the weight of his victorious arm; for Pame. I fear, hath been too prodigal sounding through the world his partial praise, Sold. Capolin, hast thou survey'd our powers?

Capol. Great Emperors of Egypt and Arabia, The number of your hosts united is Abandred and fifty thousand horse; Two hundred thousand foot, brave men-at-

Courageous, and full of hardiness, As frolic as the hunters in the chase

K. of Arub. My mind presageth fortunate

A. of Afrac. By units process;
and Tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee
The utter ruin of thy men and thee, so
Soid. Then rear your standards; let your
sounding drums
First our soldiers to Damasons' walls.
Now, Tamburlaine, the mighty Soldan comes, And leads with him the great Arabian king, To dun thy baseness and obsenvity.

Famous for nothing but for theft and spoil;

To raze and scatter thy inglorious crew

Of Scythians and slavish Persians.

Excus Excunt.

SCENE IV.

The Bunquet: and to it cometh Tamburlaine, all in carlet, Zenocrate, Theridamas, Testivites, I sumcasane, the Turk (Bajazaen in his cage, Zahina,) with others.

Tomb. Now hang our bloody colours by Da-

R during lines of blood upon their heads, While they walk quivering on their city walls, Half dead for fear before they feel my wrath;

Then let us freely banquet and carouse Full bowls of wine unto the god of war That means to fill your helmets full of gold, And make Damascus spoils as rich to you,

As was to Jason Colchos' golden fleece. —
And now, Bajazeth, hast thou any stomach? to
Baj. Ay, such a stomach, cruel Tambuchaine,
as I could willingly feed upon thy blood-raw

heart.

heart.

Tamb. Nay thine own is easier to come by; pluck out that, and 't will serve thee and thy [a wife. Well, Zenocrate, Techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.

Baj. Fall to, and never may your mest digest! Ye Furies, that can mask invisible.

Dive to the bottom of Avernus' pool,

And in your hands bring hellish poison up
And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlaine!

Or, winged sanker of Lerna, cast your stings, And leave your venoms in this tyrant's dish!

Zab. And may this banquet prove as ominous As Frogue's to th' adulterous Thracian king, 3

That fed upon the substance of his child.

Zeno. My lord, how can you [tamely] 1 suffer these

Outrageons carses by these slaves of yours?

Tamb. To let them see, divine Zenocrate, glory in the curses of my foes, laving the power from the imperial Heaven

Ilaving the power from the imperial Heaven To turn them all upon their proper heads.

Tech. I pray you give them leave, madam; this speech is a goodly refreshing to them.

Ther. But if his highness would let them be fed, it would do them more good.

Tamb. Sirrah, why fall you not to? Are you so daintily brought up, you cannot eat your own

flesh? Baj. First, legions of devils shall tear thee in

pieces. Usum. Villain, know'st thou to whom thou

speakest?

Tamb. O, let him alone. Here; eat, sir; [a take it from my sword's point, or I 'll thrust it to thy heart. Bajaseth takes it and stamps upon it. Ther. He stamps it under his feet, my lord. Tamb. Take it up, villein, and eat it; or I will make thee alice the brawns of thy arms [action of the content of the

will make thee after the brawns of thy arms [20]
into carbonadoes 2 and cat them.

Usum. Nay, 't were better he kill'd his
wife, and then she shall be sure not to be
starv'd, and he be provided for a month's victual

beforehand.

Tamb. Here is my dagger: despatch her while she is fat; for if she live but a while longer, she will fall into a consumption with fretting, and then she will not be worth the eating

Ther. Does then think that Mahomet will [so suffer this?

Tech. 'T is like he will when he cannot let?

it.

Tamb. Go to; fall to your meat. - What, not a bit! Belike he hath not been watered to- [w day; give him some drink.

They give Bajazeth water to drink, and he tlings it on the ground.

1 Dycs conj. 3 Slices for broiling. · Hinder.

Tonb. Fast, and welcome, sir, while 1 bunger make you eat. How now, Zenocrate, doth not the Turk and his wife make a goodly show Zeno. Yes, my lord.

Ther. Methinks, 't is a great deal better than

a consort 2 of music.

Tamb. Yet music would do well to cheer up
Zenocrate. Pray thee tell why thou art so Zenorate. Fray thee ten why thou art so a sad." If thou wilt have a song, the Turk shall strain his voice. But why is it."

Zeno. My lord, to see my father's town besieg'd.

The country wasted where myself was born, How can it but afflict my very soul? If any love remain in you, my lord, Or if my love unto your majesty May merit favour at your highness' hands, Then raise your siege from fair Damascus' walls, And with my father take a friendly truce.

Tamb. Zenocrate, were Egypt Jove's own

land,
Yet would I with my sword make Jove to stoop.
I will confute those blind geographers I will confute these hims geographic. That make a triple region in the world. Excluding regions which I mean to trace, And with this pen' reduce them to a map, And with this pen reduce them is an additional formation of the provinces, cities, and towns, After my name and thine, Zenocrate. Here at Damascus will I make the point That shall begin the perpendicular And would'st thou have me buy thy father's 1000 40

With such a loss? - Tell me, Zenocrate. Zeno. Honour still wait on happy Tambur-

laine!

Yet give me leave to plead for him, my lord. Tamb. Content thyself: his person shall be MILEN

And all the friends of fair Zenocrate, If with their lives they will be pleas'd to yield, Or may be fore'd to make me Emperor;

For Earypt and Arabia must be mine. —
Feed, you shave! Thou may'st think thy- [to self happy to be fed from my trencher.

Raj. My empty stomach, full of idle heat,
Draws bloody humours from my feeble parts,
Preserving life by hasting cruel death. My veins are pale, my sinews hard and dry, no My joints benumb'd: unless I cat, I die.

Lest. Eat, Bajazeth. Let us live in spite of them, looking some happy power will pity and

enlarge ' us.

Tomb. Here, Turk ; wilt thou have a clean [as trencher?

Bay. Ay, tyrant, and more meat.

Tamb. Soft, sir; you must be dieted; too
much earing will make you surfeit.

Her. So it would, my lond, specially having so small a walk and so little exercise.

Enter a second course of crowns.

Tamb. Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane, here are the cates you desire to finger, are they not?

! Until. ³ Holding out his sword. Laporting.

I Free.

Ther. Ay, my hard; but none save kings must feed with these.

Tech. T is enough for us to see them, and for

Tamburlaine only to enjoy them.

Tamb. Well; here is now to the Soldan of Expt. the King of Arabia, and the Governor leaf of Damascus. Now take these three crowns, and pledge me, my contributory kings. I crown you here, Theridamas, King of Argier; Techelles, King of Fez; and Usumcasane, King of Moroccus. How say you to this, Turk? These are [or not your contributory kings.

Baj. Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant

them Tamb. Kings of Argier. Moroccus, and of Fez

You that have march'd with happy Tamburlaine

As far as from the frozen [plage 6] of Heaven : Into the watery morning's rudds bower, And thence by land unto the torrid zone, I beserve these titles I endow you with By valour and by magnanimity.

Your births shall be no blemish to your fame, we For virtue is the fount whence honour spring And they are worthy she investeth kings.

Ther. And since your highness hath so well

vouchsaf'd,

If we deserve them not with higher meeds Than erst our states and actions have retain'd us Take them away again and make us slaves.

Tamb. Well said, Theridamas; when holy

fates Shall 'stublish me in strong Egyptia,

We mean to travel to th' antartic pole, Zenocrate, I will not crown thee yet, Until with greater honours I be grac'd.

ACT V

SCENE I.

(Enter) the GOVERNOR of DAMABOUS, with there or four Citizens, and four Virgius, with branches of laured in their hunds.

Gov. Still doth this man, or rather god of war.

Batter our walls and beat our turrets down; And to resist with longer stubbornness Or hope of rescue from the Soldan's power. Were but to bring our wilful overthrow. And make us desperate of our threat ned lives. We see his tents have now been altered With terrors to the last and cruellest hue, His coal-black colours everywhere advanc'd Threaten our city with a general spoil; And if we should with common rites of arms. Offer our safeties to his elemency. I fear the custom, proper to his sword, Which he observes as parcel of his fame, Intending so to terrify the world,

Shore: Fr. plage. Early edd. read place.
First two edd. read Acurer.

· Early edd. value.

By any innovation or remorse Will never be dispens'd with till our deaths. Therefore, for these our harmless virgins' sakes, Whose honours and whose lives rely on him, Let us have hope that their unspotted prayers, » Their blubbered cheeks, and hearty, humble mosn

moans,
Will melt his fury into some remorse,

And use us like a loving conqueror.

1 Viry. If humble suits or imprecations,

(Uttered with tears of wretchedness and blood se Shed from the heads and hearts of all our sex, Some made your wives and some your children) Might have entreated your obdurate breasts To entertain some care of our securities Whiles only danger beat upon our walls, These more than dangerous warrants of our death

Had never been erected as they be, Nor you depend on such weak helps as we. Gov. Well, lovely virgins, think our country's

CATA Our love of honour, loath to be inthrall'd To foreign powers and rough imperious yokes, Would not with too much cowardies or fear, (Before all hope of rescue were denied) Submit yourselves and us to servitude. Therefore in that your safeties and our own, Your honours, liberties, and lives were weigh'd In equal care and balance with our own, Endure as we the malice of our stars, The wrath of Tamburlaine, and power of wars; Or be the means the overweighing heavens Have kept to qualify these hot extremes, And bring us pardon in your cheerful looks.

2 Virg. Then here before the majesty of
Heaven

And holy patrons of Egyptia, With knees and hearts submissive we entreat so Grace to our words and pity to our looks That this device may prove propitious, And through the eyes and ears of Tamburlains as unrough the eyes and ears of lamburiant Convey events of mercy to his heart; frant that these signs of victory we yield May bind the temples of his conquering head, Te hide the folded furrows of his brows, And shadow his displeased countenance With happy looks of ruth and lenity. eave us, my lord, and loving countrymen; What simple virgins may persuade, we will.

Gov. Farewell, sweet virgins, on whose safe Intern Depends our city, liberty, and lives. Excunt.

SCENE II.

[Enter] TAMBURLAINE, all in black and very mel-ancholy, Techelles, Theridamas, Usum-casane, with others.

Tamb. What, are the turtles fray'd 4 out of their nests?

Alas, poor fools? must you be first shall feel The sworn destruction of Damascus? They knew my custom; could they not as well Have sent ye out when first my milk-white flags, s

¹ Pity. ² Prayers. ² Moderate. 4 Frightened. Through which sweet Mercy threw her gentle eams.

Reflexing ⁵ them on your disdainful eyes, As now, when fury and incensed hate Flings slaughtering terror from my coal-black

tents, And tells for truth submission 6 comes too late? 1 Virg. Most happy King and Emperor of the earth,

Image of honour and nobility, For whom the powers divine have made the

world, And on whose throne the holy Graces sit; In whose sweet person is compris'd the sum of Nature's skill and heavenly majesty; Pity our plights! O pity poor Damascus! Pity old age, within whose silver hairs Honour and reverence evermore have reign'd!
Pity the marriage bed, where many a lord,
In prime and glory of his loving joy,
Embraceth now with tears of ruth and blood
The jealous body of his fearful wife,
Whose cheeks and hearts, so punish'd with conceit

To think thy puissant, never-stayed arm
Will part their bodies, and prevent their souls
From heavens of comfort yet their age might

bear. Now wax all pale and withered to the death, As well for grief our ruthless governor Hath thus refus'd the mercy of thy hand, (Whose sceptre angels kiss and furies dread,) As for their liberties, their loves, or lives! O then for these, and such as we ourselves, For us, our infants, and for all our bloods, That never nourish'd thought against thy rule, Pity, O pity, sacred Emperor, The prostrate service of this wretched town. And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath;
Whereto each man of rule hath given his hand,
And wish'd, as worthy subjects, happy means
To be investors of thy royal brows
Even with the true Eventing diagram!

Even with the true Egyptian diadem!

Tamb. Virgins, in vain ye labour to prevent

That which mine honour swears shall be perform'd.

Behold my sword! what see you at the point?

1 Virg. Nothing but fear and fatal steel, my lord.

Tamb. Your fearful minds are thick and

misty then; For there sits Death, there sits imperious Death Keeping his circuit, the slicing edge.
But I am pleas'd you shall not see him there; He now is seated on my horsemen's spears, And on their points his fleshless body feeds. Techelles, straight go charge a few of them

To charge these dames, and show my servant, Death, Sitting in scarlet on their armed spears.

Virgins. O pity us!

Tamb. Away with them, I say, and show them
Death. They take them away.

I will not spare these proud Egyptians,

Early edd. read submissions. ? Co

Nor change my martial observations For all the wealth of Gihon's golden waves, Or for the love of Venus, would she leave The angry god of arms and lie with me. They have refus'd the offer of their lives, And know my customs are as peremptory As wrathful planets, death, or destiny.

Re-enter TECHELLES.

What, have your horsemen shown the virgins Death?

Tech. They have, my lord, and on Damascus'

Have hoisted up their slaughtered carcases, Tamb. A sight as baneful to their souls, I

think. As are Thessalian drugs or mithridate: 1

But go, my lords, put the rest to the sword.

Execut | all except TAMBUBLAINE].

Ah, fair Zenocrate! That is too foul an epithet for thee.

That is too foul an epithet for thee.

That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,

With hair dishovell'd wip at thy watery cheeks; And, like to Flora in her morning's pride Shaking her silver tresses in the air, Rain'st on the earth resolved 3 pearl in showers, And sprinklest supphires on thy shining face, we Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits And comments volumes with her ivory pen, Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes; Eyes when that Lbena steps to Heaven, In silence of thy soleum evening's walk, Making the mantle of the richest night, The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light; There angels in their crystal armours fight A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts For Egypt's freedom, and the Soldan's life; ... His life that so consumes Zenocrate, Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul, Than all my army to Damascus' walls: And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk Troubled my senses with conceit of foil 4 o much by much as doth Zenocrate.

What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?

If all the pens that ever poets held

Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,

And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts, Their minds, and muses on admired theme If all the heavenly quintessence they still be From their immortal flowers of poesy, Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive The highest reaches of a human wit;

If these had made one poem's period, And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness, Yet should there hover in their restless heads Our thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least, Which into words no virtue can digest. But how unseemly is it for my sex, My discipline of arms and chivalry,

My nature, and the terror of my name, To harbour thoughts offeminate and faint ! Save only that in beauty's just applause,

With whose instinct the soul of man is touch'd :

And every warrior that is rapt with love Of fame, of valour, and of victory. Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits: I thus conceiving and subduing both That which hath stoop'd the [chiefest] of the

Even from the fiery-spangled veil of Heaven, To feel the lowly warmth of shepherds' flames, And mask in cottages of strowed reeds, Shall give the world to note, for all my birth, That virtue solely is the sum of glory, And fashions men with true nobility. - Who's within there?

Enter two or three [Attendants].

Hath Bajazeth been fed to-day?

Atten. Ay, my lord.

Tamb. Bring him forth; and let us know if the town be ransack'd. [Exeunt Attendants.]

Enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCA-

Tech. The town is ours, my lord, and fresh aupply

Of conquest and of spoil is offered us.

Tamb. That's well, Techelles; what's the

news"
Tech. The Soldan and the Arabian king together, March on us with such eager violence,

As if there were no way but one with us.

Tamb. No more there is not, I warrant thee,

Techelles

They bring in the Turk [and ZABINA].
Ther. We know the victory is ours, my land;
But let us save the reverend Soldan's life,

For fair Zenocrate that so laments his state, Tamb. That will we chiefly see unto, Theridamas,

For sweet Zenocrate, whose worthiness Deserves a conquest over every heart. And now, my footstool, if I lose the field, on hope of liberty and restitution? Here let him stay, my masters, from the tenta, Till we have made us ready for the field.

Pray for us, Bajazeth; we are going.

Excunt all except Bajazeth and Zabiba.

Baj. Go, never to return with victory!
Milhons of men encompass thee about.
And gore thy body with as many wounds!
Sharp, forked arrows light upon thy horse!
Furnes from the black! ocytus lake Break up the earth, and with their firebrands Enforce thee run upon the baneful pikes! Volleys of shot pierce through thy charmed

skin, And every bullet dipt in poisoned drugs ! or roaring eannous severall thy joints, Making thee mount as high as engles soar!
Zab. Let all the swords and lances in the

field

Emend, Dyce, Early edd, read stops the tempest,
Conj. Collier. Early edd, read tonely.
Early edd martch

An antidote distilled from poisons. (Rullen.) Sorrow.

¹ Dissolved. 1 Distil.

^{*} Emend. Dyce. Early edd. read weeds.

Stick in his breast as in their proper rooms! At every pore let blood come dropping forth, flat ling ring pulus may massacre his heart, so And madness send his damned soul to hell!

Raj. Ah, fair Zahina! we may curse his

The heavens may frown, the earth for anger quake

But such a star bath influence in his sword, : As tales the skies and countermands the gods More than Cimmerian Styx or Destiny; and then shall we in this detested guise,

With shame, with bunger, and with borror

Griping our bowels with fetorqued 2 thoughts, And have no hope to end our cestasies.

Zab. Then is there left no Muhomet, no God, No Fiend, no Fortune, nor to hope of end to our antamous, monstrous slaveries.

Lape, earth, and let the fiends informal view A hell as hopeless and as full of fear

are the blasted banks of Erebus, Where whaking ghosts with ever-howling

Hover about the ugly ferryman, fo get a passage to Elysium! Why should we live? O, wretches, beggars, nlus en!

Why live we, Rajazeth, and build up nests to high within the region of the air the living long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorn
The former trinuphs of our mightiness
In this obscure infernal servitude?

May. O life, more leathsome to my vexed thoughts

Then noisome parbreak of the Stygian

Which fills the nocks of hell with standing air, Izlecting all the ghosts with cureless griefs I as the least engines of my loathed sight.

That were my crown, my honour, and my name. rest under yoke and thraldom of a thief,

You ford ye still on day's accursed beams and eink not quite into my tortur'd soul? so len on my wife, my queen, and emperess, franght up and propped by the hand of fame, thrown to rooms of black abjection,

meazed with blots of basest drudgery, see and villainess to shame, disdain, and misery, coursed Bajazeth, whose words of ruth,

That would with pity cheer Zabina's heart, had make our souls resolve a in coaseless tears; here honger bites upon, and gripes the root [20] From whence the issues of my thoughts do break;

O poor Zabina! O my queen! my queen!

From the some water for my burning breast,
To coal and comfort me with lenger date,
That in the short hed sequel of my life us
I my pour forth my soul into thine arms
With words of love, whose moaning intercourse

Front Dyes. Early edd. cie. Qy. die?
Bout back. 6 L.e. eyes. 9 Dissolve.
1 Slave.

Hath hitherto been stay'd with wrath and hate Of our expressless bann'd inflictions.

Zab. Sweet Bajazeth, I will prolong thy life, As long as any blood or spark of breath Can quench or cool the terments of my grief.

Baj. Now, Bajazeth, abridge thy baneful days

And beat thy brains out of thy conquer'd head, Since other means are all forbidden me
That may be ministers of my decay.

I hat may be ministers of my decay.

O, highest lamp of ever-living Jove,
Accursed day! infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stained face in endless night,
And shut the windows of the lights windows of the lightsome

heavens! Let ugly Darkness with her rusty couch. Engirt with tempests, wrapt in pitchy clouds, Smother the easth with never-fading mists, And let her horses from their nostrils breathe Rebellions winds and dreadful thunder claps, as That in this terror Tamburlaine may live, And my pin'd soul, resolv'd in liquid air. May still exeruciate his tormented thoughta!

Then let the stony dart of senseless cold

Pierce through the centre of my withered heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life!

Re-enter ZABINA.

Zab. What do mine eyes behold? My hus-band dead!

His skull all riven in twain! His brains dash'd out.

The brains of Bajazeth, my lord and sovereign!
O Bajazeth, my husband and my lord!
O Bajazeth! O Turk! O Emperor!
Give him his liquor? Not I Bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him again. — Tear me in pieces! Give me the sword with a ball of wildin pieces! Give me the sword with a ball of wildfire apon it. — Down with him! Down with [isshim! — Go to my child! Away! Away! Away!
Ah, save that infant! save him, save him! —
I, even I, speak to her. — The sun was down;
streamers white, red, black, here, here, here!
— Fling the meat in his face — Tamburkine,
Tamburkine! — Let the soldiers be huried. [issHell! Death! Tamburkine! Hell! — Make
endy my caseh, my chair, my invests. I come! ready my coach, my chair, my jewels. I come! I come!

She runs against the cage and brains herself.

[Enter | ZENOCRATE with ANIPPE.

Zeno. Wretched Zenoerate! that liv'st to see Damoscus' walls dy'd with Egyptians' blood, su 'Thy father's subjects and thy countrymen; Thy streets strow'd with dissevered joints of

And wounded bodies gasping yet for life. But most accurst, to see the sun-bright troop *** Of heavenly virgins and unspotted maids, (Whose looks might make the angry god of

ATTHE To break his sword and mildly treat of love)
On horsemen's lances to be hoisted up
And guiltlessly endure a cruel death:
For every fell and stout Tartaran steed, That stampt on others with their thund'ring

When all their riders charg'd their quivering

Began to check the ground and rein themselves, Gazing upon the beauty of their looks.

Ah Tamburlaine! wert thou the cause of this
That term'st Zenocrate thy dearest love?
Whose lives were dearer to Zenocrate

Than her own life, or aught save thine own love. But see another bloody spectacle! Ah, wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart, How are ye glutted with these grievous objects, And tell my soul more tales of bleeding ruth!

See, see, Anippe, if they breathe or no.

Anippe. No breath, nor sense, nor motion in them both:

Ah, madam! this their slavery hath enforc'd, And ruthless cruelty of Tamburlaine.

Zeno. Earth, cast up fountains from thy en-

trails, And wet thy cheeks for their untimely deaths! Shake with their weight in sign of fear and grief!

Blush, Heaven, that gave them honour at their

And let them die a death so barbarous! Those that are proud of fickle empery And place their chiefest good in earthly pomp, Behold the Turk and his great Emperess! 20 Ah, Tamburlaine! my love! sweet Tambur-

That fight'st for sceptres and for slippery

Behold the Turk and his great Emperess! Thou, that in conduct of thy happy stars bleep'st every night with conquests on thy brows,

And yet would'st shun the wavering turns of war.

war,
In fear and feeling of the like distress
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess?
Ah, mighty Jove and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my love!—O, pardon his contempt
Of earthly fortune and respect of pity,
And let not conquest, ruthlessly pursu'd,
Be equally against his life incens'd
In this great Turk and hapless Emperess!
And pardon me that was not movid with rat And pardon me that was not mov'd with ruth To see them live so long in misery !

Ah, what may chance to thee, Zenocrate?

Anappe. Madam, content yourself, and be resolv'd Your love bath Fortune so at his command, That she shall stay and turn her wheel no more, Is long as life maintains his mighty arm That fights for honour to adorn your head.

Enter [PHILEMUS.] a Messenger.

Zeno. What or Philemus? What other heavy news now brings

Phil. Madam, your father, and the Arabian king

The first affecter of your excellence, Comes now, as Turnus 'gainst Æneas did, Armed with lance into the Egyptian fields, Ready for battle 'gainst my lord, the king.

Zeno. Now shame and duty, love and fear presents

A thousand sorrows to my time type.
Whom should I wish the fatal victory
When my poor pleasures are divided thus
And rack'd by duty from my cursed heart?
My father and my first-betrothed love thousand sorrows to my martyred soul. Must fight against my life and present love; wherein the change I use condemns my faith. And makes my deeds infamous through the

world: But as the gods, to end the Troyans' toil, Prevented Turnus of Lavinia And fatally enrich'd Æneas' love,

And rathry either d Azness 1970,
So, for a final issue to my griefs,
To pacify my country and my love
Must Tamburlaine by their resistless powers
With virtue of a gentle victory Conclude a league of honour to my hope; Then, as the Powers divine have pre-ordain'd,

Then, as the Powers divine have pre-ordain d, With happy safety of my father's life
Send like defence of fair Arabia.

They sound to the battle [within]: and
TAMBURLAINE enjoys the victory. After,
[the KING of] ARABIA enters wounded.

K. of Arab. What cursed power guides the

murdering hands Of this infamous tyraut's soldiers That no escape may save their enemies.

Nor fortune keep themselves from victory?

Lie down, Arabia, wounded to the death.

And let Zenocrate's fair eyes behold

That, as for her thou bear'st these wretched

arms. Even so for her thou diest in these arms,

Leaving thy blood for witness of thy love.

Zeno. Too dear a witness for such love, my lord,

Behold Zenocrate! the cursed object, Whose fortunes never mastered her griefs; so Behold her wounded, in conceit, for thee,
As much as thy fair body is for me.

K, of Arab. Then shall I die with fall, con-

tented heart, Having beheld divine Zenocrate, Whose sight with joy would take away my life As now it bringeth sweetness to my wound, so If I had not been wounded as I am. Ah! that the deadly pangs I suffer now, Would lend an hour's licence to my tongue, To make discourse of some sweet accidents Have chane'd thy merits in this worthless bond-

And that I might be privy to the state Of thy deserv'd contentment, and thy love; But, making now a virtue of thy sight To drive all sorrow from my fainting soul, Since death denies me farther cause of joy, Depriv'd of care, my heart with comfort dies. Since thy desired hand shall close mine eyes. [He dies.]

Re-enter Tamburlaine, leading the Soldan, Techelles, Thebidanas, Usuncabank, with others.

Tamb. Come, happy father of Zenocrate, A title higher than thy Soldan's name:

Though my right hand have thus enthralled

The princely daughter here shall set thee free; She that hath calm'd the fury of my sword. Which had ere this been bath'd in atreams of

As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile, 200 Zeno. () sight thrice welcome to my joyful

To see the king, my father, issue safe

From dangerous battle of my conquering love!

Sold. Well met, my only dear Zenocrate, see

Though with the loss of Egypt and my crown,

Tamb. 'T was I, my lord, that got the victory,

And therefore grieve not at your overthrow,

Some I shall render all into your hands, And add more strength to your dominious
Than ever yet confirm d th' Egyptian crown.
The god of war resigns his room to me,
Meaning to make me general of the world, Jose, the wing me in arms, looks pale and wan, Fearing my power should pull him from his throne.

Where'er I come the Fatal Sisters sweat, And grisdy Death, by running to and fro, To do their ceaseless homage to my sword; And here in Afric, where it seldom rains, ince I arriv'd with my triumphant host, Have swelling clouds, drawn from wide-gasp

ing wounds. ing wounds,

Been oft resulv'd in bloody purple showers,
A matter that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at every drop it drinks.
Millions of souls sit on the banks of Styx,
Waiting the back return of Charon's boat;
Hell and Elysium swarm with ghoets of men,
That I have sent from sundry foughten fields,
To spread my fame through hell and up to

Heaven,
And see, my lord, a sight of strange import, see
Emperors and kings he breathless at my feet.
The Turk and his great Empress, as it seems,
Left to themselves while we were at the fight,
Have desperately despatch'd their slavish lives;
With them Arabia, too, both left his life;
All sights of power to grace my victory;
And such are objects fit for Tamburhaine;
Wherein, as in a mirror, may be seen bonour, that consists in shedding blood, Vien men presume to manage arms with him. Sold. Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand.

nowmed Tamburlaine! to whom all kings Of force must yield their crowns and emperies; and I am pleas'd with this my overthrow,
If, as become a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honour us'd Zenocrate, Tamb. Her state and person wants no pomp.

you see; And for all blot of foul inchastity I record Heaven her heavenly self is clear. Then let me find no further time to grace Her princely temples with the Persian crown, But here these kings that on my fortunes wait, And have been crown'd for proved worthiness, Even by this hand that shall establish them. Shall now, adjoining all their hands with mine, Invest her here my Queen of Persia. 63 What saith the noble Soldan and Zenocrate!

Sold. I yield with thanks and protestations

Of endless honour to thee for her love.

Tamb. Then doubt I not but fair Zenocrate Will soon consent to satisfy us both.

Zeno. Else should I much forget myself, my

lord. Then let us set the crown upon her head,

That long hath ling'red for so high a sent.

Tech. My hand is ready to perform the deed;

For now her marriage-time shall work us rest. Usum. And here's the crown, my lord; help set it on.

Tamb. Then sit thou down, divino Zenocrate;

And here we crown thee Queen of Persia, And all the kingdoms and dominions That late the power of Tamburlaine subdu'd. That the the power of Tannumana and a As Juno, when the giants were suppress'd, That darted mountains at her brother Jove, to looks my love, shadowing in her brows Triumphs and trophies for my victories; Oras Latona's daughters, bent to arms, Adding more courage to my conquering mind.
To gratify the sweet Zenocrate,
Egyptians, Moors, and men of Asia,
From Barbary unto the western India, Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy sire; And from the bounds of Afric to the banks Of Ganges shall his mighty arm extend.

And now, my lords and loving followers,

That purchas'd kingdoms by your martial deeds,

Cast off your armour, put on scarlet robes, on Mount up your royal places of estate, Environed with troops of noblemen, And there make laws to rule your provinces. Hang up your weapons on Alcides' post, For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world. Thy first-betrothed love, Arabia, Shall we with honour, as beseems, entomb, With this great Turk and his fair Emperess. Then, after all these solemn exequies, We will our i rites of marriage solemniae. [Exeunt.]

1 Early odd. read our celebrated.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DR. FAUSTUS

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE POPE. CABITINAL OF LORBAIN. EMPEROR OF GERMANY. DURK OF VANHOLT. WASHITSON. VALUES and CORRELIUS, Priends to PAUSTUS WAUNER, Servant to FAUSTUS. ROBIN. RALPH. Vintner. Horse-Courser. Knight.

Enter CHORUS

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene, Where Mars did mate 1 the Carthaginians; Nor sporting in the dalliance of love, In courts of kings where state is overturn'd; Nor in the pomp of prond audacious deeds, Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse; Only this, gentlemen, — we must perform The form of Fanatus' fortunes, good or bad. To patient judgments we appeal our plaud, And speak for Fanatus in his infancy. Now is he born, his parents base of stock, In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes; Of riper years to Wittenberg he went, Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up-That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name, Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swollen with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His wazen wings, did mount above his reach,
And, melting, Heavens conspir'd his overthrow; For, falling to a devilish exercise, And glutted [now] with learning's golden gifts, He surferts upon cursed necromancy. Nothing so sweet as magic is to him, Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss. And this the man that in his study sits! Exit.

¹ Confound. But Hannibal was victorious at Lake Trasumennus, a c. 217.

For applause

2 Roda, in the Duchy of Sare-Altenburg, near Jens.

4 The garden of scholarship being adorned by him.

An allusion to the myth of Icarus, who flew too near

Scholars, Friars, and Attendants. DUCHESS OF VARHOLT. LUCIPER. BRIGARDIN. MECHISTOPHILLS. Good Angel. Rvil Angel. The Seven Deadly Sins. Devits. Spirits in the shape of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, of his Paramour, and of HELEN of TROY.

[SCENE I.]

Enter FAUBTUB in his Study

Faust. Settle my studies, Faustus, and begin To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess; Having commence'd, he a divine in show.
Yet level and at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, to thou hast ravish'd me,
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end? Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attain'd the end;
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit,
Bid or sai an or in farewell; Galen come,
Seeing Ubi desinit Philosophus, ibi incipit Medicus: 11

Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold, And be eternis'd for some wondrous cure. Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas, 1

The end of physic is our body's health." Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end? Yoy, Faustus, hast thou not retain u train at each of 1s not thy common talk sound Aphorisms? Are not thy bills 14 hung up as monuments, whole cities have escap'd the plague. And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd? Yet art thou still but Faustus and a man. Wouldst thou make men to live eternally,

7 Teach publicly.

Aim.
Logie

"Logic."
In This is Mr. Bullen's emendation of Q. Oncry macon, a corruption of the Aristotelian phrase for "being and not being."

If "Where the philosopher leaves off, there the physician begins."

aician begins. 13 This and the previous quotation are from Aristotle.
13 Medical maxima.

11 Aunouncements.

Or, being dead, raise them to life again? Then this profession were to be exteem'd. Physic, farewell. - Where is Justiman?

Reads. Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem res. &c.!

A pretty case of paltry legacies! [Reads.]

Ezharediture filium non potest puter nisi.

Such is the subject of the Institute and universal Body of the Law. lise study lits a mercenary drudge, Who aims at nothing but external trash; Too servile and illiberal for me. Too service and information is best;
When all is done, divinity is best;
Jerome's Bible, Faustus, view it well.
[Reads.]

Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! Stipendium,

"The reward of sin is death." That's hard. [Reads.] Si peccusase negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis

verities "If we say that we have no sin we deceive our-alvea, and there's no truth in us." Why then, balks we must sin and so consequently die.

Av. we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, Che sera sera,
"What will be shall be?" Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians
And necromantic books are heavenly;

Lines, circles, seenes, letters, and characters, of Av. these are those that Faustus most desires. O what a world of profit and delight, Of power, of honour, of omnipotence is promised to the studions arrisan!

All things that move between the quiet poles And the at my command. Emperors and kings Are but obeyed in their several provinces.

Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds; list his dominion that exceeds in this tretcheth as far as doth the mind of man.

ound magician is a mighty god:

-re, Faustus, try thy brains to gain a deity. Wagner!

Enter WAGNER.

Commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them carnestly to visit me.
Wag. I will, sir.
Fuest. Their conference will be a greater
help to me

Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL. 6. . lng. O Fanstus I lay that damned book

anite,

If one and the same thing is bequeathed to two

A faller cames disenserit the son except," etc.

* Excels. • Q_a, tire my.

The Valgate.

And gaze not upon it lest it tempt thy soul And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head. Nead, read the Scriptures: that is blasphemy.

E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous

art,

Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd: Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky, Lord and commander of these elements.

Excust Angels.)

Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please, Resolve me of all ambiguities. Perform what desperate enterprise I will? I'll have them fly to India for gold, Ransack the ocean for orient pearl, Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with [silk], Io Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad; I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring, And chase the Prince of Parma from our land, 11 And reign sole king of all the provinces; And reign sole king or all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
Than was the hery keel 2 at Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.
Come, German Valdes and Cornelius, And make me blest with your sage conference.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS, 12

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius, Know that your words have won me at the last To practise magic and concealed arts:
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object, for my head But ruminates on necromantic skill. Philosophy is odious and obscure, Borh law and physic are for petty wits; Divinity is basest of the three Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:
Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I that have with concise syllogisms Gravell'd the pastors of the German church, And made the flow ring pride of Wittenberg Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits On sweet Musseus, 14 when he came to hell, Will be as cunning as Agrippa was, Whose shadows made all Europe honour him. Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our

experience Shall make all nations to canonise us.

As Indian Moors 15 obey their Spanish lords, So shall the subjects 16 of every element

Demend. Dyce. Qq. ikill.

The Netherlands, over which Parma re-established the Spanish dominion.

A ship filled with explosives used to blow up a

22 A ship filled with explosives used to blow up a bridge built by Farma in 15% at the siege of Antwerp. 15 The famous Cornelius Agripps. German Valdes is not known.

10 Cf. Virgil, Ameid, vi. 667.

10 American Indiana.

24 Q4, spirits.

Be always serviceable to us three;

Like lions shall they guard us when we please; Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's

Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides; Sometimes like women or unwedded maids, Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows Than have the white breasts of the queen of love: From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learned Faustus will be resolute.
Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this

As thou to live; therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform

Will make thee yow to study nothing else. He that is grounded in astrology. Enrich'd with tongues, well seen 2 in minerals, Hath all the principles magic doth require. Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowm'd, And more frequented for this mystery Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle. The spirits tell me they can dry the sea, And fetch the treasure of all foreign wracks, Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid Within the massy entrails of the earth; Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three

want? Foust. Nothing, Cornelius! O this cheers my soul!

Come show me some demonstrations magical, That I may conjure in some lusty grove,

And have these joys in full possession.

100

1 ald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And hear wise Bacon's and Albanus's a works,

The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament; nd whatsoever else is requisite

We will inform there ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of

And then, all other ceremonies learn'd Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

ments.

And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and

after ment,

We'll canwars every quiddity thereof;
For one I sleep I'll try what I can do.
This night I'll conjure though I die therefore,

[Scene II.]

Enter two SCHOLARS.

1 Schol. I wonder what 's become of Faustus that was wont to make our schools ring with sic proto ? ?

1 Troopers. Garm. Reiters.

6 Roger Bacon.

o Perhapa Pietro d'Abano, a medieval alchemist; perhapa a misprint for Albertus (Maguus), the great

6 Fine quint.

Refore Faustin's House
 Thus I prove'' — a common formula in scholastic

2 Schol. That shall we know, for see here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER.

1 Schol. How now, sirrah! Where's thy master ?

master?

Way. God in heaven knows!

2 Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Way. Yes, I know. But that follows not.

1 Schol. Go to, sirrah! Leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Way. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiate, should stand upon 't: therefore, acknowledge your is error and he attentive.

error and be attentive.

2 Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou

2 Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knew'st?
Wag. Have you any witness on 't?
I Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.
Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.
2 Schol. Well, you will not tell us?
Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you; yet if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he corpus naturale? and is not that mobile? Then wherefore should le you ask me such a question? Itut that I am by nature phlegmntie, slow to wrath, and prone to you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place as of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hang'd the next sessions. Thus having triumph'd over you, I will set my countenance like a precision,? and begin to speak thus:

Truly, my dear heathern, my meeter is a it. Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear bre-

thren. Ext. & 1 Schol. Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into that damned Art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

2 Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he |s by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

1 Schol. O, I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

2 Schol. Yet let us try what we can do. Exempt.

[SCENE III.] 10

Enter FAUSTUS to conjure.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth

Longing to view Orion's drizzling look, Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the aky. And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath, Fanstus, begin thine incantations. And try if devils will obey thy heat, Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them. Within this circle is Jehovah's name,

o " Corpus naturale seu mobile is the current acholastic expression for the subject-matter of Physics."

10 A Grove.

· Puritan.

16

Forward and backward anagrammatis'd, The breviated names of holy saints, Figures of every adjunct to the Henvens, And characters of signs and erring stars,² By which the spirits are enfored to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the ultermost magic can perform.

Sint with Dei Acherontis proputit! Valent nu-

men triplex Jehovae! Ignei, aerii, aquatant gaertus, salvete! Orientis princepa Belzelub, ageras ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propot umus vos, ut apparent et surgat Mephisto- la philis. Quid tu moraris f Per Jehovam, Gehennone, the consecration again quain nune sparge, against a per volu antea, spare nune surgal nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!

Enter [MEPHISTOPHILIS] a Dovil.

charge thee to return and change thy shape; The art too ngly to attend on me. That holy shape becomes a devil best

Exit Devil. less there's virtue in my heavenly words; Who would not be proficient in this art? How plant is this Mephiatophilis, Pull of obedience and hunnlity ! much to the furce of magic and my spells.

Now.: Foustus, thou art conjures harvate, Thou caust command great Mephistophilis: Quan regra Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

Roomer Mermistophilis [like a Franciscan Frint].

Meph. Now. Faustus, what would'st thou have me do?

Fund. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,

To do whatever Faustus shall command, Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere, Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Mend. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave;
to more than he commands must we perform. 4
First Did he not charge thee to appear to

Menh No. I came hither of mine own accord. Fauxt. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak:

the? Speak: Mend. That was the cause, but yet per acci-

For when we hear one rack the name of God, At jure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ, at

Every star belonging to.

"Be proplices to me, gode of Acheron! May the ple detty of Jehovah prevail! Sprits of fire, sir, her, bail! Helzebub, Prince of the East, monarch of mer, hal? Helzebuth, Prime of the East, monarch of some sell, and Itemogorgen, we propitiate ye, that weight-phills may appear and rise. Why don't hou de-roll of the property of the holy water which a lapenside, and the sign of the creas which now I also, and by our prayer, may Mephistophills now sum-med by on arise!"

For it reed thou hast power in the image of thy other Maphistophills."

Date it nearestone.

· Twist in anagrams.

We fly in hope to get his glorious soul; Nor will we come, unless he use such means Whereby he is in danger to be danm'd; Therefore the shortest out for conjuring Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

Foust. So Faustus bath

Already done; and holds this principle, There is no chief but only Belzebub.

There is no chief but only Belzebub.

To whom Faustus doth dedicate binuself.
This word ''damnation '' terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium; 's
His ghost be with the old philosophers !
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls, so
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Math. Arch.regut and convenies of all

Meph. Arch-regent and communder of all

spirits.

Foust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of devils?

Meph. (), by aspiring pride and insolence; For which (sod threw him from the face of Heaven

Faust. And what are you that you live with Lucifer?

Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever dann'd with Lucifer,
Foust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out
of hell?

Meph. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it.

Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,
Am not termented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss? In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss? O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands,

Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.

Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so pas-

sionate? For being depriv'd of the joys of Heaven? Learn thou of Fanatus manly fortitude, And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess. Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer. Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity. Say he surrenders up to him his soul, So he will spare him four and twenty years, Letting him live in all voluptuousness; Having thee ever to attend on me; To give me whatsoever I shall ask, To tell me whatsoever I demand, To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends, And always be obedient to my will. And always be obedient to my will.

(to and return to mighty Lucifer.

And meet me in my study at midnight,

And then resolve" me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will. Faustus.

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,

I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.

By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,

Heaven and hell are indifferent to him.

Borrowful. Inform.

And make a bridge through the moving air, To pass the ocean with a band of men I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore, And make that [country] continent to Spain, And both contributory to my crown. The Emperor shall not live but by my leave, Nor any potentate of Germany. Now that I have obtain'd what I desire, I'll live in speculation of this art Till Mephistophilis return again. Exit.

(SCENE IV.)2

Enter WAGNEB and the CLOWN.

Wag. Sirrah, boy. come hither. Clown. How, boy! Swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts?

as I have, Boy, quoths!
Way. Tell me, sırrah, hast thou any comings

Clown. Ay, and goings out too. You may see

Wag. Alas, poor slave! See how poverty jest-eth in his nakedness! The villain is bare and foout of service, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder

would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.

Clown. How? My soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 't were blood-raw! [w. Not so, good friend. By 'r Lady, I had need have it well rousted and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wag. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee so like Qui mihi discipulus?

Wag. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and staves-

Clown. How, how, Knave's acre 16 Ay, I thought that was all the land his father left | 12 him. Do you hear? I would be sorry to rob you

of your living.

Wag. Sirrah, I say in stavesacre! Why, then,
belike if I were your man I should be full of vermin.

Wag. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the fice about thee into

familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces. So Clown. Do you hear, sir? You may save that labour; they are too familiar with me already. Swowns! they are as bold with my flosh as if they had paid for [their] meat and [so drink.

ink. Wug. Woll, do you hear, sirrah? Hold, take [Gives money.] these guilders

Cloum. Gridieous! what be they? Wag. Why, French crowns.

Closen, Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many Eng-

1 Study.

Beards cut to a sharp point (Fr. pic-ò-devant).

Dees points out that these are the first words of
W. Lilly "Ad decomputer coronic de morebur"

A kind of larkspur, used for destroying lice.

A mean street in London.

lish counters. And what should I do with

Wag. Why, now, sirrsh, thou art at an [se hour's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the Devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. No, no. Here, take your gridirons

Wag. Truly I'll none of them. Clown. Truly but you shall.

Wag. Bear witness I gave them him.
Clown. Bear witness I give them you again.
Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away — Baliol and Belcher.

Clown. Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knockt since they were devils. Say I should kill one of them, what would folks say?

"Do you see yonder tall fellow in the round slop?"—he has kill'd the devil." So I should be call'd Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two DEVILS: the Clown runs up and down crying.

Wag. Baliol and Belcher! Spirits,

Clown. What, are they gone? A vengeance on them, they have vile long nails! There is was a he-devil, and a she-devil! I'll tell you how you shall know them: all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has a life, and all she-devils has devile has all the devils has horns.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. But, do you hear—if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios [" and Belcheoa?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to any. thing; to a dog, or a cut, or a mouse, or a rat,

thing; to a dog, or a cut, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

Clown. How! a Christian fellow to a dog or a cut, a monse or a rat! No, no, sir. If you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisky flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere. Oh, I'll tickle a the pretty wenches' plackets; I'll be amongst them, i' faith.

Wig. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner?

Wog. How! — Baliol and Beleher!

Clown. O Lord! I pray, sir, let Bunio and

Clown. O Lord! I pray, sir, let Bunio and

Belcher go sleep.

Wag. Villain — call me Master Wagner, and Wag. Villain—call me manus. let thy left eye be diametarily fixt upon my let thy left eye be diametarily fixt upon my let thy left eye be diametarily fixt upon my let the manus.

Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch [stian. Well, I'll follow him, I'll serve him. fustian. W

[SCRNE V.]

Enter FAUSTUS in his study.

Faust. Now, Faustus, must Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:

What boots it then to think of God or Heaven? Away with such vain fancies, and despair:

Short wide breeches. • For diametrically. • "As if to tread in my tracks."

Despair in God, and trust in Belzebuh. Now go not backward no, Faustus, be resolute. Why waverest thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL [ANGEL]

6. Any. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable

art.
Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance! What
of them?

(). .ing. (), they are means to bring thes unto Heaven.

E. . lag. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy, That makes men foolish that do trust them

G. Jay. Sweet Paustus, think of Heaven, and

heavenly things. 20
Any. No. Faustus, think of honour and of wealth. Exeunt [ANGELS.] Excunt [ANGELS.]

What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou

Cast no more doubts. Come, Mephistophilis, And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer; -Le 't not midnight?' Come, Mephistophilis; Vent, cent, Mephistophile!

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me, what says Lucifer thy lord? 20 Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst

Faux. Already Faustus hath hazarded that

for thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it moleumly.

And write a deed of gift with thine own blood,

For that scentty craves great Lucifer.

If thou dany it. I will back to hell.

Faust Stay, Mephistophilis I and tell me what

good

Will my soul do thy lord. Enlarge his kingdom. Fand. Is that the reason why he tempts us

Meph Solamen miseris socios habuisse dolo-

Faus. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Meph. As great as have the buman souls of

But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?

And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,

And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Foust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee, Meph. Then Faustus, stab thine arm courageously.

And bind thy soul that at some certain day Great Lucifor may claim it as his own; And then be thou as great as Lucifer

Faust. [stabbing his arm.] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,

I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's. Chief lord and regent of perpetual night! arm.

And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must

Write it in manner of a deed of gift,

Faust. Ay, so I will. [Writes.] But, Mephistophilis,

My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it

straight.

Exit.

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?

portena?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not that I may write afresh?
Why streams it not that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul. Ah, there it stay'd,
Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine 11WH 2

Then write again, Fauntus gives to thee his soul. Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILEs with a chafer of coals.

Meph. Here's fire. Come, Faustus, set it on. Faust. So now the blood begins to clear

Now will I make an end immediately, [Writes.] Meph. O what will not I do to obtain his soul. [Aside.] Faust. Consummatum est: 8 this bill is ended

And Faustus bath bequeath'd his soul to Luci-

But what is this inscription on mine arm? Homo, fugr! Whither should I fly? If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell,

My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—
I see it plain; here in this place is writ

Homo, fuge! Yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his

mind.

Re-enter [MKPHISTOPHILIS] with Devila, giving crowns and rich apparel to FAUSTUS, and dance, and then depart.

Faud. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show? Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy

mind withal,

And to show thee what magic can perform. Fourt. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Fanstus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand

souls. Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll, A deed of gift of body and of soul:

2 " It is finished." 4 " Mau, fly ! "

¹ Ernden, near the mouth of the river Ems, was an apparant commercial town in Klizabethan times.

3 "Misery loves company."

But yet conditionally that thou perform All articles prescrib'd between us both. M. ph. Foustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer

Fourt, Then hear me read them: On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may | 16 conditions following. First, that Faustus may to be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilin shall do for him and bring him whatsower he destree!, Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or jum house investible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape sower he pleases. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Dietor, by these presents do give both body and said to Lawfer, Prince of the East, [400 and his minister, Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto the m, that twenty-four years being it. prant unto the m, that twenty-four years being ex-pired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fitch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their ino habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus. Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed? grant unto them, that twenty-four years being ex

Fand. Ay, take it, and the Devil give thee good on t.

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt. us Faust. First will I question with theenbout hell.

Talk. First will question with the about her Tell me where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay. but whereabout?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements, Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever; 100 Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd In one self place; for where we are is hell, And where hell is there must we ever he:

And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves, And every creature shall be purified, And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be held that is not Heaven.
Faust. Come, I think hell's a fable.
Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.
Faust. Why, think'st thou then that Faustus shall be danne'd?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the seroll Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Ay, and body too; but what of that? Think'st thou that Faustus is so foud 1 to innsgine

That, after this life, there is any pain? Tush; these are trifles, and mere old wives'

tales. Meph. But, Fanstus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,

For I am demned, and am now in hell.
Faust. How! now in hell!

Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd

What? walking, disputing, &c.? But, leaving off this, let me have a wife, The fairest maid in Germany;

For I am wanton and laseivious. And cannot live without a wife.

Meph. How - a wife?

I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

1 Foolish.

100

Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one, for I will have one. Meph. Well - thou wilt have one. Sit there

till I come :

I'll fetch thee a wife in the Devil's name.

Re-enter Merhistorhills with a Devil dressed like a woman, with fireworks.

Meph. Tell [me,] Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Faust. A plague on her for a hot whore!
Meph. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;

And if thou lovest me, think no more of it. I'll cull thee out the fairest courteaus, And bring them every morning to thy bed; She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall

have, Be she as chaste as was Penelope, As wise as Saba, 2 or as beautiful As was bright Lucifer before his fall. Here, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:

[Gives a book.] The iterating 3 of these lines brings gold; The framing of this circle on the ground

Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,

And men in armour shall appear to thee,

Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis; yet fain
would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise | 100 up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are, in this book.

Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions and (1.3) dispositions.

M.ph. Here they are too. Turns to them Faust. Nay, let me have one book more, — and then I have done, — wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon its the earth.

M. ph. Here they be.
Faust. O, thou art deceived.
M.ph. Tut, I warrant thee. Turns to them. [Ercunt.]

ISCENE VI.4

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,

And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,

Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

M. ph. Why. Frustos.

Thinkest thou Heaven is such a glorious thing?

I tell there 't is not half so fair as thou. Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How provest thou that?
Meph. 'T was made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

1 Repeating. 1 The Queen of Sheha. 4 The mme.

If it were made for man, 't was made oupee this magic and repent, GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL. o. Faustua, repent; yet God will pity y. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity Who buzzeth in mine cars I am a drit? Escunt [ANGELS.] My hourt's so hard'ned I cannot rent. In I name salvation, faith, or heaven, rul echoes thunder in mine cars % thou art damn'd!" Then swords d knives, tun, halters, and envenom'd steel before me to despatch myself, ere this I should have slam myself, sweet pleasure conque'd deep despair, not made blind Homer sing to me not made blind Homer sing to me
ander's love and Uhon's death?
In not be that built the walls of Thebes
rishing sound of his melodious harp,
usic with my Mephistophilis?

puld I die then, or basely despair?

lev'd. Faustus shall ne'er repent,
thephistophilis, let us dispute again, ne of divine astrology. are there many heavens above the elestial bodies but one globe, substance of this centric earth?

rminino is term'd the world's wide pole; the names of Saturn, Mara, or Jupiter but are erring stars.
Lint tell me, have they all one motion,

As are the elements, such are the

folded in each other's orb,

ly move upon one axletre

All jointly move from east to west in our hours upon the poles of the world;
y in their motion upon the poles of the

uder trifles Wagner can decide; ohnstophilis no greater skill? is tinish'd in a natural day;

and thus: as Saturn in thirty years; htwelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, year; in a year; the moon in twentyat tell me, bath every sphere a domin-AT.

" In direction and in time?"

Faust. How many heavens, or spheres, are there?

Meph. Nine: the seven planets, the firma-

ment, and the empyreal heaven,
Faust. Well, resolve me in this question: Why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

Meph. Per inequalem motum respecta totrus, 2
Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world.

Meph. I will not.
Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.
Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.
Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me anything?

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art

damn'd. Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made

the world.

Meph. Remember this. Faust. Ay, go, accurred spirit, to ugly hell.
'T is thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul.

Is't not too late? Re-enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

E. Ang. Too late.
G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.
E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tour thee

G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

Ereunt [ANGELS.] Faust. Ah, Christ, my Saviour, Seek to save distressed Faustus' soul.

Enter LUCIPER, BELZERUB, and MEPHISTO-PHILLS.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is

There some but I have interest in the same. Faust. O, who art thou that look's tso terrible?
Luc. I am Lucifer,

And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faust. O Faustus! they are come to fatch

away thy soul!

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ contrary to thy promise;
Thou should'st not think of God: think of the Devil,

And of his dam, too.

Faust. Nor will I benceforth: pardon me in this,

And Faustus vows never to look to Heaven, Never to name God, or to pray to him, To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers. And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee post some pastime. Sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

^{1 &}quot;On account of their unequal motion in relation to the whole."

Faunt. That sight will be pleasing unto me, An Puradise was to Adam the first day Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation, but mark this show, talk of the Devil, and nothing else. - Come away!

Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several

names and dispositions.

Foust. What art thon — the first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea: I can [10] creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon her brow; or like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed I do — what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except the [12] ground were perfum'd, and covered with cloth

of arras.

Faust. What art thou — the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old

and honthern bug; and might I [us churl in an old leathern bag; and might I [100 have my wish I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turn'd to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. O, my sweet gold.

Finest. What art thou - the third?

Wrath I am Wrath. I had neither father

nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half an hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case 1 of rapiers wounding myself when I [160 had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. What art thou - the fourth? Ency. I am Ency, begotten of a chim- [us ney sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a formine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou [we should at see how fat I would be. But must thou sit and I stand! Come down with a vengeance!

Figure. Away, envious rascal! What art thou

— the fifth?

Glut. Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My [as parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meds a day and ten bevers?— a small protrifle to suffice nature. U, I come of a royal parentage! My grandfather was a Gammon [100 of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickleherring, and Martin Martlemas-beef. SO, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well beloved in every good town and [18] effy; her name was Mistress Margery Marchbeer. Now. Fanctus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt then bid me to supper? Fanst. No. I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat

up all my victuals.

! Refreshments between meals. Machines or Martinian was "the customary time for hanging up provisions to dry which had been saited for the winter " (Nates) Glut. Then the Devil choke thee Faust. Choke thyself, glutton! Who art thou

the sixth?

Sloth, I am Sloth, I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and ha you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the

seventh and last?

Lech. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stockfish; and the first letter of my name begins with Lechery.

Luc. Away to hell, to hell ! (Exeunt the SINA) Now, Faustus, how dost than like this? Faust, O, this feeds my soul!

Faust. O, this feeds my soun! Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of

Faust. O might I see hell, and return again. How happy were I then!

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at mid-

night.

In meantime take this book; peruse it throughly, And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the Luc. Fa. Devil.

Foust. Farewell, great Lucifer! Come, Mephistophilis.

Exernt owner.

Enter WAGNEB. 4

Wagner. Learned Faustus, To know the secrets of astronom; Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament, Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top, Being seated in a chariot burning bright, Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks. He now is gone to prove cosmography, And, as I guess, will first arrive at Kome, To see the Pope and manner of his court, And take some part of holy Peter's foust, That to this day is highly solemnis'd.

[SCENE VII.]6

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILLS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis, Past with delight the stately town of Trier, Environ'd round with airy mountain-top With walls of flint, and deep entrenched lakes. Not to be won by any conquering prince; From Paris next, coasting the realm of France, We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine, Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines; Then up to Naples, rich Campania, Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye, w The streets straight forth, and pav'd finest brick

Quarter the town in four equivalents.

Later edd, give this speech to Chorus.

The Pope's Privy-chamber.

Treves.

There saw we learned Maro's 1 golden tomb, The way he cut, an English mile in length, Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space; if From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest, In one of which a sumptuous temple stands, That threats the stars with her aspiring top, Thus hitherto has Faustus spent his time:
But tell me, now, what resting-place is this? **
Hast thou, as erst I did command, Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. Faustus, I have; and because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up 2 his

Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

Fasst. Ihope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 'tis no matter, man, we'll be bold with his good cheer. And now, my Fanstus, that thou may'st per-

caive

What Rome containsth to delight thee with, so Know that this city stands upon seven hills That underprop the groundwork of the same.
[Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's

stream, With winding banks that cut it in two parts: Over the which four stately bridges lean.

That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge call'd Ponto Angelo Erected is a castle passing strong, Within whose walls such store of ordnance are. And double cannons, fram'd of carved brass, so As match the days within one complete year; Besides the gates and high pyramides

Which Julius Cosar brought from Africa Faust. Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule, Of Styz, of Acheron, and the fiery lake Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear That I do long to see the monuments

And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come therefore, let's away.
Meph. Nay, Fanatus, stay; I know you'd fain
see the Pope,

and take some part of holy Peter's feast, Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars, Whose summum bonum is in belly-cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass then

some spor

And by their folly make us merriment. Then charm me, [Mephistophilis,] that I May be invisible, to do what I please Useen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS charms him.] Meph. So, Faustus, now so Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Sound a sennet. Enter the POPE and the CAR-MNAL of LORBAIN to the banquet, with FRIARS attending.

Pope. My Lord of Lorrain, wilt please you draw near?

Fouct. Fall to, and the devil choke you and
you spare!

1 Virgil, who was reputed a magician in the Middle km, was buried at Naples. 2 Engaged. 3 4 A particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, 2 Minust from a flourish." (Nares.)

Pope. How now! Who's that which spake? - Friars, look about.

1 Friar. Here's nobody, if it like your Holi-

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir. Snatches it.

Pope. How now! Who's that which snatch'd
the meat from me? Will no man look? My [ex-Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal

of Florence.

Faust. You say true; I'll ha't. [Snatches it.]

Pope. What, again! My lord, I'll drink to your Grace

Faust. I'll pledge your Grace.

[Snatches the cup.] C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

Pope. It may be so. Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost. Once again, my so lord, fall to.

The Pope crosseth himself. lord, fall to. The POPE crosseth himse. Faust. What, are you crossing of yourself?

Well, use that trick no more I would advise you. [The POPE] crosses [himself] again. Well, there's the second time. Aware the third,

I give you fair warning [The POPE] crosses [himself] again, and FAUSTUS hits him a box of the

ear; and they all run away Come on, Mephistophilis, what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not. We shall be curs'd

with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. How!bell, book, and candle.—candle.

book, and bell. Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell!

Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray, Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the FRIARS to sing the Dirge.

1 Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

They sing:

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness; meat from the table! Maledicat Dominus! Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! Maledicat Dominus! Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! Maledicat Dominus! Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge!

Maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine!

Maledicat Dominus! Et omnes sancti! Amen!

> [MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS] beat the FRIARS, and fling fireworks among them: and so exeunt.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings, 100

^{5 &}quot; May the Lord curse him." 6 "And all the minte."

He stay'd his course, and so returned home; Where such as bear his absence but with grief, mean his friends, and near'st companious, Did gratulate his safety with kind words, And in their conference of what befell. Touching his journey through the world and air, They put forth questions of Astrology. Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skill, As they admir'd and wond'red at his wit Now is his fame spread forth in every land; 110 Amongst the rest the Emperor is one, Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen. What there he did in trial of his art, I leave untold - your eyes shall see perform'd. Exit.

[SCENE VIII.] 1

Enter ROBIN the Ostler with a book in his hand.

Robin. O, this is admirable! here I ha'stolen one of Dr. Faustus, conjuring books, and i' faith I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, stark naked is before me; and so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet.

Enter RALPH calling ROBIN.

Ralph. Robin, prithee come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubb'd and made clean. [10] He keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she hassent me to look thee out. Prithee

it; and she has sent me to look thee out. Prithee come away.

Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up; you are dismemb'red, Ralph: keep [15 out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Robin. Come, what dost thou with that same book? Thou canst not read.

Robin. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she [25 for her private study; she 's boru to bear with me, or else my art fails.

Ralph. Why. Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! Why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented

able book for conjuring that e'er was invented

by any brimstone devil.

Ralph. Caust thou conjure with it?
Robin. I can do all these things easily with it: first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras 2 at any tabern in Europe for nothing; that's one

any tabera in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

Rolph. Our Master Parson says that 's nothing. Robin. True, Ralph; and more, Ralph; if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchenmaid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use so as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Ralph. O brave Robin, shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horsebrend as long as the lives of free cost.

he lives, of free cost.

Robin. No more, sweet Ralph: let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the Devil's mame.

1 An Inn-yard.

7 Wine mixed with augar and spices.

SCRNE IX.1

Enter ROBIN and RALPH with a silver poblet.

Robin. Come, Ralph, did not I tell thee we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? Ecce signum, here's a simple purchase' for horsekeepers; our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Enter the VINTNER.

Ralph. But, Robin, here comes the vintaer, Robin. Hush! I'll gull him supernaturally. Drawer, I hope all is paid: God be with you. Come, Ralph.

Vint. Soft, sir; a word with you. I must be yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

Kobin. I, a goblet. Ralph; I, a goblet! I scorn you, and you are but a sec. I, a goblet!

search me.

Vint. I mean so, sir, with your factour. [Searches him.]

Robin. How say you now? Vint. I must say somewhat to your fellow. You, sir!

Rulph. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [VINTNER searches him.] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden houest men with a matter [a of truth.

Vint. Well, t' one of you hath this goblet

about you

about you.

Robin. [Aside.] You lie, drawer, 't is afore [**
me. Sirrah you, I'll teach ye to impeach
honest men; stand by; - I'll scour you for a
goblet! - stand aside you had best, I charge
you in the name of Belzebub. Look to the
goblet, Ralph.

Link What room you girstly?

you in the name of Belzebub, Look to the goblet, Ralph.

Vint. What mean you, sirrah?

Robin. I'll tell you what I mean. Reads

from a book.! Sanctobulorum, Periphrastscon

Nay, I'll tickle you, vintuer. Look to the goblet, Ralph.

Aside to RALPH. Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostrolos tastu, Mephistophilis, &c.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, sets squibs at their backs, [and then exit]. They run about.

Vint. O nomine Domini? what meanest thou, Robin? Thou hast no goblet.

Ralph. Peccatum precaturum ! Here's ["

thy goblet, good vintuer.

[Greeth goblet to Vintuer, who exit.]

Robin. Misericardia pro nobis! What shall
I do? Good Devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Re-enter to them MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Meph. Monarch of hell, under whose black BUTTER

Great potentates do kneel with awful feat, pon whose altars thousand souls do lie, How am I vexed with these villains' charms? From Constantinople am I bither come Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

The abuse was left to the actor's inventiveness.
"In the name of the Lord."
"Sin of sina."
"Mercy on

" Mercy on us."

Roses. How from Constantinople? You have had a great journey. Will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and begone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption, as I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a

dog and so begone.

Robin. How, into an ape? That 's brave! I'll have time sport with the boys. I'll get nuts and

Raph. And I must be a dog. Exeunt. the puttage pot.

[Scene X.]

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, and a KNIGHT with attendants.

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard trange report of thy knowledge in the black at, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare described in agic; they say thou hast a familiar is cause, by whom thou caust accomplish what there list. Thus, therefore, is my request, that there let me see some proof of thy skill, that make eyes may be witnesses to confirm what may cars have heard reported; and here I 100 rear to thee by the honour of mine imperial rown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be on ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Namelt. I faith he looks much like a con-

Frant. My gracious sovereign, though I must suffee my self far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable? to the mour of your imperial majesty, yet for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am con- po n: to do whatsoever your majesty shall com-

Lap. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say. le I was sometime solitary set Within my closet, sindry thoughts arose to they had won by prowess such exploits, at an b riches subdued so many kingdoms, by the that do succeed, or they that shall dered for presents our throne, shall I fear mer to be attain to that degree thich renown and great authority; mong a which kings is Alexander the Great, hard spectacle of the world's pre-eminence, he bright shining of whose glorious acts and exhaus the world with his reflecting beams, to when I heard but notion made of him, it greens my sail I nover saw the man. The lise this man from hollow vaults below, had bring with him his beauteous paramour, is in their right shapes, gesture, and attire bey us'd to wear during their time of life, And give me course to praise thee whilst I live.

· To Court of the Emperor. Proportionate.

Faust. My gracious lord. I am ready to accomplish your request so far forth as by art, and power of my Spirit, I am able to per-

Knight. I' faith that's just nothing at all.

Fourt. But, if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. Ay, marry. Master Doctor, now there is a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the troth. Aside.

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your Grace in that manner that they best [a liv'd in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your im-

perial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor, let me see them

presently.

Knight. Do you hear, Master Dector? You bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

aust. How then, sir? Knight. I' faith that 's as true as Diana turu'd

me to a stag!

me to a stag!

Faust. No, sir, but when Actseon died, he left the horns for you. Mephistophilis, because Exit Markos reputates. [n Knight. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll be-

Esil. Foust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so. Here they are, my gracious

Re-enter MERHISTOPHILLS with [Spinits in the shape of ALEXANDER and his PARAMOUR.

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she liv'd had a wart or mole in her neck; how shall I know whether it be so or no?

Faust. Your Highness may boldly go and see. Errunt [Spirits.]

Emp. Sure these are no spirits, but the [se true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes.

Foust. Will't please your Highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

Emp. One of you call him forth. [Exit Attendant.]

Re-enter the KNIGHT with a pair of horns on his head.

How now, sir knight! why I had thought thou had'st been a backelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head.

Knight. Thou damned wretch and execrable dog. Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock, How darest than thus abuse a gentleman?

Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done ! Faust. O, not so fast, sir; there 's no haste; for but, good, are you rememb'red how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I

think I have met with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty re-

lease him; he hath done penance sufficient. [100 Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he off'red me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; [125] which, being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horas: and, air knight, hereafter speak well of scholars. Mephistophilis, transform him straight. [MEPHISTOPHILIS removes the horas.] Now, my good lord, having done my duty I humbly take my leave.

Emp. Farewell, Master Doctor; yet, ore you go,

Expect from me a bounteous reward. Exeunt.

[SCENE XI.]1

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course

That Time doth run with calm and silent foot, Short ning my days and thread of vital life, Calls for the payment of my latest years; Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wittenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horseback or on

foot?

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green, I'll walk on foot.

Enter a HORSE-COURSER.

Horse-C. I have been all this day seeking [10 one Master Fustian: mass, see where he is! God save you, Master Poetor!
Faust. What, horse-courser! You are well

Horse-C. Do you hear, sir? I have brought [18

you forty dollars for your horse.

Found. I cannot sell him so: if thou likest him

for fifty, take him, Horse-C. Alas, sir, I have no more. - I pray

you speak for me.

Meph. I pray you let him have him; he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Faust. Well, come, give me your money. [Horse-Courser gives Faustus the money.] 11 My hoy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water at any hand.

Horse-C. Why, sir, will he not drink of all

waters?

Foust. O yes, he will drink of all waters, but ride him not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Horse-C. Well, sir. - Now I am made man [st forever I'll not leave my horse for forty. If he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I 'd make a brave living on him: he has a buttock as dick as an ed. 'Aside.' Well, God b' wi'ye, sir, your boy will deliver him me: but for hark ye, sir; if my horse be sick or ill atense, if I bring his water to you, you'll tell me what it is?

Exit Horse-Courses.

1 A Green; afterwards, the house of Faustus.

Faust. Away, you villain; what, dost think I am a horse-ductor? What art thou, Faustus, but a man con-

demn'd to die?

Thy fatal time doth draw to final end Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts: Confound these passions with a quiet sleep.
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the cross; Then rest thee, Fanstus, quiet in concert.

Sleeps in his chair. Re-enter HORSE-COURSER, all wet, crying.

Horse-C. Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian, quotha? Mass, Doctor Lopus? was never such a doctor. His given me a purpation has purp dime of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water. Now I, thinking my horse had bed some rare quality that he would not have had me known of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep good at the town's end. I was jon sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanish'd away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my Doctor, and have my forty dollars. Mass, Doctor Lopus? was never such a doctor.

neek out my Doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse! - [= O, youder is his snipper-snapper, - Do you hear? You bey-pass, where 's your master? Meph. Why, sir, what would you? You can-

Meph. Why, he's fast asleep. Come some

other time.

Horse-C. [7]] speak with him now, or I'll break his glass windows about his cars.

Meph. I tell thee he has not slept this [7].

eight nights.

Horse-C. An he have not slept this eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

Meph. See where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-C. Ay, this is he, God save you, Marter Doctor! Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fus-

tian! - Forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

or may!

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-C. So ho, ho!—so ho, ho! Hollowin points ear.) No, will you not wake? I'll neaks you wake ere I go. (Pulls FAUSTUS by the leg. and pulls it away.) Alas, I am undone! What shall I do? do?

Faust. O my leg, my leg! Help, Mephisto-[philis! call the officers. My leg, my leg!

philis? call the omeers. My leg, my leg !

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-C. O lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give
you forty dollars more.

Meph. Where be they?

Horse-C. I have none about me. Come to my
ostry and I'll give them you.

Meph. Begone quickly.
House-Courser runs away.
Faust, What, is he gone? Farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the horse-courses,

³ Dr Lopez, physician to Queen Elizabeth, hanged in 1694 on the charge of conspiring to polson the Queen ¹ A jugaler's term, like "presto, dy" "Hence applied to the jugaler himself. (Bullen.) ² Dim.

a bottle of hay for his labour. Well, shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter WAGNER.

w. Wagner, what's the news with

Bir, the Duke of Vanholt doth ear- [100

The Duke of Varbolt ! an honourable n, to whom I must be no niggard of lug. Come, Mephistophilis, let's away Exeunt. 110

(SCENE XII.)1

DURE [of VANHOLT], the DUCHESS, AUSTUS, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

Believe me, Master Doctor, this mer-

th much pleased me.

My gracious lord, I am glad it contents all. - But it may be, madam, you take it in this. I have heard that grent-[s hat is it, madam? Tell me, and you

Thanks, good Master Doctor; and your courteous intent to pleasure [10] I not hide from you the thing my heart and were it now summer, as it is Jan-the dead time of the winter, I would

better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Alas, ruadam, that's nothing last ophilis, begone. (Ext MEPHISTOPHISTER It a greater thing than this, so it intent you, you should have it.

ber Merbistorings with the grapes.

be, madam ; wilt please you taste on

Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes her above the rest, that being in the se of winter, and in the mouth of Janu-

If it like your Grace, the year is [24] into two circles over the whole world, then it is here winter with us, in the circle it is summer with them, as in about and further countries in the East; ern brought hither, as ye see. - How the them, madam; be they good?

. Believe me, Master Doctor, they

t grapes that I e'er tasted in my life

I am glad they content you so, madam. Come, madam, let us in, where you record this borned man for the great he hath show'd to you.

And so I will, my lord; and [40 live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

I humbly thank your Grace, Come, Master Doctor, follow as and Exeunt.

The Court of the Duke of Vanholt.

(SCENE XIII.)2 Enter WAGNER, solus.

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly, For he hath given to me all his goods; And yet, methinks, if that death were near, He would not banquet and carouse and swill Amongst the students, as even now he doth, Who are at supper with such belly-cheer As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.

See where they come! Belike the feast is ended. Enter FAUSTUS, with two or three SCHOLARS and MERHISTOPHILLS.

1 Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the [10 beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, in whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think corselves much beholding unto you.

Finist. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeigned,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny The just requests of those that wish him well, You shall behold that peerless dame of Groece,

No otherways for pomp and majosty Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,

And brought the spoils to rich Dardmin.

Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

Music sounds, and Helen passeth

over the stage.

2 Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise, Whom all the world admires for majesty. 3 Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd

With ten years' war the rape of such a queen, =

Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

1 Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,

And only paragon of excellence,

Enter an OLD MAN.

Let us depart; and for this glorious deed Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

Faustus. Gentlemen, farewell - the same I

wish to you.

Exeunt Scholars [and Wagner]. Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail

To guide thy steps unto the way of life, By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal That shall conduct these to celestial rest! Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears, Tears falling from repentant heaviness Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness

The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins

As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt,
Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch,
what hast thou done?

Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!

3 A room in the house of Faustus.

Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice Says "Faustus I come! thine hour is [almost] COTHE!

And Faustus (naw) will come to do thee right.

MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dayger.

Old Man. Ah stay, good Faustus, stay thy
desperate steps!

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head, And, with a vial full of precious grace, Offers to pour the same into thy soul: Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust, Ah, my sweet friend, I feel Thy words do comfort my distressed soul. Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy

cheer. Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [Exit.] Fanst. Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now? I do repent; and yet I do despair; Hell strives with grace for conquest in my

breast: What shall I do to shun the snares of death? Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul For disobedience to my sovereign lord; Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh. ** Frust, Sweet M. phistophilis, entreat thy lord

To pardon my unjust presumption, And with my blood again I will confirm My former yow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it now then quickly, with unfeigned heart,

Lest danger do attend thy drift.

[Faustus stubs his arm and writes on a paper with his blood.] Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age,1

That durst dissuade me from my Lucifer, With greatest terments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great, I cannot touch his

But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee.

To glut the longing of my heart's desire, -That I might have unto my paramour That heavenly Helen, which I saw of Inte, Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean These thoughts that do dissuade me from my

And keep mine gath I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Faustus, this or what else thou shalt desire

Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a

thousand ships, And burnt the topless 2 towers of Ilium? Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. Kissisher.

Her lips suck 8 forth my soul; see where it Ajes ! -Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.

1 Old Man.

2 Unsurpassed in height.

8 Qqt-s read suches.

Here will I dwell, for Heaven be in these lips, And all is dross that is not Helena,

Enter OLD MAN.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee, Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack d; And I will combat with weak Menelaus, And wear thy colours on my plumed crest; Yen, I will wound Achilles in the heel, And then return to Helen for a kiss. Oh, thou art fairer than the evening nir Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars; Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter When he appear'd to hapless Semele: More levely than the monarch of the sky In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms: And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Old Man. Accursed Faustus, miserable man.
That from thy soul excludest the grace of
Heaven,

And fly st the throne of his tribunal sent!

Enter DEVILS.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride: As in this furnace God shall try my faith, My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over the Ambitious fiends I see how the heavens smiles At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorn; Hence, hell ! for hence I fly unto my God

[SCENE XIV.]4

Enter FAUSTUS with the SCHOLARS.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!
1 Schol. What ails Faustus?
Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not, comes he # not?

2 Schol. What means Faustus? 3 Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness

by being over solitary.

1 Schol. If it he so, we'll have physicinus to | u cure him. 'T is but a surfeit. Never fear man.

cure him. 'I is but a surfeit. Never fear man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin that bath
dann'd both body and soul.

2 Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

Foust. But Faustus offences can never be
pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may
be say d, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear
me with patience, and tremble upt at my
speeches! Though my heart pants and quiv [ers to remember that I have been a student here
these thirty wars oh would I had never these thirty years, oh, would I had never seem Wittenberg, never read book! And what woulders I have done, all Germany can witness, rea. the world; for which Faustus buth lost both (a Germany and the world, yea Heaven itself, Heaven the riminy and the world, yet throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in helt for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends what shall become of Faustus being in hell for

4 The same.

t, Faustus, call on God. God, whom Faustus hath abjur'd! Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, ald weep, but the Devil draws (which has forth blood instead of tears! soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! ap my hands, but see, they hold old them!

FRUSTUS ? afer and Mephistophilis. Ah, cave them my soul for my cun-

forbade it indeed; but Faustus [40 For vain pleasure of twenty-four ustus lost eternal joy and felicity.

a bill with mine own blood: the

it; the time will come, and he will

did not Faustus tell us of this behave I thought to have done so; threat ned to tear me in pieces if to fetch both body and soul if I (as so divinity: and now 't is too late. way ! lest you perish with me, what shall we do to save Faustus? not of me, but save yourselves,

I will strengthen me. I will stay

apt not God, sweet friend; but let tt room, and there pray for him. ever ye hear, come not unto me, n rescue me,

y thou, and we will pray that God s upon thee.

tlemen, farewell! If I live till [refisit you: if not - Faustus is gone

, farewell! The clock strikes eleven.

a but one bare hour to live. must be damn'd perpetually? my cease, and midnight never

ye, rise, rise again and make ich, a week, a natural day, may repent and save his soul! still, 2 time runs, the clock will

ill come, and Faustus must be to my God! Who pulls me down? Thrist's blood streams in the fir-

I wave my soul - half a drop : ah,

softly, horses of the night." - Orid's

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!

Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer!— Where is it now? 'T is gone; and see where God Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!

Mountain and hills come, come and fall on me, And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!

No I no ! Then will I headlong run into the earth; Earth gape! O no, it will not harbour me! You stars that reign'd at my nativity, Whose influence bath allotted douth and holl,

Now draw up Faustus like a forcy mist
Into the entrails of you labouring clouds,
That when they womit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from their smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to Heaven.

The watch strikes [the half hour].
Ah, half the hour is past! 'T will all be past

anon ! O God!

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul, Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransom'd

Impose some end to my incessant pain; Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!

O, no end is limited to damned souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis! were that

This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd Unto some brutish beast! All beasts are happy, For, when they die.

Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements; But mine must live, still to be plagu'd in hell.

Out the must live, still to be plaged in hell. Curst be the parents that engend red me! No. Faustus: curse thyself: curse Lucifer That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of Heaven. The clock steiketh twelve. O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air. Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

Thunder and lightning.

O sonl, be chang'd juto little water-drops, And fall into the ocean — ne'er be found. My God! my God! look not so fierce on me!

Enter DEVILS.

Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
L'Il burn my books!— Ah Mephistophilis!
Exemnt [Devils with Faustus.]

Enter CHORUS.

[Cho.] Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight.

And burned is Apollo's laurel bough.
That sometimes grew within this learned man.
Enustus is gone; regard his hellish full,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise Only to wonder at unlawful things, Whose deepness doth entice such forward with

To practise more than heavenly power permits. [Exit.] Terminal hora diem, terminal author opus,



THE JEW OF MALTA

BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Bananas, a wealthy Jew.
Finness. Governor of Malta.
Furnish. Governor of Malta.
Furnish. Son. Son.
Sulla Califfature. Son of the Grand Seignior.
Rust—3 rus. Esco., Vice-diminal of Spain.
Furnish. Son. Sector Service.
Furnish.
Friars.
Sulla Josean a Bully.
Furnish.
Furnish.

Three Jews.
Knights, Bassoes, Officers, Reader, Guard,
Messengers, Slaves, and Carpenters.

KATHERINE, mother of MATHIAS. ABIGAIL, Daughter of BARAHAS. BELLAMIRA, a Courtesan. Abbess. Two Nuns.

MACHIAVEL, Speaker of the Prologue.

[Ezit.] .

SCHME. - Malta.]

[THE PROLOGUE.]

MACHIAVEL.

Albert the world think Machiavel is dead,
Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps,
And, now the Guise¹ is dead, is come from France
To view this land and frolic with his friends.
To some perhaps my name is odious,
But such as love me guard me from their tongues;
And let them know that I am Machiavel,
And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
Admir'd I am of those that hate me most.
Though some speak openly against my books,
Yet will they read me, and thereby attain
To Peter's chair; and when they cust me off,
Are poison'd by my climbing followers.
I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.
"Birds of the air will tell of murders past!"
I am asham'd to hear such fooleries.
Many will talk of title to a crown:
What right had Cæsar to the empery?
Might first made kings, and laws were then most sure
When, like the Draco's, they were writ in blood.
Hence comes it that a strong-built citadel
Commands much more than letters can import;
Which maxim had [but] I'halaris observ'd,
He had never bellowed, in a brazen bull,
Of great ones' envy. ()' the poor petty wights
Let me be envi'd and not pitied!
But whither am I bound? I come not, I,
To read a lecture here in Britain.
But to present the tragedy of a Jew,
Who smilles to see how full his bags are cramm'd,
Which money was not get without my means.
I crave but this greec him as he deserves,
And let him not

Dar de Guise, who had organized the Massacro of St. Bartholomew in 1572, was assuminated in 1588.

FACT I

SCENE L.

in his counting-house, with heaps gold before him.

of thus much that return was

part of the Persian ships, nture summ'd and satisfied. Spanish oils and wines of

d their paltry silverlings he 't is to count this trash ! abiana, who so richly pay raffic for with wedge of gold, may easily in a day may maintain him all his life. a that never fing red groat. miracle of thus much coin; nel-barr'd coffers are crumm'd

me hath been tired, wers' ends with telling it, be loth to labour so, to sweat himself to death, ishants of the Indian mines, real of the purest mould; or, that in the eastern rocks pan pick his riches up, heap pearl like pebble-stones, a, and sell them by the weight; b. supphires, amethysts, opaz, grass-green emeralda, aparkling diamonds, ostly stones of so great price ulifferently rated, this quantity, I of calamity kings from captivity. wherein consists my wealth; inks should men of judgment

raffic from the vulgar trade, so Ath increaseth, so inclose a little room. peers my halcyon's bill?4

h why, then, I hope my ships and the bordering isles y Nilus' winding banks; n Alexandria.

os and silks, now under sail, diding down by Candy shore th our Mediterranean sea.

ter a Merchant.

, thy ships are safe, road . and all the merchants ...

sent edd. Sabons.
Reldom seen o, or kingfisher, was used as a With other merchandise are safe arriv'd, And have sont me to know whother yourself Will come and custom 5 them.

Bar. The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly fraught?

Merch. They are.
Bar. Why then go bid them come ashore.
And bring with them their bills of entry. hope our credit in the custom-house Will serve as well as I were present there. Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules, And twenty waggons to bring up the ware.

But art thou master in a ship of mine,
And is thy credit not enough for that?

Merch. The very oustom barely comes to more
Than many merchants of the town are worth,
And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

Bar. Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee,

man:

Tush! who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?

Merch. I go.

Bar. So then, there's somewhat com-Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of: Merch. Of the Speranza, sir.

And saw'st thou no So then, there's somewhat come.

Mine argosy at Alexandria? Thou could at not come from Egypt, or by Caire,

But at the entry there into the sea,
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

Merch. I neither saw them, nor inquir'd of

them:

But this we heard some of our seamen suy. They would red how you durst with so much wealth

Trust such a crazed vessel, and so far.

Bar. Tush, they are wise! I know her
and her strength. [But] go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship, And bid my factor bring his loading in. [Ext Merch.]

And yet I wonder at this argosy.

Knter a second Morchant.

2 Merch. Thine argosy from Alexandria, Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta-road, Laden with riches, and exceeding store
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

Bar. How chance you came not with those

other ships

That sail'd by Egypt?

Merch. Sir, we saw 'em not. Bur. Belike they coasted round by Candy

About their oils, or other businesses. t was ill done of you to come so far Without the aid or conduct of their ships

2 Merch. Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet.
That never left us till within a league.

That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.
Bar, Ol they were going up to Sieily.

Well, go,
And bid the merchants and my men despatch
And come ashore, and see the fraught discharg'd.

^{*} Enter them at the custom-house.

2 Merch. I go. Bur. Thus trowls our fortune in by land and

And thus are we on every side enrich'd. These are blessings promis'd to the Jews, And herein was old Abram's happiness. What more may Heaven do for earthly man Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps, Ripping the bowels of the earth for them. Making the sea their servant, 1 and the winds To drive their substance with successful blusts? Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth?
Rather had I. a Jow, be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty;
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride, Which methinks fits not their profession. Haply some hapless man hath conscience, And for his conscience lives in beggary. They say we are a scatter'd nation cannot tell, but we have scambled 2 up More wealth by far than those that brag of faith. There's Kirrish Jairim, the great Jew of Greece, Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal, Myself in Malta, some in Italy, Many in France, and wealthy every one; Ay, wealthier far than any Christian. I must confess we come not to be kings; That 's not our fault : alas, our number 's few, And crowns come either by succession, the or urg'd by force; and nothing violent oft have I heard tell, can be permanent. Give us a peaceful rule, make ('hristians kings,

But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear As Agamemon did his Iphigen; And all I have is hers. But who comes here? Enter three Jews,4

1 Jew. Tush, tell not me; 't was done of

policy.
2 Jew. Come, therefore, let us go to Barabas,

For he can counsel best in these affairs;

That thirst so much for principality. I have no charge, s nor many children.

And here he comes.

Bar. Why, how now, countrymen?
Why flock you thus to me in multitudes?
What accident 's betided to the Jews?
I dee. A fleet of warlike galleys, Barahas, was come from Turkey, and lie in our road;
And they this day sit in the council-house To entertain them and their embassy.

Why, let 'em come, so they come not to Bur

war;
Or let 'em war, so we be conquerors: —
Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all! So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth. Aside.

1 Jew. Were it for confirmation of a league, They would not come in warlike manner thus.

1 Q. servanta I Serambled.

2 Expenses.

· Some edd. suppose the scene to be shifted here to a street.

2 Jew. I fear their coming will afflict us all Bar. Fond men I what dream you of their multitudes?

What need they treat of peace that are in league? The Turks and those of Malta are in league.

Tut, tut, there is some other matter in 't.

1 Jew. Why, Barnbas, they come for peace or

Bar. Haply for neither, but to pass along Towards Venice by the Advinte Sea: With whom they have attempted many times,

But never could effect their stratagem.

3 Jew. And very wisely said. It may be so,

2 Jew. But there's a meeting in the senate-

And all the Jews in Malta must be there.

Bar. Hum; all the Jews in Malta must be there? Ay, like enough. Why, then, let every man Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake. If anything shall there concern our state Assure yourselves I'll look - unto myself

Avide. 1 Jew. I know you will. Well, brethren, let

us go. ne. Let's take our leaves. Farewell, good 2 Jew. Barabas.

Bar. Do ... Temainte. Do so. Farewell, Zaareth; farewell, emainte. Er-unt Jewal, " And, Barabas, now search this secret out : Summon thy senses, call thy wits together: These silly men unistake the matter clean. Long to the Turk did Malta contribute; Which tribute, all in policy, I fear. The Turks have let increase to such a sum As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay And now by that advantage thinks, belike, To seize upon the town, ay, that he seeks. Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure for one. And seek in time to intercept the worst, Warily guarding that which I ha' got.

Ego minimet sum semper proximus. The Why, let 'em enter, let 'em take the town

(SCENE II.] 8

Enter [FERNYZE,] Governor of Malta, Knights, [and Officers;] met by Bassoes of the Turk; CALYMATH.

Fern. Now, Bassoes, what demand you at our hands?

Bus, Know, Knights of Malta, thut we came from Rhodes,

From Cyprus, Candy, and those other Isles
That lie betwist the Mediterranean seas.
Fern. What's Cyprus, Candy, and those

other Isles
To us or Malta? What at our hands demand ye?
Cal. The ten years' tribute that remains

unpaid.

Fern. Alas! my lord, the sum is over-great.

I hope your highness will consider us.

Findiah

Maqueted from Terence's Andria, is 1, 12 The words should be "Proximors sum egomet min " "Ellia je Inside the council house " Bushaws or Pastuse."

wish, grave governor, 't were in my

ar you, but 't is my father's cause,
I may not, nay, I dure not dally.
Then give us leave, great Selim Calyara, (Consults apart with the Knights.)
Land all aside, and let the knights. ermino.

to keep our galleys under sail, sily 1 we shall not tarry here. — rerner, how are you resolved?

Thus: since your hard conditions are will needs have ten years' tribute past,

bave time to make collection the inhabitants of Malta for 't. That's more than is in our com-

That, Callipine! a little courtesy. ow their time, perhaps it is not long; more kingly to obtain by peace inforce conditions by constraint. pite ank you, governors?

But a month. We grant a month, but see you keep

or promise.

Sub our galleys back again to sea, "Il attend " the respite you have ta'en, the money send our messenger. great governor and brave Knights of

And all good fortune wait on Calyath! Errunt [CALYMATH and Bassoes.] ad call those Jews of Malta hither: y not summon'd to appear to-day? - 36 bey were, my lord, and here they come.

Enter BARAMAN and three Jews.

M. Have you determined what to say

Yes, give me leave: - and, Hebrews, coltie near

Emperor of Turkey is arriv'd tim Calymath, his highness' son, of us ten years' tribute pust, a, here know that it concerneth us—Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet

ship shall do well to let them have it. Soft, Barabas, there's more longs to

this ten years' tribute will amount, have cast," but cannot compass it n of the wars that robb'd our store; fore are we to request your sid. Alux my lard, we are no soldiers; to our aid against so great a prince? Mr. Tut, Jew, we know thou art no

A merchant and a monied man, thy money, Branbus, we seek. How, my local i my money? Thine and the rest.

short, amongst you't must be had. Alm, my lord, the most of us are poor.

1 Reckoned.

Fern. Then let the rich increase your por-

Bar. Are strangers with your tribute to be

2 Knight. Have strangers leave with us to get their wealth?
Then let them with us contribute.

Bar. How ! Equally?

Forn. No. Jew, like infidels.
For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,
Who stand accursed in the sight of Heaven, These taxes and afflictions are befall'n,

These taxes and annerious are obtained.

Read therefore the articles of our decrees.

Reader. "First, the tribute-money of the Turks shall all be levied amongst the dews, and each of them to pay one half of his estate." "Bur. How, half his estate? I hope you mean

not mine. [Aside.]

Fern. Read on.
Reader. "Secondly, he that denies to pay shall straight become a Christian.

Bur. How, a Christian? Hum, what's here . Iside.

Reader. "Lastly, he that denies this shall absolutely lose all he has."

All three Jews. O my bord, we will give half.
Bar. O earth-mettl'd villains, and no
Hebrews born!

The pay the submit yourselves to leave your goods to their arbitrament?

Fern. Why. Barabas, wilt thou be christened?

Bur. No. governor, I will be no convertite.

Firn. Then pay thy half.

Bur. Why. know you what you did by this device?

Half of my substance is a city's wealth, (iovernor, it was not got so easily; Nor will I part so slightly therewithal, Fern. Sir, half is the penalty of our decree. Either pay that, or we will seize on all.

Bar. Corpudi Dio! stay! you shall have half;

Let me be us'd but as my brethren are.

Fern. No. Jew, thou hast denied the articles,

And now it cannot be recall'd.

[Exeunt Officers, on a sign from Fenneze,]

Bar. Will you then steal my goods?
Is theft the ground of your religion?
Fern. No. Jew, we take particularly thine

To save the ruin of a multitude ; Than many perish for a private man.

Yet, Barabas, we will not banish thee,
But here in Malta, where thou gott'st thy

wealth,

Live still; and, if thou caust, get more. Bar. Christians, what or how can I multiply? Of naught is nothing made.

I Knight. From naught at first thou cam'st

to little wealth,
From little unto more, from more to most.
If your first curse fall heavy on thy head, And make thee poor and scorn d of all the world, "T is not our fault, but thy inherent sin.

Bar. What, bring you Scripture to confirm your wrongs? Preach me not out of my possessions. Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are; But say the tribe that I descended of Were all in general cast away for sin, Shall I be tried by their transgression? The man that dealeth righteously shall live; And which of you can charge me otherwise? Fern. Out, wretched Barabas! Sham'st thou not thus to justify thyself, As if we knew not thy profession?

If thou rely upon thy righteousness, Be patient and thy riches will increase. Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness:
And covetousness, O, 't is a monstrous sin, 125
Bar, Ay, but theft is worse, Tush! take not

from me then, For that is theft; and if you rob me thus, I must be fore'd to steal and compass more. 1 Knight. Grave governor, list not to his ex-

claims. Convert his mansion to a numbery; Re-enter Officera.

His house will harbour many holy nuns. Fern. It shall be so. Now, officers, have you done ?

Qff. Ay, my lord, we have seiz'd upon the goods

And wares of Barabas, which being valued, Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta. 188

And of the other we have seized half.

[Forn.] Then we ll take order for the residue.

Bar. Well then, my lord, say, are you satisfied?

You have my goods, my money, and my wealth, Ny ships, my store, and all that I enjoy'd; 140
And, having all, you can request no more;
Unless your unreleating flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts.
And now shall move you to bereave my life.
Forn. No. Barabas, to stain our hands with

blood

ls far from us and our profession.

Bar. Why, I esteem the injury far less To take the lives of miserable men

Than he the causers of their misery.
You have my wealth, the labour of my life, 150
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope, And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong. Fren, Content thee, Barabas, thou hast

naught but right,
Bar. Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:

But take it to you, i' the devil's name. Fern. Come, let us in, and gather of these griculs

The money for this tribute of the Turk.

1 Knight. 'T is necessary that be look'd 1 Knight.

unto; For if we break our day, we break the league, And that will prove but simple policy. 100

Excunt [all except BAHABAS and

Bar. Ay, policy! that's their profession,

1 Foolish.

And not simplicity, as they suggest.
The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of Heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred
Inflict upon them, thou great Primus Motor! And here upon my knees, striking the earth.
I ban their souls to everlasting pains And extreme tortures of the hery deep.
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.

Jew. O yet be patient, gentle Barahan. Bar. O silly brethren, born to see this day, Why stand you thus unnov'd with my laments? Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
Why pine not I, and die in this distress?

1 Jew. Why, Barabas, as hardly can we

brook

The cruel handling of ourselves in this; Thou seest they have taken half our goods.

Bar. Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one;
And of me only have they taken all.

1 Jew. Yet, Brother Barabas, remember

Job.

Bur. What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth

Was written thus: he had seven thousand

sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred She-asses; but for every one of those, Had they been valued at indifferent rate. I had at home, and in mine argusy, And other ships that came from Egypt last. As much as would have bought his beasts and

And yet have kept enough to live upon: So that not be, but I may corse the day,
Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas;
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh. And hide these extreme sorrows from mine

For only I have toil'd to inherit here The months of vanity and loss of time, And painful nights, have been appointed me. 1 2 Jew. Good Burabas, be patient. Bar. Ay;

Pray, leave me in my patience. You that Were ne'er possess'd of wealth, are pleas'd with want;

But give him liberty at least to mourn, That in a field amidst his enemies Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarm'd, And knows no means of his recovery Ay, let me serrow for this audden chance; 'I is in the trouble of my spirit I speak;

Great injuries are not so soon forgot. 1 Jew. Come, let us leave him; in his ireful mood

Our words will but increase his ecstasy, " 2 Jew. On, then; but trust me 't is a misery

To see a man in such affliction.-Farewell, Barabas! Escunt [the three Jews.] Bar. Ay, fare you well. 113

1 Por I have tolled only to inherit the mouths, etc. which have been, etc.

2 Violent emotion.

him.

tr of these base slaves, Allains have no wit themselves, a senseless lump of clay levery water wish to dirt. born to better chance. fuer mould than common men, anight but by the present time. cunning for the time to come : to happen every day. -

Enter ABIGAIL. 2

ds my beauteous Abigail? Orde my lovely daughter and? I moan not for a little loss: enough in store for thee.

myself, but aged Barabas; 200 a lamenteth Abigail. reto with my afflictions. Laims run to the senate-house, ate reprehend them all, hearts with tearing of my hair, by the wrongs done to my father, or the wrongs done to my father, ignit, things past recovery (d with exclamations. there, sufferance breeds case, 140 yield us an occasion udden cannot serve the turn. d, think me not all so fond 4 to forego so much nion for thyself and me:

ortagues, besides great pearls,

els, and stones infinite, st of this before it fell,

Lore, father? In my house, my girl. miz'd upon thy house and wares. will give me leave once more,

That may they not: the governor placing nams, and of thy house they mean as nery, where none but their own

men generally barr'd. il! my gold! and all my wealth

envens, have I deserv'd this thus oppose me, inckless stars, 200 sperate in my poverty? ne imputient in distress ad as I will hang myself, ish o'er the earth in air, emory that e'er I was? nor loathe I this my life: leave me in the ocean thus

to change here from the Council-

· Portuguene gold coins.

To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts, I'll rouse my senses and awake myself.

Daughter, I have it! Thou perceiv at the plight
Wherein these Christians have oppressed me. Be rul'd by me, for in extremity We ought to make bar of no policy.

Abig. Father, whate'er it be to injure them That have so manifestly wronged us, What will not Abigail attempt?

Why, so; Bur. Then thus, thou told'st me they have turn'd my house

Into a nunnery, and some nuns are there?

Alig. I did.

Bar. Then, Abigail, there must my girl Entreat the abless to be entertain'd.

Abig. How, as a non?

As daughter for religion

Bar, Ay, daughter, for religion lides many mischiefs from suspicion.

Abig. Ay, but, father, they will suspect me there.

Bar. Lot 'em suspect; but be thou so precise As they may think it done of holiness.

Entreut 'em fair, and give them friendly speech,

nd seem to them as if thy sins were great, Till thou has gotten to be entertain'd. Abig. Thus, father, shall I much dissemble.

Bur. Tush ! As good dissemble that thou never mean'st, 20 As first mean truth and then dissemble it. counterfeit profession is better

Than unseen hypocrisy.

Alog. Well, father, say [that] I be entertain'd,
What then shall follow 3 This shall follow then: Bar. There have I hid, close underneath the plank as

That runs along the upper-chamber floor. The gold and jewels which I kept for thee. But here they come; be cunning, Abigail.
Abig. Then, father, go with me.

Bar. No. Abigail, in this It is not necessary I be seen; For I will seem offended with thee for 't. Be close," my girl, for this must fetch my gold, [They retire.]

Enter Friars [JACOMO and BARNARDINE, Abbess,] and a Nun.

F. Jac. Sistem, We now are almost at the new-made numery.

Abb. The better; for we love not to be seen.

"T is thirty winters long since some of us Did stray so far amongst the multitude.

F. Jac. But, madam, this house and waters of this new-made nunnery Will much delight you.

Abb. It may be so; but who comes here? [Assigntt, comes forward.] Abig. Grave abbess, and you, happy virgins guide,

Pitr the state of a distressed maid.

Abb. What art thou, daughter?

Abig. The hopeless daughter of a hapleas Jow,

7 Secretive, 8 So Q. "cloisters," "gardens," and "quarters," have been conjectured as emendations.

The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas; Sunctimes the owner of a goodly house,
Which they have now turn'd to a numery.
Abb. Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit
with us?

Abig. Fearing the afflictions which my father feeb

Proceed from sin, or want of faith in us, I'd pass away my life in penitence, And be a novice in your numery,

To make atonement for my labouring soul.

F. Jac. No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the spirit.
F. Barn. Ay, and a moving spirit too, brother; but come.

Let us entreat she may be entertain'd. Abb. . Well, daughter, we admit you for a

Abig. First let me as a novice learn to frame My solitary life to your strait laws, And let me lodge where I was wont to lie.

And nine own industry, but to prefit much.

Bar. As much, I hope, as all I hid is worth.

Aside. Abb. Come, daughter, follow us. Bar. [coming forward.] Why, how now, Abigail, what makest thou

Amongst these hateful Christians?

F. Juc. Hinder her not, thou man of little

faith,

For she has mortified herself.

Har. How! mortified? F. Jac. And is admitted to the sisterhood. Bar. Uhild of perdition, and thy father's How! mortified? shame !

What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends? I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave These devils, and their danged heresy.

Abig. Father, give me - [She goes to him.] Bur. Whispers to her.) Nay, back, Abi-

gail, — And think upon the jewels and the gold; The board is marked thus that covers it. — Away, accuraed, from thy father's sight.

F. Jac. Barabas, although thou art in misbelief. And wilt not see thine own afflictions,

Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind. Bar. Blind friar, I reck not thy persua-

sion The board is marked thus + that covers it.) For I had rather die than see her thus.

Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress, Seduced daughter? (Go, forget not !) Aside. Becomes it Jons to be so credulous? —

To-morrow early I'll be at the door. Asid
No, come not at me; if thou wilt be damn'd, Forget me, see me not, and so be gone. -

(Farewell, remember to-morrow morning.) Anide.

Out, out, thou wretch!

(Exeunt, on one side BARABAB, on the other side Friars, Abbena, Nun, and ARIGAIL; as they are going out.

Enter MATHIAS.

Math. Who's this? Fair Abigail, the rich

Jew's daughter, Become a nun! Her father's sudden full Has humbled her and brought her down to

Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love, Than to be tired out with orisons; And better would she far become a bed, Embraced in a friendly lover's arms, Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

Enter Lodowick.

Lod. Why, how now, Don Mathias! in a dump

Math. Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have

The strangest sight, in my opinion,

That ever I beheld. What was 't I prithee? Math. A fair young maid, scarce fourteen years of agr.

The sweetest flower in Cytheren's field. Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,

And strangely metatuorphos'd to all sun.

Lod. But say, what was she?

Math.

Lod. What. Barabas, whose goods were lately seiz'd?

Is she so fair?

And matchless beautiful. Math. As, had you seen her, 't would have mov'd your heart,

Though countermin'd with walls of bram to Or at the least to pity.

Lod. And if she be so fair as you report, 'T were time well spent to go and visit her.

How say you, shall we?

Math. I must and will, sir; there 's no remedy.

Lod. And so will I too, or it shall go hard.

Farewell, Mathias.

Math. Farewell, Lodowick. Excunt |severally.

ACT II

SCENE L.1

Enter BARABAS with a light.

Bor. Thus, like the sad presaging raves, that tolls The sick man's passport in her hollow beak, And in the shadow of the silent night Doth shake contagion from her suble wings, Vex'd and termented runs poor Burnbus With fatal curses towards these Christians. The invertain pleasures of swift-footed Time Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair; And of my former riches rests no more But hare remembrance, like a soldier's scar, 16 That has no further comfort for his main.

1 The scene is before Barabas's house, now a num BOTY.

O thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st The sons of Israel through the dismal shades, Light Abraham's offspring, and direct the hand

Of Abigail this night; or let the day Turn to eternal darkness after this No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes, Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts, Till I have answer of my Abigail.

Enter ABIGAIL above.

Abig. Now have I happily espi'd a time To search the plank my father did appoint; And here behold, unseen, where I have found The gold, the pearls, and jewels, which he hid. Bar. Now I remember those old women's

Who in my wealth 1 would tell me winter's tales, And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by

night

About the place where treasure bath been hid: And now methinks that I am one of those;
For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And, when I die, here shall my spirit walk.

Alig. Now that my father's fortune were so

good As but to be about this happy place !

Tis not so happy: yet when we parted last, He said he would attend me in the morn. Then, gentle sleep, where'er his body rests, Give charge to Morpheus that he may dream A golden dream, and of the sudden walk,² Come and receive the treasure I have found.

Bar. Bueno para todos mi ganado no era.ª But stay, what star shines youder in the east? The loadstar of my life, if Abigail.

Who 's there?
Abig. Who 's that ? Ra Peace, Abigail, 't is I. Abig. Then, father, here receive thy happi-

Bar. Hast thou't? Bar. Hast thou't? She throws down bags.
Abig. Here, hast thou't? There's more, and more, and more.

more, and more.

Bar. O my girl,
lly gold, my fortune, my felicity!

Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy!
Welcome the first beginner of my bliss!
O Abigail, A bigail, that I had thee here too!
Then my desires were fully satisfied:
But I will practice thy enlargement thence.
O girl! O gold! O beauty! O my bliss!

Huge his beau

Hugs his bags. Abig. Father, it draweth towards midnight

And bout this time the nuns begin to wake;
To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.
Bor. Farewell, my joy, and by my fingers

A kiss from him that sends it from his soul. Exit ABIGAIL above.] Now Phosbus ope the eyelids of the day,

Bullen emends to youth. By Dyce emends to wake.
Bypan. "My herd was not good for all"; i. e., difwest people judged me differently.

and for the raven wake the morning lark. That I may hover with her in the air; Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young, Hermoso placer de los dineros.4 Exit.

SCENE II.] 5

Enter Governor [Ferneze], Del Bosco, and Knights.

Fern. Now, captain, tell us whither thou art bound? Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road?

And why thou cam'st ashore without our leave? Bosc. Governor of Malta, hither am I bound;

My Ship, The Flying Dragon, is of Spain,
And so am I: del Bosco is my name;
Vice-admiral unto the Catholic King.

1 Knight. Tis true, my lord, therefore en-

treat him well.

Bosc. Our fraught 5 is Grecians, Turks, and Afric Moors.

For late upon the coast of Corsica,

Because we vail'd 7 not to the [Turkish] 5 fleet, Their creeping galleys had us in the chase: But suddenly the wind began to rise, And then we luff'd and tack'd and fought at

ease : Some have we fir'd, and many have we sunk ; ** But one amongst the rest became our prize. The captain 's slain, the rest remain our slaves, Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.

Fern. Martin del Bosco, I have heard of thee:

Welcome to Malta, and to all of ns;
But to admit a sale of these thy Turks
We may not, nay, we dare not give consent
By reason of a tributary league.

1 Knight. Del Bosco, as thou lov'st and
honour'st us,

Persuade our governor against the Turk This truce we have is but in hope of gold, And with that sum he craves might we wage war.

Bosc. Will Knights of Malta be in league

with Turks, And buy it basely too for sums of gold?
My lord, remember that, to Europe's shame, The Christian Isle of Rhodes, from whence you

Was lately lost, and you were stated ¹⁰ here
To be at deadly enmity with Turks.

Fern. Captain, we know it, but our force is

small. c. What is the sum that Calymath re-Bosc.

quires?

Fern. A hundred thousand crowns.

Bosc. My lord and king hath title to this isle, And he means quickly to expel you hence;
Therefore be rul'd by me, and keep the gold.
I'll write unto his majesty for aid,
And not depart until I see you free.
Fern. On this condition shall thy Turks be

sold.

4 Span. "Beautiful pleasure of money."
5 The Council-house.
6 Preight.
7 Lowered our flags.
8 Established.

Go, officers, and set them straight in show. Excust Officers.

Bosco, thou shalt be Malta's general; We and our warlike Knights will follow thee a Against these barbarous misbelieving Turks.

Bosc. So shall you imitate those you succeed : For when their hideous force environ'd Rhodes,

Small though the number was that kept the town.

They fought it out, and not a man surviv'd De To bring the hapless news to Christendom.

Form. So will we fight it out. Come, let's away!

Proud daring Calymath, instead of gold,

We'll send thee bullets wrapt in smoke and

Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolv'd, Houour is bought with blood and not with Excunt. 00 gold. [SCENE III.] 1

Enter Officers with [ITHAMOBE and other] Slaves.

1 Qf. This is the market-place, here let 'em stand:

Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.

Off. Every one's price is written on his

back, And so much must they yield or not be sold. 1 Off. Here comes the Jew; had not his goods been seiz'd.

He'd give us present money for them all.

Enter BARABAB.

Bar. In spite of these swine-eating Christians,

Unchosen nation, never circumcis'd, Such as (poor villains!) were ne'er thought

upon.

Ay, and his son's too, or it shall go hard, I am not of the tribe of Levi, I. That can so soon forget an injury. We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please; And when we grin we bite, yet are our looks

As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.
Learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand Heave up my shoulders when they call me

dog,
And duck as low as any barefoot friar;
Hoping to see them starve upon a stall.
Or else be guther'd for in our synagogue, That, when the offering-basin comes to me, Even for charity I may spit into 't.
Here comes Don Lodowick, the governor's son,
One that I love for his good father's sake.

Enter LODOWICK.

Lod. I hear the wealthy Jew walked this way.

1 The market place.

'll seek him out, and so insinuate,

That I may have a sight of Abigail;
For Don Mathias tells me she is fair.
Bar. [Aside.] Now will I show myself
To have more of the serpent than the dove;
This is — more knawe than fool.
Lod. Youd' walks the Jew; now for

walks the Jew : now for fair Abigail

Bar. [Aside.] Ay, ay, no doubt but she's at your command.

Lod. Barabas, thou know'st I am the governor's son

Bar. I would you were his father, too, sir; That's all the harm I wish you. [Aside.] The slave looks

Like a hog's-cheek new singed.

Lod. Whither walk'st thou, Barabas?

Bur. No further: 't is a custom held with us, That when we speak with Gentiles like to you,

We turn into the air to purge ourselves:

For unto us the promise doth belong.

Lod. Well, Barabas, canst help me to a diamond?

Bar. O. sir, your father had my diamonds. Yet I have one left that will serve your £112771.1

mean my daughter: but ere he shall have her 'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood.

And the white leprosy.

And What sparkle does it give without a foil?

Bar. The diamond that I talk of ne'er was foil'd . -

[Aside.] But when he touches it, it will be foil'd:
Lord Lodowick, it sparkles bright and fair.

Lod. Is it square or pointed, pray let me know.

Bar. Pointed it is, good sir - but not for Lod. I like it much the better. Asule.

So do I tuo. Bar.

Lod. How shows it by night?

Bar. Outshines Cynthia's rays:
- You'll like it better far o' nights than days. Aside. Lod. And what 's the price?

Bar. [Aside.] Your life an if you have it. -

We will not jar about the price; come to my

And I will give 't your honour - with a ven-Aside

Lod. No. Barabas, I will deserve it first.

Bar. Good sir.

Your father has deserv'd it at my hands,

Who, of mere charity and Christian ruth. To bring me to religious purity,

And as it were in catechising sort, To make me mindful of my mortal sins, Against my will, and whether I would or no. Seiz'd all I had, and thrust me out o' doors.

3 Gold or allver leaf placed under a gem to increase its

Detiled, punning on foil.

And made my house a place for nuns most

chaste.

Lod. No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.

Har. Ay, but, my lord, the lurvest is far off.
And yet I know the prayers of those nuns
And holy friars, having money for their pains, Are wondrous; and indeed do no man good -

And seeing they are not idle, but still doing, 40 T is likely they in time may reap some fruit, I mean in fulness of perfection.

Lod. Good Barabas, glance 1 not at our holy

Bar. No, but I do it through a burning

Hoping ere long to set the house aftre; For though they do a while increase and multiply

I'll have a saying to that nunnery. — Aside.
As for the diamond, srr. I told you of,
tome home and there's no price shall make

us part. Even for your honourable father's sake. -

It shall go hard but I will see your death. -Aside.

But now I must be gone to by a slave.

Lot. And, Barabas, I'll bear thee company.

But. Come then — here's the market-place.

What's the price of this slave? Two hundred

Do the Tarks weigh so much?

1 Cof.
Sir, that's his price,
Bar. What, can be steal that you demand
so much?

Bolike he has some new trick for a purse; And it he has, he is worth three bundred

plates, that, being bought, the town-seal might be

To keep him for his lifetime from the gallows.

The sensions day is critical to thieves, and few or none 'scape but by being purg'd, Lod. Kat'at thou this Moor but at two hundred plates?

Off. No more, my lord, Bar, Why should this Turk be dearer than that Moor? 100 Because he is young and has more

gualities.

Boy. What, hast thou the philosopher's stone?

In their hant, break my head with it, I'll for

No. No. sir; I can cut and shave.

But. Let me see, sirrah, are you not an old

Nuce. Alsa, sir! I am a very youth.

Bur. A couth? I'll buy you, and marry [ne you to Lady Vanity, if you do well.

Nuce. I will serve you, sir.

Bur. Some wicked trick or other. It may be, ander colour of chaving, thou 'it cut my throat for any goods. Toll me, hast thou thy health well?

Sizer. Ay, passing well.

Make insignations. Pieces of silver coin.

Bar. So much the worse; I must have one that's sickly, an't be but for sparing victuals. 't is not a stone of beef a day will maintain [we you in these chops; let me see one that's some-

what leaner.

1 Off. Here's a leaner, how like you him?

Bur. Where wast thou born?

Itha. In Thrace; brought up in Arabia. ...

Bur. So much the better, thou art for my turn.

An hundred crowns ? I'll have him; there's the coin.

Then mark him, sir, and take him 1 0/1.

hence. Bar. Ay, mark him, you were best, for this

is he
That by my help shall do much villainy.
[Aside.] is he

My lord, farewell. Come, sirrah, you are mine. As for the diamond, it shall be yours; I pray, air, be no stranger at my house. All that I have shall be at your command.

Enter MATHIAS and his Mother [KATHERINE]

Moth. What makes the Jew and Lodowick

so private? r me 't is about fair Abigail. I fear me 't is about fair Abigan.

Bar. Yonder comes Don Mathias, let us [Exit Lopowick.]

He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear: But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes,
And be reveng'd upon the governor.

Kath. This Moor is comeliest, is be not?

Speak, son.

Math. No. this is the better, mother; view

this well. Bar. Seem not to know me here before your

mother, est she mistrust the match that is in hand.

When you have brought her home, come to my house;

Think of me as thy futher; son, farewell, Math. But wherefore talk'd Don Ludowick

with you?
r. Tush! man, we talk'd of diamonds, not Bar.

of Abiguil.

th. Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Jew? Kath.

Bay. As for the comment on the Maccabees, have it, sir, and 't is at your command. 'a Math. Yes, madam, and my talk with him was About the borrowing of a book or two.

Kath. Converse not with him, he's cast off from heaven. Thou hast thy crowns, fellow; come, let's

Math. Sirrah, Jew, remember the book. Bar. Marry will I, sir.

Ereunt [MATHIAS and his Mother].

Come, I have made A reasonable market; let's nway.

| Exeunt Officers with Slaves.]

Bar. Now let me know thy name, and therewithal

Thy birth, condition, and profession.

3 Break off our conversation.

Etc. Faith, sir. my birth is but mean; my

Ithanon; my profession what you please.

Bur. Hast thou no trade? Then listen to my
words.

And I will couch thee that shall stick by thee:
First the three void of those affections.

Companion, hore, vain hope, and heartless fear;
Be there d at meching, see them pity none.
But to thy edif amile when the Christians
mean

Ithz. O trave! Master, I worship your nose! for this.

for than.

Bar. As for myself. I walk abroad o' nights

And kill sick people groaning under walls: in

Sometimes I go amout and poison wells;

And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my growns,

That I may, walking in my gallery,

see tem go pinion d along by my deor.

Being young, I studied physic, and began

To practise first upon the Italian;

There I surich d the pricats with burials.

And always kept the sextom' arma in ure 2 ms

With digging graves and ringing dead men's

knells:

And after that was I an engineer.
And in the wars 'twirt France and Germany,
Luder pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
Slow friend and enemy with my stratagems. is
Then after that was I an usurer.
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
I fill'd the jails with bankrupts in a year,
And with young orphans planted hospitals, so
And every moon made some or other mad,
And now and then one hang himself for grief,
Finning upon his breast a long great scroll
How I with interest tormented him.
But mark how I am blest for plaguing them;
I have as much coin as will buy the town.
But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy
time?

Itha. 'Faith, master.
In setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of ennucles, binding galley-slaves. no
One time I was an ostler in an inn.
And in the night-time secretly would I steal
To travellers' chambers, and there cut their
throats.

Once at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneel'd, I strowed powder on the marble stones, as And therewithal their knees would rankle so, That I have laugh'd a-good to see the cripples

Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.

Bar. Why this is something. Make account

of me
As of thy fellow, we are villains both:
Both circuncised, we hate Christians both.
Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.
But stand saide, here comes Don Lodowick.

¹ Barabas was represented on the stage with a large false nose. In Rowley's Nearth for Money (1689) allusion is made to the "artificial Jewe of Maltaes nose." (Ellis.)

2 Practice.

I lu good earnest.

Enter LODOWICE.

Led. O Barabas, well met;
Where is the diamond you told me of?

Bar. I have it far you, sir; please you walk
in with me.

What he. Abigail ! open the door, I say.

Ester ABIGAIL [with letters].

Abig. In good time, father; here are letters

From Ormas, and the post stays here within.

Bar. Give me the letters. — Daughter, do you hear.

Entertain Lodowick the governor's see With all the courtesy you can afford;

Provided that you keep your maidenhead.

Lise him as if he were a Philistine,

Abig. For your sake and his own he 's welcome hither.

Bor. Daughter, a word more; kiss him; speak him fair,

him fair,

And like a cunning Jew so cast about,

That ye be both made sure ere you come out.

Abig. O father! Don Mathias is my love.

Bar. I know it: yet I say, make love to him;
Do, it is requisite it should be so — [Aside.]
Nay, on my life, it is my factor's hand — see
But go you in. I'll think upon the account.

[Excunt Abigail and Lodowick into the house.]
The account is made, for Lodowick — dies.
My factor sends me word a merchant's fled
That owes me for a hundred tun of wine.

I weigh it thus much [snapping his fingers]; I

have wealth enough.
For now by this has he kiss'd Abigail;
And she vows love to him, and he to her.
As sure as Heaven rain'd manna for the Jews,
So sure shall he and Don Mathias die:
His father was my chiefest enemy.

Enter MATHIAS.

Whither goes Don Mathias? Stay awhile.

Math. Whither, but to my fair love Abigail?

Bar. Thou know'st, and Heaven can witness
it is true,

That I intend my daughter shall be thine. ***

Math. Ay, Barabas, or else thou wrong'st
me much.

Bar. O, Heaven forbid I should have such a thought.

Pardon me though I weep: the governor's son Will, whether I will or no, have Abigail: He sudd has lattern becalate insula rings

He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.

Math. Does she receive them?

Bar. She? No, Mathias, no, but sends them back,

And when he comes, she locks herself up fast; Yet through the keyhole will he talk to her, While she runs to the window looking out,

4 Affanced.

When you should come and hale him from the

Math. () treacherous Lodowick ! Bar. Even now as I came home, he slipt me

And I am sure he is with Abiguil.

Math. I'll rouse him thence.

Bar. Not for all Malta, therefore sheathe

your sword. If you love me, no quarrels in my house;

But steal you in, and seem to see him not; Ill give him such a warning ere he goes As he shall have small hopes of Abigail. Awny, for here they come.

Reenter LODOWICE and ABIGAIL.

Math. What, hand in hand! I caunot suffer

Box. Muthias, as thou lov'st me, not a word, Math. Well, let it pass, another time shall serve Exit (into the house.)

Lod. Barabas, is not that the widow's son?

Bar. Ay, and take head, for he hath sworn
your death.

Lod. My death? What, is the base-born peas-

ant mad? Bar. No. no, but happily he stands in fear M that which you, I think, ac'er dream upon, My daughter here, a patry villy girl.

Led Why, loves she Don Mathias?

Bor. Doth she not with her smiling answer

you? Abig Aside.] He has my heart; I smile against my will.

daughter long.

Har. And so has she done you, even from

Lod. And now I can no longer hold my mind.
Bur. Nor I the affection that I bear to you.
Lod. Thus is thy diamond, tell me shall I have

Win it, and wear it, it is yet unfoil'd. O'l but I know your lordship would disdnin so
To marry with the daughter of a Jew;
And set I 'll give her many a golden cross 2
with Christian posies round about the ring,
Ltd. 'T is not thy wealth, but her that I es-

Tel crave I thy consent.

But And mine you have, yet let me talk to

This offspeing of Cain, this Jebusite, hat never tested of the Passover. No e'er shall see the land of Canana. No our Mossian that is yet to come: Durgentle mugget, Lodowick, I mean, New to deluded. Let him have thy hand, 210 But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes.

Aside. thig. What, shall I be betroth'd to Lodo-

wick?
Bur. It 'n no sin to deceive a Christian; for they themselves hold it a principle,

Q umsoy/'d. But cf. II. III. 58.

2 A piece of money with a cross marked on it.

Faith is not to be held with heretics; But all are heretics that are not Jews;

This follows well, and therefore, daughter. fear not. -

I have entreated her, and she will grant. Lod. Then, gentle Abigail, plight thy faith to me.

Abig. I cannot choose, seeing my father bids. Nothing but death shall part my love and me. Lod. Now have I that for which my soul

hath long'd. Bar. So have not I, but yet I hope I shall.

Abig. [Aside.] O wretched Abigail, what hust thou done?

Lod. Why on the sudden is your colour chang'd?

Abig, I know not, but farewell, I must be

gone. Bar. Stay her, but let her not speak one word

more. Lod. Mate o' the sudden! Here 's a sudden

change. Bar, O, muse not at it, 't is the Hebrews'

That muidens new betroth'd should weep awhile.

Trouble her not; sweet Lodowick, depart:
She is thy wife, and thou shalt he mine heir.
Lod. O, is't the custom? Then I am resolv'd: 5

But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim, And nature's beauty choke with stifling clouds,

Than my fair Abigail should frown on me. - There comes the villain, now I 'll be reveng'd.

Re-enter MATHIAS.

Bar. Be quiet, Lodowick, it is enough
That I have made thee sure to Abigail.

Lod. Well, let hun go.

Bar. Well, but for me, as you went in at doors

You had been stabb'd, but not a word on't now;

Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn.

Math. Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him. Bar. No; so shall I, if any hurt be done, Be made an accessory of your deeds.

Revenge it on him when you meet him next.

Math. For this I'll have his heart.

Bar. Do so; lo, here I give thee Abigail. Muth. What greater gift can poor Mathias have ?

Shall Lodowick rob me of so fair a love?
My life is not so dear as Abigail.

Bar. My heart misgives me, that, to cross

your love.

He's with your mother; therefore after him,
Math. What, is he gone unto my mother?
Bar. Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.

Math. I cannot stay; for if my mother come, She 'Il die with grief. Erit.

³ Satisfied. ⁴ Betrothed thee.

Abig. I cannot take my leave of him for

Father, why have you thus incens'd them both !

Bar. What's that to thee?
Abig. I'll make 'em friends again,
Bar. You'll make 'em friends! Are there not Jews enow

In Malta, but thou must dote upon a Christian?

Abig. I will have Don Mathias; he is my love.

Bur. Yes, you shall have him. — Go, put her in.

Itha. Ay, I'll put her in. [Puts ABIGAIL in.] Bar. Now tell me, Ithamore, how lik 'at thou this?

Itha. Faith, master, I think by this
You purchase both their lives; is it not so?
Bar. True; and it shall be cunningly perform'd.

Itha. () master, that I might have a hand in this.

Bar Ay, so thou shalt, 't is thou must do the deed. Take this, and bear it to Mathias straight, and

Given a letter.]

And tell him that it comes from Lodowick.

Itha. 'T is poison'd, is it not?

Bar. No, no, and yet it might be done that WRY

way.

It is a challenge feign'd from Lodowick.

Itha, Fear not; I will so set his heart aftre,
That he shall verily think it comes from him,
Bar. I cannot choose but like thy readiness:
Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.

Itha, As I behave myself in this, employ me
hereafter.

Bor. Away then. Ex. So, now will I go in to Lodowick, Exit ITHAMORE. And, like a cunning spirit, feign some lie, Till I have set 'em both at enmity.

ACT III

[Scene I.]1

Enter [Bellamina,] a Courtesan.

Bell. Since this town was besieg'd, my gain grows cold.

The time has been that, but for one bare night, A hundred ducats have been freely given: But now against my will I must be chaste; And yet I know my beauty doth not fail, From Venice merchants, and from Padua Were wont to come rare-witted gentlemen, Scholars I mean, learned and liberal; And now, save Pilia-Borsa, comes there none, And he is very seldom from my house; And here he comes.

Enter PILIA-BORSA.

Pilia. Hold thee, wench, there 's something thee to spend. | Shews a bag of silver.] for thre to spend. | Shews Bell. 'T is silver. I disdain it.

Outside of Bellamira's house.

Pilia. Ay, but the Jew has gold,
And I will have it, or it shall go hard.
Court. Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?
I'llia. Faith, walking the back-lanes, through the gardens, I chanc'd to cast mine eye up to the Jew's counting-house, where I saw some bags of money, and in the night I clamber'd up with my hooks, and, as I was taking my choice. I heard a rumbling in the house; so I took only this, and run my way. But here's the Jow s man.

Enter ITHAMORE.

Bell. Hide the bag.

Pilia. Look not towards him, let's away. Zoons, what a looking thou keep 'st; thou 'lt be-

tray's anon.
[Excunt Belliamira and Pilia-Borsa.]
Itha. O the sweetest face that ever I beheld. I know she is a courtesan by her attire. Now | would I give a hundred of the Jew's crowns that I had such a concubine.

Well, I have deliver'd the challenge in such sort.

As meet they will, and fighting die; brave sport !

[Scene II.]2

Enter MATHIAS.

Math. This is the place; now Abigail shall

Whether Muthins holds her dear or no.

Enter Lovowick.

Math. [reading]. What, dares the villain vrite in such base terms !

Lod. I did it; and revenge it if thou dar'et, They fight.

Enter BARABAS, above [on a bulcony].

Bur. O! bravely fought; and yet they thrust not home. Now, Lodovico ! now, Mathias! So

| Both foll] So now they have show'd themselves to be tall

fellows. [Cries] within. Part 'em, part 'em. Bur. Ay, part 'em now they are dead. Fare-

well, farewell.

Enter FERNEZE, KATHERINE | and Attecdanta].

Fern. What sight is this! - my Lodowick elain!

These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.

Kath. Who is this? My son Mathias slain!

Fern, O Lodowick! had at thou perish'd by

the Turk,
Wretched Ferneze might have veng'd thy death.
Kath. Thy son slew mine, and I'll revenge

his death.

Fern. Look, Katherine, look! - thy son gave mine these wounds.

2 Q. places reading after Enter Lodowick.

Kath. O leave to grieve me, I am griev'd

Forn. ()! that my sighs could turn to lively breach ;

And the my tears to blood, that he might live.

Kath. Who made them enemies?

First. I know not, and that grieves me most of all.

Kath. My son lov'd thine.

And so did Lodowick him. Kuth. Lend me that weapon that did kill my

And it shall murder me.

Form. Nay. madam, stay; that weapon was
my son's,
25

And on that rather should Ferneze die.

Kuth. Hold, let's inquire the causers of their
deaths.

That we may venge their blood upon their henda.

Form. Then take them up, and let them be interr'd

Within one sacred monument of stone;

My daily sucrifice of sighs and tears. And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens, lift they leavend the causers of our smarts, which forced their hands divide united hearts.

[SCENE III.] 1

Enter ITBAMORE.

Ma. Why, was there ever seen such villany, weathy plotted, and so well perform'd? Both held in hand, and flatly both beguil'd?

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. Why, how now, Ithamore, why

the. O mistress, ha! ha! ha! Day. Why, what ail'st thou?

that O my master!

trag. Ha law. O mistress! I have the bravest, gravest, seed, subtle, bottle-nos d knave to my master, that ever genifeman had.

Abig Sav, knave, why rail'st upon my father than?

lika. O. my master has the bravest policy.
theg. Wherein?
that Why, know you not?

this. Why, know you not?

this. Why, no.

this. Know you not of Mathias' and Don

belowich's disaster?

this. Why, the devil invented a challenge, is
my measter writ it, and I carried it, first to

belowich, and empremia to Mathias.

Indicate they met, and, as the story says,
to teleful wise they ended both their days.

they. And was my father furtherer of their deaths?

Itha. Am I Ithamore?

Abig. Yes. Itha. So sure did your father write, and I carry the challenge.

Well, Ithamore, let me request thee Abig. W

Go to the new-made numery, and inquire
For any of the friars of Saint Jacques,
And say, I pray them come and speak with me.
Itha. I pray, mistress, will you answer me
but one question?
Abig. Well, sirrah, what is 't?
Itha. A very feeling one: have not the nums
fine sport with the friars now and then?

Abig. Go to, sirrah sauce, is this your ques-

ion? Get ye gone.

Itha. I will, forsooth, mistrese.

Abig. Hard-hearted father, makind Barabas!

Was this the pursuit 2 of thy policy!
To make me show them favour severally.
That by my favour they should both be

Blain ? Admit thou lov'dst not Lodowick for his sire, Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee

But thou wert set upon extreme revenge, Because the [sire] 4 dispossess'd thee once, Nor on Mathias, but by murdering me.

But I perceive there is no love on earth,
Pity in Jews, nor piety in Turks.
But here comes cursed Ithamore, with the friar.

Enter ITHAMORE and Friar [JACOMO].

F. Jac. Virgo, salve.

Itha. When I duck you!

Abig. Welcome, grave friar; Ithamore, beExit 'ITHAMORE'.

Know, holy sir, I am bold to solicit thee.

F. Jac. Wherein?

Ahig. To get me be admitted for a nun.

F. Jac. Why, Abigail, it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admission.

And then thou did'st not like that holy life.

Abig. Then were my thoughts so frail and unconfirm'd,

And I was chain'd to follies of the world: But now experience, purchased with grief, Has made me see the difference of things.

My sinful soul, alas, both pac'd too long
The fatal labyrinth of misbelief.
Far from the Sun's that gives eternal life.
F. Jac. Who taught thee this?
Abig.
The abbess of the house, Whose zealons admonition I embrace:

therefore, Jacomo, let me be one, Although unworthy, of that sisterhood, F. Jac. Abigail, I will, but see thou change

no more

For that will be most heavy to thy soul.

Abig. That was my father's fault.

F. Jac.
Thy father's ! how?
Abig. Nay, you shall pardon me. [.lsule.] O
Barabas,

A room in Baraban's house,

³ Object.

⁴ Q. Prym. Sire, Tucker Brooke 4 Q. Sonne.

[&]amp; Q. ofnue.

Ereunt.

Though thou deservest hardly at my hands, Set never shall these lips bewray! thy life.

F. Jac. Come, shall we go? Abig. My duty waits on you.

(SCENK IV.12

Enter BARAMAS, reading a letter.

Bur. What, Abigail become a nun again!

Inther? And all unknown, and unconstrain'd of me, Art thou again got to the numery? Now here she writes, and wills me to repent.
Repentance: Sparca: what pretendeth this?
I fear she knows - 'tis so - of my device
In Don Mathias' and Lodovico's deaths. If so, 't is time that it be seen into; For she that varies from me in belief Gives great presumption that she loves me not; Or loving, doth dislike of something done. But who comes here?

[Enter ITHAMORK.]

O Ithamore, come near; Come near, my love; come near, thy master's

My trusty servant, nay, my second [self]: ⁶
For I have now no hope but even in thee,
And on that hope my happiness is built.
When saw'st thou Abiguil?

To-day. With whom? Itha. Bar.

Itha. A friar. Bar. A friar! false villain, he hath done the deed.

tha. How, sir?

Bar. Why, made mine Abigail a nun.

Itha. That 's no lie, for sho sent me for him.

Bar. O unhappy day!

False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!

But let 'em go: and, Ithamore, from hence No'er shall she grieve me more with her dis-

No'er shall she live to inherit aught of mine, Be blest of me, nor come within my gates, But perish underneath my bitter curse Like Cain by Adam for his brother's death. 10

Itha. O master! Bar. Ithamore, entreat not for her. I am mov'd.

And she is hateful to my soul and me: And 'less' thou yield to this that I entreat, I cannot think but that thou hat'st my life. w Itha. Who, I, master? Why, I'll run to some

rock,
And throw myself headlong into the sea;
Why, I'll do anything for your sweet sake.
Bar, O trusty Ithamore, no servest, but my friend,

I here adopt thee for mine only heir,
All that I have is thine when I am dead.
And whilst I live use half; spend as myself.
Here take my keys, — I 'll give 'em thee anon.

* The mine.

2 Unnatural. 4 Meaneth.

Go buy thee garments; but thou shalt not want:

Only know this, that thus thou art to do: But first go fetch me in the pot of rice

That for our supper stands upon the fire.

Ithat [Aside.] I hold my head my master's hungry.--I go, sie.

Bar. Thus every villain ambles after wealth. Although he ne'er be richer than in hope. But, hush 't !

Re-enter ITHAMORE with the not.

Here 't is, master. Well said, Ithamore Itha. Bar. What, hast thou brought the ladle with thee too?

Itha. Yes, sir, the proverb says he that eats with the devil had need of a long spoon. I have brought you a ladle.

Bur. Very well, Ithamore, then how be ce-

cret :

And for thy sake, whom I so dearly love, Now shalt thou see the death of Abigail,

That thou may'st freely live to be my heir.

Itha. Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice porridge? That will preserve life, make her round and plump, and batten more than you are aware.

Bar. Ay, but, Ithamere, seest thou this? It is a precious powder that I bought Of an Italian in Angona once. Whose operation is to bind, infect, And poison deeply, yet not appear In forty hours after it is ta'en.

Itha. How, master? Bar. Thus, Ithamore This even they use in Malta here, - 't is called Saint Jacques Even, and then I say they use To send their alms unto the nunneries Among the rest bear this, and set it there; There is a dark entry where they take it in. Where they must neither see the messenger, Nor make inquiry who hath sent it them.

Itha. How so?

Bur. Belike there is some ceremony in 't. ~

There, Ithamore, must thou go place this pot!

Stay, let me spice it first, ltha. Prny do, and let me help you, master.

Pray let me taste first.

Bar. Prythee do [ITHAMORE tastes]. What say at thou now?

tha. Troth. master, I'm loth such a pot of pottage should be spoil'd.

Bar. Peace, Ithamore, 'tis better so than

spar'd.

ssure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye. Assure the coffer, and myself is thine.

Itha. Well, muster, I go.

Bar. Stay, first let me stir it, Ithamore.

As fatal be it to her as the draught Of which great Alexander drunk and died: And with her let it work like Borgia's wine, Whereuf his sire, the Pope, was poisoned. In few," the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane, The juice of hebon, 10 and Cocytus' breath,

In abundance. so A poison not certainly identified.

In short

And all the poisons of the Stygian pool Break from the fiery kingdom; and in this 100 Pomit your venom and invenom her Pour like a fiend hath left her father thus.

Lika. | Lide. What a blessing has he given 't!
Was ever pot of rice parridge so sauc'd! - What
shall I do with it?

Bar. O, my sweet Ithamore, go set it down, and come again so soon as then hast done,

for I have other business for thee.

Itha. Here as drench to poison a whole stable of Flanders mares. I'll carry 't to the nuns [10]

with a powder.

Bar. And the horse peetilence to boot; away!

Lao. I am gone.

Pay me my wages, for my work is done. Exit.

Bor. I'll pay thee with a vengeance. Ithnmore.

Exit. as

[SCENE V.]

Enter FERNEZE, DEL Bosco, Knights, and Basso.

Fern. Welcome, great basso; how fares Calymath i

What wind drives you thus into Malta-road?

Bigs. The wind that bloweth all the world besides, —

Desire of gold.

Desire of guid.

Fera.

Desire of guid, great sir?

That 's to be gotten in the Western Ind:

In Malta are no golden minerals.

Bas. To you of Malta thus saith Calymath:

The time you took for respite is at hand.

Nor shall the heathens live upon our spoil. lay waste the eight walls ourselves, lay waste the city walls ourselves, lay waste the island, how the temples down, and, shapping off our goods to Siedy.

The arrange for the wasteful sea, whose billows beating the resistless banks, sail overflow it with their refinence.

But, Well, Governor, since thou hast broke the league.

the learns by that demial of the promis'd tribute. Task not of razing down your city walls.

Too shall not need trouble yourselves so far,

For Schui Calymath shall come himself,

and with break hullets hatter down your towers,

And turn proud Malta to a wilderness

For these intolerable wrongs of yours;

and so forewell.

Fern Farewoll. [Exit Basso.] For Farawall.

And now, you men of Malta, look about,
And lot 's provide to welcome Calymath.

Close your portcallis, charge your basilisks,
And as you profitably take up arms,
your courageously encounter them;
For hy this answer, broken is the league,
And maught is to be look 'd for now but wars, so And maught to us more welcome is than wars.

Exeuni. 1 The council-house.

SCENE VI.12

Enter Priar [JACOMO] and Friar [BARNARDINE].

F. [Jac.] O, brother, brother, all the num are

And physic will not help them; they must die, F. [Barn.] The abbess sent for me to be confuga'd .

O, what a sad confession will there be!

F. Jac. And so did fair Maria send for me.

I'll to her lodging; hereabouts she lies. Exit.

Enter ABIGAIL

F. Barn. What, all dead, save only Abigail? Abig. And I shall die too, for I feel death

coming.
Where is the friar that convers'd with me? Barn. O. he is gone to see the other nuns. Abig. I sent for him, but seeing you are come, Be you my ghostly father: and first know, That in this house I liv'd religiously,

Chaste, and devout, much sorrowing for my sins;

Abig. I did offend high Heaven so grievously, As I am almost desperate for my sins;

And one offence torments me more than all.
You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick?

F. Barn. Yes, what of them?

Abig. My father did contract me to 'em both:
First to Don Ladowick; him I never lov'd; Mathias was the man that I held dear. And for his sake did I become a nun.
F. Barn, So say har more a

F. Barn. So, say how was their end?
Abig. Both jealous of my love, envised cach

other.
And by my father's practice. which is there Set down at large, the gallants were both slain.

(G ves a written paper.) F. Barn. O monstrons villainy!

Abig. To work my peace, this I confess to thee;

Reveal it not, for then my father dies.

F. Barn. Know that confession must not be reveal'd.

The cauon law forbids it, and the priest That makes it known, being degraded first.

Shall be condeton'd, and then sent to the fire.

Abig. So I have heard; pray, therefore keep it close?

Death seizeth on my heart: ah, gentle friar.

Convert my father that he may be sav'd.

And witness that I die a Christiau. [Dirs.] w
F. Bars. Ay, and a virgin too; that grieves me most.

But I must to the Jew and exclaim on him. And make him stand in fear of me.

Re-enter Friar [JACOMO].

F. Jac. Obrother, all the nuns are dead, let's bury them.

F. Barn. First help to bury this, then go with me

And help me to exclaim against the Jew.

The interior of a convent. 4 Hated

4 Secret.

1 Cannon.

F. Jac. Why, what has he done?
F. Burn. A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.

Juc. What, has he crucified a child?

Barn. No, but a worse thing. 't was told me in shrift, Thou know'st 't is death an if it be reveal'd. Come, let's away. Exeunt.

ACT IV

[SCENE I.11

Enter BARABAS and ITHAMORE. Bells within.

Bar. There is no music to 2 a Christian's

knell: How sweet the bells ring now the nuns are dead, That sound at other times like tinker's pans!

was afraid the poison had not wrought Or, though it wrought, it would have done no good.

For every year they swell, and yet they live; Now all are dead, not one remains alive. Itha. That's brave, master, but think you it

will not be known?

Bar. How can it, if we two be secret?

Itha. For my part fear you not.

Bar. I'd cut thy throat if I did.

Itha. And reason too.

But here's a royal monastery hard by; Good master, let me poison all the monks.

Bar. Thou shalt not need, for now the nuns

They 'll die with grief.

Itha. No you not sorrow for your daughter's death?

Bar. No, but I grieve because she liv'd so long.

An Hebrew born, and would become a Christinn! Cazzo. 2 diabolo.

Enter Friar JACOMO and Friar BARNARDINE.

Ithu. Look, look, master, here come two religious caterpillars.

Bar. I smelt 'em ere they came, Itha. God-a-mercy, nose! Come, let's begone,

F. Barn. Stay, wicked Jew, repent, I say, F. Jar. Thou hast offended, therefore must

be damn'd.

I fear they know we sent the poison'd broth.

Itha. And so do I, master; therefore speak

have?

F. Barn. Thou art a

F. Jac. Av. that thou art, a

Bar. What needs all this? I know I am a Jow. F. Barn. Thy daughter -

A street, 2 Equal to. 4 A petty oath. (Italian).

grief.

F. Barn. Remember that

F. Jac. Ay, remember that

Bar. I must needs any that I have been a

country; and besides, the wench is dead.
F. Barn. Ay, but, Barabas,
Remember Mathias and Don Lodowick.

Bur. Why, what of them?
F. Barn. I will not say that by a forg'd challenge they met.

Bar. [Aside.] She has confest, and we are

both undone, -

My bosom inmates! --but I must dissemble. Aside. O holy friurs, the burden of my sina

Lie heavy on my soul; then pray you tell me. Is't not too late now to turn Uhristian?

have been zealous in the Jewish faith, Hard hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch, or That would for lucre a sake have sold my soul. A hundred for a hundred I have ta'en;

And now for store of wealth may I compare With all the Jews of Malta; but what is wealth?

am a Jew, and therefore am I lost. Would penance serve [to atone] for this my

To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,

And on my knees creep to Jerusalem.

Collars of wine, and sollars 5 full of wheat.

Warehouses stuff'd with spices and with drugs. Whole chests of gold, in bullion, and in com, Besides I know not how much weight in pearl. Orient and round, have I within my house; At Alexandria, merchandise unsold:

But yesterday two ships went from this town, Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns. In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville, Frankfort, Lubeck, Moscow, and where not, a Have I debts owing; and in most of these, Great sums of money lying in the banco; All this I'll give to some religious house So I may be baptiz'd, and live therein.

F. Joc. O good Barglus, come to over

F. Jac. O good Barabas, come to our house. F. Barn. O no. good Barabas, come to our house ;

And, Barabas, you know—
Bar. I know that I have highly sinn'd.
You shall convert me, you shall have all my

wealth.

F. Jac. O Barabas, their laws are strict.

Bar. I know they are, and I will be with you.

F. Barn. They wear no shirts, and they go

harefoot too.

Bar. Then 't is not forme; and I am resolv'd You shall confess me, and have all my goods.

Dyce emend. Q. omita.

F. Jac. Good Barabas, come to me.
Bur. You see Lanswer him, and yet he stays;

Rid him away, and go you home with me.

F. Inc. I'll be with you te-night.

Bar. Come to my house at one o'clock this

night.
Jar. You hear your answer, and you may

he gone.

F. Barn. Why, go, get you away.

F. Jac. I will not go for thee.

F. Barn. Not! then I'll make thee, [rogue].

F. Jac. How, dost call me rogue? They fight,
the. Part 'em, master, part 'em.

[Bar.] This is mere frailty, brethren; be con-

Friar Barnadine, go you with Ithamore: You know my mind, let me alone with him, Aside to F. BARNARDINE.) F. Jac. Why does he go to thy house? Let

him begine.

Bar. I'll give him something and so stop his mouth,

Est [ITHANORE with Fring BARNARDINE]

I never heard of any man but he Milign'd the order of the Jacobins : Hat do you think that I believe his words? why, brother, you converted Abigail;
And I am bound in charity to requite it, no
And so I will O Jacomo, fail not, but come.
F. Jac. But, Barabas, who shall be your godfathers?

Bar. Mucy, the Turk shall be one of my godfathers,

But not a word to any of your covent.8 . Jac. I warrant thee, Barabas. Ror. So, now the fear is past, and I amsafe, For he that shriv d her is within my house; What if I murder d hur ere Jacomo comes? Now I have such a plot for both their lives no as oever Jow nor Christian knew the like; he turn'd my daughter, therefore he shall die; The other knows enough to have my life.
Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live.
But are not both these wise men to suppose us.
That I will leave my house, my goods, and all,
Fo tast and he well whipt? I'll none of that.
Now, Friar Barnardine, I come to you,
I'll feast you, belze you, give you fair words,
And after that, I and my trusty Turk — no
No more, but so: it must and shall be done.

(Frie!)

SCENE II.74

[Exit.]

Enter | BARABAS and ITHAMORE.

Bor. Ithamore, tell me, is the friar asleep?

Har. Yes; and I know not what the reason is,

to what I can be will not strip humself,

Not go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes.

I we me he mistruits what we intend.

Bor. No. I is an order which the friars use.

Yet, if he knew our meanings, could he scape?

1 So Tucker Smoke. Q. goe.
2 Historica (Convent.)

A room to the house of Barabas.

Itha. No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so

loud.

Bar. Why, true, therefore did I place him there.

The other chambers open towards the street, in Itha. You loiter, number; wherefore stay we thus?

O how I long to see him shake his heels.

Bar. Come on, sirah.

Off with your girdle, make a hundsome noose.

[ITHAMORE takes off his girdle and ties a noose in it.

Friar, awake [They put the noose round the Friar's neck.]

neck.]

F. Barn. What, do you mean to strangle me?

Itha. Yes, 'cause you use to confess.

Bar. Blame not us but the proverb, "Confess and be hanged." Pull hard!

F. Barn. What, will you have by my life?

Bar. Pull hard, I say. — You would have had my goods,

Itho. Ay, and our lives too, therefore pull amain. [They strangle him.]

'T is neatly done, sir, here 's no print at all.

Bar. Then is it as it should be; take him up.

Itha. Nay, master, be rul'd by me a little. (Stands the bad upnight against the wall and pu's o staff in its hand.) So, let him lean upon his staff. Excellent! he stands as if he were begging of bacon.

Bar. Who would not think but that this friar liv'd?

What time o' night is 't now, sweet Ithamore?

Itha. Towards one.

Bar. Then will not Jacomo be long from hence.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III.] 7

Enter Friar JACOMO.

F. Jac. This is the hour wherein I shall proceed;

O happy hour wherein I shall convert An infidel, and bring his gold into Our treasury!

But soft, is not this Barnardine? It is; And, understanding I should come this way, Standshere a purpose, meaning me some wrong, And intercept my going to the Jew. – Barnardine!

Wilt thou not speak? Thou think'st I see thee

Away, I'd wish thee, and let me go by.
No, wilt thou not? Noy, then, I'll force my way;
And see, a staff stands ready for the purpose:

As thou lik'st that, stop me another time.

[Takes the staff and strikes the body, which falls down.

Enter BARABAS [and ITHAMORE].

Bar. Why, how now, Jacomo, what hast thou done !

Q stor.
 It would appear from the following scene that the body was stord upoutside of the house.
 Outside Barabas's house.
 Buccoed.

F. Jac. Why, stricken him that would have struck at me.

Who is it? Barnardine! Now out, alas, Bar. he's slain!

Itha. Ay, master, he's slain; look how his braius drop out on's nose.

F. Jac. Good sirs, I have done't, but nobody

knows it but you two; I may escape.

Bur. So might my man and I hang with you

for company.

Ithu. No. let us bear him to the magistrates.

F. Jac. Good Barabas, let me go.

Bar. No, pardon me; the law must have its COMMENS.

I must be fore'd to give in evidence, That being importun'd by this Barnardine

That being importun'd by this Barnardine
To be a Christian, I shut him out,
And there he sat. Now I, to keep my word, so
And give my goods and substance to your house,
Was up thus early; with intent to go
Unto your friary, because you stay'd.\(^1\)
Itho. Fie upon 'em. master; will you turn
Christian when holy friars turn devils and as
marder one another?

Bur. No, for this example I'll remain a Jew:
Heaven bloss me! What, a friar a murderer!
When shall you see a Joy commit the like?

When shall you see a Jew commit the like?

Itha. Why, a Turk could ha' done no more.
Bur. To-morrow is the sessions; you shall to it.

Come. Ithamore, let's help to take him hence. F. Jac. Villains, I am a sacred person; touch

me not.
Bar. The law shall touch you, we'll but lead

'Las. I could weep at your calamity! Take in the staff too, for that must be shown:

[SCENE IV.]2

Enter Courtesan [Bellamira] and Pilla-Borsa.

Bell. Pilia-Borsa, did'st thou meet with Ithaniore?

Pilia. I did.

Bril. And did'st thou deliver my letter?
Pilia. I did.
Bril. And what think'st thou? Will be

Pilia. I think so, and yet I cannot tell; for at the reading of the letter he look'd like a man

of another world.

Bell. Why so?

Pilia. That such a base slave as he should [we be saluted by such a tall 3 man as I am, from

such a beautiful dame as you.

Bedl. And what said he?

Pilin. Not a wise word, only gave me a nod, as who should say, "Is it even so?" and so I fulleft him, being driven to a non-plus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.

Bell. And where didst meet him?

Delayed.
A verandah of Bellamira's house.

Pilia. Upon mine own freehold, within forty feet of the gallows, conning his neck-verse. Is I take it, hokking of a friar's execution, whom I saluted with an old hempen proverb. Hodis tibi, cras mihi, and so I left him to the mercy of the hangman: but the exercise being done. see where he comes.

Enter ITHAMORE.

Itha. I never knew a man take his death so patiently as this friar. He was ready to leap off ere the halter was about his neck; and when ere the halter was about his need; and when the hangman had put on his hempen tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if he had 's had another cure to serve. Well, go whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in huste, and, now I think on t, going to the execution, a fel-low met me with a muschators 'like a raven's wing, and a dagger with a hilt like a warming pan, and he gave me a letter from one Madam Bellamira, saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make clean my boots with his lips; the effect was, that I should come to her house. I wonder what the reason is; it we may be she sees more in me than I can find in myself : for she writes further, that she loves me ever since she saw me, and who would not requite such love? Here's her house, and here she comes, and now would I were gone; I am [6]

not worthy to look upon her.

Pilia. This is the gentleman you writ to.

Itha. [Aside.] Gentleman! he flouts me; what gentry can be in a poor Turk of tenpence? I'll

be gone.

Bell. Is 't not a sweet-fac'd youth, Pilia?

Itha. [Aside.] Again, "sweet youth!" - Did
not you, sir, bring the sweet youth a letter?

Pilia. I did, sir, and from this gentle coman,
who, as myself, and the rest of the family, [see the complete to the family.]

stand or full at your service.

Bell. Though woman's modesty should hale

me back,

me back,
I can withhold no longer; welcome, sweet love.

Itha. [Ande.] Now am I clean, or rather
foully, out of the way.

Bell. Whither so soon?

Itha. [Aside.] I'll go steal some money from
my master to make me handsome.—I'ray pardon me, I must go and see a ship discharg'd.

Bell. Canst thou be so unkind to leave me

thus? Pilia. An ye did but know how she loves you,

sir.

Itha. Nay, I care not how much she loves me—
Sweet Bellamira, would I had my master's
wealth for thy sake!

Pilia. And you can have it, sir, an if you

please.

Itha. It 't were above ground, I could and would have it; but he hides and buries it up, as partridges do their eggs, under the earth Pilla. And is 't not pessible to find it out?

Itha. By no means possible.

Bell. [Aside to PILIA-BORSA.] What shall we do with this hone villain them?

we do with this base villain then?

4 At. · Bervice. 4 Mustachios. Puia. Liside to her. Let me alone; do but

you speak him fair.
But, jair, you know some secrets of the Jew,
Which, if they were reveal'd, would do him harm.

Itha. Ay, and such as — Go to, no more! I'll make him send me half he has, and glad he capes so too. Pen and ink! I'll write unto him; we'll have money straight.

Pilia. Send for a hundred crowns at least.

|ITHANORE] writes. tha. Ten hundred thousand crowns. "Master Barabas."

Pana. Write not so submissively, but threat-

ning him.

[ursting.] "Sirrah, Barabas, send me a

Itha. [writing.] "Sirrah, Barabas, send me a hundred crowns."

Pilia. Put in two hundred at least.

Itha. [writing.] "I charge thee send me three bundred by this bearer, and this shall be [m] your warrant: if you do not — no more, but so."

Pilia. Tell him you will confess.

Itha. [writing.] "Otherwise I'll confess all."

Vanish, and return in a twinkle.

Priis. Let me alone; I'll use him in his kind.

[Evil Print Borns with the letters.]

[Erit Phha-Borsa with the letter.]

Itha. Hang him, Jew!

Rell. New, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.—

Where are my maids? Provide a running! ban-

and to the merchant, bid him bring me silks, shall Ithamore, my love, go in such rags? which And hid the jeweller come hither too.

Bell. I have no husband, sweet; I'll marry

Bill. three.

Itha. Content: but we will leave this paltry land.

And will from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece.

And and from hence to treece, to lovely treece.

I'll be thy Jason, then my golden fleece;
Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hurl'd,
And Bacchier, vineyards overspread the world;
Where woods and forests go in goodly green,
I'll be Adonia, then shalt be Love's Queen.
The meads, the orchards, and the primrose-

Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar-canes;
Than in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me and be my love.

Bed. Whither will I not go with gentle Itha-

EMPERO?

Re-enter PILIA-BORSA.

Ha. How now! hast thou the gold?

Print. Yes.

the last came it freely? Did the cow give down her milk freely?

Piles. At reading of the letter, he star'd and stamp'd and turn'd aside. I took him by [100 the beard, and look'd upon him thus; told him he were lost to send it; then he hugg'd and starting due.

Itha. Rather for fear than love.

Piles. Then, like a Jew, he laugh'd and [100]

jeer'd, and told me he lov'd me for your sake, and said what a faithful servant you had been.

Itha. The more villain he to keep me thus.

Here's goodly 'parel, is there not?

Here's goodly parel, is there not?

Pdia. To conclude, he gave me ten crowns.

Gives the money to ITHAMCHE.

Itha. But ten? I'll not leave him worth a
grey groat. Give me a ream? of paper; we'll
have a kingdom of gold for't.

I'dia. Write for five hundred crowns.

Itha. [writing.] "Sirrah, Jew, as you love your
life send me five hundred crowns, and give the
bearer one hundred." Tell him I must have 't.

Pdia. I warrant your workin shall hove't.

Pilia. I warrant your worship shall have t.

Itha. And if he ask why I demand so much,
tell him I scorn to write a line under a hundred

Pilia. You'd make a rich poet, sir. I am

gone. Itha. Take thou the money; spend it for my aske.

Bell. 'T'is not thy money, but thyself I

Thus Bellamira esteems of gold. [Throws it aside.] But thus of thee. Kisses him.

Itha. That kiss again! she rous division of my lips. What an eye she casts on me! It twinkles like

a star.

Bell. Come, my dear love, let's in and sleep together.

Itha. (), that ten thousand nights were put in one, that we might sleep seven years together afore we wake!

Bell. Come, amorous wag, first banquet, and then sleep.

[SCENE V.]4

Enter BARABAS, reading a letter.

Bar. "Barabas, send me three hundred growns.

Plain Barabas! O, that wicked courtesan! He was not wont to call me Barabas.
"Or else I will confess: "ay, there it goes:
But, if I got him, coupe de gorge for that.

He sent a shaggy totter'd' staring slave, That when he speaks draws out his grisly beard,

and winds it twice or thrice about his ear; Whose face has been a grindstone for men's

swords; His hands are back'd, some fingers cut quite off;

Who, when he speaks, grunts like a hog, and louka

Like one that is employ'd in catzerie such a rogue And crossbiting.

As is the husband to a hundred whores: And I by him must send three hundred crowns! Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still; in And when he comes, - (), that he were but here!

The early form of realm had no "1."

3 A musical term. * Tattered. a Knavery. 4 The atrect.

7 Playing sham husband to a courtesan.

Enter PILIA-BORSA.

Pilia. Jew, I must ha' more gold. Bar. Why, want'st then any of thy tale? \(^1\) Pilia. No; but three hundred will not serve

his turn.
Bar. Not serve his turn, sir?

Bar. Not serve his turn, sir?
Pilia. No, sir; and, therefore, I must have five hundred more.

Bar. I'll rather—
Pilia. O good words, sir, and send it you were best! See, there is his letter. [Gives letter.]

Bar. Might he not as well come as send?

Pray bid him come and fetch it; what he writes

Fray bid thin come and retent, which were for you, ye shall have straight.

Pilia. Ay, and the rest too, or else—
Bar. [Aside.] I must make this villain away.—Please you dine with me, sir;—and you shall be most heartily poison'd.

Aside. Pilia. No, God-a-mercy. Shall I have these crowns?

Bar. I cannot do it, I have lost my keys.
Pilia, O, if that beall, I campick ope your locks.
Bar. Or climb up to my counting-house win-

Bar. Or climb up to my contemp nouse wardow: you know my meaning.

Pilia. I know enough, and therefore talk not to me of your counting-house. The gold! or [a know, Jew, it is in my power to hang thee.

Bar. [Aside.] I am betray'd.

T is not five hundred crowns that I esteem,

I am not mov'd at that : this angers me, That he, who knows I love him as myself, Should write in this imperious vein. Why, sir, You know I have no child, and unto whom Should I leave all but unto Ithatmore?

Pitra. Here's many words, but no crowns.

The crowns!

Bar. Commend me to him, sir, most humbly, And unto your good mistress, as unknown. Pilia. Speak, shall I have 'em, sir?

Sir, here they are. -Give w money.

O, that I should part with so much gold !-Here, take 'em, fellow, with as good a will-[Ande]; As I would see thee hang'd, - O, love stops my breath:

Never loy d man servant as I do Ithamore!
Pilia. I know it. sir.
Bar. Pray. when, sir, shall I see you at my
house?

Pilia, Soon enough, to your cost, sir. Fare you well. Bar. Nav. to thine own cost, villain, if thou

com'st !

Was ever Jow tormented as I am? To have a shag-rag knave to come,

Three hundred crowns, - and then five hundred crowns!

Well, I must seek a means to rid 'em all,

And presently, for in his villany He will tell all he knows, and I shall die for 't.

I have it . I will in some disguise go see the slave, And bow the villain revels with my gold. Exit.

Sum. number.

[SCRNE VI.] 2

Enter Courtezan [Bellamina,] ITHAMORE, and Pilla-Borsa.

Bell. I'll pledge thee, love, and therefore drink it off.

Itha. Say'st thou me so? Have at it; and do you hear? [Whispers.] you hear? [Whispe Bell. Go to, it shall be so. Itha. Of that condition I will drink it up.

Here's to thee!

Nay, 1'll have all or none. Bell. Itha. There, if thou lov'st me, do not leave a drop.

Bell. Love thee! fill me three glasses, ltha. Three and fifty dozen, I'll pledge thee. Pilia. Knavely spoke, and like a kmght-at-ATDIN.

Itha. Hey, Rico Custiliano! a man's a man!
Belt. Now to the Jew.
Itha. Ha! to the Jew, and send me money he

were best.
Pilia. What would st thou do if he should send three none Itha. Do nothing; but I know what I know;

's a murderer.

Bell. I had not thought he had been so brave

a man.

Ithu. You knew Mathias and the governor's son; he and I killed 'em both, and yet never

touch'd 'em. touch d em.

I'itu. O, bravely done.

Itha. I carried the broth that poison'd the nuns; and he and I, snickle hand too fast. strangled a friar.

Bell. You two alone?

Itha. We two; and 't was never known, nor never shall be for me.

Pilia. [Aside to BELLAMIRA.] This shall with

me unto the governor

Bell. [Aside to Pilla-Borsa.] And fit it should but first let's ha more gold, Come, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.

Itha. Love me little, love me long. Let music

rumble

Whilst I in thy incony 5 lap do tumble.

Enter BARABAS, with a lute, disquis'd.

Bell. A French musician! Come, let's hear your skill. Bar. Must tune my lute for sound, twang,

twang, first.

Itha. Wilt drink, Frenchman? Here's to | state | state

Bar. Gramercy, monsionr.
Bell. Prythee, Pilia-Borsa, bid the fiddler

give me the posy in his hat there.

Piliu. Sirrah, you must give my mistress

your posy. Rar. A votre commandement, madame. Bar. A votre commandement, madame. Bell. How sweet, my Ithamore, the flowers smell!

2 A verandah of Bellamira's house.
3 A familiar Bacchanalian evelamation
4 Probably corrupt. "Smokle" is a noose.

Duinty, aweet

Itks. Like thy breath, sweetheart; no violet like 'em.
Pilsa. Foh! methinks they stink like a holly-

Bur. [Aside.] So, now I am reveng'd upon 'em all.

The scent thereof was death; I poison'd it.

Itha Play, tiddler, or I'll out your cat's guts
into chitterings.

Bar: Pardanaez woi, be no in tune yet; so
now, now all be in.

Itha. Give him a crown, and fill me out more

wine.

Pilia There's two crowns for thee; play, so Bar. Marke. How liberally the villain gives me muse own gold!

Pilia. Methinks he fingers very well.

Rar. Marke. So did you when you stole my

liar, (1996) So the year of cold P. (La. How swift he runs! Har. (Asch.) You run swifter when you three my gold out of my window.

B. M. Musician, hast been in Malta long?

Bar. Two, three, four mouth, madame.

Bha. Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas?

Bar. Very mush; monsieur, you no be his

I dia. His man?
I ha. I scorn the peasant; tell him so.
Bar. [Aside.] He knows it already.
Hhu. Tis a strange thing of that Jew, he
upon pickled grasshoppers and sauc'd Minater mila

monmois'd. Bur. (Aside.) Orason! I change myself twice

Idex.

The hat he wears, Judas left under the other when he hang it himself, 1

Rac. Ande.) 'T was sent me for a present

from the great Cham.

Tone: A musty slave he is; — Whither now.

Bar. Pardonnez moi, mansieur, me be no well.

Pina. Farewell, fiddler! One letter more to

bea. Frether, sweet love, one more, and write it sharp so bha. No. I'll send by word of mouth now.

Bud him deliver thee a thousand crowns, by he came token, that the nuns lov'd rice, that Friar Barnardine slept in his own cluthes; an of 'em will do it.

Prince Let me alone to urge it, now I know

the meaning.

like. The meaning has a meaning. Come To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin. Exeunt.

! Referring to the tradition that Judae Iscariot

! W musty.

ACT V

SCENE L. 2

Enter FERNEZE, Knights, DEL Bosco, [and Officers]

Fern. Now, gentlemen, betake you to your arms.

And see that Malta be well fortifi'd;

And it behaves you to be resolute; or Calymath, having hover'd here so long,

Will win the town, or die before the walls, 1 Knight. And die he shall, for we will never yield.

Enter COURTEBAN [BELLAMIRA] and PILIA-BORSA.

Bell. O, bring us to the governor.
Fern. Away with her! she is a courtesan.
Bell. Whate'er I am, yet, governor, hear me speak ;

I bring thee news by whom thy son was alain: Mathias did it not; it was the Jew. Pilia. Who, besides the slaughter of these

gentlemen.
Poison'd his own daughter and the nuns,
Strangled a friar and I know not what Mischief beside.

Firn. Had we but proof of this -Bell. Strong proof, my lord; his man 's now at my lodging.

That was his agent; he'll confess it all

Fern. Go fotch him straight Excunt Officers.
I always fear'd that Jew.

Enter [Officers with] BARABAS and ITHAMORE.

Bar. I'll go alone; dogs! do not hale me thus.

Itha. Nor me neither, I cannot outrun you, constable: O my belly!

Bar. [Aside.] One dram of powder more had made all sure.

What a dumn'd shave was I!

Forn. Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be

fetch'd 1 Knight. Nay, stay, my lord; 't may be be

will confess.

Bur. Confess! what mean you, lords? Who should confess!

Thou and thy Turk; 't was you that Fern. slew my son.

slew my son.

Itha. Guilty, my lord, I confess. Your son and Mathias were both contracted unto Abigail; he forg'd a counterfeit challenge.

Bar. Who carried that challenge?

Itha. I carried it, I confess; but who writ it?

Marry, even he that strangled Barnardine, poison'd the nuns and his own daughter.

Fern. Away with him! his sight is death to

Bur. For what, you men of Malta? Hear me speak :

She is a courtesan, and he a thief,

I The council-house.

And he my bondman. Let me have law, For none of this can prejudice my life.

Fern. Once more, away with him; you shall

have law.

Bar. [Aside.] Devils, do your worst! I'll live in spite of you. — it to their spuls!—

As these have spoke, so be it to their souls! - [Aside.] I hope the poison'd flowers will work anon.

Exeunt Officers with BARARAS and ITHAMORE, BELLAMIRA and PILIA-BORSAL.

Enter [KATHERINE.] 1

Kath. Was my Mathias murder'd by the Jew? Ferneze, 't was thy son that murder'd him.

Fern. Be patient, gentle madam, it was he;
He forg'd the daring challenge made them fight.

Kath. Where is the Jew? Where is that

murderer?

Fern. In prison till the law has pass'd on him.

Re-enter [First] Officer.

1 Off. My lord, the courtesan and her man

So is the Turk and Barabas the Jew. Fern. Dead! 1 Off. Dead, my lord, and here t

Dead, my lord, and here they bring his body.

Bosco. This sudden death of his is very

strange.

Fern. Wonder not at it, sir, the Heavens are

just; Their deaths were like their lives, then think not of 'em.

Since they are dead, let them be buried; For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls, To be a prey for yultures and wild beasts. So now away, and fortify the town. Excunt. ...

SCENE II.

[BARABAS discovered rising.] 2

What, all alone? Well fare, sleepy Bar. drink.

'll be reveng'd on this accursed town; For by my means Calymath shall cuter in. I'll help to slay their children and their wives, To fire the churches, pull their houses down, Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands. I hope to see the governor a slave, And, rowing in a galley, whipt to death.

Enter CALYMATH, Bassoes, and Turks.

Caly. Whom have we there, a spy?
Bar. Yes, my good lord, one that can spy a

Where you may enter, and surprise the town: My name is Barabas: I am a Jow.

Culy. Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold

For tribute-money?

The very same, my lord: And since that time they have hir'd a slave, my man,

1 Q. Mater. ² Outside the city walls. To accuse me of a thousand villanies: was imprison'd, but escap'd their handa, Caly. Did'st break prison? Bur. No, no;

I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice; And being asleep, belike they thought me dead.
And threw me o'er the walls, so, or how else.
The Jew is here, and rests at your command.
Caly. 'T was bravely done: but tell me,

Barabas,

Canst thou, as thou report'st, make Malta ours?
Bar. Fear not, my lord, for here against the sluice a

The rock is hollow, and of purpose digg'd To make a passage for the running streams And common channels of the city.

Now, whilst you give assault unto the walls. Mow, whilst you give assault unto the walls. I'll lead five hundred soldiers through the vault, And rise with them i'th' middle of the town, Open the gates for you to enter in;

And by this means the city is your own. a Caly. If this be true, I'll make thee governor. Bur. And if it be not true, then let me die. Caly. Thou 'st doom'd thyself. Assault it presently.4

[SCENE III.] 5

Alarums. Enter [CALYMATH, Bassoes,] Turka, and BARABAS, with FERNEZE and Knights prisoners.

Caly. Now ... Christians, Now vail o your pride, you captive

And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe. Now where 's the hope you had of haughty Spain?

Ferneze, speak, had it not been much better. To keep? thy promise than be thus surprised?

Fern. What should I say? We are captives

and must yield.

Caly. Ay, villains, you must yield, and under
Turkish yokes

Shall grouning bear the burden of our ire; And, Barabas, as erst we promis'd thee, For thy desert we make thee governor; Use them at thy discretion.

Thanks, my lord. Firm. O fatal day, to fall into the hands
Of such a traitor and unhallowed Jew!
What greater misery could Heaven inflict?
Caly. 'T is our command: and, Barabas, we

To guard thy person these our Janizaries: Entreat them well, as we have used thee. And now, brave basses, come, we'll walk

The ruin'd town, and see the wrack we made: -

Farewell, brave Jew; farewell, great Barabas

Exeunt CALYMATH and Brasses.

Bar. May all good fortune follow Calymath! And now, as entrance to our safety, To prison with the governor and these Captains, his consorts and confederates.

3 Conj. Collier. Q. truce.

1 Q. kepl.

An open place in the city.

tain! Heaven will be reveng'd on the continue of the continue

VERNEZE, with a Guard.

erd?

p. "lord;" thus claves will learn.

p. —stand by there, wait within.

[Erennt Guard.]

non that I sent for thee:

ple and Malta's happiness

on may dispose of both;

povernor, and pluinly too,

thou shall become of it and thee?

Burabas; since things are in thy

a but of Malta's wrack,
her but extreme cruelty;
wh, nor will I flatter thee,
our, good words; he not so furious,
ife which can avail me aught;
out, and hive for me you shall;
talia's ruin, think you not
expolicy for Barabas
himself of such a place?
oue you said, 't is in' this isle,
'that I have got my goods,
y still have had success,
outh am grown your governor,
all see it shall not be forgot;
if not known but in distress,
larabas recover Malta's loss?
be good to 'thristians'
wilt thou give me, governor, to

If the slavish bands as well hath you'd your land and you? I give me if I render you here supposed to shift to the governor's the citatel singless emend. Q. within.

The life of Calymath, surprise his men,
And in an outhouse of the city shut
His soldiers, till I have consum'd 'em all with
fire?

What will you give him that procureth this?

Fern. Do but bring this to pass which then
pretendest,

Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the citizens,
And by my letters privately procure
Great sums of money for thy recompense:
Nay more, do this, and live thou governor still.
Bar. Nay, do thou this, Ferneze, and be free;
Governor, I enlarge thee; live with me,
Go walk about the city, see thy friends:
Tush, send not letters to 'em, go thyself,
And ler me see what money thou caust make.
Here is my hand that I 'll set Malta free:
And thus we cast it: to a solemn feast
I will invite young Selim Calymath,
Where be thou present only to perform
One stratagem that I 'll impart to thee,
Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,
And I will warrant Malta free for ever.
Fern. Here is my hand; believe me, Barabas,
I will be there, and do as thou desirest.

When is the time?

Bar.

Governor, presently:

For Calymath, when he buth view'd the town,

Will take his leave and sail toward Ottoman.

Fern. Then will I, Barabas, about his coin,

And bring it with me to thee in the evening.

Bar. Do so, but fail not; now farewell, Ferneze! — [Exit Ferneze.]

And thus far roundly goes the business:
Thus loving neither, will I live with both.

Making a profit of my policy;

And he from whom my most advantage comes

Shall be my friend.

This is the life we Jews are us'd to lead;

And reason too, for Christians do the like.

Well, now about effecting this device;

First to surprise great Selim's soldiers.

And then to make provision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done.

My policy detests prevention:
To what event my secret purpose drives,
I know; and they shall witness with their lives,
Exit.

Enter CALYMATH and Bussoes.

Caly. Thus have we view'd the city, seen the

And caus'd the ruins to be new-repair'd, Which with our bombards's shot and basilisk We rent in sunder at our entry:
And now I see the situation.
And how secure this conquer'd island stands Environ'd with the Mediterransan Sea.
Strong-countermin'd with other petty isles;
And, toward Calabria, back'd by Sicily,
Where Syracusian Dionysius reign'd,
Two lofty turrets that command the town.
I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus.

2 Outside the city walls.

4 Cannons'.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess, From Barabas, Malta's governor, I bring A message unto mighty Calymath; To sail to Turkey, to great Ottoman,
He humbly would entreat your majesty
To come and see his homely citadel,
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle.

Caly. To banquet with him in his citadel? fear me, messenger, to feast my train Within a town of war so lately pillag'd Will be too costly and too troublesome; Yet would I gladly visit Baralus,
For well has Barabas deserv'd of us,
Mess. Selim, for that, thus saith the governor,

That he hath in his store a pearl so big, So precious, and withal so orient, As, be it valued but indifferently, The price thereof will serve to entertain

Solim and all his soldiers for a month, Therefore he humbly would entreat your

highness

Not to depart till he has feasted you.

Caly. I cannot feast my men in Malta-walls.

Except he place his tables in the streets.

Mess. Know, Selim, that there is a monastery
Which standeth as an outhouse to the town: There will be banquet them; but thee at home,

With all thy basses and brave followers.

Caly. Well, tell the governor we grant his Buit,

We'll in this summer evening feast with him. Mesa, I shall, my lord. Exit. Caly. And now, bold bassoes, let us to our

And meditate how we may grace us heat
To solemnize our governor's great feast.

Excust.

[SCENE V.] 1

Enter FERNEZE, Knights, and DEL Bosco.

Fern. In this, my countrymen, be rul'd by me, Have special care that no man sally forth Till you shall hear a culverin discharg'd By him that bears the linstock, kindled thus; Then issue out and come to rescue me, For happily I shall be in distress. Or you released of this servitude.

1 Knight. Rather than thus to live as Turk-

ish thralls,

What will we not adventure?

Fern. On then, begone. Farewell, grave governor! 10 [Exeunt on one aide Knights and DEL Knights. Bosco; on the other FERNEZE,

[SCENE VI.]2

Enter, above. [BABARAS.] with a hammer, very busy; and Carpenters].

Bar. How stands the cords? How hang these hinges? Fast?

Are all the cranes and pulleys sure?

A street in Malta
A hall in the citadel, with a gallery at the end.

1 Carp. All frust. Leave nothing loose, all levell'd to my Bur. mind.

Why now I see that you have art indeed.

There, corpenters, divide that gold amongst
You Green money.) Go swill in bowls of sack and musendine!

Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines, 1 Carp. We shall, my lord, and thank you.

Ereunt [arpenters

Bar. And, if you like them, drink your fill and die:

For so I live, perish may all the world! Now, Selim Calymath, return me word That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.

Enter Messenger.

Now, sirrah, what, will be come?

Mess. He will; and has commanded all his

men To come ashore, and march through Malta structs,

That thou may'st feast them in thy citadel. r. Then now are all things as my wish would have 'em.

There wanteth nothing but the governor's pelf, And see, he brings it.

Enter FERNEZE.

Now, governor, the sum. Fern. With free consent, a hundred thousand Bar. Pounds, say'st thou, governor? Well,

since it is no more 'll satisfy myself with that; nay, keep it still, For if I keep not promise, trust not me, And, governor, now partake my policy: First, for his army; they are sent before, Enter'd the monastery, and undermenth In several places are field-pieces pitch'd. Bombards, whole harrels full of gunpowder That on the sudden shall dissever it, And batter all the stones about their ears,
Whence none can possibly excape alive.
Now as for Calymath and his consorts
Here have I made a duinty gallery, The floor whereof, this cable being out.

Into a deep pit past recovery. Here, hold that knife throws down a knife), and when thou seest he comes, And with his bassoes shall be blithely set.

Doth fall asunder; so that it doth sink

And with his basses shall be shot off from the tower.
To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord's
And fire the house; say, will not this be brase?
Fern. O excellent! here, hold thee, Barabaa,
I trust thy word, take what I promis d thee.
Bar. No, governor, I 'll satisfy thee first,

Thou shalt not live in doubt of anything.

Stand close, for here they come [Ferenze returns]. Why, is not this

A kingly kind of trade to purchase towns

By treachery and sell 'em by deceit?

Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun If greater falsehood ever has been done?

I Concested.

Enter CALTMATE and Bassoes.

Culy, Come, my companion baseous; see, I

How busy Barabas is there above

To entertain us in his gallery;
Let us sainte him. Save thee, Barabas!

**Rar. Welcome, great Calymath!

**Fern. I Aide.! How the slave jeers at him.

**Bar. Will 't please thee, mighty Selim Caly-

To ascend our homely stairs?

Call Ay, Barabas: -Come bassoes, attend.1

Fern. coming forward | Stay, Calymath | 60
For I will show thee greater courtesy
Than Barabas would have afforded thee.
Knight within, Sound a charge there!
A charge | sounded within, FERN-

EFF cuts the cord; the floor of the gatiery gives way, and BAHABAS falls into a caldron.

Enter DEL Bosco and Knights.]

Caly. How now! what means this?
Rur. Help, help me! Christians, help! 48
Fren. See, Calymath, this was devis'd for thee!

thre!
Caly. Treason! treason! bassoes, fly!
Free. No. Selim, do not fly;
Se his end first, and fly then if thou caust. Se
Ray. O help me. Selim! help me, Christians!
forernor, why stand you all so pittless?
Free. Should I in pity of thy plaints or thee,
Accuraced Barahus, base Jaw. refent?
No. thus I 'll see the treachery repaid,
But wish thou hadet behav'd thee otherwise, To
Rey. You will not help me, then?
Free. No. villain, no.

No, villain, no. Bor. And, villains, know you cannot help me

now. -Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest [hate,] 2 lad in the fury of thy torments strive and thy life with resolution.

In and the life with resolution.

Know, governor, 't was I that slew the son;
Ifram'd the challenge that did make them meet.
Know. Calymoth, I aim'd the overthrow,
And had I but escap'd this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
I won'd Christians, dogs, and Turkish infidels!
But now begins the extremity of heat To pinch me with intolerable pangs.

Die, life! fly, soul! tongue, curse thy fill, and die! Caly. Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?'
Fern. This train he laid to have entrapp'd

thy life.

Now, Selim, note the unhallowed deeds of Jews:

Thus he determin'd to have handled thee, y. Was this the banquet he prepar'd for us? But I have rather chose to save thy life. Caly.

Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended.³
Fern. Nay, Solim, stay; for since we have

thee here,
We will not let thee part so suddenly:
Besides, if we should let thee go, all 's one,
For with thy galleys could'st thou not get

hence,
Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.
Caly. Tush, governor, take thou no care for that,

My men are all aboard,

And do attend my coming there by this.

Fern. Why heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a charge?

Caly. Yes, what of that?

Fern. Why then the house was fir'd, Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.

Caly. O monstrous treason!

Fern. A Jew's courtesy:

For he that did by treason work our fall, By treason hath delivered thee to us. Know, therefore, till thy father hath made good

The ruins done to Malta and to us,
Thou caust not part; for Malta shall be freed,
Or Selim me'er return to Ottoman.
Caly. Nuy, rather, Christians, let me go to
Turkey,

In person there to mediate 4 your peace; To keep me here will naught advantage you. Fern. Content thee, Calymath, here thou

And live in Malta prisoner; for come all the

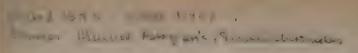
world To rescue thee, so will we guard us now, As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry Than conquer Malta, or endanger us. So march away, and let due praise be given

Neither to Fate nor Fortune, but to Heaven. [Excunt.]

Dyen, ascend. 2 Cunningham emend. Q. fate.

a Intended.

¹ Q meditule.



THE TROUBLESOME REIGN AND LAMENT-ABLE DEATH OF EDWARD THE SECOND

BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

[DEAMATIS PERSONAE

KING EDWARD THE SECOND. PRINCE EDWARD, his Son, afterwards King Edward the Third. EARL OF KENT, Brother to King Edward the Second. ABCHRISHOP OF CANTERBURY. BISHOP OF COVESTRY. BISHOP OF WINCHESTER. LANCASTER. PERSONAL PROPERTY. ARUNDEL BERKERBEY. MORTIMER, the elder MORTIMEN, the younger, his Nephew. SPENCER, the elder

Brascaa, the younger, his Son.

[ACT I]

[SCENE I.] 1

Enter GAVERTON, reading on a letter that was brought him from the King.

Gareston. "My father is deceas'd! Come, Gaveston.

And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend."

Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight! What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston Than live and be the favourite of a king!

Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy amorous

lines

Might have enforc'd me to have swum from France.

And, like Leander, gasp'd upon the sand, So thou would'st smile, and take me in thine

The sight of London to my exil'd eyes
Is as Élysium to a new-come soul;
Not that I love the city, or the men.
But that it harbours him I hold so dear—
The king, upon whose bosom let me die,2
And with the world be still at enmity.
What need the arctic people love starlight,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?

A street in London.

Die may be used in the sense of "ewoon."

BRAUMONT. TRUSSEL. MATRKVIR LIGHT BORN. SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT. RICE AF HOWELL.
Abbot, Monks, Herald, Lorda, Poor Men,
James, Mower, Champion, Messengera,
Soldiers, and Attendants.

QUEEN ISABELLA, Wife to King Edward the Second.

Sleep to King Edward the Second, daughter to the Duke of Gloucester. Ladies.]

BALDOOK.

Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
As for the multitude, that are but sparks Rak'd up in embers of their poverty: -Tanti. I'll fawn first on the wind That glanceth at my lips, and flyeth away.

Enter three Poor Men.

But how now, what are these?

Poor Men. Such as desire your worship's

service.

Gav. What canst then do?

1 P. Man. I can ride.

Gav. But I have no horses. — What are thou?

2 P. Man. A traveller.

Gav. Let me see; thou would'st do well ... To wait at my trencher and toll me lies at dinner time;

And as I like your discoursing, I'll have

you. —
And what art thou?
3 P. Man. A soldier that hath serv'd against the Scot.
Gav. Why, there are hospitals for such as

you.

I have no war, and therefore, sir, begone.

3 P. Man. Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,

That would'st reward them with an hospital.

* "So much for them."

Gay. Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much

And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.

yet it is no pain to speak men fuir;

flatter these, and make them live in [Aside.]

Gao. I have some business: leave me to my-

We will wait here about the court

Gar. Do. - These are not men for me: I must have wanted are not men for me. I must have wanted poets, pleasant wits, Masicians, that with touching of a string May draw the pliant king which way I please. Music and poetry is his delight;
Therefore I ll have Italian masks by night, so

And in the day, when he shall walk abroad, lake sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad; My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns.
Shall with their goat-feet dance an antic hay. Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape, With hair that gilds the water as it glides, Commets of pearl about his naked arms, and in his sportful hands an olive tree, To hide those parts which men delight to see, as

Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard by, One like Actuous peeping through the grove Shall by the angry goddess be transform d, And canning in the likeness of an hart By yelping hounds pull'd down, and seem to

My lord. - Here comes the king, and the

from the parliament. I'll stand saide Retires.

Bur King [Edward], Lancastre, the Elder Mortimen, Young Mortimen; Edmund, Earl of Kunt; Guy, Earl of Warwick, and [Attendants].

K. Edw. Lancaster l. Lan. My lord. Gac. That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor. [Aside.]

K. Edw. Will you not grant me this? - In apite of them

It have my will; and these two Mortimers, hat cross me thus, shall know I am displeas'd,

E Mor. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaves-

. That villain Mortimer | 1'll be his

Mer. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I

Were exorn to your father at his death, That he should ne'er return into the realm;

A rural dance.

and know, my lord, ere I will break my oath, This sword of mine, that should offend your

Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need And underneath thy banners march who will,

For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

Gav. Mort Dieu! [Aside.]

K. Edw. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee
rue these words.

Bessems it thee to contradict thy king? Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster? The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows.

And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.

will have Gaveston; and you shall know What danger 't is to stand against your king.

Gav. Well done, Ned! [Aside.]

Lan. My lord, why do you thus incense your

peers.

That naturally would love and honour you But for that base and obscure Gaveston? Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Loicester, — These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay, Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realin;

Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight. Kent. Barons and earls, your pride hath

made me mate;
But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Porcy of the north, being highly mov'd,
Braved Moubery 2 in presence of the king; in
For which, had not his highness lov'd him well,
He should have lost his head; but with his look The undaunted spirit of Percy was appear d. And Moubery and he were reconcil'd: Yet dare you brave the king unto his face?— Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues. War. O, our heads! K. Edw. Ay, yours; and therefore I would

wish you grant — 130
War. Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.
Y. Mar. I cannot, nor I will not, I must speak. -

Consin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads, And strike off his that makes you threaten

Come, uncle, let us leave the brain-sick king. And henceforth parle with our naked swords.

E. Mor. Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.

War. All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.

Lon. And northward Gaveston hath many friends. Adien, my lord; and either change your

mind. Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,

To float in blood; and at thy wanton head, The glozing ' head of thy base minion thrown. Execut full except KING EDWARD, KENT, GAVESTON, and Attendants.

2 Mowbray, but the Q. spelling indicates the pronunciation This line and the next are ironical. * Flattering. K. Edw. I cannot brook these haughty men-

Am I a king, and must be overrul'd? -Brother, display my ensigns in the field;
I'll bandy with the burons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.

Gav. I can no longer keep me from my lord. [Comes forward.] K. Edw. What, Gaveston! welcome! — Kiss not my hand — 140

Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee. Why should'st thou kneel? Know'st thou not

who I am? Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston!

Not Hylas was more mourn'd of Hereules, Than thou hast been of me since thy exile. Gav. And since I went from hence, no soul in hell

Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

K. Edw. 1 know it. - Brother, welcome

home my friend. Now let the trencherous Mortimers conspire, And that high-minded Earl of Lancuster: I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight; And sooner shall the sea o erwhelm my land, Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.

I here create thee Lord High Chamberlain, Chief Secretary to the state and me, Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man, Gav. My lord, these titles far exceed my

worth. Kent. Brother, the least of these may well suffice

For one of greater birth than Gaveston. K. Edw. Cease, brother, for I cannot brook

these words.

The words, aweet friend, is far above my gifts. Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart. If for these dignities thou be envied, I 'll give thee more; for, but to honour thee, Is Edward pleas'd with kingly regiment. Fear'st 5 thou thy person? Thou shalt have a guard.

Wantest thou gold? Go to my treasury. Wouldst thou be lov'd and fear'd? Receive my

Save or condemn, and in our name command
Whatso thy mind effects, or farey likes, 170
Gav. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great " Caesar riding in the Roman street, With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the BIBHOP of COVENTRY.

K. Edw. Whither goes my lord of Coventry au fast?

B. of Cov. To celebrate your father's exequies.

But is that wicked Gaveston return'd?

K. Edw. Ay, priest, and lives to be reveng'd on thee,

That wert the only cause of his exile.

Goe, 'T is true; and but for reverence of these robes,

1 Contend. Rule. Fear'st for. Thou should'st not plod one foot beyond this

B. of Cov. I did no more than I was bound to do;

And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaim'd, As then I did incense the parliament, So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

Gar. Saving your reverence, you must pardon

K. Edw. Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,

And in the channel & christen him anew. Kent. Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him!

For he'll complain unto the see of Rome. Gar. Let him complain unto the see of hell;

'Il be reveng'd on him for my exile.

K. Edw. No. spare his life, but seize upon his goods.

Be thou lord bishop and receive his rents, And make him serve thee as thy chaplain. I give him thee - here, use him as thou wilt.

Gav. He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

K. Edw. Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.

B. of Cov. For this offence, be thou accurst of God!

K. Edw. Who's there? Convey this priest

to the Tower.

B. of Cov. True, true, 5

K. Edw. But in the meantime, Gareston.

away.

And take possession of his house and goods. Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard. To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

Gav. What should a priest do with so fair a

house?

A prison may best beseem his holiness [Excunt.]

[SCENE II.] 6

Enter [on one side; both the MORTIMERS; [on the other.] WARWICK and LANGASTER.

War. 'T is true, the bishop is in the Town.
And goods and body given to Gaveston.

Lan. What! will they tyrannise upon the church?

Ah, wicked king! accursed Gaveston! This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,

Shall be their timeless sepulchre or mine. Y. Mor. Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure;

Unless his breast be sword-proof he shall die. E. Mor. How now! why droops the Earl of Laneaster? Y. Mor. Wherefore is Guy of Warwick dis

content?

And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.

4 Gutter.
5 I. c., You have used the true word "Convey" (= etcal).

Westminster. 7 Untimely.

We may not, nor we will not suffer Why post we not from hence to levy My Lord of Cornwall" now at every of !

by is the man whom he vouchsafes,
og of his bounct.' one good look.

o in arm, the king and he doth march: the guard upon his lordship waits; n be court begins to flatter him. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the and scorns and smiles at those that Doth no man take exceptions at slave? All atomach 2 him, but none dare speak rord. . Ah, that bewrays their baseness, the earls and barons of my mind, be him from the bosom of the king, le court gate hang the peasant up, la with venom of ambitious pride, the ruin of the realm and us.

ARCH MISHOP of CANTERBURY [and an Attendant.] lere comes my lord of Canterbury's

His countenance bewrays he is dis-Cant. First were his sacred garments

t and torn. they violent hands upon him; next imprisoned, and his goods asseiz'd: ify the l'ope; - away, take horse,

[Exit Attend.] My lord, will you take arms against the Bund. What need I? God himself is up

Jence is offered to the church. Then will you join with us, that be

prets. her behead that Gaveston? Past. What else, my lords? for it con-HA BUR BERT ; pric of Coventry is his.

Enter QUEEN [ISABELLA].

Marlam, whither walks your majesty Into the forest, gentle Mortimer, a greef and haloful discontent; tav lord the king regards me not, apon the love of Gaveston. his face, and whispers in his ears; a I come he frowns, as who should say, ther then wilt, seeing I have Gaveston." Is it not strange that he is thus sitch'd?

ng it as a mark of respect. 1 Shows. Y. Mor. Madam, return unto the court again. That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile. Or lose our lives; and yet, ere that day come, The king shall lose his crown; for we have

power,

And courage too, to be reveng'd at full. oo Q. Isab. But yet lift not your swords against the king.

Lan. No; but we will lift Gaveston from

hence.

stay still.

Q. Isab. Then let him stay; for rather than my lord Shall be oppress'd by civil mutinies,

will endure a melaurholy life,

And let him frolic with his minion.

A. of Cant. My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak:

We and the rest, that are his counsellors, Will meet, and with a general consent Confirm him banishment with our hands and

scals.

Lan. What we confirm the king will frustrate.

Y. Mor. Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

War. But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?
A. of Caut. At the New Temple.
Y. Mor. Content.
A. of Caut. And, in the meantime, I'll en-

treat you all

To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with

Lan. Come then, let 'e awny.
Y. Mor. Madam, farewell! M. Q. Isab. Farewell, sweet Mortimer, and, for

my sake, Forbear to levy arms against the king.

Y. Mor. Ay, if words will serve; if not, I must. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE III.] 4

Enter GAVESTON and KENT.

Gav. Edmund, the mighty Prince of Lancas-That hath more earldoms than an analymen, And both the Mortimers, two goodly men, With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight, Are gone toward Lumbeth — there let them [Execut.]

[SCENE IV.] 6

Enter Nobles [LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, the Elder MORTIMER, Young MORTI-MER, the ABCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY und Attendants .

Lan. Here is the form of Gaveston's exile: May it please your lordship to subscribe your

A. of Cant. Give me the paper. [He subscribes, as do the others after him.]

◆ A etreet in London.

◆ The New Temple.

Lan. Quick, quick, my lord; I long to write my name

Wur. But I long more to see him banish'd hence. Y. Mor. The name of Mortimer shall fright

the king. Unless he be declin'd from that base peasant.

Enter KING [EDWARD,] GAVENTON, [and KENT].

K. Edw. What are you mov'd that Gaveston sits here?

It is our pleasure; we will have it so.

Lon. Your grace doth well to place him by your side,

For nowhere else the new curl is so safe. E. Mor. What man of poble birth can brook this sight?

Quam mule conveniunt! 1

See what a scornful look the peasant casts!

Pem. Can kingly lious fawn on creeping

unts? War, Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton

Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun!

Y. Mor. Their downfall is at hand, their forces down ;

We will not thus be fac'd and over-peer'd.

K. Edw. Law hands on that traiter Mortimer! E. Mor. Lay hunds on that traitor Guves-

Kent. Is this the duty that you owe your

king? r. We know our duties - let him know his peers.

K. Edie. Whither will you bear him? Stay,

or ye shall die.

E. Mor. We are no traitors; therefore threaten

nest.

Gar. No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home!

or I whing Y. Mor. Thou villain, wherefore talk'st thou of a king,

That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

K. Edw. Were be a peasant, being my minion,

I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him. Lan. My lord, you may not thus disparage 114. -

Away I say, with buteful Gaveston! E. Mor. And with the Earl of Kent that favoors him.

[Attendants remove KENT and GAVESTON.] K. Edu: Nay, then, lay violent hands upon

you king. Here, Mortiner, sit then in Edward's throne; Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown. Was ever king thus over-rul'd as I?

Lan. Learn then to rule us better, and the

Y. Mor. What we have done, our heart-blood

shall maintain.

War. Think you that we can brook this up-

K. Edw. Anger Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

" How Ill they agree ! "

A. of Cant. Why are you mov'd? Be patient, my lord,

And see what we your counsellors have done.
Y. Mor. My lords, now let us all be resolute, a
And either have our wills, or lose our lives.

K. Edw. Meet you for this, proud overdaring pecis?

Ere my sweet Caveston shall part from me, . This isle shall fleet "upon the ocean,

On your allegiance to the see of Rome, Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.

. Mor. Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we

Depose him and elect another king.

E. Edw. Ay, there it good! but yet I will

not yield. Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.
Lan. Then linger not, my lord, but do it

straight.

A. of Caul. Remember how the bishup was abus'd!

Either banish him that was the cause thereof

Either banish him that was the cause thereof or I will presently discharge these lords of duty and allegiance due to thee.

K. Edw., Andr.. It boots me not to threat; I must speak fair.—
The legate of the Pope will be obey'd.

My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm. Thou, Lancaster, High Admiral of our fleet; Young Mortiner and his uncle shall be earls; And you, Lord Warwick, President of the North;
And thou, of Wales. If this content you not, Make several kingdoms of this monarchy, And share it equally amongst you all,

And share it equally amongst you all, o I may have some nook or corner left,

To frolie with my dearest Gaveston. A. of Cant. Nothing shall alter us, we are resolv'd.

Come, come, subscribe.

for. Why should you love him whom the Lan. Co. Y. Mor.

world hates so? K. Edw. Because he loves me more than all

the world. Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston;

You that be noble-born should pity him.

War. You that are princely-born should
shake him off.

For shame subscribe, and let the lown a depart-E. Mor. Urge him, my lord.

A. of Cant. Are you content to banish him the realm?

K. Edw. I see I must, and therefore and content. Instead of ink, I'll write it with my tears.

Subscribes. 1 Y. Mor. The king is love-sick for his minion.
K. Edw. 'T is done; and now, accursed hand.
fall off!

Lan. Give it me; I'll have it publish'd in the streets.

1 Float.

-

2 Pollow.

I'll see him presently despatch'd

Bont. Now is my heart at case.

And so is mine. This will be good news to the common

Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

Er and all except KING EDWARD.

To How fast they run to banish him I

mild not stir, were it to do me good. w and a king be subject to a priest?
Rome! that hatchest such imperial

thy superstitious taper-lights, Ith thy antichristian churches blaze, the crared buildings, and enforce 100 l towers to kiss the lowly ground! Inghtered priests make Tiber's channel

ks mis'd higher with their sepulchres ! ie peers, that back the clergy thus, ing, not one of them shall live.

Re-enter GAVESTON.

My land, I hear it whispered everywhere, in b mish'd, and must fly the land.

The true, sweet Gaveston — Ol were

te of the Pope will have it so, must benee, or I shall be depos'd. 110 Il reign to be reveng d of them; refore, sweet friend, take it patiently, are thou wilt, I'll send thee gold

than shalt not stay, or if thou dost, as to thee; my love shall ne'er decline. In all my hope turn'd to this hell of

. Road not my heart with thy too reing words: m this land, I from myself am ban-

To go from hence grieves not poor LV puntings :

cake you, in whose gracious looks to class of Gareston remains, here class sucks he felicity.

. And only this torments my wretched

hether I will or no, thou must depart. Fact of Ireland in my stead, "" "e abide till fortune call thee home.

my picture, and let me wear thine; the my picture, and let me wear thine; they exchange pictures.

I keep thee here as I do this, one I! but now most miserable! I have thing to be pitied of a king.

Thou shalt not hence — I'll hide Garaston.

shall be found, and then 't will grieve for. Kind words and mutual talk makes

grief greater; with dumb embracement, let us

renton, I cannot leave thee thus.

Gav. For every look, my lord 1 drops down a

Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

K. Edw. The time is little that thou hast to

Stay,
And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill.
But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way. The peers will frown.

Gav. The peers will frown.

K. Edw. 1 pass and for their anger. — Come let's go

O that we might as well return as go.

Enter EDMUND and QUEEN ISABELLA.

Q. Isab. Whither goes my lard?
K. Edw. Fawn not on me, French strumpet! Get thee gone!

Q. Isab. On whom but on my husband should I fawn? Gav. On Mortimer! with whom, ungentle

queen -

I say no more. Judge you the rest, my lord. Q. Isab. In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston. Is 't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,

And art a bawd to his affections.

But thou must call mine honour thus in question?

Gar. I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.
K. Edw. Thou art too familiar with that

Mortimer,

And by thy means is Gaveston exil'd; But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,

Or thou shalt ne'er be reconcil'd to me.

Q. Isab. Your highness knows it lies not in

my power.

K. Edw. Away then! touch me not. - Come,

Gaveston.
Q. Isab. Villain! 't is thou that robb'st me of my lord.

Gav. Madam, 't is you that rob me of my

lord.

K. Edw. Speak not unto her; let her droop

and pine. Q. Isab. Wherein, my lord, have I deserv'd those words

Witness the tears that Isabella sheda,

Witness this heart, that, sighing for thee, breaks, How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.

K. Edw. And witness Heaven how dear thou art to me!

There weep; for till my Gaveston be repeal'd.

Assure thyself then com'st not in my sight.

Execut EDWARD and GAVESTON.

Q. Isab. O miserable and distressed queen! Would, when I left sweet France and was embark'd,

That charming Circes, walking on the waves, Had chang'd my shape, or at the marriage-day The cup of Hymen had been full of poison, Or with those arms that twin'd about my neck I had been stiffed, and not liv'd to see The king my lord thus to abandon me!

Altered to love in Dodsley, &c.

Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth With ghastly murmur of my sighs and ories; For never doted Jove on Ganymede So much as he on cursed Gaveston. But that will more exasperate his wrath; I must entreat him, I must speak him fair, And be a means to call home Gaveston. And yet he'll ever dote on Gaveston; And so am I for ever miserable

Re-enter Nobles [LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, the Elder MORTIMER, and Young MORTIMER] to the Quoen.

Lan. Look where the sister of the King of France

Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her

breast! r. The king, I fear, hath ill-entreated

Pem. Hard is the heart that injures such a

F. Mer. I know 't is 'long of Gaveston she

Mor.

Mor. Why? He is gone.

Mor. Madam, how fares your grace?

Mor. Madam, how breaks the Mor. Q. Isah. Ah, Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth.

And he confesseth that he loves me not.

Mor. Cry quittance, madam, then; and love not him.

Q. Ivab. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths !

And yet I love in vain ; - he 'll ne'er love me. Lun. Fear ye not, madam; now his minion's Pertur.

His wanton humour will be quickly left.

Q. Isab. O never, Lancaster! I am enjoin'd
To sue upon you all for his repeal;
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banish'd from his highness presence.

Lun. For his repeal? Madam, he comes not
back,

Liber the way cost up his shippyrock'd body.

Unless the sea cast up his shipwrack'd body. 205 War. And to behold so sweet a sight as that, There's none here but would run his horse to

death.

Y. Mor. But, madam, would you have us call him home?

Q. Lonb. Av. Martimer, for till he be restor'd,
The angry king hath banish'd me the court; no And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tend'rest me,

Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

Y. Mor. What! would you have me plead for Gaveston

E. Mer. Plend for him he that will, I am resolv'd.

Lan. And so am I, my lord. Dissuade the

Q. Dab. O Laucaster! let him dissuade the

king.
'tis against my will he should return.
'ur. Then speak not for him, let the peas-War.

ant go. Is for myself I speak, and not for Q. Inub.

him.

Pem. No speaking will prevail, and therefore

I'. Mor. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the

Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead ;

1 mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,
That now, I hope, floats on the Irish seas.
Q. Isab. Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me awhile, And I will tell thee reasons of such weight

As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal,

Y. Mor. It is impossible; but speak your mind

Q. Isab. Then thus, - but none shall hear it but ourselves.

[Talks to Young MORTIMER apart.] Lan. My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer

Will you be resolute, and hold with mo?

E. Mor. Not I. against my nephew.

Pem. Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.

War, No? Do but mark how earnestly she pleads!

Lun, And see how coldly his looks make denial!

War. She smiles; now for my life his mind is chang'd!

Lan. I'll rather lose his friendship, I, than

Y. Mor. Well, of necessity it must be so.
My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston, And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,
"T is not for his sake, but for our avail;
Nay for the realm's behoof, and for the

king's.

Lan. Fie. Mortimer, dishonour not thyself! Can this be true, 't was good to banish him? we And is this true,' to call him home again? Such reasons make white black, and dark night

day. Y. Mor. My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.

Lan. In no respect can contraries be true. Q. Isab. Yet, good my lord, hear what be

War. All that he speaks is nothing; we are resolv'd.

Y. Mor. Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead ?

em. I would be were!
. Mor. Why, theu, my lord, give me but leave to speak

E. Mor. But, nephew, do not play the so-

phister.

Y. Mor. This which I arge is of a burning zeal.
To mend the king, and do our country good.
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold.
Which was in Ladwal appealach him and Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends

As he will front the mightiest of us all? And whereas he shall live and he belov'd, 'T is hard for us to work his overthrow.

War. Mark you but that, my lard of Lan-CON OF.

1 Qy. for true read good (?) 2 Consideration. But were he here, detented as he is, might some base slave be suborn'd lordship with a poniard, so anuch as blame the marderer, masse him for that brave attempt, bronich enrol his name -> of the realm of such a plague! aith true but how chance this was not done Because, my lords, it was not ki upon. when he shall know it lies in us him, and then to call him home, and him home, and home vail the top-flag of his pride, offend the meanest nobleman, for how if he do not, nephew?

Then may we with some colour 2 rise per we have borne it out, to be up against the king. have the people of our side, in father stake lean to the king, brook a night-grown mushroom, a my lord of Cornwall is, is down of the nobility. he commons and the nobles join, king can buckler Gaveston; im from the strongest hold he bath. to perform this I be slack, me base a groom as Gaveston, that condition, Lancaster will grant. so will Pembroke and I. and I. in this I count me highly gratified, or will rest at your command. And when this favour Isabel for-

live abandon'd and forlorn.appy time, my lord the king, ght the Earl of Cornwall on his

n'd. This news will glad him much, Gaveston; would be lov'd me anch, then were I treble-blest.

KING EDWARD, mourning.

He's gone, and for his absence thus

trow go so near my heart want of my sweet (raveston; y crown's revenue bring him back, give it to his enemies, gain'd, having bought so dear a

Ark! how he harps upon his minion.

I) heart is as an anvil unto sorrow, tapon it like the Cyclops' hammers, the trips of programmers, in the frantic for my Gaveston.

The frantic for my Gaveston.

The bloodless Fury rose from hell, the kingly aceptre struck me dead, forc'd toleave my Gaveston!

The first passions call you these?

S Protest.

Q. Isab. My gracious lord, I come to bring

you news. Cdw. That you have parley'd with your

Mortimer!
Q. Isab. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repeal'd.
K. Edw. Repeal'd! The news is too sweet to

be true?

Q. Isab. But will you love me, if you find it so? R. Edw. If it be so, what will not Edward du?

. Isab. For Gaveston, but not for Label. K. Edw. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st

Gaveston I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,

Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success, and Q. Isab. No other jewels hang about my neck. Than these, my lord; nor let me have more wealth.

Than I may fetch from this rich treasury.

O how a kiss revives poor Isabel!

K. Edw. Once more receive my hand; and let this be

A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me. Q. Isab. And may it prove more happy than the first!

My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair, That wait attendance for a gracious look, And on their knees salute your majesty.

K. Edic. Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy

And, as gross vapours perish by the sun, Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile. Live thou with me as my companion.

Lan. This salutation overjoys my heart.

K. Edw. Warwick shall be my chiefest

counsellor: These silver hairs will more adorn my court

Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery. Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray. War. Slay me, my lord, when I offend your

K. Edw. In solemn triumphs, and in public shows. Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king

Pem. And with this sword Pembroke will

fight for you.

K. Edw. But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?

Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or, if that lofty office like thee not.
I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm.
Y. Mor. My lord, I'll marshal so your ene-

mies,

As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

K. Edw. And as for you, Lord Mortimer of
Chirke. Whose great achievements in our foreign war

Deserves no common place nor mean reward, Be you the general of the levied troops, That now are ready to assail the Scots.

E. Mor. In this your grave hath highly honoured me.

For with my nature war doth best agree.

Q. Isah. Now is the King of England rich and strong. Having the love of his renowned peers.

K. Edw. Ay, Isabel, no'er was my heart so light.

Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth For Gaveston to Ireland:

[Enter BEAUMONT with warrant.]

Beaumont, fly 9.70 As fast as Iris or Jove's Mercury. Licau. It shall be done, my gracious lord Exit.]

K. Edw. Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.

your charge.

Now let us m, and feast it royally.

Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemnis'd.

For wot you not that I have made him sure 1 Unto our cousin, the Earl of Gloucester's heir?

Lan. Such news we hear, my lord.

K. Edw. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake.

Who in the triumph will be challenger,

Spare for no cost; we will requit your love.

War. In this, or aught, your highness shall command us.

K. Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick: come, let's in and revel.

E. Mor. Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou

stayest here. Leave now t'oppose thyself against the king. Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm, And seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston, Let him without controlment have his will. The mightiest kings have had their minions: Great Alexander loved Hephestion; The conquering Hercules 2 for Hylas wept; And for Patroclus stern Achilles droopt: And not kings only, but the wisest men: The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius; Grave Socrates, wild Alcibiades. Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible, And promiseth as much as we can wish, Freely enjoy that vann, light-headed earl; 400
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

Y. Mor. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves

not me;

But this I scorn, that one so basely born Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert, And riot it with the treasure of the realm. While soldiers mutiny for want of pay, He wears a lord's revenue on his back, And Midas-like, he jets" it in the court, With base outlandish cullions at his heels, Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show Whose proud fantastic liveries make such so As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd. I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk; He wears a short Italian hooded cloak Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap, A jewel of more value than the crown. While others walk below, the king and he From out a window laugh at such as we, 415 And flout our train, and just at our attire. Uncle, 't is this that makes me impatient.

E. Mor. But, nephew, now you see the king is chang'd.

Mor. Then so am I, and live to do him

Y. Mor. service:
But whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,

will not yield to any such upsturt. You know my mind; come, uncle, let's away.

[ACT II]

[SCENE I.] 5

Enter [Young] SPENCER and BALDOCK.

Bald. Spencer, seeing that our lord th' Earl of Gloucester's dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?
Y. Spen. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,

Because the king and he are enemies.
Baldock, learn this of me, a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;
But he that hath the favour of a king. May with one word advance us while we live. The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man

On whose good fortune Spencer's hope depends.

Bald. What, mean you then to be his follower?

Y. Spen. No, his companion ; for he loves me well.

And would have once preferr'd me to the king. Bald. But he is banish'd; there 's small hope of him.

Y. Spen. Ay, for a while; but, Baldock, mark the end.

A friend of mine told me in secrecy That he 's repeal'd, and sent for back again: And even now a post came from the court With letters to our lady from the king : And as she read she smil'd, which makes me

think

It is about her lover Gaveston.

Bald. "Tis like enough; for since he was exil'd

She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight But I had thought the match had been broke off And that his banishment had chang'd her mind Y. Spen. Our lady shirst love is not wavering.

My life for thine, she will have Gaveston.

Bald. Then hope I by her means to be pre-

ferr'd, Having read unto her since she was a child.

Y. Spen. Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off.

And learn to court it like a gentleman, Tis not a black coat and a little band, A is not a black coat and a little band, A velvet-cap'd coat, fac'd before with serge. And smelling to a nonegay all the day, Or holding of a napkin in your hand.

Or saying a long grace at a table's end, Or making low legs 7 to a nobleman.

Or booking downward with your eyelids close. And saying. "Truly, an't may please your honour."

Can get you any favour with great men:

¹ Affianced him.

I Strute.

Gloucester's house.
Advanced me to the king's service.

You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute, And now and then stab, as occasion serves.

Bald. Spencer, thou know'st I hate such formal toys.

And use them but of mere hypocrisy.

Mine old lord whiles he liv'd was so precise,

That he would take exceptions at my buttons, And being like pin's heads, blame me for the bigness:

Which made me curate-like in mine attire, Though inwardly licentious enough And apt for any kind of villainy. I am none of these common pedants, I,

That cannot speak without propteres quod. 1
Y. Spen. But one of those that saith quando-

quidem,²
And hath a special gift to form a verb.

Bald. Leave off this jesting, here my lady

Enter the Lady [KING EDWARD'S Niece.]

Niece. The grief for his exile was not so much As is the joy of his returning home. This letter came from my sweet Gaveston: — What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself? l know thou couldst not come and visit me.
[Reads.] "I will not long be from thee, though
I die."

This argues the entire love of my lord; [Reads.] "When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart:"

But stay thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.

[Puts the letter into her bosom.]

New to the letter of my lord the king. He wills me to repair unto the court, And meet my Gaveston. Why do I stay, Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day? Who's there? Baldock!

See that my coach be ready, I must hence.

Bald. It shall be done, madam.

Niece. And meet me at the park-pale pre-sently. Exit BALDOCK. sently.

Spancer, stay you and bear me company, For I have joyful news to tell thee of. My lord of Cornwall is a coming over, And will be at the court as soon as we

Y. Spen. I knew the king would have him

home again.

Niece. If all things sort sout as I hope they will,
Thy service, Spencer, shall be thought upon.

I. Spen. I humbly thank your ladyship. Niece. Come, lead the way; I long till I am there. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II.]4

P

d

Emer King Edward, Queen Isabella, Kent, Lancaster, Young Mortimer, Warwick, Pribroke, and Attendants.

K. Edw. The wind is good, I wonder why he stava

l fear me he is wrack'd upon the sea. Q. Isab. Look, Lancaster, how passionate 5 And still his mind runs on his minion!

¹ Let. " because."

¹ Let. " since." Lan. My lord,—
K. Edw. How now! what news? Is Gaveston arriv'd?

Y. Mor. Nothing but Gaveston! - What means your grace? You have matters of more weight to think upon;

The King of France sets foot in Normandy. K. Edw. A trifle! we'll expel him when we nlease. But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device

Against the stately triumph we decreed?
Y. Mor. A homely one, my lord, not worth

the telling.

K. Edw. Pray thee let me know it. Y. Mor. But, seeing you are so desirous, thus

A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing, On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch, And by the bark a canker 6 creeps me up, And gets into the highest bough of all:

The motto, Aeque andem.

K. Edw. And what is yours, my lord of Lan-

caster?

Lan. My lord, Mortimer's. My lord, mine's more obscure than liny reports there is a flying fish Which all the other fishes deadly hate,

And therefore, being pursued, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it; this fish, my lord, I bear:
The motto this: Undique mors est.8

K. Edw. Proud Mortimer ! ungentle Lancaster!

Is this the love you bear your sovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconcilement bears? Can you in words make show of amity, And in your shields display your rancorous minds!

What call you this but private libelling Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother? Q. Isab. Sweet husband, be content, they all

k. Edw. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.

I am that cedar, shake me not too much; And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high, I have the jesses that will pull you down; And Aeque tandem shall that canker cry Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.

Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish, and threatenest death whether he rise or fee. And threatenest death whether he rise or fall T is not the hugest monster of the sea

Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.

Y. Mor. If in his absence thus he favours

What will he do whenas he shall be present?

Lan. That shall we see; look where his lordship comes.

Enter GAVESTON.

K. Edw. My Gaveston! so Telcome to Tynemouth! Welcome to thy Welcome to friend!

Canker-worm,
 Lat. "On all sides is death."
 Lat. "Justly at length."
 The strape round a hawk's legs, to which the fal-

coner's leash was fastened.

Thy absence made me droop and pine away; For, as the lovers of fair Danae, When she was lock'd up in a brazen tower, So did it fare 1 with me; and now thy sight Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence. Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

Gav. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth 2 mine,

Yet have I words left to express my joy: The shepherd nipt with bitting winter's rage Froics not more to see the painted spring.
Than I do to behold your majesty.

K. Edac. Will none of you salute my Gaveston?

Lan. Salute him? yes. Welcome, Lord Cham-

berlain! Mor. Welcome is the good Earl of Corn-Y. Mor. Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall!
War. Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle

of Man!

Pem. Welcome, Master Secretary!

Kent. Brother, do you hear them?

K. Edw. Still will these earls and barons use me thus.

Gav. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries. Q. Isab. [Aside.] Aye me, poor soul, when these begin to jar.

K. Edw. Return it to their throats, I'll be

thy warrant.

Gav. Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,

Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef; And come not here to scoff at Gaveston, Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low

As to bestow a look on such as you.

Lan. Yet I diadain not to do this for you. [Draws his sword and offers to stab

GAVESTON. K. Edw. Treason! treason! where's the traiter?

Pem. Here! here!

K. Edw. Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him.

The life of thee shall salve this foul

Gae. The disgrace

Y. Mor. Villain! thy life, unless I miss mine aim. [Wounds GAVESTON.] nim. Wounds GAVESTON.]
Q. Isab. Ah! furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?
Y. Mor. No more than I would answer, were

he slain. K. Edw. Yes, more than thou canst answer,

though he live. Dear shall you both abye ! this riotous deed.

Out of my presence! Come not near the court. Y. Mor. I'll not be barr'd the court for Gaveston.

We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

K. Edw. Look to your own heads; his is

sure enough.

1 Q1 1594-1612, more. > Pay for. 2 Anticipateth. War. Look to your own crown, if you back

him thus. d. Warwick, these words do ill beseem Kent. thy years.

Nay, all of them conspire to cross K. Edw.

me thus;
But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.

Come, Edmund, let's away and levy men. 'T is war that must abate these barons' pride.

Excunt King [EDWARD, QUEEN ISABELLA and KENT].

War. Let's to our castles, for the king is

Y. Mor. Mov'd may he be, and perish in his wrath!

Lan. Cousin, it is no dealing with him now, He means to make us stoop by force of arms;

And therefore let us jointly here protest.
To persecute that Gaveston to the death.

Y. Mor. By heaven, the abject villain shall not live!

War. 1 'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.

Pem. The like oath Pembroke takes.

Lan. And so doth Lancaster. Now send our heralds to defy the king; And make the people awear to put him down.

Enter a Messenger. 4

Y. Mor. Letters! From whence?

Mess. From Scotland, my lord.
[Giving letters to MORTIMER.]

Lan. Why, how now, cousin, how fares all our friends? Y. Mor. My uncle's taken prisoner by the

Lan. We'll have him ransom'd, man; be of

good cheer.
Y. Mor. They rate his ransom at five then-

sand pound.
Who should defray the money but the king.
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?

I'll to the king. Lan. Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company War. Meantime, my lord of Pembroke and

myself Will to Newcastle here, and gather head. Y. Mor. About it then, and we will follow

you.

Lan. Be resolute and full of secrecy.

War. I warrant you. [Exit with Pembroke.
Y. Mor. Cousin, and if he will not ranson him.

I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto his king.

Las. Content, I'll bear my part — Holls'
who's there?

Enter Guard.]

Y. Mor. Av, marry, such a guard as this doth well.

Lan. Lead on the way.

Guard. Whither will your lordships?

Y. Mor. Whither else but to the king.

4 Qq. Poam. 4 An army. Guard. His highness is dispos'd to be alone. Lan. Why, so be may, but we will speak to him.

Guard. You may not in, my lord.

Y. Mor. Muy we not?

Enter King EDWAND and KENT.

Edw. How now!

K. Edw. How now!
What noise is this? Who have we there?
Is t you?

[Going. 10

Mer. Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring

you news;
Nine uncle is taken prisoner by the Scots.

K. Edv. Then ransom him.
Lua. 'T was in your wars; you should ransom

Mor. And you shall ransom him, or Kent. What! Mortimer, you will not threaten

him? K. Edw. Quiet yourself, you shall have the

lo gather for him thoroughout the realm. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you

Y. Mor. My lord, the family of the Mortimers

re not no poor, but, would they sell their land,

Tended lavy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these,
K. Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus?
Y. Mor. Nay, now you're here alone, I'll speak my mind. Las. And so will I, and then, my lord, fare-

Y. Mar. The idle triumphs, masques, lasciv-

ious shows, lad pendigal cifts bestow'd on Gaveston, llave drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee

murmuring commons, overstretched, break |. 1

Lan. Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd. The garrisons are beaten out of France, and, lone and poor, lie groaning at the gates. Be wild O' Neill, with swarms of Irish kerns, a man amountfoll d within the English pale. In the wells of York the Scots made road, and unresisted drave away rich spoils.

F. Mor. The haughty Dane commands the

BRITOW SCRE,

While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigg'd.

Las What foreign prince sends thee ambae-

T. Mr. Who loves thee, but a sort of fint-tenest?

Les Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
applying that thou hast left her all forlows.

Y. Mr. Thy court is maked, being bereft of

That make a king seem glorious to the world; i mean the peers, whom thou should'st dearly

libels are crast again thee in the street; ainle and thymes made of thy overthrow.

i is Dudsley. Q1. Auth. 2 Foot soldiers. 5 Band.

Lan. The Northern borderers seeing their houses burnt, Their wives and children slain, run up and

down,

Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Y. Mor. When wert thou in the field with banner spread,
But once? and then thy soldiers marcht like

players,

With garish robes, not armour; and thyself, Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest, olding and shaking of thy spangled crest, 100 Where women's favours hung like labels down. Lan. And therefore came it, that the fleer-

ing ' Scots, To England's high disgrace, have made this jig;

bourn, - 4

With a heave and a ho!
What weeneth the King of England,
So soon to have won Scotland?—
With a rombelow!"

Y. Mor. Wigmore? shall fly, to set my uncle free.

Lan. And when 't is gone, our swords shall purchase more. If ye be mov'd, revenge it as you can;

Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

Ext with Young Montaner.

K. Edw. My swelling heart for very anger breaks!

How oft have I been baited by these peers, And dare not be reveng'd, for their power is

great!
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold the paws,
And let their lives' blood slake thy fury's hunger.

If I be cruel and grow tyrannous, Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late

Kent. My lord, I see your love to Gaveston Will be the ruin of the realm and you, For now the weathful nobles threaten wars, no And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.

K. Edw. Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?

Kest. Ay, and it grieves me that I favoured him.

K. Edw. Traitor, begone! whine thou with

Mortimer.

Kent. So will I, rather than with Gaveston.

K. Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no

more!

Kent. No marvel though thou scorn thy noble

When I thy brother am rejected thus.

K. Edw. Away!

Foor Gaveston, that has no friend but me. Erit KENT. Do what they can, we'll live in Tynemouth here, And, so I walk with him about the walls, What care I though the earls begint usround?— Here comes she that is cause of all these jurs.

Jeering.

Bannockburn was not yet fought. The rhyme is taken from the Chronicles.

Young Mortimer's estate.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA with KING Er-WARD'S Niece, two Ladies, [Gaveston,] BALDOCK and Young Spencer.

Q. Isab. My lord, 'tis thought the earls are

K. Edw. Ay, and 't is likewise thought you favour em. Q. Isab. Thus do you still suspect me with-

out cause?
Niece. Sweet uncle! speak more kindly to

the queen.

My lord, dissemble with her, speak her Gar. fair.

K. Edw. Pardon me, sweet, I forgot my-

self.
Q. Isab. Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel.
R. Edw. The younger Mortimer is grown so brave.

That to my face he threatens civil wars.

(ac. Why do you not commit him to the Tower?

K. Edw. I dare not, for the people love him

Gur. Why, then we'll have him privily made

K. Edw. Would Lancaster and he had both carons'd

A bowl of poson to each other's health!
But let them go, and tell me what are these?

Nicee. Two of my father's servants whilst he
liv'd.—

Mayst please your grace to entertain them

K. Edw. Tell me, where wast thou born? What is thine arms?

Bald. My name is Baldock, and my gentry I fetcht from Oxford, not from heraldry. K. Edw. The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my

Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.

Bald. I humbly thank your majesty.

K. Edw. Knowest thou him, Gaveston?

Gue.

Ay, my lord;
His name is Spencer, he is well allied;
For my sake, let him wait upon your grace; 200 Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

K. Edw. Then, Spencer, wait upon me; for

his sake

I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.

Y. Spen. No greater titles happen unto me,
Than to be favoured of your majesty

K. Edw. Cousin, this day shall be your mar-

ring ... frant And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well

To wed thee to our niece, the only heir Unto the Earl of Gloncester Inte deceas'd.

Gav. 1 know, my lord, many will stomach 1 me.

But I respect neither their love nor hate.

K. Edw. The headstrong barons shall not

limit me: He that I list to favour shall be great, Come, let's away; and when the marriage ends, Have at the rebels, and their 'complices Excunt.

! Feel recentment at.

[SCENE III.] 1

Enter KENT. LANCASTER. | and | WARWICK, PEMBROKE, | and |

Kent. My lords, of love to this our I come to join with you and leave th and in your quarrel and the realm? Will be the first that shall adventure Lan. I fear me, you are sent of p. To undermine us with a show of lor

War. He is your brother, therefor CAUSO

To cast " the worst, and doubt of ye hent. Mine honour shall be hon truth ;

If that will not suffice, farewell, my

Renet False to his word, and therefore transport But what 's the reason your him now?

Kent. I have inform'd the Earl of Lan. And it sufficeth. Now, my this,

That Gaveston is secretly arriv'd. And here in Tynemouth frolics wit Let us with these our followers seal

And suddenly surprise them unaway.
Y. Mor. I'll give the onset.
War. And I'll Mor. This tottered ensign of m. Which swept the desert shore of the Whereof we got the name of Mortil Will I advance upon these castle-w Drums, strike alarum, raise them

sport, And ring aloud the knell of Gavesto Lan. None be so hardy as to tour But neither spare you Gaveston nor

(SCENE IV.16

Enter KING EDWARD and Young

K. Edw. O tell me, Spencer, who ton?

Spen. I fear he is slain, my grack
K. Edw. No, here he comes; no spoil and kill

Enter Queen Isabella, King Niece, Gaveston, and No

Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have go Take shipping and away to Scarbo Spencer and I will post away by la Gar. O stay, my lord, they will

K. Edw. I will not trust them;

nway!
Gav. Farewell, my lord,
K. Edw. Lady, farewell,
Nucc. Farewell, sweet uncle, ti again.

Near Tynemouth Castle. Near Tynem

K. Edw. Farewell, sweet Gaveston; and farewell, niece.

O. Isab. No farewell to poor Isabel thy

queen?

K. Edw. Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's sake.

Execut all but QUEEN ISABELLA.

you! From my embracements thus he breaks away. O that mine arms could close this isle about, That I might pull him to me where I would! Or that these tears that drizzle from mine eyes Had power to mollify his stony heart, That when I had him we might never part.

Exter the Barons, [LANCASTER, WARWICK, Young MORTIMER, and others]. Alarums.

Lan. I wonder how he scap'd!
Y. Mor. Who's this? The queen!
Q. Isab. Ay, Mortimer, the miserable queen, Whose pining heart her inward sighs have

blasted. And body with continual mourning wasted.

These hands are tir'd with haling of my lord From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston. And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.

Y. Mor. Cease to lament, and tell us where's
the king?

Q. Isob. What would you with the king?

Is 't him you seek?

Lan. No, madam, but that cursed Gaveston. Far be it from the thought of Lancaster To offer violence to his sovereign. We would but rid the realm of Gaveston:

Tell us where he remains, and he shall die. Q. Isab. He's gone by water unto Scarbo

rough; Pusue him quickly, and he cannot scape; The king hath left him, and his train is small. Wer. Foreslow 1 no time, sweet Lancaster; let's march.

Y. Mor. How comes it that the king and he

is parted? Q. Isab. That thus your army, going several

Might be of lesser force; and with the power That he intendeth presently to raise, Be easily suppress'd; therefore be gone.

S. Mor. Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy;

Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.

Las. The wind that bears him hence will fill

our sails : Come, come aboard, 't is but an hour's sailing.

Y. Mor. Madam, stay you within this castle

Q. Isab. No, Mortimer, I'll to my lord the

Y. Mor. Nay, rather sail with us to Scarbo-

rough.
Q. Isab. You know the king is so suspicious,
As if he hear I have but talk d with you,
line honour will be call'd in question;
and therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.

1 Dalay.

ĮΣ

e

4

2 A small vessel.

Y. Mor. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you, But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

[Exeunt all except QUEEN ISABELLA.] Isab. So well hast thou deserv'd sweet Mortimer

As Isabel could live with thee for ever! In vain I look for love at Edward's hand, Whose eyes are fix'd on none but Gaveston; Yet once more I 'll importune him with prayers. If he be strange and not regard my words, My son and I will over into France, And to the king my brother there complain, How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love: But yet I hope my sorrows will have end, And Gaveston this blessed day be slain.

[Scene V.]*

Enter GAVESTON, pursued.

Gav. Yet, lusty lords, I have escap'd your hands,

Your threats, your 'larums, and your hot pur-

suits;
And though divorced from King Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurpris'd,⁴
Breathing, in hope (malgrado all your beards, a That muster rebels thus against your king), To see his royal sovereign once again.

Enter the Nobles, [WARWICK, LANCASTER, PEMBROKE, Young MORTIMER, Soldiers, JAMES, and other Attendants of PEMBROKE].

War. Upon him, soldiers, take away his

weapons.

Y. Mor. Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,

Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils, 10 Base flatterer, yield! and were it not for shame, Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name, Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou fall,

And welter in thy gore.

Lan. Monster of men!
That, like the Greekish strumpet, train'd to arms

And bloody wars so many valiant knights: Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death ! King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

War. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave? Go, soldiers, take him hence, for, by my sword, His head shall off. Gaveston, short warning Shall serve thy turn; it is our country's cause That here severely we will execute Upon thy person. Hang him at a bough, Gav. My lord!

War. Soldiers, have him away; -But for thou wert the favourite of a king, Thou shalt have so much bonour at our hands -

Gav. I thank you all, my lords: then I perceive

That heading is one, and hanging is the other, And death is all.

³ The open country.

· Helen of Troy.

4 Uncaptured. 5 Ital. " in spite of."

Ester Earl of ARTHURL

Lan. How now, my had of Arnadel?
Arua, My lords, King Edward greets you all kry zne.

lry me. War. Arundel, any your memage. His majesty,

Hearing that you had taken Garenton. Entreateth you by me, yet but he may . *
See him before he dies; for why, he says,
And ands you word, he knows that die he shall; And if you gratify his grace so far, He will be minulful of the courtesy.

War, How now?

Gur. Kenowmed Edward, how thy name

Revives pour liaveston! War

War. No, it needeth not; Arundal, we will gratify the king In other matters; he must parden us in this.

Soldiers, away with him!

Gan. Why, my lord of Warwick. Will not these delays beget my hopes? I know it, hords, it is this life you urm at, Yot grant King Edward this. Y. Mor. Shalt thou at

Shalt thou appoint . Mor . What we shall grant? Soldiers, away with him! Thus we'll gratify the king: We'll send his head by thee; let him bestow so His tears on that, for that is all he gets Of threaten, or also his senseless trunk.

Lan. Not so, my lords, lest he bestow more DOM:

In burying him than he hath over earn'd.

Arun My lords, it is his majesty's request, as And in the honour of a king he swears, He will but talk with him, and send him back.

War. When? can you tell? Arundel, no; we

west

He that the care of his realm remits, And drives his nobles to these exigents 1 or Gaveston, will, if he sees 2 him once, Violate any promises to possess him.

Area. Then if you will not trust his grace in

My lords, I will be pledge for his return. My lords, I will be pledge for his return. My ... Mor. 'T is honourable in these to offer this; But for we know then art a noble gentleman, We will not wrong thee so, to make away A true man for a thief.

Gar. How mean'st thou, Mortimer? That is over-hane.

Y. Mor. Away, base groom, robber of king's renown !

Question with thy companions and thy mates. Pem. My Land Mortimer, and you, my lords,

ench one To gratify the king's request therein, Touching the sending of this Gaveston, Hecause his majesty so carnestly Donnes to see the man before his donth, I will upon mine honour undertake To enery him, and bring him back again;

revided this, that you my lord of Arundel Will with mo.

1 Ratremities.

! ('unningham's emendation for Q. zease.

War. Pembroke, what wilt then do? That we have taken burn, but must we now
Leave hun on "had I wist," and let him go?

Pen. My lorda, I will not over-woo your

buncurs,

But if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner.

Upon mine oath, I will return him back.
Arun. My lord of Lancaster, what say you in
this?

Lan. Why, I say, let him go on Pembroke's word

Pem. And you, Lord Mortimer? Y. Mor. How say you, my lord of Warwick? War. Nay, do your pleasures, I know how 't will prove.

Pera. Then give him me.

Gar. Sweet sovereign, yet I come To see thee ere I die. H'ar.

Yet not perhaps, Aside. Warwick's wit and policy prevail. [Aside.] Y. Mor. My lord of Pembroke, we deliver him you:

Return him on your honour. Sound, away! Exeunt all except PEMBROKE, AR-UNDEL, GAVESTON, JAMES, and other Attendants of Penthrose.

Pem. My lord [Arundel,] you shall go with

My house is not far hence; out of the way A little, but our men shall go along.

We that have pretty wenches to our wives, Sir, must not come so near and baulk their lips.

Arun, 'T is very kindly spoke, my lord of

Pembroke; Your honour hath an adamant of power

To draw a prince. So, my lord. Come hither, James do commit this Gaveston to thee, Be thou this night his keeper; in the morning We will discharge thee of thy charge. Be gone. Gav. Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou

now? Exit with [JAMES and the other] At-

tendants. Horse-boy. My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobhom.

[ACT III]

[SCENE I.] 4

Enter GAYESTON mourning. [JAMES and other]
Attendants of PEMBROKE.

Gar. O treacherons Warwick! thus to wrong

thy friend.

James, I see it is your life these arms pursueGac. Weaponless must I fall, and die imbands ?

O! must this day be period of my life? Centre of all my bliss! An ye be men, Speed to the king.

³ "Had I known — the exclamation of these wine repent of what they have rashly done." (Dyce.)
⁴ The open country.

Enter WARWICK and his company.

War. My lord of Pembroke's men, Strive you no longer — I will have that (investon. James, Your lordship does dishonour to your-James.

And wrong our lord, your honourable friend. War. No. James, it is my country's cause I follow.

(io, take the villain; soldiers, come away. Wes'll make quick work. Commend me to your

My friend, and tell him that I watch'd it well. Come, let thy shadow 1 parley with King Ed-

ward.
Treacherous earl, shall I not see the king?
The king of Heaven, perhaps; no other

War. The king.

Ereunt WARWICK and his men with GAVESTON.

James. Come, fellows, it booted not for us to We will in haste go certify our lord. Exeunt.

[SCENE II.]2

Enter King Edward and [Young] Spencer, Betwoen, and Nobles of the King's side, and Soldiers] with drums and fifes.

K. Edw. 1 long to hear an answer from the

Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston. Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.

h! Spencer, not the riches of my realm
'an ransom him! Ah, he is mark'd to die!

know the malice of the younger Mortimer,

Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
learnable, and I shall never see

By lovely Pierce, my Gaveston again!
The barona overhear me with their pride.

Y. Spen. Were I King Edward, England's

on to the lovely Eleanor of Spain, front Fdward Longshanks' issue, would I bear Desc bruves, this rage, and suffer uncontroll'd These barons thus to beard me in my land, is mine own realm? My lord, pardon my

Did you retain your father's magnanimity,
hid you regard the honour of your name,
You would not suffer thus your majesty
Becommerchant'd of 9 your nobility.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on

No doubt, anch lessons they will teach the rest, As by their preachments they will profit much, And learn obedience to their lawful king.

K. Edw. Yes, gentle Spencer, we have been

too mild. Too kind to them; but now have drawn our

sword.

And if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it's on their crest, and poll their topa.

Near Horoughbridge, in Yorkshire.
Chacked by. Use our steel.

Bald. This haught f resolve becomes your majesty, Not to be tied to their affection,

As though your highness were a schoolboy still, And must be aw'd and govern'd like a child.

Enter the Elder SPENCER, with his truncheon and Soldiers.

E. Spen. Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward,

In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!

K. Edw. Welcome, old man, com'st thou in
Edward's aid? Then tell thy prince of whence, and what thou

E. Spen. Lo, with a band of bowmen and of

pikes Brown bills and targeteers, four hundred

Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,

I come in person to your majesty,
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there,

Spencer, the father of flugh Spencer there, so Bound to your highness everlastingly, For favour done, in him, unto us all.

K. Edw. Thy father, Spencer?
Y. Spen. True, an it like your grace, That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown, His life, my lord, before your princely feet. 45

K. Edw. Welcome teu thousand times, old

nian, again.

Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.

Spencer, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire, Spencer, I here create thee rari of witshire, And daily will enrich thee with our favour, That, as the sunshine, shall reflect o'er thee. Beside, the more to manifest our love, Becauso we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land, And that the Mortimers are in hand withal, Thou shalt have crowns of us t'outbid the barona:

And, Spencer, spare them not, but lay it on. Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all!

Y. Spen. My lord, here comes the queen.

Enter QUEEN [IBABELLA,] and her son [PRINCE EDWARD,] and LEVUNE, a Frenchman.

K. Edw. Madam, what news? Q. Isab. News of dishonour, lord, and discontornt.

Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust, Informeth us, by letters and by words. That Lord Valois our brother, King of France, Because your highness hath been slack in homage, Hath seized Normandy into his hands. These be the letters, this the messenger. K. Edw. Welcome, Levune. Tush, Sib, if this be all

Valois and I will soon be friends again. But to my Gaveston; shall I never see, Never behold thee now? — Madam in this mat-

We will employ you and your little son; You shall go parley with the king of France. Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king, And do your message with a majesty.

4 High-spirited.

8 Negotisting.

P. Edw. Commit not to my youth things of more weight

Than fits a prince so young as I to bear, And fear not, lord and father, Heaven's great

heams
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe,
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.
Q. Isab. Ah, boy! this towardness makes thy
mother fear

Thou art not mark'd to many days on earth. K. Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipp'd,

And this our son; Levune shall follow you With all the haste we can despatch him hence. Choose of our lords to bear you company, And go in peace; leave us in wars at home.
Q. Isab. Unnatural wars, where subjects

hrave their king;
God end them once! My lords, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.

[Exit with PRINCE EDWARD.]

Enter | ARUNDEL |.1

K. Edw. What, Lord [Arundel,] dost thou come alone?

Arun. Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is

dead.

Edw. Ah, traitors! have they put my friend to death?

Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st, Or didnt thou see my friend to take his death?

Arun. Neither, my lord; for as he was surpris'd,

Begirt with weapons and with enemies round, I did your highness' message to them all; Demanding him of them, entreating rather, And said, upon the honour of my name, That I would undertake to carry him

Unto your highness, and to bring him back.

K. Edw. And tell me, would the rebels deny me that ?

Spen. Proud recreants l Edw. Yea, Spencer, traitors all. K. Edw. Yea, Spencer, traitors all.

Aran. I found them at the first inexorable;
The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hear-

Mortinier hardly; Pembroke and Lancaster Spake least: and when they flatly had denied,

Refusing to receive me pledge for him, The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake My lords, because our sovereign sends for

And promiseth he shall be safe return'd,
I will this undertake, to have him hence,
And see him re-delivered to your hands."
K. Edw. Well, and how fortunes jit] that he
came not?

Y. Spen. Some treason, or some villainy, was

Arun. The Earl of Warwick seiz'd hiru on his WAY

For being delivered unto Pembroke's men. Their lard rode home thinking his prisoner safe; But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,

1 Qq. Lord Maire[vu], throughout the scene. Corrected by Dyce.

And bare him to his death; and in a trench --

Strake off his head, and march'd unto the camp.
Y. Spen. A bloody part, flatly gainst law of arms!

K. Edw. O shall I speak, or shall I sigh and

Y. Spen. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword

Upon these barons; hearten up your men; Let them not unreveng d murder your friends!
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to his them from their starting holes.
K. Edw. (kneeling.) By earth, the common mother of us all,

By Heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof, we By this right hand, and by my father's sword, And all the honours 'longing to my crown, I will have heads and lives for him, as many

As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers! -Hives.

Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortings! 1 be England's king, in lakes of gore Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail, That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood. And stain my royal standard with the same. That so my bloody colours may suggest Remembrance of revenge immortally. On your accursed traitorous progeny, You villains, that have slain my Gaveston! And in this place of honour and of trust, Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here:
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Gloucester, and Lord Chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

Y. Spen. My lord, here's a messenger from the barons.

Desires access unto your majesty. K. Edw. Admit him near.

Enter the Herald from the Barons with his coal of arms.

Her. Long live King Edward, England's law-

ful lord ! K. Edw. So wish not they, I wis, that sent thee hither.

Thou com'st from Mortimer and his 'complices, A ranker rout of rebels never was.

Well, say thy message.

Her. The barons up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;

And bid me say, as plainer to your grace. That if without effusion of blood You will this grief have ease and remedy. That from your princely person you remove This Spencer, as a putrifying branch, That dends the royal vine, whose golden leaves Empale your princely head, your diadem, whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim. To cherish virtue and nobility.

And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers, to
This granted, they, their honours, and their
lives,

Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate, Y. Spen. Ah, traitors! will they still display their pride? K. Edsc. Away, tarry no answer, but be gone !

Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign He aports, his pleasures, and his company? Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce

Embraces SPENCER. Spencer from me. - Now get thee to thy lords,

And tell them I will come to chastise them For numbering Gaveston; hie thee, get thee

Edward with fire and sword follows at thy heels. Erit Herald.

My lords, perceive you how these rebels swell? oddiers good hearts, defend your anvereign's

for now, even now, we march to make them

troop.
! Exeunt, Alorums, excursions, a great fight, and a retreat (sounded, within).

[SCENE III.] 1

Resenter KING EDWARD, the Elder SPENCER, Young SPENCER, and Noblemen of the KING a side.

K. Edw. Why do we sound retreat? Upon them, lords!

Tais day I shall pour vengeance with my sword on those proud rebels that are up in arms and do confront and countermend their king.

I'. Spen. I doubt it not, my lord, right will

E. Spen. 'T is not amiss, my liege, for either

To breathe awhile; our men, with sweat and dust

All chicks well near, begin to faint for heat; And this retire refresheth horse and man. Spen. Here come the rebels.

Enter the Barona, Young MORTIMER, LANCAS-ren, Warwick, Pembroke, and others.

Y. Nov. Look, Lancaster, yonder is Edward Among his flatterers.

And there let him be

he pay dearly for their company.

emits in vain.

Edw. What, rebels, do you shrink and sound retreat?

Mor. No. Edward, no; thy flatterers faint

Y. Mor No. Edward, no; thy flatterers faint and fly. Lan. Thou'd best betimes foreske them, and

their trains, the traitors as they are, Y. Spen. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lan-

caster! Pen. Away, base upstart, brav'st thou mables thus?

Spen, A noble attempt and honourable

le it not, trow ye, to amorable aid. And levy arms against your lawful king!

K. Edw. For which ere long their heads shall wat is fy

satisfy,

T' appease the wrath of their offended king. **

Y. Mor. Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last.

and rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood, Than banish that pernicious company?

K. Edw. Ag, traitors all, rather than thus be

Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones,

And ploughs to go about our palace-gates. War. A desperate and unnatural resolution ! Alarum! to the fight!

St. George for England, and the barons' right!

K. Edw. Saint George for England, and King
Edward's right!

[Alarums. Exeunt the two parties severally.]

[SCENE IV.] a

Enter KING EDWARD [and his followers,] with the Barona [and KENT], captives.

K. Edw. Now, lusty lords, now, not by chance of war,

But justice of the quarrel and the cause. Vail'd is your pride; methinks you hang the heads.

But we'll advance them, traitors. Now't is time
To be aveng'd on you for all your braves,
Aml for the murder of my dearest friend,

To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,

Good Pierce of Gaveston, my swert favourite. Ah, rebels! recreants! you made him away. Kent. Brother, in regard of thee, and of thy

land, Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.

K. Edw. So, air, you have spoke; away,
avoid our presence!

Exit KENT.

Accursed wrotches, was 't in regard of us, Accuracy wreteres, was it in regard of us.
When we had sent our messenger to request
He might be spar'd to come to speak with us.
And Pembroke undertook for his return,
That thou, proud Warwick, watch'd the pris-

oner. Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainst law of arms?

For which thy head shall overlook the rest, As much as thou in rage ontwent'st the rest. 18 War. Tyrant, I soorn thy threats and men-

aces; It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.

Lan. The worst is death, and better die to

Lan. 1

Than live in infamy under such a king.

K. Edw. Away with them, my lord of Winchester!

These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancuster, charge you roundly - off with both their heads !

War. Farewell, vain world! Lan. Sweet morrhale. Y. Mor. England, unkind to thy nobility. " Sweet Mortimer, farewell.

The same. Lowered. 2 Raise.

Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maim'd!

K. Edw. Go take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower, There see him safe bestow'd; and for the rest,

Do speedy execution on them all.

Begone! so Y. Mor. What, Mortimer! can ragged stony walls

Immure thy virtue that aspires to Heaven?
No, Edward, England's securge, it may not be;
Mortimer's bope surmounts his fortune far.
[The captice Barons are led off.]

K. Edw. Sound drums and trumpets | March with me, my friends,

Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew.

Execut all except Young SPENCER,
LEVUNE, and BALDOCK.

Y. Spen. Levune, the trust that we repose in thee,

Begets the quiet of King Edward's land. Therefore begone in haste, and with advice Bestow that treasure on the lords of France, That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard That suffered Jove to pass in showers of gold To Danaë, all nid may be denied To Isabel, the queen, that now in France

Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young SUD.

And step into his father's regiment, 1 Levune. That's it these barons and the subtle queen

Long levell'd at.

Bal. Yen, but, Levane, thou seest These barons lay their heads on blocks to-What they intend, the hangman frustrates

clean.

Levune. Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll

Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears,
Y. Spen. Then make for France amain;
Levune, away!

Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories.

Excunt.

[ACT IV]

[SCENE I.] 2

Enter KENT.

Kent. Fair blows the wind for France; blow

Till Edmund be arriv'd for England's good ! Nature, yield to my country's cause in this. A brother? No. a butcher of thy friends! Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy pres-

But I'll to France, and cheer the wronged

queen, And certify what Edward's looseness is, Unnatural king! to slaughter noblemen

2 Near the Tower of London.

And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay Thy sweet escape: stand gracious, gloomy night,

Enter Young MORTIMER, disquised.

Y. Mor. Holla! who walketh there? Is't you, my lord?

Kent. Mortimer, 't is 1;
But hath thy potion wrought so happily?
Y. Mor. It hath, my Lord; the warders all

asleep.

I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace. But hath your grace got shipping unto France? hent. Fear it not.

SCENE II.18

Enter QUEEN [ISABELLA' and her son [PRINCE EDWARD].

Q. Isab. Ah, boy! our friends do fail us all in France.

The lords are cruel, and the king unkind; What shall we do?

P. Educ. Madam, return to England.
And please my father well, and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendship here in France.
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly:

'A loves me better than a thousand Sp Q. Isab. Ah, boy, thou art deceiv'd, at least in this,

To think that we can yet be tun'd together; No. no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois! Unhappy Isabel! when France rejects, Whither, oh! whither dost thou hend thy

Enter SIR JOHN of HAINAULT.

Str J. Madam, what cheer?
Q. Isab. Ah! good Sir John of Hainault.
Never so cheerless, nor so far distrest.

Sir J. I hear, sweet lady, of the king's un kindness;

But droop not, mindam; noble minds contemn Despair. Will your grace with me to Hainault, And there stay time's advantage with your son?

How say you, my lord, will you go with your friends,
And share of all our fortunes equally?

P. Edw. So pleaseth the queen, my mother, me it likes.

The King of England, nor the court of France. Shall have me from my gracious mother's side.
Till I be strong enough to break a staff. And then have at the prondest Spencer's head. Sir J. Well said, my lord.

Q. Isab. O, my sweet heart, how do I moun thy wrongs,

Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy!
Ah, sweet Sir John! even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tannis, Will we with thee to Hainault - so we will: -The marquis is a noble gentleman; His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me. But who are these?

Paris. . T. Brooks smend. Qq. shake off.

Enter KENT and Young MORTIMER.

Much happier than your friends in England do! Q. Isah. Lord Edmund and Lord Mortimer alive!

Welcome to France! The news was here, my

That you were dead, or very near your death.
Y. Mor. Lady, the last was truest of the twain;

But Mortimer, reserv'd for better hap, liath shaken off the thraldom of the Tower, And lives t' advance your standard, good my

P. Edw. How mean you? An 1 the king, my

father, lives?

No, my Lord Mortimer, not I. I trow.

Q. Isob. Not, son! why not? I would it were

but, gentle lords, friendless we are in France. . Mor. Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of

Told us, at our arrival, all the news: llow hard the nobles, how unkind the king Hath show'd himself; but, madam, right makes room

Where weapons want; and, though a many friends

Are made away, away, as Warwick, Lancaster, and others of our party and faction; let have we friends, assure your grace, in Eng-

Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for

jny,

To see us there, appointed 2 for our foes,

heat. Would all were well, and Edward well
reclaim'd,

for Encland's honour, peace, and quietness. Y. Mor. But by the sword, my lord, 't must be deserv'd; 1

Of France refuseth to give aid of arms
To this distressed queen his sister here,
Go you with her to Hainault. Doubt ye not,
We wall find comfort, money, men, and friends
Ere long, to bid the English king a base.

How any, young prince? What think you of the match? P. Kdo I think King Edward will outrun

Q. Isus. Nay, son, not so; and you must not

Your friends, that are so forward in your aid. 70 Keet. Sir John of Hainault, pardon us, I pray; Products that you give our woful queen Rend us in kindness all at your command. Q. Isab. Yea, gentle brother; and the God of

Mor. This noble gentleman, forward in grms.

Earned. 2 Equipped. Challengs. A reference to the game of prisoner's

Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold. Sir John of Hainault, be it thy renown,

That England's queen and nobles in distress, Have been by thee restor'd and comforted. Sir J. Madam, along, and you my lords, with

That England's peers may Hainault's welcome see. [Excunt.]

see. SCENE III.15

Enter King [Edward,] Arundel, the Elder and Younger Spencer, with others.

K. Edw. Thus after many threats of wrath-

ful war,
ful war,
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends;
And triumph, Edward, with his friends uncontroll'd!
My lord of Gloucester, do you bear the news?
Y. Spen. What news, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, man, they say there is great

execution

Done through the realm; my lord of Arundel, You have the note, have you not? Arun. From the Lieutenant of the Tower,

my lord.

K. Edw. I pray let us see it. [Takes the note.]

What have we there?

Read it, Spencer.

[Hands the note to] Young SprinCER [who] reads the names.

Why, so; they bark of apace a mouth ugo:
Now, on my life, they 'll neither bark nor bite.
Now, sirs, the news from France? Gloucester.

I trow

The lords of France love England's gold so well As Isabella gets no aid from thence.
What now remains? Have you proclaim'd,

my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?
Y. Spen. My lord, we have; and if he be in England, 'A will be had ere long, I doubt it not.

K. Edw. If, dost thou say? Spencer, as true as death,

He is in England's ground; our portmasters Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter a Post.

How now, what news with thee? From whence come these?

Post. Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of

To you, my lord of Gloucester, from Levune.
[Gives letters to Young Spencer.] K. Edw. Read.

K. Edw. Read.
Y. Spen. (reads).
"My duty to your honour premised, &c., I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the King of France his lords, and [se effected that the queen, all discontented and disconferred, is gone: whither, if you ask, with Sir John of Haimult, brother to the marquis, into Flanders. With them are gone Lord Edmund, and the Lord Mortimer, having in their [secondary diversed your nation, and others; and company diversed your nation, and others; and company divers of your nation, and others; and,

^{*} The Royal Palace, London.

as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for them. This is all the news of

Your honour's in all service, LEVINE,"

K. Edw. Ah, villains! hath that Mortimer exemp d:

With him is Edmund gone associate? And will Ser John of Haimult lead the round? Welcome, a God's name, madam, and your son; England shall welcome you and all your rout, so Callon apace, bright Phoebus, through the sky, And dosky night, in rusty iron car, Between you both shorten the time, I pray, That I may see that most desired day When we may meet these traitors in the field. Ah, nothing grieves me but my little boy Come, friends, to Bristow, 1 there to make us

And, winds, as equal be to bring them in, As you injurious were to bear them forth! [Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV.] 2

Knier Queen [Isabella], her son, [Prince Edward, Kest, Young Mortimer, and Sir John [of Hainault].

Q. Inab. Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen.

Wolcome to England all, with prosperous winds !

thir kindent friends in Belgia have we left, To cope with friends at home; a heavy case When force to force is knit, and sword and

the civil broils make kin and countrymen shoughter themselves in others, and their sides With their own weapons gor'd! But what 's the

help? Mingre or ned kings are cause of all this wrack; And, Edward, thou art one among them all, to Winson looseness hath betray'd thy land to spoil, Who made the channels overflow with blood. ()(then own people patron shouldst thou be,

But then Y. Mer. Nay, madam, if you be a warrior, You must not grow so pussionate in speeches.

Such that we are by sufference of Heaven Arriv'd and armed in this prince's right, Here for our country's cause swear we to him so All homogo, fealty, and forwardness;

and has the open wrongs and injuries I word hath done to us, his queen and land, Yo come in arms to wreak it with the sword ; We came in arms to wreak it with the sword;
that Figland's queen in peace may repossers
the dignatics and benours; and within so
the may remove these flatterers from the king,
but havines Figland's wealth and treasury.

M. J. Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward
bet as north.

Lead of will think we come to flatter him. so
had, I would be never had been flattered.

[Excunt.]

2 Near Harwich.

[SCENE V.] 3

Enter King EDWARD, BALDOCK, and Young SPENCER, flying about the stage.

Y. Spen. Fly. fly, my lord! the queen is over-strong

Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail. Shape we our course to Ireland, there to

breathe.

K. Edw. What! was I born to fly and run away.

And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind? • Give me my horse, and let's reinforce our troops:

And in this bed of honour die with fame. Bald. O no, my lord, this princely resolution Fits not the time; away! we are pursu'd [Exeunt.]

Enter KENT, with sword and target.

Kent. This way he fled, but I am come too late.

Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee. Proud traiter, Mortimer, why dost thou chase Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword Vile wretch! and why hast thou, of all unkind, Borne arms against thy brother and thy king Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head, Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs To punish this unnatural revolt!

To punish this unnatural revolt!
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life!
O fly him, then! But, Edmund, calm this rage,
Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss, while they compire;
And yet she bears a face of lave for sooth.
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away! Bristow to Longshanks' blood
Is false. Be not found single for suspect

Feared Mortimes price near unto thy walks. Proud Mortimer pries near unto thy walks.

Enter QUEEN [ISABELLA,] PRINCE [EDWARD,' Young MORTIMER, and SIR JOHN of HA-NAULT.

Q. Isab. Successful battle gives the God of king

To them that fight in right and fear his wrath. Since then successfully we have prevailed.

Thanked be Heaven's great architect, and you. Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords, We here create our well-beloved son. Of love and care unto his royal person

Lord Warden of the realm, and sith the fates a Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,

As to your wisdoms fittest accuss in all.

Kent. Madam, without offence, if I may ask.
How will you deal with Edward in his full?
P. Edw. Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you mean?

Kent. Nephew, your father; I dare not call

Kent. Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.
Y. Mor. My lord of Kent, what needs these questions?

T is not in her controlment, nor in ours. But as the realm and parliament shall please, a

1 Lost you are suspected.

a shall your brother be disposed of .like not this releuting mood in Edmund, Madam, 't is good to look to him betimes.

Q. Isab. My lord, the Mayor of Bristow

knows our mind.

Mor. Yes, madam, and they scape not

Y. Mar. Yes, madam, and and Yes, madam, and the field.

Baldock is with the king, baldock is my lord? Q. Isab. Baldock is with the king, A goodly chancellor, is he not, my lord? See J. So are the Spencers, the father and the son.

Kent. This Edward is the rain of the realm-

Enter Rick Ar Howell and the Mayor of Bristol, with the Elder SPENCER prisoner, and Attendants |.

Rice. God save Queen Isabel, and her princely SHORT !

Madam, the mayor and citizens of Bristow, s sign of love and duty to this presence, beaut by me this traitor to the state, procer, the lather to that wanton Spencer, that like the lawless Catiline of Rome, so kerelled in England's wealth and treasury. Q. Isab. We thank you all. Y. Mor. Your loving care in this

barroth princely favours and rewards. hav. Spencer the son, created Earl of Glou-

with that smooth-tongu'd scholar Baldock

And shipt but late for Ireland with the king.

Y. Mor. (Aside.) Some which wind fetch them back or sink them all!

They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.

P. Edw. Shall I not see the king my father yet?

Kent. [Aside.] Unhappy's Edward, chas'd from England's bounds.

Sir J. Madain, what resteth, why stand you in a nurse?

O. Lath. I rue my lord's ill-fortune; but alas!

Q. Isab. I rue my lord's ill-fortune; but alas! Care of my country call'd me to this war. Y. Mor. Madam, have done with care and

and complaint;

Your hing hath wrong'd your country and him-

And we most seek to right it as we may Memwhile, have hence this rebel to the block, Four lordship cannot privilege your head. E. Spen. Rebel is he that fights against his

France;
Stought not they that fought in Edward's right.

Y. Mor. Take him away, he prates.

[Execut Attendants with the Elder SPENCER.]

You, Rice ap Howell,

hall do good service to her majesty, living of countenance in your country here, To follow these rebellious runagates.

We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice flice Baldock, Spencer, and their complices May in their fall be followed to their end. SCENE VI. 1

Enter the Abbot, Monks, [KING] EDWARD, Young Spencer, and Balbock [the three latter disguised].

Abbot. Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear;

As silent and as careful we will be, To keep your royal person safe with us, Free from suspect and fell invasion Of such as have your majesty in chase, Yourself, and those your chosen company,

As danger of this stormy time requires.

K. Edw. Father, thy face should harbour no

deceit. Ol hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart, Pierced deeply with sense of my distress, Could not but take compassion of my state. Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp:
But what is he whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miscrable? Come, Spencer; come, Baldock, come, sit down

by me; Make trial new of that philosophy, That in our famous ourseries of arts Thou suck det from Plate and from Aristotle.
Father, this life contemplative is Heaven.
O that I might this life in quiet lead! But we, alas ! are chas'd ; and you, my friends, Your lives and my dishonour they pursus. Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold, nor fee,

Nonks. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we

Do wot of your abode.
Y. Spen. Not one alive; but shrewdly I suspect

A gloomy fellow in a mead below.
'A gave a long look after us, my lord;
And all the laud I know is up in arms.

Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

Bald. We were embark'd for Irelan Bald. We were embark'd for Ireland, wretched we! With awkward winds and [with] sore tempests

driven To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear

Of Mortimer and his confederates.

K. Edw. Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?

Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer, That bloody man? Good father, on thy lap Lay I this head, laden with mickle care, O might I never open these eyes again ! Never again lift up this drooping head ! O never more lift up this dying heart

Y. Spen. Look up, my lord. - Baldock, this drowsiness Betides no good; here even we are betray'd. ..

Enter, with Welsh hooks, RICE AP HOWELL, a Mower, and LEICESTER.

Mow. Upon my life, these be the men ye seek. Rice. Fellow, enough - My lord, I pray be short,

A fair commission warrants what we do.

1 The abbay of Neath.

Letter. The queen's commission, urged by Mortimer

What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen? Alas! see where he sits, and hopes unseen I' escape their hands that seek to reave his life. Too true it is, Quem dies vidit vemens superbum, Hunc dies vidit fugiens juventem. But, Leicester, lenve to grow so passionate.

Spencer and Baldock, by no other names, I do arrest you of high treason here.
Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest;
'T is in the name of Isabel the queen.
My lord, why droop you thus?

K. Edw. O day, the last of all my blias on earth!

Centre of all missing the standard of the contract.

Centre of all misfortune! O my star Why do you lour unkindly on a king? Comes Leicester, then, in Isubella's name To take my life, my company from me? there, man, rip up this panting breast of mine, And take my heart in resence of my friends!

Rice. Away with them ! Spen. It may become thee yet To let us take our farewell of his grace.

Abbot. My heart with pity carns 2 to see this

sight, - [Aside.] A king to bear these words and proud

commands.

K. Edw. Spencer, ah. sweet Spencer, thus then must we part?
Y. Spen. We must, my lord, so will the angry Heavens.
K. Edw. Nay, so will hell and cruel Morti-

The gentle Heavens have not to do in this. 78

Bald. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm. Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves; Our lots are cast; I fear me, so is thine. K. Edw. In Heaven we may, in earth ne'er

shall we meet:

And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us? Leices. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.³
K. Edw. Must! it is somewhat hard, when

kings must go.

Leices. Here is a litter ready for your grace, That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.
Rice. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

K. Edw. A litter hast thou? Lay me in a hearse.

And to the gates of hell convey me hence; Let Pluto's hells ring out my fatal knell, And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore, For friends hath Edward none but these and these,

And these must die under a tyraut's sword. Rice. My lord, be going; care not for these, For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

K. Edw. Well, that shall be, shall be: part

we must ! Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must! Hence feigned weeds unfeigned are my woes; (Throws off his disguise.)

"Whom the dawn sees proud, evening sees pros-trate." Senseca. Thyrstes, 613.

Renilworth.

Yearms, grieves. 1 Kenilworth. Father, farewell! Leicester, thou stay at for

And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends.

Excust EDWARD and LEGISTRE Y. Spen. O! is he gone? Is noble Edward gone?

Parted from hence, never to see us more? Rent, sphere of Heaven! and, fire, forsake thy orb !

Earth, melt to air ! gone is my sovereign, Gone, gone, alas ! never to make return. Buld. Spencer, I see our souls are fleeted

hence; We are deprived the sunshine of our life: Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes, And heart, and hand to Heaven's immortal

throne; Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance; Reduce we all our lessons unto this: To die, sweet Spencer, therefore live we all; Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall. Rice. Come, come, keep these preachments

till you come to the place appointed. You, and such as you are, have made wise work in England. Will your lordships away?

Mow. Your lordship, I trust, will remember

me?

Remember thee, fellow! what elec? Rice. Remember thee.
Follow me to the town. [Eseunt

[ACT V]

[SCRNE I.] 4

Enter KING [EDWARD,] LEICESTER, the BISHOP [of WINCHESTER] for the crown [and TRUSSEL].

Leices. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,

And that you lay for pleasure here a space. Not of compulsion or necessity. K. Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might

comfort me, Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows; For kind and loving hast thou always been, For kind and loving hast thou always been. The griefs of private men are soon allay'd. But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck. Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds; **
But, when the imperial lion's firsh is gor'd. He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw, [And] highly scorning that the lowly earth Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air. And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind The ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb, And that unnatural queen, false Isabel. That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison; For such outrageous passions cloy my soul, As with the wings of rancour and disdain Full often am I soaring up to Heaven, To plain me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,
That Mortimer and Isabel have done. But what are kings, when regiment 5 is gone,

A room in Kenilworth Castle.

1 Rule.

bot shadows in a sunshine day? a rule, I hear the name of king; he crown, but am controll'd by them, imer, and my unconstant quent is my auptual bed with intamy; I am lodg d within this cave of care, orrow at my elbow still attends, any my heart with sad laments, eds within me for this strange exme. must I now resign my crown, musping Mortimer a king?
Win. Your grace mistakes; it is for

ngland's good. own. ic. No, 't is for Mortimer, not Edward's

ic. No, the for normary and adding a lamb, encompassed by wolves, a a moment will abridge his life.

Toud Mortimer do wear this crown, turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire! the snaky wreath of Tisiphon, the temples of his hateful head; not fingland's vine be perished, and a name survives, though Edward.

My lord, why waste you thus the time

by your answer; will you yield your Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I

a break my crown and kingdom without cause; ambitious Mortimer my right, a mountain overwhelms my bliss, the extense my mind here murdered is.
It the heavens appoint, I must obey!
Let my crown; the life of Filward too;

a in England cannot reign at once,
while, let me be king till night,
may gaze upon this glittering crown;

and the country than last content;

by eyes receive their last content, the latest honour due to it, ly both yield up their wished right. ever thou celestial sun; ; silent night possess this clime: Il you watches of the element; and seasons, rest you at a stay, word may be still fair England's

bright beam doth vanish fast away, he bright beam doth vanish fast away, he I must resign my wished crown. To a creatures! ours'd with tiger's milk! he you for your sovereign's overthrow! hun I mean, and guilders life.

"It wear my crown again!

"It's puts on the crown."

"It's puts on the crown."

"It's puts on the crown."

"It's to the fury of your king?

"It's to the foremen as late they did

2 not for thy frowns as late they did, to make a new-elected king; ills my mind with strange despairing unghta,

Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments,

And in this turment comfort find I none, And that I feel the crown upon my head;
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

Trus. My lord, the parliament must have

present news,
And therefore say, will you resign or no?

The King rageth. K. Edw. I'll not resign, but whilst I live the

king.] 8 Traitors, be gone and join with Mortimer!
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will:
Their blood and yours shall seal these treach-

B. of Win. This answer we'll return, and so farewell. [Going with TRUNKEL.] - Leices. Call them again, my lord, and speak

them fair;
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

K. Edw. Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.

Leices. My bord, the king is willing to resign.
B. of Win. If he be not, let him choose.
K. Edw. O would I might, but heavens and earth compire

To make me miserable! Here receive my

Crown;
Receive it? No, these innocent hands of mine Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime. He of you all that most desires my blood, and will be call'd the murderer of a king. Take it. What, are you mov'd? Pity you me? Then soud for unrelenting Mortimer And Isabel, whose eyes, being turn'd to steel, Will sconer sparkle fire than shed a tear. Yet stay, for rather than I'll look on them, Here, here ! [Gives the crown.]

Now, sweet God of Heaven, Make me despise this transitory pomp, And sit for any enthronized in Heaven! Come, death, and with thy fingers close my

eyes,
Or if I hve, let me forget myself.
B. of W in. My lord —
K. Edw. Call me not lord; away — out of my

sight! Ah, pardon me: grief makes me lunatic! Let not that Mortimer protect my son; 105 More safety is there in a tiger's jaws, Than his embracements. Bear this to the queen,

Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighe Gives a handkerchief.

If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd, Return it back and dip it in my blood. Commend me to my son, and bid him rule Better than I. Yet how have I transgress'd, Better than I. Yet how have I transgrall nless it be with too much elemency?

Trus. And thus most humbly do we take our K. Edw. Farewell; rewell; [Errunt the Bishov of Winchester and Trussel.]

I know the next news that they bring Will be my death; and welcome shall it be; To wretched men, death is felicity.

² Qq. omit. Added by Dodnley.

Enter BEHKELEY,1 [who gives a paper to LEICESTER .

Leices. Another post! what news brings he?
K. Edw., Such news as 1 expect—come,
Berkeley, come.
And tell thy message to my naked breast.

Berk. My lord, think not a thought so villainous

Can harbour in a man of noble birth. To do your highness service and devoir, And save you from your foes, Berkeley would

die. Leices. My lord, the council of the queen commands

That I resign my charge,

K. Edw. And who must keep me now? Must
you, my lord?

Berk. Ay, my most gracious lord; so 't is de-

Edw. [taking the paper.] By Mortimer, whose name is written here!

Well may I rend his name that rends my hearf! This poor revenge has something eas'd my mind. So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!

Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!

Berk. Your grace must hence with me to
Berkeley straight.

K. Edw., Whither you will; all places are

alike,

And every earth is fit for burial.

Leices. Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth

in you.

Berk. Even so betide my soul as I use him.

K. Educ. Mine enemy buth pitied my estate,
And that 's the cause that I am now remoy'd.

Berk. And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be ernel? K. Edw. I know not; but of this am I as-

sured.

That death ends all, and I can die but once.
Leicester, farewell!
Leices. Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your way. Exeunt.

[SCENE II.] 2

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA and Young MORTIMER.

Y. Mor. Fair Isabel, now have we our de-The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king

Have done their homage to the lofty gallows, And he himself lies in captivity.

Be rul'd by me, and we will rule the realm.

In any case take heed of childish fear.

For now we hold an old welf by the ears, That, if he slip, will seize upon us both, And gripe the sorer, being gript himself.
Think therefore, madam, that imports us much
Toerect your son with all the speed we may, u And that I be protector over him; For our behoof will bear the greater sway Whenas a king's name shall be under writ.

1 Old edd. Bartley, showing pronunciation.
2 The Royal Palace, London.
3 Cross

J Crown.

Q. Isab. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel. Be then persuaded that I love thee well, And therefore, so the prince my son be safe, Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes, Conclude against his father what thou wilt.

And I myself will willingly subscribe.

Y. Mor. First would I hear news that he were depos'd.

And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Messenger.

Letters! from whence? From Killingworth, my lord. Mess. Q. Isab. How fares my lord the king? Mess. In health, madam, but full of pensive-

Q. Isab. Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his grief!

Enter the Bishop of Winchester with the crown.]

Thanks, gentle Winchester. [To the Messenger. | Exit Messenger. Sirrah, he gone. (Exit Messanger) B. of Win. The king hath willingly resign'd

Q. Isab. O happy news! send for the prince, B. of Win, Further, or this letter was seal'd,
Lord Berkeley came,

Lord Berkeley came,

So that he now is gone from Killingworth; And we have heard that Edmund haid a plot

And we have heard that Edmund hid a plot To set his brother free; no more but so.

The lord of Berkeley is so pitiful As Leicester that had charge of him before.

Q. Isab. Then let some other be his guardian.

Y. Mor. Let me alone, here is the privy seal.

Exrit the Bishop of Winchester.

Who's there?—Call hither Gurney and Matrevis.

To Attendants within.

To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,

Berkeley shall be discharg'd, the king remov'd,

And none but we shall know where he light.

And none but we shall know where he lieth.
Q. Isab. But, Mortimer, as long as he sur-Vives.

What safety rests for us, or for my son?
Y. Mor. Speak, shall he presently be despatch'd and die?
Q. Isab. I would he were, so 't were not by my means.

Enter MATREVIB and GUUNEY.

Y. Mor. Enough. -Matrevis, write a letter presently Unto the lord of Berkeley from ourself That he resign the king to thee and Gurney; a And when 't is done, we will subscribe our name.

Mat. It : Y. Mor. It shall be done, my lord Gurney. My lord. Y. Mor. As thou intend'st to rise by Morti-

Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please

Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop, And neither give him kind word nor good look.

Gur. I warrant you, my lord,

Y. Mor. And this above the rest: because we

That Edmund casts 1 to work his liberty, Remove him still from place to place by night, Till at the last he come to Killingworth, And then from thence to Berkeley back again; And by the way, to make him fret the more, Speak curstly to him, and in any case

But amplify his grief with bitter words.

Mat. Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.

Y. Mor. So now away; post thitherwards

amain.
Q. Isab. Whither goes this letter? To my lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his majesty,

Commend me humbly to his his poor,
And tell him that I labour all in vain
To ease his grief, and work his liberty;
And bear him this as witness of my love.

[Gives a ring.]

Mat. I will, madam. Erit with GURNEY. Enter PRINCE [EDWARD,] and KENT talking with him.

Y. Mor. Finely dissembled. Do so still, sweet queen.

Here comes the young prince with the Earl of Kent.

Q. Isab. Something he whispers in his childish

Y. Mor. If he have such access unto the

prince.
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dash'd. Q. Isab. Use Edmund friendly, as if all were

well.

Y. Mor. How fares my honourable lord of

Kent? Kent. In health, sweet Mortimer. How fares

your grace?
Q. Isab. Well, if my lord your brother were

enlarg'd.

Kent. I hear of late he hath depos'd himself. Q. Isab. The more my grief. Y. Mor. And mine.

Kent. [Aside.] Ah, they do dissemble! Q. Isab. Sweet son, come hither, I must talk

with thee.

Y. Mor. You being his uncle, and the next of blood,

Do look to be protector o'er the prince.

Kent. Not I, my lord; who should protect the

But the that gave him life? I mean the queen. P. Edw. Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown:

Let him he king — Lam too young to reign.

Q. Isab. But be content, seeing 't is his highness' pleasure.

P. Edw. Let me but see him first, and then I will.

Real. Ay, do, sweet nephew.
Q. Isab. Brother, you know it is impossible.
P. Edw. Why, is he dead?
Q. Isab. No, God forbid!

1 Plots.

Kent. I would those words proceeded from your heart.
Y. Mor. Inconstant Edmund, dost thou fa-

vour him,

That wast the cause of his imprisonment? Kent. The more cause have I now to make amenda.

Y. Mor. [Aside to Q. Isab.] I tell thee, 't is

not meet that one so false Should come about the person of a prince.— My lord, he hath betray'd the king his brother, And therefore trust him not.

P. Edw. But he repents, and sorrows for it Q. Isab. Come, son, and go with this gentle

lord and me.

P. Edw. With you I will, but not with Mor-

timer.
Y. Mor. Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of Mortimer?

Then I will carry thee by force away.

P. Edw. Help, uncle Kent! Mortimer will

wrong me.

Q. Isab. Brother Edmund, strive not; we are his friends;
Isabel is nearer than the Earl of Kent.

Kent. Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem

him. Q. Isab. Edward is my son, and I will keep

him

Kent. Mortimer shall know that he hath wrong'd me!—
[Aside.] Hence will I haste to Killingworth Castle,

And rescue aged Edward from his foes. To be reveng'd on Mortimer and thee.

Exeunt on one side QUEEN ISA-BELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, and Young MORTIMER; on the other KENT. PRINCE EDWARD, and

[SCENE III.] 2

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY [and Soldiers,] with KING [EDWARD].

Mat. My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends: Men are ordain'd to live in misery

Therefore come, - dalliance dangereth our lives. K. Edw. Friends, whither must unhappy

Edward go? Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest? Must I be vexed like the nightly bird Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowls? When will the fury of his mind assuage? When will his heart be satisfied with blood? If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast, And give my heart to Isabel and him; It is the chiefest mark they level 8 at

Gur. Not so my liege, the queen hath given this charge

To keep your grace in safety; Your passions make your dolours to increase.

K. Edw. This usage makes my misery to increase.

* Kenilworth Castle.

But can my air of life continue long When all my senses are annoy'd with stench? When all my senses are annoy a with scene if Within a dangeon England's king is kept, Where I am starv'd for want of sustenance. My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs, That almost rents the closet of my heart. Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any, And so must die, though pitied by many.

O, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst.

And clear my body from foul excrements!

Mat. Here's channel 1 water, as our charge is

Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

K. Edw. Traitors, away! What, will you murder me,

Or choke your sovereign with puddle water? so Gur. No; but wash your face, and shave away your beard.

Lest you be known and so be rescued.

Mut. Why strive you thus? Your labour is in

vain! K. Edw. The wren may strive against the

lion's strength, But all in vain: so vainly do I strive

To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

They wash him with puddle water,
and shave his beard away.

Immortal powers! that knows the painful cares
That wait upon my poor distressed soul,
O level all your looks upon these daring men,
That wrome their lines and avastics. That wrongs their liege and sovereign, Eng-

land's king!

O Gaveston, 't is for thee I am wrong'd,
For me, both thou and both the Spencers died!
And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I 'll take.
The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain, 4
Wish well to mine; then tush, for them I 'll die.
Mat. 'Twist theirs and yours shall be no en-

mity.

Come, come away; now put the torches out, We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

Enter KENT.

Gur. How now, who comes there? Mat. Guard the king sure: it is the Earl of

K. Edw. O gentle brother, help to resone me! Mat. Keep them asunder: thrust in the king, Kent. Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word. Gur. Lay hands upon the earl for this assault. Kent. Lay down your weapons, traitors! Yield the king!

Mat. Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.

Kent. Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus?

Gur. Bind him and so convey him to the court. Where is the court but here? Here is Kent.

the king;
And I will visit him; why stay you me?

Mat. The court is where Lord Mortimer remains

Thither shall your honour go; and so farewell.

Ereum Mathewis and Gurney,
with King Edward.

1 Gutter.

Kent. O miserable is that commonweal, Where lords keep courts, and kings are lockt

in prison! Sol. Wherefore stay we? On, sirs, to the court!

Kent. Ay, lead me whither you will, even to my death,

Seeing that my brother cannot be releas'd. Ereunt.

SCENE IV.12

Enter Young MORTIMER, alone.

Y. Mor. The king must die, or Mortimer goes down;

The commons now begin to pity him. Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death, Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age; And therefore will 1 do it cunningly. This letter, written by a friend of ours, Contains his death, yet bids them save his life. Reads.

" Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est Fear not to kill the king, 't is good he die.'
But read it thus, and that a another sense: "Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est;
Kill not the king, 't is good to fear the worst."
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,
That, being dead, if it chance to be found, Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame, And we be quit that caus'd it to be done. Within this room is lock'd the messenger That shall convey it, and perform the rest; And by a secret token that he bears, Shall he be murdered when the deed is done. -Lightborn, come forth!

[Enter LIGHTBORN.]

Art thou as resolute as thou wast?

Light. What else, my lord? And far more resolute.

Y. Mor. And hast thou cast ! how to accomplish it?

Light. Ay, ny, and none shall know which way he died. Y. Mor. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou

wilt relent.

Light. Relent! ha, ha! I use much to relect.
Y. Mor. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.
Light. You shall not need to give instructions;
T is not the first time I have kill'd a man.
I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers;
To strangle with a lawn thrust through the

throat; To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point;

or which one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his eass;
Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver down.
And yet I have a braver way than these.
Y. Mor. What 's that?
Light. Nay, you shall pardon me; none shall know my tricks.
Y. Mor. I care not how it is no is he not

Y. Mor. I care not how it is, so it he not spied. Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis.

Gives letter.] Planned.

The Royal Palace, London.

A piece of fine linen.

mile and thou hast a horse. Gives money away ! and never see

lo: bring me news of Edward's death, at will I quickly do. Farewell, my $\{Extt.\}$ The prince I rule, the queen do I

lowly congé to the ground, it lords salute me as I pass; wel, I do what I will. soore than low'd; — let me be fear'd, I frown, make all the court look

mice with Aristarchus' eyes, were as a breeching to a boy. upon me the protectorship, he for that that I desire. council-table, grave enough, ke a bashful puritan, has quam gravissimum, 1 terrupted by my friends, provinciam 2 as they term it; lade, I am Protector now. erealm, the king; and none rule us, will I plague, my friends advance; list command who dare control? ham cui possit fortuna nocere,8 be the coronation-day,

ne, and lanbel the queen.

[Trumpels within.]
Is sound, I must go take my place. ing King, Queen [Isabella,] the

Lung live King Edward, by the of God

and and Lord of Ireland ! my Christian, Heathen, Turk, or

Ilm that Edward's not true king, inch his saying with the sword, lone comes, sound trumpets.

[Trumpets sound.] Third. Champion, here's to thee. Gives a purse. Aurge.

oldiers, with KENT prisoner.

What traiter have we there with and bills ?

and burn and, the Earl of Kent.
What hath he done? ald have taken the king away per-

bringing him to Killingworth.

ty heavy burden." too great for fortune to injure." Ovid, Y. Mor. Did you attempt this rescue, Ed-mund? Speak.

Kent. Mortimer, I did; he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the

EVENT HE IS

Mor. Strike off his head! he shall have martial law

Kent. Strike off my head ! Base traitor, I defy

thee! Edw. Third. My lord, he is my uncle, and K. Edw. Thi

Y. Mor. My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

Kent. Stay, villains!
K. Edw. Third, Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my Lord Protector for his life.

Q. Isab. Son, be content; I dare not speak a

word, Edw. Third, Nor I, and yet methinks I

word.

K. Edw. Third. Nor I, and yet methinks I should command;
But, seeing I cannot. I'll entreat for him —
My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.
Y. Mor. 'T is for your highnese' good, and
for the realm's. —
How often shall I bid you bear him hence?
Kent. Art thou king? Must I die at thy command?
Y. Mor. At our command — Once more away.

Y. Mor. At our command - Once more away with him.

Kent. Let me but stay and speak; I will not go. Either my brother or his son is king, And none of both them thirst for Edmund's blood:

And therefore, soldiers, whither will you bale me?

Soldiers hale KENT away, and carry

Exeunt.

him to be beheaded.

K. Edw. Third. What safety may I look for at his hands.

If that my uncle shall be murdered thus?

Q. Isab. Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard these the form the form. from thy foes; Had Edmund liv'd, he would have sought thy

death.

Come, son, we'll ride a-hunting in the park.

K. Edw. Third. And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?

Q. Isab. He is a traitor; think not on him;

[SCRNE V.]4

come.

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.

Mat. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not, Being in a vault up to the knees in water, To which the channels of the castle run From whence a damp continually ariseth, That were enough to poison any man,

Much more a king brought up so tenderly.

Gur. And so do I. Matrevis: yesternight
I opened but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled with the savour. Mat. He hath a body able to endure

4 Berkeley Castle.

More than we can inflict: and therefore now Let us assail his mind another while.

Gur. Send for him out thence, and I will an-

ger him.

Mat. But stay, who's this?

Enter LIGHTBORN.

Light.

My Lord Protector greets you. Gives letter.

Gur. What 's here? I know not how to construe it.

Mat. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce;

" Edwardum occidere nolite timere,"

That's his meaning.

Light. Know ye this token? I must have the king. (lives token.) Mat. Ay, stay awhile, thou shalt have an-

swer straight. - 's sent to make away the

king.

Gur. [Aside.] I thought as much.

Mat. [Aside.] And when the murder's done,
See how he must be handled for his labour.

Percot iste? 2 Let him have the king.—

What else? Here is the keys, this is the lake, 3

Do as you are commanded by my lord.

Light. I know what I must do. Get you away.
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help;
See that in the next room I have a fire, And get me a spit, and let it be red-hot.

Mat. Very well. Need you anything besides? 1:ur

Gur. Need you anything besides?
Light. What else? A table and a feather-bed.
Gur. That 's all?
Light. Ay, ay; so, when I call you, bring it in.
Mot. Fear not thou that.
Gur. Here 's a light, to go into the dungeon.
[Gives a light, and then exit with
MATREVIS.]

Light. So now
Must I about this genr; 4 ne'er was there any
So finely hundled as this king shall be.
For, here's a place indeed, with all my heart!
K. Edw. Who's there? What light is that?
Wherefore com'st thon?
Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful

K. Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in

thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord! Par is it from my heart to do you harm. The queen sent me to see how you were used,

For she relents at this your misery: And what ever can refrain from shedding tears, To see a king in this most pitcons state? & K. Edw Weep'st thou already? List awhile

to me And then thy hunrt, were it as Gurney's is, Or as Matrevis', hown from the Caucasus, Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.

This dangeon where they keep me is the aink Wherein the filth of all the custle falls,

Perhaps for " lock."

Purposely.
Lat. "Let this man dis."

4 Business.

Light. O villains!

K. Edw. And there in mire and puddle have l stood

This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum.

They give me bread and water, being a king;

So that, for want of sleep and sustenance.

My mind 's distempered, and my body 's numb'd.

And whether I have limbs or no I know not.

O, would my blood dropp'd out from every vein. As doth this water from my tattered robes. Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus, When for her sake I ran at tilt in France, And there unlers'd the Duke of Cleremont.

Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks

my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

K. Edw. These books of thine can harbour

nought but death:

Tsee my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay awhile; forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life.
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.
Light, What means your highness to mistrust
me thus?

me thus?

K. Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble

with me thus?

Light. These hands were never stain'd with

innocent blood, Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

K. Edw. Forgive my thought for having such a thought. One jewel have I left; receive thou this.

Giving jesed. Still fear I, and I know not what is the came, But every joint shakes as I give it ther. O, if then harbour'st murder in the heart,

Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!

Know that I am a king: O, at that name I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown? Gone, gone! and do I remain alive?

Light. You're overwatch'd, my lord; lie down

and rest.

K. Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;

for not these ten days have these eye-lids clos'd. Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear Open again O wherefore sitt'st thou here?

Light. If you mistrust me, I'll begone, my lord.

K. Edw. No. no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,

Thou wilt toturn again, and therefore stay.

Light. He steeps.

K. Edw. waking. Olet me not die yet!

Stay. Ostay a while!

Light. How now, my lord?
K. Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears.

And tells me if I sleep I never wake ; This fear is that which makes me tremble thus And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come."

4 Worn out with waking.

Light. To rid thee of thy life. - Matrevis, come !

[Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.]

K. Edw. 1 am too weak and feeble to regist:

Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!

Light. Run for the table.

Edw. O spare me, or despatch me in a trice. [MATHEVIS brings in a table.] 110 Light. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it, But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

[KING EDWARD is murdered.]

town

And therefore, let us take horse and away. 114
Light. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?
Ger. Excellent well: take this for thy reward.

GURNEY stabs LIGHTBORN [soho dies].

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord:

Exeunt [soith the bodies].

SCENE VI.]1

Enter Young MORTIMER and MATREVIS.

Y. Mor. Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?

Mat. Ay, my good lord; I would it were un-done!

Y. Mor. Matrevis, if thou now growest peni-

I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore choose, Whether thou wilt be secret in this, Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

Mat. Gurney, my lord, is fied, and will, I fear, Betray us both, therefore let me fly.

Y. Mor. Fly to the savages!

Mat. I humbly thank your honour. [Exit.] 10
Y. Mor. As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree,

And others are but shrubs compar'd to me. All tremble at my name, and I fear none; Let's see who dare impeach me for his death!

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA.

Q. Isab. Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath His father's dead, and we have murdered

him! Y. Mor. What if he have? The king is yet a

child.

Q. Isab. Ay, but he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,

And vows to be reveng'd upon us both. Into the council-chamber he is gone, To crave the aid and succour of his peers Ay me! see here he comes, and they with him. Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Ester KING [EDWARD THE THIRD], LORDS [and Attendants].

1 Lord. Fear not, my lord, know that you are L. Edw. Third. Villain! --

¹ The Royal Palace, London.

Y. Mor. How now, my lord! K. Edw. Third, Think not that I am frighted with thy words!

My father's murdered through thy treachery; And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse Thy hateful and accursed head shall lie, To witness to the world, that by thy means

His kingly body was too soon inter'd.

Q. Isab. Weep not, sweet son!

K. Edw. Third. Forbid me not to weep, he

was my father; And, had you lov'd him half so well as I, You could not bear his death thus patiently. But you, I fear, conspir'd with Mortimer.

1 Lord. Why speak you not unto my lord the

king?

Y. Mor. Because I think scorn to be accus'd. Who is the man dares say I murdered him? 40
K. Edw. Third. Traitor! in me my loving

father speaks,
And plainly saith, 't was thou that murd'redst

him. Y. Mor. But has your grace no other proof than this?

K. Edw. Third. Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer. [Shewing letter.

Y. Mor. [Aside.] False Gurney hath betray'd

me and himself. 45
Q. Isab. [Aside.] I fear'd as much; murder cannot be hid.

Y. Mor. It is my hand; what gather you by

K. Edw. Third. That thither thou didst send a murderer.

Y. Mor. What murderer? Bring forth the man I sent. K. Edw. Third. Ah, Mortimer, thou knowest

that he is slain; And so shalt thou be too. — Why stays he here? Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth;

Hang him, I say, and set his quarters up; But bring his head back presently to me.

Q. Isab. For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer!

Y. Mor. Madam, entreat not, I will rather die, Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.

K. Edw. Third. Hence with the traitor! with the murderer!

Y. Mor. Base Fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel

There is a point, to which when men aspire, they tumble headlong down: that point I And, seeing there was no place to mount up higher, touch'd.

mgner, Why should I grieve at my declining fall?— Farewell, fair queen; weep not for Mortimer, That scorps the world, and, as a traveller,

Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

K. Edw. Third. What! suffer you the traitor to delay?

[Young MORTIMER is taken away by 1 Lord and Attendants.] Q. Isab. As thou receivedst thy life from

Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer I

- K. Edw. Third. This argues that you spilt my father's blood,
- Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.
 Q. Ispill his blood? No!
 K. Edw. Third. Ay, madam, you; for so the rumour runs.
 - Q. Isab. That rumour is untrue; for loving thee.
- Is this report rais'd on poor Isabel.
- K. Edw. Third. I do not think her so unnatural.
- 2 Lord. My lord, I fear me it will prove too
- true.

 K. Edw. Third. Mother, you are suspected for his death,
- And therefore we commit you to the Tower
 Till farther trial may be made thereof;
 If you be guilty, though I be your son,
 Think not to find me slack or pitiful.
 Q. Isab. Nay, to my death, for too long have
 I liv'd
- Whenas my son thinks to abridge my days.

 K. Edw. Third. Away with her, her words
- enforce these tears,
- And I shall pity her if she speak again,
 Q. Isab. Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord,
- And with the rest accompany him to his grave?

 2 Lord. Thus, madam, 't is the king's will
 you shall hence.

- Q. Isab. He hath forgotten me; stay, I am his
- mother.
 2 Lord. That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.
- madam, go.

 Q. Isab. Then come, sweet death, and rid me

 af this orief [Exit.] of this grief.
- [Re-enter 1 Lord, with the head of Young Mon-TIMER.]
 - 1 Lord. My lord, here is the head of Morti-
 - K. Edw. Third. Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie;
- And bring my funeral robe Excunt Attendants.]
- Accursed head, Could I have rul'd thee then, as I do now, Thou had'st not hatch'd this monstrous tre
- ery!-Here comes the hearse; help me to mourn, my lords.
- [Re-enter Attendants with the hearse and funeral robes.]

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

0.0

HIERONIMO IS MAD AGAIN

RV

THOMAS KYD

DRAMATIS PERSONAR

Ghost of Andrea, a Spanish nobleman, Evrenge, Kuss ov Spans.

Dos Cyprian, Durk ov Castile, his brother.

Lourne, the Durk's son.

Religherin, Lorenso's sister.

Vicinov of Portogal.

Raittaran, his son.

Dos Pedro, the Viceroy's brother.

Hisnormo, Marshal of Spain.

Isamella, his wife.

Hoarto, their son.

Spanish General.

Deputy.

Dos Basulto, an old man.

Three Citizens.

Perfuguese Ambassador.

Alexandra,

Villepto,

Villepto,

Portuguese Moblemen.

ACT I

[Scene I: Induction.]

Enter the GHOST OF ANDREA, and with him REVENGE.

Ghost. When this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a courtier in the Spanish court.
My name was Don Andrea; my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:
For there in prime and pride of all my years,
By duteous service and deserving love,
In secret I possess'd a worthy dame,
Which hight sweet Bel-imperia by name.
But in the harvest of my summer joys
Death's winter nipp'd the blossoms of my bliss,
Foreing divorce betwirt my love and me.
For in the late conflict with Portingale
If valour drew me into danger's mouth
Till life to death made passage through my
wounds.

When I was slain, my soul descended straight Te pass the flowing stream of Acheron; But churlish Charon, only boatman there. Said that, my ritës of burial not perform'd, I might not sit amongst his passengers. Ire Sol had alept three nights in Thetis' lap, And slak'd his smoking chariot in her flood, by Dea Horatio, our knight marshal's son,

My funerals and obsequies were done.
Then was the ferryman of hell content
To pass me over to the slimy strand,
That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves.
There, pleasing Cerberus with honey'd speech, so
I pass'd the perils of the foremost porch.
Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand
souls,

souls,
Sat Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanth;
To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,
To crave a passport for my wand'ring ghost,
But Minos, in graven leaves of lottery.
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
"This knight," quoth he, "both liv'd and died
in love;

And for his love tried fortune of the wars;
And by war's fortune lost both love and life." 60
"Why then," said Aeacus, "convey him hence,
To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
And spend the course of everlasting time
Under green myrtle-trees and cypress shades."
"No, no," said Rhadamanth, "it were not
well,

well,
With loving souls to place a martialist.
He died in war, and must to martial fields,
Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain,
And Achilles' Myrmidons do scour the plain."
Then Minos, mildest censor of the three,
Made this device to end the difference:
"Send him," quoth he, "to our infernal king.
To doom him as best seems his majesty."
To this effect my passport straight was drawn.
In keeping on my way to Pluto's court,

Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night.

I saw more sights than thousand tongues can

Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think. Three ways there were: that on the right-hand side

Was ready way unto the 'foresaid fields, Where lovers live and bloody martialists But either sort contain'd within his bounds, The left-hand path, declining fearfully, Was ready downfall to the deepest hell, Where bloody Furies shakes their whips of steel.

And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel; Where usurers are chok'd with melting gold And wantons are embrac'd with ugly snakes, And murderers groun with never-killing

wounds,

And perjur'd wights scalded in boiling lead, "And all foul sins with torments overwhelm'd." Twist these two ways I tred the middle path, Which brought me to the fair Elysian green, In midst whereof there stands a stately tower, The walls of brass, the gates of adamant. Here finding Pluto with his Preserpine, I show'd my passport, humbled on my knee; Whereat fair Preserpine began to smile, And begg'd that only she might give my doom. Pluto was pleas'd, and seal'd it with a kiss. Forthwith, Kevenge, she rounded 1 thee in th'

And bade thee lead me through the gates of horn, 2

Where dreams have passage in the silent night. No sooner had she spoke, but we were here — I wot not how — in twinkling of an eye. — M. Revenge. Then know, Andrea, that thou art

Revenge. arriv'd Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,

Don Balthazar, the prince of Portingale, Depriv'd of life by Bel-imperia, Here sit we down to see the mystery, And serve for Chorus in this tragedy.

SCENE II.] 8

Enter SPANISH KING, GENERAL, CASTILE, and HIERONIMO.

King. Now say, lord General, how fares our camp?

Gen. All well, my sovereign liege, except

some few

That are deceas'd by fortune of the war. King. But what portunds thy cheerful

countenance, And posting to our presence thus in haste? Speak, man, bath fortune given us victory

Gen. V Victory, my liege, and that with little Our Portingals will pay us tribute

King. Our Formages then? Gen, Tribute and wonted homage there-

Whispered. The Court of Spain. 2 See Aeneid, vi. 893. King. Then bless'd be heaven and guider of the heavens,

From whose fair influence such justice flows. Cast. O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether,

El conjuratae curvato poplite gentes

Succumbant reed soror est erctoria paris.4
King, Thanks to my loving broth
Castile. brother of

But, General, unfold in brief discourse Your form of battle and your war's success, That, adding all the pleasure of thy news Unto the height of former happiness,
With deeper wage and greater dignity
We may reward thy blissful chivalry.
Gen. Where Spain and Portingule do jointly

Gen. W.

Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound. There met our armies in their proud array. Both furnish'd well, both full of hope and fear,

Both menacing alike with daring shows, Both vaunting aundry colours of device

Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes.

Both raising dreadful clamours to the sky, That valleys, hills, and rivers made rebound. ** And heav'n itself was frighted with the sound. Our battles both were pitch'd in squadron form, Each corner strongly fene'd with wings of shot; But ere we join'd and came to push of pike. I brought a squadron of our readiest shot They brought a squared of the tantes and From out our rearward to begin the fight:
They brought another wing t encounter us.
Meanwhile, our ordnance play'd on either ade,
And captains strove to have their valours

tried. Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colonel, Did with his cornet b bravely make attempt To break the order of our battle ranks: But Don Rogero, worthy man of war, March'd forth against him with our nonsketeers, And stopp'd the malice of his fell approach. While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro, Both battles join, and fall to handy-blows.
Their violent shot resembling th' occan's rage.
When, roaring loud, and with a swelling tide. It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks. And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding

Now, while Bellona rageth here and there, Thick storms of bullets ran like water's hail, And shivered lances dark the troubled air.

Pede per et cuspide cuspis; " Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro. And soldiers, some ill-maim'd, some slam untright:

Here falls a body sund'red from his head. There legs and arms lie bleeding on the

Mingled with weapons and unbowell'd steeds, 4 Adapted from Claudian's De Tertso Commissa Honorii, 26-28,

Troop of cavalry.

A combination of phrases from Statius, Virgit, and

Curtius.

That scattering overspread the purple plain. In all this turmoil, three long hours and more, The victory to neither part inclin'd;
Till Don Andrea, with his brave lauciers, In their main battle made so great a breach, That, half dismay'd, the multitude retir'd: But Balthazar, the Portingals' young prince, Brought reecue, and encourag'd them to stay. Here-hence the fight was eagerly renew'd, and in that conflict was Andrea slain: Brave man at arms, but weak to Balthazar. Yet while the prince, insulting over him, Breath'd out proud vaunts, sounding to our renewach.

reproach,
Friendship and hardy valour join'd in one
Frick'd forth Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
To challenge forth that prince in single fight.
Not long between these twain the fight endur'd,
But straight the prince was beaten from his

horse,
And forc'd to yield him prisoner to his foe.

When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our carbines pursu'd them to the death,
Till, Phoebus waving to the western deep,
Our trumpeters were charg'd to sound retreat.

King. Thanks, good lord General, for these

King. Thanks, good lord General, for these good news;

And for some argument of more to come,

Take this and wear it for thy sovereign's sake.

Gives him his chain.

But tall me now, hast thou confirm'd a peace?

Gen. No peace, my liege, but peace conditional,

That if with homage tribute be well paid,
The fury of your forces will be stay'd:
And to this peace their vicercy hath subscrib'd,
Gives the King a paper.

And made a solemn vow that, during life, His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain. King. These words, these deeds, become thy

King. These words, these deeds, become thy person well.

But now, knight marshal, frolic with thy king,

For 't is thy son that wins this battle's prize.

Hier. Long may he live to serve my sovereign liege,

And soon decay, unless he serve my liege.

Kisg. Nor thou, nor he, shall die without reward.

A tucket ² afar aff. 100

What means this warning of this trumpet's sound?

Gen. This tells me that your grace's men of war,

Such as war's fortune hath reserv'd from death.

Come marching on towards your royal seat,
To show themselves before your majesty;
For so I gave in charge at my depart.
Whereby by demonstration shall appear
That all, except three hundred or few more,
Are safe return'd, and by their foes enrich'd.

The Army enters; BALTHAZAR, between Lo-RENZO and HORATIO, captive.

King. A gladsome sight! I long to see them here. They enter and pass by. 110

1 Moving.

2 Flourish of trumpets.

Was that the warlike prince of Portingale, That by our nephew was in triumph led? Gen. It was, my liege, the prince of Portingale:

King: But what was he that on the other side
Held him by th' arm, as partner of the prize?

prize?

Hier. That was my son, my gracious sovereign:

Of whom though from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well,
He never pleas'd his father's eyes till now,
Nor fill'd my heart with over-cloying joys.

King. Go, let them march once more about these walls.

That, staying them, we may confer and talk With our brave prisoner and his double guard.

[Exit a messenger.]

Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us
That in our victory thou have a share,
By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit.

Enter again.

Bring hither the young prince of Portingale:
The rest march on; but, ere they be dismiss'd,
We will bestow on every soldier
Two ducats and on every leader ten,
That they may know our largess welcomes

them.

Ezeuni all but [the King], Balthazar, Lorenzo and Horatio.
Welcome, Don Balthazar! welcome, nephew!

Young prince, although thy father's hard misdeeds,

In keeping back the tribute that he owes, Deserve but evil measure at our hands, Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honourable.

Bal. The trespass that my father made in

peace Is now controll'd ⁸ by fortune of the wars; And cards once dealt, it boots not ask why

His men are slain, a weakening to his realm; His colours seiz'd, a blot unto his name; His son distress'd, a cor'sive 4 to his heart: These purishments may clear his late, offence.

These punishments may clear his late offence.

King. Ay, Balthazar, if he observe this
truce.

Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars.

Meanwhile live thou, though not in liberty,

Yet free from bearing any servile yoke;
For in our hearing thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thyself art gracious.

Bal. And I shall study to deserve this grace.

King. But tell me — for their holding makes me doubt — To which of these twain art thou prisoner?

To which of these twain art thou prisoner?

Lor. To me, my liege.

Hor.

To me, my sovereign.

Lor. This hand first took his courser by the

Hor. But first my lance did put him from his horse.

* Curbed.

4 Corrosive.

Lor. I seix'd his weapon, and enjoy'd it first.

Hor. But first I forc'd him lay his weapons

King. Let go his arm, upon our privilege.

Say, worthy prince, to whether did at thou

Say, worthy prince, to whether did at thou yield?

Bul. To him in courtesy, to this perforce.

He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes; He proms'd life, this other threat'ned death; He won my love, this other conquer'd me,

And, truth to say, I yield myself to both.

Hier. But that I know your grace for just

and wise,

And might seem partial in this difference, Enforc'd by nature and by law of arms My tongue should plead for young Horatio's

right. He hunted well that was a lion's death, Not he that in a garment wore his skin;

So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

King. Content thee, marshal, thou shalt have no wrong :

And, for thy sake, thy son shall want no right.
Will both abide the censure of my doom? Lor. I crave no better than your grace

awards.

Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

King. Then by my judgment, thus your strife shall end :

You both deserve, and both shall have reward. Nephew, thou took'st his weapon and his

horse : His weapons and his horse are thy reward Horatio, thou didst force him first to yield: His ransom therefore is thy valour's fee; Appoint the sum, as you shall both agree, But, nephew, thou shalt have the prince in guard.

For thine estate best fitteth such a guest : Heratio's house were small for all his train. Yet, in regard thy substance passeth his, And that just guerdon may befall desert, To him we yield the armour of the prince. How likes Don Balthazar of this device?

Bal. Right well, my liege, if this proviso were, That Don Horatio bear us company, Whom I admire and love for chivalry.

King. Horatio, leave him not that loves thee

Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid, And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest. Excunt.

(SCENE III.) 1

Enter VICEROY, ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO.

Vic. Is our ambassador despatch'd for Spain? Two days, my liege, are past since his Alex.

depart.

Vic. And tribute-payment gone along with him?

Alex. Ay, my good lord. Vic. Then rest we here awhile in our unrest, And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs, For deepest cares break never into tears.

1 The Court of Portugal.

But wherefore sit I in a regal throne? This better fits a wretch's endless moan.

Falls to the ground. Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach, And therefore better than my state deserves. Ay, ay, this earth, image of melancholy, Seeks him whom fates adjudge to misery. Here let me lie; now am I at the lowest.

Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.

In me consumpsit vives fortuna nocembo;
Nil superest ut jam possit obesse migri.

Yes, Fortune may bereuve me of my crown:
Here, take it now; — let Fortune do her worst, She will not rob me of this sable weed. O no, she envies none but pleasant things. Such is the folly of despiteful chance! Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts; So is she deaf, and hears not my laments: And could she hear, yet is she wilful-mad, And therefore will not pity my distress.
Suppose that she could pity me, what then?
What help can be expected at her hands
Whose foot [is] standing on a rolling stone. And mind more mutable than fickle winds? Why wail I, then, where 's hope of no redress? My late ambition hath distain d my faith; My breach of faith occasion d bloody wars; And with their blood, my joy and best belov'd, My best belov'd, my sweet and only son.

O, wherefore went I not to war myself? The cause was mine; I might have died for

both.

My rears were mellow, his but young and green; My death were natural, but his was forc d. Alex. No doubt, my liege, but still the prince

Burvives. Vic. Survives! Ay, where?

Ales. In Spain, a prisoner by mischance of war. Then they have slain him for his father's

fault. Aler. That were a breach to common law of

Vic. They reck no laws that meditate re-

venge.

Alex. His ransom's worth will stay from foul

revenge No; if he liv'd, the news would soon be here.

Alex. Nay, evil news fly faster still than

good. Tell me no more of news, for he is dead.

Vil. My sovereign, pardon the author of ill

news,
And I'll bewray the fortune of thy son.
Vic. Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it
be.

Mine car is ready to receive ill news; My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's hattery. Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.

The source of this passage has not been found.

8 So Manly. Qq treasure.

6 Reveal. 4 80 Manly. Qq treusure.

Vil. Then hear that truth which these mine

When both the armies were in battle join'd, so To win remove did wondrous feats of arms.

Amongst the rest, I saw him, hand to hand,
In angle fight with their lord-general; Fill Alexandro, that here counterfeits Index the colour of a duteous friend,
Dracharg'd his pistol at the prince's back
As though he would have slain their general:
Hot therewithal Don Bulthazar fell down; And when he fell, then we began to fly: 70
But, had he liv'd, the day had sure been ours.

Alex. O wicked forgery! O traitorous mis-

. Hold thou thy peace! But now, Vil-

Vic. Hold thou thy peace in huppo, say,

Where then became I the carcase of my son?

Vil. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

Vic. Ay, sy, my nightly dreams have told me

false, unkind, unthankful, traitorous

Wherein had Balthazar offended thee, That thou shouldst thus betray him to our fees? Was 't Spanish gold that bloomed made Was 't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes to That thou couldst see no part of our deserts? Perchance, because thou art Terceira's 2 lord, Then hadst some hope to wear this dindem, if heat my son and then myself were skin; But thy ambitious thought shall break thy

Ay, this was it that made thee spill his blood;

Takes the crown and puts it on again.

But I II now went it till thy ble al be spilt.

Mex. Vouchsafe, dread so reign, to hear

me speak. Fic. A. hell Away with him! His sight is second

Keep him till we determine of his death : on [They take him out.] 8 If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.

Villappo, follow us for thy reward Erit Viceroy. I'd. Thus have I with an envious, forged

Deceiv'd the king, betray'd mine enemy And hope for guerdon of my villany. Exit. 66

[Seenz IV.]

Enter HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA.

Bel. Signior Horatio, this is the place and

wherein I must entrent thee to relate
The are unistance of Don Andrea's death,
Who, living, was my garland's sweetest flower,
and in his death hath buried my delights.

How. For love of him and service to yourself,
I all's refuse this heavy doleful charge;
I to tears and sights, I fear, will hinder me,
When both our atmies were enjoin'd in fight, four worthy chevalier amidst the thick'st, 10

What became of An island in the Azorea.
Add. Manly.

* The Court of Spain. * Ne will, will not.

For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest, Was at the last by young Don Balthazar Encount'red hand to hand. Their fight was long,

Their hearts were great, their clamours monncing,

Their strength alike, their strokes both dan-

But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power, Envying at Andrea's praise and worth, Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth. She, she herself, disguis'd in armour's mask-As Pallas was before proud Pergamus Brought in a fresh supply of halberdiers, Which paunch'd's his horse, and ding'd shim to the ground.

the ground. Then young Don Balthazar with ruthless rage, Taking advantage of his fee's distress, Did finish what his halberdiers begun, as And left not, till Andrea's life was done. Then, though too late, incens'd with just re-

morse I with my hand set forth against the prince, And brought him prisoner from his halberdiers, Bel. Would thou hadst slain him that so slew

my love!
But then was Don Andrea's carcase lost?
Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly

Strove.

Nor stepp'd I back till I recover'd him.
I took him up, and wound him in mine arms:
And wielding him unto my private tent.

There laid him down, and dow'd him with my

And sigh'd and sorrowed as became a friend. But neither friendly sorrow, sighs, nor tears Could win pale Death from his usurped right. Yet this I did, and less I could not do: I saw him honoured with due funeral. This scarf I pluck'd from off his lifeless arm,

And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

Bel. I know the scarf: would be had kept it. still! For had he liv'd, he would have kept it still, and worn it for his Bel-imperia's sake;

For 't was my favour at his last depart But now wear thou it both for him and me; For after him thou hast deserv'd it best But for thy kindness in his life and death, Be sure, while Bel-imperia's life endures, She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend.

Hor. And, madam, Don Horatio will not slack

Humbly to serve fair Bel-imperia. But now, if your good liking stand thereto, I'll crave your pardon to go seek the prince;
For so the duke, your father, gave me charge.

Bel. Ay, go, Horatio, leave me here alone;
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood.

Esit HORATIO. Yet what avails to wail Andrea's death,
From whence Horatio proves my second love?
Had he not lov'd Andrea as he did, He could not sit in Bel-imperia's thoughts.

Stab in the belly, disembowel. 1 Knocked.

Version. Carrying.

But how can love find barbour in my breast Till I revenge the death of my belov'd? Yes, second love shall further my revenge! I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend. The more to spite the prince that wrought his end;

And where Don Balthazar, that slew my love, Himself now pleads for favour at my hands, 10 He shall, in rigour of my just disdain, Reap long repentance for his murderous deed. For what was 't else but murderous cowardice, So many to oppress one valiant knight, Without respect of honour in the fight? And here he comes that murd red my delight.

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Sister, what means this melancholy walk?

Bel. That for a while I wish no company.

But here the prince is come to visit you.
That argues that he lives in liberty.

Bal. No. madam, but in pleasing servitude. Bel. Your prison then, belike, is your conceit. Bal. Ay, by conceit my freedom is enthrall'd. Bel. Then with conceit enlarge yourself

Bul. What, if conceit have laid my heart to

gage? Bel. Pay that you borrowed, and recover it. Bal. I die, if it return from whence it lies.

Bel. A heartless man, and live? A miracle! Bal. Ay, lady, love can work such miracles. Lor. Tush, tush, my lord! let go these am-Lor. Tuesday

And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.

Bel. What boots complaint, when there's no remedy?

Bal. Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,

In whose fuir answer lies my remedy, On whose perfection all my thoughts attend, . On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower, In whose translucent breast my heart is lodg'd.

Bel. Alas, my lord, these are but words of course.2

And but devis'd to drive me from this place.
She, in going in, lets fall her glove,
which Honatio, coming out, takes

2070 Hor. Madam, your glove.

Bel. Thanks, good Horatio; take it for thy

pains.

Rad. Signior Horatio stoop'd in happy time!

Hor. I reap'd more grace than I deserv'd or
hop'd.

Lor. My lord, be not dismay'd for what is

past :

You know that women oft are humorous.4 These clouds will overblow with little wind; Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself. Meanwhile, let us devise to spend the time In some delightful sports and revelling. Hor. The king, my lords, is coming hither

etraight,

Circumiocutiona. 9 So 1509. Allda, 1594, devise. 9 Capricious, whimsical.

To Yeast the Portingal ambassador; Things were in readiness before I camo.

Bal. Then here it fits us to attend the king.

To welcome hither our ambassador, And learn my father and my country's health.

SCENE V.14

Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the KING, and Ambassador.

King. See, lord Ambassudor, how Spain entreats

Their prisoner Balthazar, thy vicercy's son.
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.

Amb. Sad is our king, and Portingale la-

ments, Supposing that Don Balthazar is slain.

Bal. So am I!—slain by beauty's tyranny.

You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slain:
I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son,

Wrapp'd every hour in pleasures of the court, And grac'd with favours of his majesty.

King. Put off your greetings, till our feast be

Now come and sit with us, and taste our cheer.
Sit to the banquet. Sit down, young prince, you are our second

Brother, sit down; and, nephew, take your place.

Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our cup; For well thou hast deserved to be honoured. Now, lordings, fall to; Spain is Portugal And Portugal is Spain; we both are friends; Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right. But where is of "Hieronimo, our marshal? He promis'd us," a honour of out guest, To grace our banquet with some pompous siest

Enter Hieronimo, with a drum, three kinghts, each his scutcheon; then he fetches three kings, they take their crowns and them captive.

Hieronimo, this masque contents mine eye, Although I sound not well the mystery. Hier. 'The first arm'd knight, that hung his

scutcheon up,

He takes the scutcheon and give u

Was English Robert, Farl of Gloncester, Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion, Arriv'd with five and twenty thousand men

In Portingale, and by success of war Enforced the king, then but a Suracen.

To bear the yoke of the English monarchy.

King. My lord of Portingale, by this you see That which may comfort both your king and

And make your late discomfort seem the less.
But say, Hieronimo, what was the next?

Hier. The second knight, that hung his scutchean up. He doth as he did before.
Was Edmund, Earl of Keut in Albion,
When English Richard wore the diadem.
He came likewise, and razed Lisbon walls,
And took the King of Portingale in fight;

I The mme.

Por which and other auch-like service done
He after was created Dake of York.
King. This is another special argument,
That Portingale may desput to bean our yoke,
When it by little England hath been yok d. w
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?
Hier. The third and last, not least, in our

Doing as before.

Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman, Brave John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, As by his sentcheon plainly may appear.

He with a puissant army came to Spain,
And took our King of Castile prisoner.

Into This is an argument for our viceroy
That Spain may not insult for her success,
once English warriors likewise conquered

And made them bow their knees to Albion.

King Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this de-

Which hath pleas'd both the ambassador and

Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love the king.

Takes the cup of Horatio. My lord, I fear we sit but over-long,

nless our dainties were more delicate ; But welcome are you to the best we have Now let us in, that you may be despatch'd: I think our council is already set.

Exeunt omnes.

[CHORUS.]

Andrea. Come we for this from depth of un-

To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?

Phese pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul; Nothing but league, and love, and banqueting? Revenge. Be still, Andrea; ere we go from

I'll turn their friendship into fell despite, I'll turn their friendship into ten despise, Pour love to mottal bate, their day to night, Door hope into despair, their peace to war, Their pays to pain, their bliss to misery.

ACT II

(SCRNE I.) 1

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.

Lor, My lord, though Bel-imperia seem thus

etreases hold you in your wonted joy. In time the savage bull austains the yoke,2 In time all lunguard hawks will stoop to lure, In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak, a largest the flint is piece'd with softest shower, and she in time will full from her disdain.

And rue the sufferance of your friendly pain.

Ral. No. she is wilder, and more hard withal,

* belove of Don Cypsian.
*Lone 3-4, B 10 are taken almost literally from Watme Herntomputhia, Sound 47. Watson copied Se-

· Wayward.

Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall. But wherefore blot 1 Bel-imperia's name? It is my fault, not she, that merits blame. My feature is not to content her sight. My words are rude and work her no delight. The lines I send her are but harsh and ill, Such as do drop from Pan and Marsyas' quill. My presents are not of sufficient cost, And being worthless, all my labour's lost, Yet might she love me for my valiancy: Ay, but that 's sland' red by captivity. et might she love me to content her sire : Ay, but her reason masters his desire Yet might she love me as her brother's friend : Ay, but her hopes aim at some other end. Yet might she love me to uprear her state: Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.
Lor. My lord, for my sake leave this ecstasy,
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy.

Some cause there is that lets you not be lov'd : First that must needs be known, and then re-mov'd.

What, if my sister love some other knight?

Bal. My summer's day will turn to winter's

night.

Lor. I have already found a stratagem
To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme. My lord, for once you shall be rul'd by me; Hinder me not, whate'er you hear or see. By force or fair means will I cast about To find the truth of all this question out. Ho. Pedringano!

Signior !

Enter PEDRINGANO. Lor.

Ped. Hath your lordship any service to command me?

Lor. Ay, Pedringano, service of import; And not to spend the time in trifling words. Thus stands the case: it is not long, thou know'st.

Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath, For thy conveyance 'in Andrea's love, For which then wert adjudged to punishment I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment. And since, thou knowest how I have favoured

thee. Yow to these favours will I add reward, Not with fair words, but store of golden coin, And lands and living join'd with dignities, If thou but satisfy my just demand.

Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.

Ped. Whate'er it be your lerdship shall de-

mand, My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,

If case it lie in me to tell the truth.

Low. Then, Pedringano, this is my demand Whom loves my sister Bel imperia? For she reposeth all her trust in thee, Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward:

I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place?

4 Secret behavior.

Ped. Alas, my lord, since Don Andrea's death I have no credit with her as before,

And therefore know not, if she love or no.

Lor. Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe,

Draws his sword. and fear shall force what friendship cannot win. Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals; Thou diest for more exteening her than me. To Ped. O, stay, my lord!

Lor. Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon

And shield thee from whatever can ensue,
And will conceal whate'er proceeds from thee.
But if thou dally once again, thou diest.

Ped. If madam Bel-imperia be in love

Lor. What, villain! Ifs and ands?

Offers to kill him. Ped. O, stay, my lord! She loves Horatio.
BALTHAZAR starts back.

What, Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son?

Ped. Even him, my lord.

Lor. Now say but how know'st thou he is her love.

And thou shalt find me kind and liberal.

Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth,

Ped. She sent him letters, which myself

perus'd, Full-fraught with lines and arguments of love, Proferring him before Prince Balthazar.

Lor. Swear on this cross that what thou say'st is true,

And that then wilt conceal what then hast told Ped. I swear to both, by him that made us all. Lor. In hope thine oath is true, here's thy

reward:

But if I prove thee perjur'd and unjust.

This very sword whereon thou took'st thine

Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

Ped. What I have said is true, and shall for me-

Be still conceal'd from Bel-imperia. Resides, your honour's liberality

Deserves my duteous service, even till death. Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt do for me: Be watchful when and where these lovers meet,

And give me notice in some secret sort.

Ped. I will, my lord,

Lor. Then shalt thou find that I am liberal. Lor. Thou know'st that I can more advance thy state Than she; be therefore wise, and fail me not. Go and attend her, as thy custom is.

Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss,

Erit Pedringano.

Why so: tam armis quam ingenio: Where words prevail not, violence prevails: But gold doth more than either of them both. How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem? 110

Bal. Both well and ill; it makes me glad and and :

Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love; Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love: Glad, that I know on whom to be reveng'd; Sad, that she'll fly me, if I take revenge. us Yet must I take revenge, or die myself,

For love resisted grows impatient.

I think Horatio be my destin'd plague:
First, in his hand he brandished a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely waged war, me And in that war he gave me dangerous wounds, And by those wounds he forced me to yield, And by my yielding I became his slave. Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,

Which pleasing words do harbour sweet con

Which sweet conceits are lim'd with aly deceita, Which sweet concerts are lim'd with aly deceits. Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's care. And through her cars dive down into her heart, And in her heart set him, where I should stand. Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force. And now by sleight would captivate my soul; But in his fall I lil tempt the destinies, And either lose my life, or win my love.

Lor. Let 's go, my lord; your staying stays

revenge

Do you but follow me, and gain your love: 15 Iler favour must be won by his remove. Ercun.

[SCENE II.] 9

Enter HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA.

Hor. Now, madam, since by favour of your

Our hidden smoke is turn'd to open flame, And that with looks and words we feed our

thought I wo chief contents, where more cannot be had); Thus, in the midst of love's fair blandishments, Why show you sign of inward languishments.

PEDRINGANO showeth all to the PRINCE and LORKNZO, placing them in secret.

Bel. My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at

She wisheth port, where, riding all at ease,
She may repair what stormy times have worn.
And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy to
That pleasure follows pain, and bliss atmoy.
Possession of thy love is th' only port,
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes loos

toss'd Each hour doth wish and long to make resort.
There to repair the joys that it bath bet.
And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's choir

That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.

BALTHAZAR and LORENZO above. Bal. O sleep, mine eyes, see not my love profan'd ;

Be deaf, my ears, hear not my discontent;
Die, heart; another joys what then deservat.

Lor. Watch still, mine eyes, to see this love disjoin'd;

Hear still, mine ears, to hear them both lament

Live, heart, to joy at fond Horatio's fall.

Bel. Why stands Horatio speechless all this while?

Hor. The less I speak, the more I meditate.

Hor. The less I speak, the more I meditate. Bel. But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate. Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue

¹ Sword-hilt.

I The same.

Bul. On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.
Bul. What dangers and what pleasures doct
thou mean?

Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love.

Dangers of death, but pleasures none at

Bel. Let dangers go, thy war shall be with

But such a war as breaks no bond of peace, peak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words;

words;
but thou aweet looks, I'll meet them with
sweet looks;
Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines;
fine me a kiss. I'll countercheck thy kiss:
Bothis our warring peace, or peaceful war.
Hor. But, gracious madam, then appoint the

Hor. Do.

Where trial of this war shall first be made. we Bol. Ambitious villain, how his boldness

grows!

Bel. Then be thy father's pleasant bower the field.

Where first we vow'd a mutual amity:

Do court were dangerous, that place is safe.

Oar hour shall be, when Vesper gins to rise, so The court were dangerous, that place is safe. Our hour shall be, when Vesper 'gius to rise, as That summous home distressful travellers.' There none shall hear us but the harmless birds; findly the gentle nightingale shall carol us askeep, ere we be ware, lad, singing with the prickle at her breast, so Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance. Till then each hour will seem a year and more. Hor, But, honey-sweet and honourable love, there we now into your father's sint!

durn we now into your father's sight;

Dangiarous auspicion waits on our delight. Lor. Av. danger mixed with jealous' despite

(SCENE III.]

Entry KING OF SPAIN, PORTINGALE AMBAB-

hisg. Brother of Castile, to the prince's love hat earn your daughter Bel-imperia? Cyp. Although she coy it,4 as becomes her

And yet dissemble that she loves the prince, I doubt not, I, but she will stoop in time.

And were she froward, which she will not be, fet berein shal' she follow my advice,

Which is to love him, or forgo my love.

King: Then, lord Ambussador of Portingale,

Advise thy king to make this marriage up.

The attempt he make the make and friends.

know no better means to make us friends. ar dowry shall be large and liberal:

to that she is daughter and half-heir
to our brother here, Don Cyprian, 18 nd shall enjoy the implety of his land, Il grace her marriage with an uncle's gift, and then it in, in case the match go forward:

Ten rilers and travellers were not distinguished in

*Kiltender nuggeste miz'd with jealious. (Manly.)

The Care of Spain.

4 Pretend to be shy.

The tribute which you pay, shall be releas'd; And if by Balthazar she have a son,
He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.

Amb. I'll make the motion to my sovereign

And work it, if my counsel may provail.

King. Do so, my lord, and if he give consent.

I hope his presence here will honour us, In celebration of the nuptial day;

And let hinself determine of the time.

Amb. Will 't please your grace command me aught beside?

King. Commend me to the king, and so fare-

well.

But where 's Prince Balthazar to take his leave?

Amb. That is perform'd already, my good lard.

King. Amongst the rest of what you have in charge.

The prince's runsom must not be forgot:

That's none of mine, but his that took him

prisoner;
And well his forwardness deserves reward.
It was Heratio, our knight marshal's son.
Amb. Between us there's a price already

pitch'd.

And shall be sent with all convenient speed.

King. Then once again farewell, my lord.

Amb. Farewell, my lord of Castile, and the Exit. | 0"

The rest.

King. Now, brother, you must take som little pains
To win fair Bel-imperia from her will.
Young virgins must be ruled by their friends.
The prince is amiable, and loves her well;
If she neglect him and forgo his love, brother, you must take some

She both will wrong her own estate and ours. Therefore, whiles I do entertain the prince With greatest pleasure that our court affords, Endeavour you to win your daughter's thought If she give back, all this will come to naught. so Exeunt.

[SCENE IV.] a

Enter HOHATIO, BEL-IMPERIA, and PEDRIN-GANO.

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable

To overcloud the brightness of the sun, And that in darkness pleasures may be done: Come, Bel-imperia, let us to the hower,

And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.

Bel. I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
Although my fainting heart controls 7 my

aon Hor. Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith?

Bel. No, he is as trusty as my second self. — Hor.

Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate,

And let us know if any make approach. Ped. [Aside.] Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold

By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match.

Exit PEDRINGANO.

Hor. What means thy love?

Fleronimo's garden. 1 Checks.

I know not what myself; And yet my heart foretells me some mischance. Hor. Sweet, say not so; fair fortune is our friend,

And heavens have shut up day to pleasure us. The stars, thou see'st, hold back their twink-

ling shine,
And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.
Bel. Thou hast prevail'd; I'll conquer my misdoubt,

And in thy love and counsel drown my fear. I fear no more; love now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh case.
Hor. The more thou sitt'st within these leafy

bowers,
The more will Flora deck it with her flowers,

Bel. Ay, but if Flora spy Horatio here, Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.

Hor. Hark, madam, how the birds record 1 by night.

For joy that Bel-imperia sits in sight.

Bel. No. Cupid counterfeits the nightingale,

To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale.

Hor. If t'upid sing, then Venus is not far:

Ay, thou art Venus, or some fairer star.

Bel. If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars;

And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be

wars. Then thus begin our wars: put forth Hor. thy hand,

That it may combat with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set forth thy foot to try the push of

mine. But first my looks shall combat against

thine. Then ward thyself: I dart this kiss at Bel.

Hor. Thus I retort the dart thou threw'st at

me.
Bel. Nay, then to gain the glory of the field, My twining arms shall yoke and make thee

yield.

Hor. Nay, then my arms are large and strong withal:

Thus cline by vines are compass'd, till they

fall.

Bel. O, let me go; for in my troubled eyes Now may'st thou read that life in passion dies. Hor. O, stay a while, and I will die with thee

So shalt thon yield, and yet have conquer'd

Bel. Who's there? Pedringano? We are betray'd!

LOBENZO, BALTBAZAR, SERBERINE, Enter PEDRINGANO, disquised.

My lord, away with her, take her anide.

O, sir, forbear : your valour is already tried.

Quickly despatch, my masters.

They hang him in the arbour.

Hor. What, will you murder me? Hor. Ay, thus, and thus: these are the fruits of love. They stab him. 1 Sing.

Bel. O, save his life, and let me die for him!
O, save him, brother; save him, Baltharar; s
I lov'd Horntie; but he lov'd not me;
Bal. But Baltharar loves Bel-imperia.
Lor. Although his life were still ambitions.

proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

Bel. Murder! murder! Help, Ricronimo,

help! Lor. Come, stop her mouth; away with her.

Enter HIERONIMO in his shirt, etc.

Hier. What outcries pluck me from my naked

And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear.

Which never danger yet could daunt before? Who calls Hieronimo? Speak, here I am. I did not slumber; therefore t was no dream. No, no, it was some woman cried for help. And here within this garden did she cry, And in this garden must I rescue her. —
But stay, what murd'rous spectacle is this?
A man hang'd up and all the murderers gone!
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me! This place was made for pleasure, not for death. He cuts him down.

Those garments that he wears I oft have

Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son!

O no, but he that whilem was my son!

O, was it then that milder out. O, was it thou that call dst me from my bed? O speak, if any spark of life remain: am thy father; who hath slain my son i What savage menster, not of human kind. Hath here been glutted with the harmless blood. And left the bloody corpse dishonoured here, For me, anidst these dark and deathful shades. To drown thee with an ocean of my tears? O heavens, why made you night to cover sin? By day this deed of darkness had not been. Dy day this deed of thrkness had not been. O earth, why didst thou not in time devour. The vild profaner of this sacred bower? O poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone, To leese? thy life, ere life was new begun? () wicked butcher, whatsoe'er thou wert, How could thou strangle virtue and desert? Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy. In leesing my Horatio, my sweet boy l

Enter INABELLA.

Isab. My husband's absence makes my heart to throb: -

Hieronimo!

Hirr. Here, Isabella, help me to lament;
For sighs are stopped, and all my tears are spent,
Isab. What world of grief! my sen Hotatio?
O, where is the author of this endless were?

Hier. To know the author were some case of

grief.
For in revenge my heart would find relief.

Isab. Then is he gone? and is my son gone LDH ?

O, gushout, tears, fountains and floods of tears; 100

2 Vile.

1 Lose.

Blow, sighs, and raise an everlasting storm;

For outrage fits our cursed wrotehedness. Tier. He supp'd with us to-night, frotic and

And said he remild go vivil Balthazar At the duke's palace, there the prince dolh lodge. It had no custom to stay out so late: He may be in his chamber; some yo see. Roderigo, ho!

Enter PEDRO and JAQUES.

sh. Ay me, he raves ' - Sweet Hieronimo! 114 Hist. True, all Spain takes note of it. his majesty the other day did grace him. Ash wait no on his cup, those be favours, Huch do assure me he council be short-lived.

lash, Sweet Hieronima Hur. I wonder how this follow got his clothest weak, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all liques, run to the Duke of Costile's presently,

and had my son Horatio to come home ay bu mother have had strange dreams to-night. In or bear me, air?

Autres. Ay, sir. Well, air, be gone.

lesso, came hither; know'st thou who this is?
Ped Two well, sir.
Hisz. Two well! Who, who is it? Peace, leabella!

ay, blush not, man. It is my lord Horatio. un Hier. Ha, ha, St. James! but this doth make me

that there are more deluded than myself.

ed. Intuded?

Wier. Ay:
would have eyorn myself, within this hour, 120
's the had been my son Horatio: le garments are so like.

lls are they not great persuasions?
Lads. O. would to God it were not so!
Hier, Were not, leabilla? Doct thou dream it is? thy soft tosom entertain a thought The week is black died of mischief should be done is our so pure and spotters as our son?

ny, I am ashamed.

Dear Hieronimo, est a more arrious eye upon thy grief; 146 ak approhemision gives but weak belief Her. It was a man, sure, that was hang'd up

worth as I ermember: I cut him down. (it should prove my win now after all it or lank again. - O God! mousem, mincheef turment, death and hell, op all your stings at once in my cold bosom, int now wateff with horror; kill me quickly! e provious to me, thou infertive 2 night, ed drop this deed of murder down on me; of in my weste of grief with thy large darkness, d let me not surrive to see the light

May put me in the mind I had a son,

Isab. O sure! Horatio! O my dearest son! Hier. Hou strangely had I lost my way to grief! | veet, lovely rose, ill-pluckt before thy Sweet, time.

Fair, worthy son, not conquer'd, but betray'd, I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stav'd.

Isab. And I'll close up the glasses of his sight, For once these eyes were only my delight.

Hier. See'st thou this handkercher besmear'd

with blood?

It shall not from me, till I take revenge See'st thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?

I 'll not entomb them, till I have reveng'd, to Then will I joy amidst my discontent; Till then my sorrow never shall be spent.

b. The heavens are just; murder cannot be hid:

Time is the author both of truth and right,
And time will bring this treachery to light,
Hier. Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease thy plaints,

Or, at the least, dissemble them awhile: So shall we sooner find the practice out, And learn by whom all this was brought about. Come, Isabel, now let us take him up.

They take him up.

And bear him in from out this cursed place. I'll say his dirge; singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas, Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword. Misceal, el nostro detur medicina dolori,

Aul, si qui faciunt annorum oblima, succos Praebeal; ipse melam magnum quaecunque per orbem

Gramina Sol pulchras effert in luminis oras; Ipne bibam quiequid meditatur saga venent, Quicquid et herbarum vi caera nonia meetil. Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnia Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus Eryo tuos oculos nunquam, mea vila, videbo, Et lua perpetuus aspetivit lumina somnust Emoriar tecum - stc., juvat ire sub umbras. At tumen abundam properato cedere letho, Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nutta sequatur 8

Here he throws it from him and bears the body away.

[CHORUS.]

Andrea. Brought'st thou me hither to increase my pain?
I look'd that Balthazar should have been slain;
But 't is my friend Horatio that is slain, And they abuse fair Bel-imperia,
On whom I doted more than all the world,
Because she lov'd me more than all the world.
Revenge. Thou talk'st of harvest, when the

corn is green :

The end is crown of every work well done; The sickle comes not, till the corn be ripe. Be still; and ere I lend thee from this place, I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.

First passage of additions begins here.

A cento of passages from Virgil, Tibulius, and others.

ACT III

(SCENE I.) 1

Enter VICEBOY OF PURTINGALE, Nobles, ALEX-ANDRO, VILLUPPO.

Vic. Infortunate condition of kings. Seated anodst so many helpless doubts ! First we are plac'd upon extremest height, And oft supplanted with exceeding hate, But ever subject to the wheel of chance; And at our highest never joy we so As we both doubt and dread our overthrow. so striveth not the waves with sundry winds s Fortune toileth in the affairs of kings, That would be fear'd, yet fear to be belov'd, to Sith fear or love to kings is flattery. For instance, lordings, look upon your king, by hate deprived of his dearest son, The only hope of our successive line.

Nob. I had not thought that Alexandro's

heart

Had been envenom'd with such extreme hate; But now I see that words have several works, And there's no credit in the countenance.

Vil. No; for, my lord, had you beheld the

That feigned love had colour'd in his looks, When he in camp consorted a Balthazar, Far more inconstant had you thought the sun, That hourly coasts the centre of the earth, Than Alexandro's purpose to the prince.

Vic. No more, Villuppo, thou hast said

enough,

And with thy words thou slay'st our wounded thoughts. Nor shall I longer dally with the world,

Procrastinating Alexandro's death. Go some of you, and fetch the traiter forth, That, as he is condemned, he may die.

Enter ALEXANDRO with a Nobleman and halberts.

Nob. In such extremes will nought but patience serve.

Alex. But in extremes what patience shall I 1186 ?

Nor discontents it me to leave the world, With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.

ith whom there the hest.

Nob. Yet hope the hest.

'T is heaven is my hope.

As for the earth, it is too much infect
To yield me hope of any of her mould.

Vic. Why linger ye? Bring forth that daring

Vic. Wind,

And let him die for his accursed deed.

Aler. Not that I fear the extremity of death (For nobles cannot stoop to servile fear)

Do I, O king, thus discontented live. But this, O this, torments my labouring soul, That thus I die suspected of a sin Whereof, as heav'ns have known my secret

thoughts, So am I from from this suggestion.

The Court of Portugal.

8 Gazzle.

Accompanied.

Moves round.

Vic. No more, I say! to the tortures!

Bind him, and burn his body in those flames.

They bind him to a state.

That shall prefigure those unquenched fires Of Phlegethon, prepared for his soul.

Alex. My guiltless death will be aveng don

thee On thee, Villuppo, that hath malic'd a thua.
Or for thy meed hast falsely me accus'd.
Vil. Nay, Alexandro, if thou menace me,
I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake

Where those thy words shall perish with thy works.

Injurious traitor! monstrous homicide!

Enter AMBASHADOR.

Amb. Stay, hold a while; And here — with pardon of his majesty — Lay hands upon Villuppo. Vic. Ambassador,

What news hath urg'd this sudden entrance Amb. Know, sovereign lord, that Balthauar doth live.

Vic. What say'st thou? Liveth Baltham our son?

Amb. Your highness' son, Lord Baltham. Amb.

doth live; And, well entreated in the court of Spain. Humbly commends him to your majesty. These eyes beheld, and these my followers. With these, the letters of the king's commends,

Are happy witnesses of his highness' health
The King looks on the letters, and
princeds.

Vic. "The

Vic. "Thy son doth live, your tribute is receiv'd;

Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied The rest resolve upon as things propos'd
For both our honours and thy benefit."

Amb. Those are his highness' further articles.

He gives him more letters. Vic. Accursed wretch, to intimate these ills :

Against the life and reputation Of noble Alexandro! Come, my lord, unbind him.

Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quital 7 for thy discontent.

They unbind him.

Alex. Dread lord, in kindness " you could do no less

Upon report of such a damned fact; But thus we see our innocence hath sav'd The hopeless life which thou, Villuppo, sought By thy suggestions to have massacred.

Vic. Say, false Villuppo, wherefore didst then

thus

Falsely betray Lord Alexandro's life?
Him whom thou know's that no unkindness else
But even the slaughter of our dearest son
Could once have mov'd us to have misconceiv'd.
Alex. Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the

king :

An exclamation of impatience.

6 Sinndered.

Requital. 3 Nature.

hath Alexandro us'd thee ill? Rent with remembrance of so foul a ed, by soul submits me to thy doom;

for Alexandro's injuries, reward and hope to be preferr'd, so ve I shamelessly hazarded his life, Which, villain, shall be ransom'd with

w death ; so mean² a torment as we here for him who, thou said st, slew our son, th the bitt'rest terments and extremes 100 by be yet invented for thine end.

ALEXANDRO seems to entreat. me not; go, take the traitor hence Exit VILLUPPO.

devandro, let us honour thee ablic notice of thy loyalty. these things articulated here great lord, the mighty King of Spain, hour council will deliberate. Alexandro, keep us company. Excunt.

[SCENE II.]

Enter HIERONIMO.

O eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught no life, but lively form of death; I no world, but mass of public wrongs,
I and fill'd with murder and misdeeds!
I heav'ns! if this unhallowed deed, ahuman and barbarous attempt, scomparable murder thus but now no more my son, are veal'd and unrevenged pass, ould we term your dealings to be just, 10 augustly deal with those that in your paties trust?

It end sacretary to my moans, reful visions wake my vexed soul, the the wounds of my distressful son

ne for notice of his death.

It fiends do sally forth of hell,

me my steps to unfrequented paths,

my hart with force inflamed thoughts.

dy day my discontents records, come for register my dreams, to me forth to seek the murderer.

Le world, heavins, hell, night, and day, rch, thew, send some man, some menn, hat may - A letter falls
has a letter? Tush! it is not so!
written to Hieronimo! Red ink A letter falleth. Red ink. sa ant of ink, receive this bloody writ, thy will on Balthazar and him : were they that murdered thy son, hoo, revence Horatio's death, her fare than Bel-imperia doth." stain by Lorenzo and the prince! was had they Horatio to malign? I might move thee, Bel-imperia,

ins. Qq. Or wherein. 3 The Court of Spain.

To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean? Hieronimo, beware! — thou art betray'd, And to entrap thy life this train is laid. Advise thee therefore, be not credulous: This is devised to endanger thee, That thou, by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse; And he, for thy dishonour done, should draw Thy life in question and thy name in hate. Dear was the life of my beloved son, And of his death behoves me be reveng'd; Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo, But live t' effect thy resolution. therefore will by circumstances try, What I can gather to confirm this writ; And, heark ning near the Duke of Castile's house, Close, if I can, with Bel-imperia, To listen more, but nothing to bewray.

Enter PEDRINGANO.

Now, Pedringano! Ped. Now, Hieronimo!
Hier. Where's thy lady?
Ped. I know not; here 's my lord.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. How now, who's this? Hieronimo? Ped. He asketh for my lady Bet-imperia. Lor. What to do, Hieronimo? The duke,
my father, hath Upon some disgrace awhile remov'd her hence;

But, if it be ought I may inform her of,
Tell me, Hieronimo, and I 'll let her know it.

Hier. Nay, my, my lord, I thank you; it
shall not need.

I had a suit unto her, but too late,

And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.

Lor. Why so, Hieronimo? Use me.

Hier. O no, lord, I dare not; it must not be, 48

I humbly thank your lordship.

I reserve your favour for a greater honour ; This is a very toy, my lord, a toy

Last. All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with it. Hier. I faith, my lord, it is an alle thing; I must confess I ha' been too slack, too tardy,

Too remiss unto your honour LUT. How now, Hieronimo?

Hier. In troth, mer land, it is a thing of nothing: The murder of a son, or so -A thing of nothing, my lord '

Why then, farewell, m Hier. My grief no heart, my thoughts no Esil. tongue can tell. Come hither, Pedringano, see'st thou Lor. this?

Ped. My lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damned villain Serberiue
That hath, I fear, reveal'd Horatio's death.

Ped. My lord, he could not, 't was so lately done :

And since he hath not left my company.

Indirect means.

Second passage of additions begins here, replacing Hieronimo's speech in il. 65-66.

Lor. Admit he have not, his condition's such,

As fear or flattering words may make him false.

I know his humour, and therewith repent That e'er I us'd him in this enterprise.

But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst, And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul, Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thou Given him more gold. this. And hearken to me - thus it is devis'd :

This night thou must (and, prithee, so resolve), Meet Serberine at Saint Luigi's Park -Thou know'st 't is here hard by behind the

house : There take thy stand, and see thou strike him

For die he must, if we do mean to live. Ped. But how shall Serberine be there, my lord?

Lor. Let me alone; I'll send to him to meet. The prince and me, where thou must do this

deed. Ped. It shall be done, my lord, it shall be

done; And I'll go arm myself to meet him there. 100 Lor. When things shall alter, as I hope they will.

Theu shalt thou mount for this; thou know'st my mind. Exit PEDMINGANO. my mind. Che le Ieron!

Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord? Go, sirrah, To Serberine, and bid him forthwith meet The prince and me at Saint Luigi's Park,

Behind the house; this evening, boy!

Page.

I go, my lord. Page. I go, my lord. Lor. But, sirrah, let the hour be eight o'clock:

Bid him not fail.

I fly, my lord. Page. I fly, my tora.

Lor. Now to confirm the complet then hast

Of all these practices, I'll spread the watch, 110 Upon precise commandment from the king, Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano This night shall murder hapless Serberine. Thus must we work that will avoid distrust; Thus must we practise to prevent mishap,
And thus one ill another must expulse.
This sly enquiry of Hieronimo
For Bel-imperia breeds suspicion, And this suspicion bodes a further ill. As for myself, I know my secret fault. And so do they; but I have dealt for them: They that for coin their souls endangered. To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs; And better it's that base companions 2 die Than by their life to hazard our good haps. Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith: I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend; For die they shall, -Slaves are ordained to no other end.

Unintelligible. Probably a corruption of a call to the Pago.

(Scene III.)4

Enter PEDRINGANO, with a pintol.

Ped. Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol bold, And hold on, Fortune! once more favour me; And and on, Fortune: once more invoir in Olive but success to mine attempting sporit, And let me shift for taking of mine aim. Here is the gold, this is the gold proposid; It is no dream that I adventure for, But Pedringano is possess'd thereof. And he that would not strain his conscience For him that thus his liberal purse hath Unworthy such a favour, may be fail, And, wishing, want when such as I prevail. As for the fear of apprehension, I know, if need should be, my noble lord Will stand between me and ensuing harms; Besides, this place is free from all suspect: Here therefore will I stay and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

1 Watch. I wonder much to what intest it is

That we are thus expressly charg'd to watch.

2 Watch. 'T is by commandment in the king's own name.

and ward

So near the duke his brother's house before. 2 Watch. Content yourself, stand close there's somewhat in 't.

Enter SERBERINE.

Ser. Here, Serberine, attend and stay the

For here did Don Lorenzo's page appoint That thou by his command shouldst meet with him.

How fit a place - if one were so dispos'd -Methinks this corner is to close with one. Fed. Here comes the bird that I must so

Now, Pedringano, or never, play the man! Ser. I wonder that his lordship stays

Or wherefore should be send for me so late " Ped. For this, Serberine! - and thou sha Shoots the dag ha t

So, there he lies; my promise is perform'd.

The Watch.

1 Watch. Hark, gentlemen, this is a pist shot.

Watch. And here's one slain; - stay the murderer.

Ped. Now by the sorrows of the souls hell, He strives with the Ward. Who first lave hand on me, I'll be his priest. 3 Watch, Sirrah, confess, and therein pl

the priest,
Why hast thou thus unkindly kill'd the man
Ped. Why? Because he walk'd abroad
late.

Baint Luigi's Park. Murder him (be present at his death).

3 Watch. Come, sir, you had been better kept your bed, Than have committed this misdeed so late.

2 Watch. Come, to the marshal's with the

murderer!

1 Watch. On to Hieronimo's! help me here
To bring the murd'red body with us too.

**Ped. Hieronimo? Carry me before whom you

Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you; And do your worst, for I defy you all. Exeunt.

[SCHNE IV.]1

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.

Bal. How now, my lord, what makes you rise so soon?

Lor. Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

Bal. What mischief is it that we not mistroat?

Lor. Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my lord,

And inexpected harms do hurt us most. 5
Bal. Why, tell me, Don Lorenzo, tell me, man.

If ought concerns our honour and your own. Lor. Nor you, nor me, my lord, but both in

one; For I suspect — and the presumption's great — That by those base confederates in our fault 10

Touching the death of Don Horatio,
We are betray'd to old Hieronimo.

Bal. Betray'd, Lorenzo? Tush! it cannot be. A guilty conscience, urged with the

thought Of former evils, easily cannot err.
I am persuaded — and dissuade me not —
That all 's revealed to Hieronimo.

And therefore know that I have cast it thus:-

Enter Page.

But here's the page. How now? what news with thee?

Page. My lord, Serberine is alain.
Bal.
Who? Serberine, my man?
Page. Your highness' man, my lord.
Lor. Speak, page, who murdered him?
Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.² Page. He ti Lor. Who?

Page. Pedringano.
Bal. Is Serberine slain, that lov'd his lord so well?

Injurious villain, murderer of his friend! **
Lor. Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine? ly lord, let me entreat you to take the pains To exasperate and hasten his revenge

With your complaints unto my lord the king. This their dissension breed a greater doubt. Bal. Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die, de else his highness hardly shall deny.³ Leanwhile I'll haste the marshal-sessions,

For die he shall for this his damned deed. Exit BALTHAZAB.

Palese of Don Cyprian.
 Resist with difficulty.
 Dead.

Lor. Why so, this fits our former policy; And thus experience bids the wise to deal I lay the plot; he prosecutes the point: I set the trap; he breaks the worthless twigs, And sees not that wherewith the bird was lim'd.4

Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends. He runs to kill whom I have holp 5 to catch And no man knows it was my reaching fetch.6
'T is hard to trust unto a multitude,

Or any one, in mine opinion. When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

Enter a Messenger with a letter.

Boy!
Page. My lord.
Lor. What's he?
I have a letter to your lordahip. Lor. So he is in prison then?

Mes. Mes. Ay, my good lord. so Lor. What would he with us? — He writes

us here. To stand good lord, and help him in distress. — Tell him I have his letters, know his mind; And what we may, let him assure him of. Fellow, begone; my boy shall follow thee.

Exit Messenger. This works like wax; yet once more try thy wits.

Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano; Thou know'st the prison, closely 7 give it him, And be advis'd that none be there about. Bid him be merry still, but secret; And though the marshal-sessions be to-day, Bid him not doubt of his delivery. Tell him his pardon is already sign'd, And thereon bid him boldly be resolv'd: And thereon bid him boldly be resolv'd:

For, were he ready to be turned off —8

As 't is my will the uttermost be tried —

Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still.

Show him this box, tell him his pardon 's in 't;

But open 't not, an if thou lov'st thy life,

But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown, 'N

He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives.

Away l Page. I go, my lord, I run.

Lor. But, sirrah, see that this be cleanly 9

Evit Page. done. Exit Page. Now stands our fortune on a tickle point, And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts. One only thing is uneffected yet, And that's to see the executioner. But to what end? I list not trust the air With utterance of our pretence 10 therein, For fear the privy whisp'ring of the wind

Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears, That lie too open to advantages. E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa; Intendo io: quel mi basterà.

4 Snared.
5 Deep-reaching device.
6 Recretly.
6 Helped.
7 Cleverly.
7 Cleverly.

Exit.

Becretly. 20 Intention.

[SCENE V.]1

Enter Boy with the box.

Boy. My master hath forbidden me to look in this box; and, by my troth, 't is likely, if he had not warned me, I should not have had so had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time; for we men's-kind in our minority are like women in their uncertainty; [athat they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt; so I now.—By my bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare empty box! Were it not sin against secreey, I would say it were a piece of gentlemanlike knavery. I must go [at the Bedringano, and tell him his pardon is in this box; nay, I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary. I cannot choose but smile to think how the villain will flout the culture. to think how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant on the [10 hangman, and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Will 't not be an odd jest for me to stand hence. Will 't not be an odd jest for me to stammand grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who would say, "Mock on, here is thy warrant." Is 't not a scurvy jest [se that a man should jest himself to death? Alas! poor Pedringmo, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weep.

[SCENE VI.] 2

Enter HIERONIMO and the Deputy.

Hier. Thus must we toil in other men's ex-

That know not how to remedy our own; And do them justice, when unjustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.
But shall I never live to see the day,
That I may come, by justice of the heavens,
To know the cause that may my cares allay?

To know the cause that may my cares almy? This toils my body, this consumeth age,
That only I to all men just must be,
And neither gods nor men be just to me.

10
Dep. Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks
A care to punish such as do transgress.
Hier So is 't my duty to regard his death
Who, when he liv'd, deserv'd my dearest blood.
But come, for that we came for: let 's begin, as
For here him that which hids me to be gone. For here lies that which bids me to be gone.

Enter Officers. Boy, and PEDBINGANO, with a letter in his hand, bound.

Dep. Bring forth the prisoner, for the court

Ped. Grumercy, boy, but it was time to come; For I had written to my lord anew A nearer matter that concerneth him, For fear his lordship had forgotten me But sith he hath rememb'red me so well -Come, come, come on, when shall we to this

Hier, Stand forth, thou mouster, murderer of men,

And here, for satisfaction of the world, onfess thy folly, and repent thy fault; For there's thy place of execution.

A street. 2 A Court of Justice. Business. Ped. This is short work. Well, to your marshalship

First I contess — nor fear I death therefore — I am the man, 't was I slew Serberine. But, sir, then you think this shall be the place, Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

Dep. Ay, Pedringano. Now I think not so. Hier. Peace, impudent; for thou shalt find

For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge,

Be satisfied, and the law discharg'd.
And though myself cannot receive the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.
Despatch: the fault's approved and confem'd,
And by our law he is condemn'd to die.

And by our law he is condenn'd to die.

Hangm. Come on, sir, are you ready?

Ped. To do what, my fine, officious knave?

Hangm. To go to this gear.

Ped. O sir, you are too forward: thou wouldst fain furnish me with a halter, to be disfurnish me of my habit. So I should go out of this gear, my raiment, into that gear, the rope. But, hangman, now I spy your knavery.

I'll not change without boot, that 's flat.

Hangm. Come sir

Hangm. Come, sir.

Yed. So, then, I must up?
Hangm. No remedy.

Ped. Yes, but there shall be for my coming

down.

Hangm. Indeed, here's a remedy for that. "
I'ed. How? Be turn'd off?
Hangm. Ay, truly. Come, are you ready? I
pray, sir, despatch; the day goes away.
Ped. What, do you hang by the hour? If
you do, I may chance to break your old custom.

Hangm. Faith, you have reason; for I am

Ped. Dost thou mock me, hangman? Pray God, I be not preserved to break your knave's page for this.

Hangm. Alas, sir! you are a foot too low to reach it, and I hope you will never grow so high while I am in the office.

Ped. Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with ["
the box in his hand?

Hangm. What, he that points to it with his

finger?

I'ed. Ay, that companion,

Hangm. I know him not; but what of [9]

Ped. Dost thou think to live till his old doublet will make thee a new trum?

Hangm. Ay, and many a fair year after, to truss up many an honester man than either thou or he.

Ped. What hath he in his box, as theu

think'st?

Hangm. Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly; methinks you should rather hearken

Ped. Why, sirrah, hangman, I take it that that is good for the body is likewise good for

Proved.
The hangman got the clothes of the criminals he executed.

the soul: and it may be, in that box is balm for

Hungm. Well, thou art even the merricat piece of man's flesh that e'er groau'd at my office door!

Ped. Is your requery become an office with knave's name?

A knave's name?

Hangm. Ay, and that shall all they witness
that see you seal it with a thief's name.

Pal. I prithee, request this good company to
bear with me.

Hangm. Ay, marry, sir, this is a good motion.

My masters, you see here 's a good fellow.

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them
alone till some other time; for now I have no
except need.

great need. Hier. I have not seen a wretch so impudent.
O monstrous times, where marder's set so

light, And where the soul, that should be shrin'd in heaven.

Solely delights in interdicted things, Still wand ring in the thorny passages, That intercepts itself of I happiness. Murder: O bloody monster! God forbid A fault so foul should 'scape unpunished. 110 patch, and see this execution done! -This makes me to remember thee, my son.

Exit HIERONIMO.

Ped. Nay, soft, no baste.

Dep. Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life?

Ped. Why, ay 1

Mongm. As how?

Prod. Why, rascal, by my pardon from the king.

Mangm. Stand you on that? Then you shall off with this.

He turns him off. Dep. So, executioner; — convey him bence; But let his body be unburied; but not the earth be choked or infect

With that which heav'n contemns, and men Excunt. neglect.

SCENE VII.]2

Enter HIEBONIMO.

Hier. Where shall I run to breathe abroad

My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth? It mine exclaims, that have surcharg'd the air with ceaseless plaints for my deceased son? The blust'ring winds, conspiring with my

words,

At my lament have mov'd the leafless trees,
Disrob'd the meadows of their flow'red green,
Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my

And broken through the brazen gates of hell. Yet still tormented is my tortured soul With broken sighs and restless passions, That, winged, mount; and, hovering in the air, Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens, blusting for justice and revenge. But they are plac'd in those empyreal a heights, a

Hindar it from.

1 Bo Schiek, Qq. imperial. 2 Hieronimo's house. Where, countermur'd with walls of diamond, I find the place impregnable; and they Resist my wees, and give my words no way.

Enter Hangman with a letter.

Hangm. O lord, sir! God bless you, sir! the man, sir, Petergade, sir, he that was so full | 10

of merry conceits

Hier. Well, what of him?

Hangm. O lord, sir, he went the wrong way;
thofellow had a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport; I pray you, sir, we [se Have done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee, give it me.

Hangm. You will stand between the gallows

and me?

Hier. 'Ay, ay.

Hangm. I thank your lord worship.

Exit Hangman. Hier. And yet, though somewhat nearer me COLICEFO

I will, to ease the grief that I sustain, I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.
"My lord, I write, as mine extremes required,
That you would labour my delivery:
If you neglect, my life is desperate,
And in my death I shall reveal the troth.
You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was confederate with the prince and you;
Won by rewards and hopeful promises,

Won by rewards liken Horatic too."— I holp to murder Hon Horatio too. Holp he to murder mine Horatio? And actors in th' accursed tragedy
Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,
Of whom my son, my son deserv'd so well?
What have I heard, what have mine eyes beheld?

O sacred heavens, may it come to pas That such a monstrous and detested deed So closely smother'd, and so long conceal' Shall thus by this be venged or reveal'd? Now see I what I durst not then suspect. That Bel-imperia's letter was not feign'd. Nor feigned she, though falsely they have wrong'd

Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves. Now may I make compare 'twixt hers and this, Of every accident I ne'er could find

Till now, and now I feelingly perceive They did what heav'n unpunish'd would not

leave. () false Lorenzo! are these thy flattering looks? And Balthazar — bane to thy soul and me!— Was this the ransom he reserv'd thee for? Woe to the cause of these constrained wars! Woe to thy baseness and captivity.
Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul,
'Thy cursed father, and thy conquer'd self!
And bann'd with bitter executions be
The day and place where he did pity thee! But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words, When nought but blood will satisfy my woes? " I will go plain me to my lord the king, And cry aloud for justice through the court,

Doubly fenced.

Manly emends to writ.

Exit.

Wearing the flints with these my withered feet; And either purchase justice by entreats, Or tire them all with my revenging threats

SCENE VIII.) I

Enter ISABELLA and her Maid.

Isab. So that you say this herb will purge the eye.

And this, the head? -

And tans, the needs.

Ah! — but none of them will purge the heart!

No, there is no medicine left for my disease, Nor any physic to recure the dead.

She runs lungtic. Horatio! O, where 's Horatio?

Maid. Good madam, affright not thus yournelf

With outrage 2 for your son Horatio:
He sleeps in quiet in the Elysian fields.

Isab. Why, did I not give you gowns and
goodly things.

Bought you a whistle and a whipstalk too, To be revenged on their villames?

Maid. Madam, these humours do torment my soul.

Isab. My soul - poor soul, thou talk'st " of things

Thou know'st not what - my soul hath silver wings,

That mounts me up unto the highest heavens; To heaven? Ay, there sits my Horatio, Back'd with a troop of fiery Cherubins, Dancing about his newly healed wounds, is Singing sweet hymns and chanting heavinly notes, Rare harmony to greet his innocence, That died, my died, a mirror in our days. But say, where shall I find the men, the mur-

deren That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run To find them out that mardered my son? Exeunt.

[SCENE IX.] 4

BEL-IMPERIA at a window.

Bel. What means this outrage that is off'red me

Why am I thus sequest'red from the court? No notice! Shall I not know the cause Of these my secret and suspicious ills? Accursed brother, unkind murderer, Me to the state of And him for me thus causeless murdered! — Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself To patience, and apply me to the time.

Till heaven, as I have hop'd, shall act me free.

Enter CHRISTOPHIL.

Chris. Come, madam Bel-imperia, this may not be. Exeunt, 10

1 1623. Rarlier edd. tolkes.

Palace of Don Cyprian. 2 Outery. P. 1623. Earlier odd. bends.

[Sceng X.]

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talk no further; thus far things go Well

Thou art assur'd that thou sawest him dead? Page. Or else, my lord, I live not.
That's enough.

As for his resolution in his end, Here, take my ring and give it Christophil, And bid him let my sister be calarg'd,

And bring her hither straight. — Exit Page. This that I did was for a policy,
To smooth and keep the murder secret,
Which, as a nine-days' wonder, being o'erblown,
My gentle sister will I now enlarge.

Bal. And time, Lorenzo: for my lord the duke,

You heard, enquired for her yester-night.

Lor. Why, and my lord, I hope you heard me

Sufficient reason why she kept away; But that's all one. My lord, you love her? Bal. Lor. Then in your love beware; deal cun-

Salve all suspicions, only soothe me up ; And if she hap to stand on terms with us - se As for her sweetheart and concealment so -Jest with her gently: under feigned jest Are things conceal'd that else would breed an-

rest But here she comes.

Enter BEL-IMPERIA.

Now, sister, - Sister? No! Thou art no brother, but an enemy; Else wouldst thou not have us'd thy sister so: First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn, And with extremes abuse my company And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage, Amidst a crew of thy confederates, And clap me up where none might come at me, Nor I at any to reveal my wrongs.
What madding fury did possess thy wits?
Or wherein is 't that I offended thee?
Lor. Advise you better. Bel-imperia,
For I have done you no disparagement;
Unless, by more discretion than deservid,

I sought to save your honour and mine own.

Bel. Mine honour? Why, Lorenzo, wherein is 't

That I neglect my reputation so,
As you, or any, need to rescue it?

Lor. His highness and my father were resolv'd.
To come confer with old Hieronimo oncerning certain matters of estate

That by the vicercy was determined.

Bel. And wherein was mine honour touch'd in that?

Bal. Have patience, Bel-imperia; hear the Pest.

The same.

* Haggie, hold out.

· Back.

to Companion.

peat in sight, as messenger they sent notice that they were so night: inperia with Horatio then, remembering that old disfor Don Andrea had endur'd, vere likely longer to sustain, ound so meanly accompanied, wher — for I knew no readier mean -Horntio forth my father's way. d carry you obscurely somewhere his highness should have found you a so, my lord? And you are witness true which he entreateth of? brother, forg'd this for my sake, y lord, were made his instrument? worth, worthy the noting too! «
the cause that you conceal'd me r melancholy, sister, since the news of favourite Don Andrea's death, old wrath hath exasperate. I better was 't for you, being in discourself, and give his fury place why had I no notice of his ire? of were to add more fuel to your fire, like A stna for Andrea's lose. " th not my father then enquir'd for mo? for, he hath, and thus excus'd I thee.

He whispereth in her ear. speria, see the gentle prince; by love, behold young Balthazar, tons by thy presence are increased; so use melancholy thou may at see his love; thy flight, his following thee, ther, you are become an orator in an oracle of the state of th is of thy heauty, then, that conquers y tresses, Ariadne's twines, A my liberty thou hast surpris'd; me ivory front, my sorrow's map, see no haven to rest my hope. love and feur, and both at once, my wit, are things of more import ign's with are to be busied with. in I that love. Whom? Bel-imperia. in I that fear. Whom? Bel-imperia. or yourself? Ay, brother. As those

I they love are loth and fear to lose.

17 t Bal. Thon, fuir, let Balthman your keeper be.

Bel. No. Balthazar dot four as well as we:

Et 1 tremulo metai pavidum gazare timorem —

Est 2 vanum stolidae proditiona open.

Lor. Nay, and you argue thengs so cunningly,

We'll go continue this discourse at court. looks, Wends poor oppressed Balthaur, As o'er the mountains walks the wand arer, Incertain to effect his pilgrimage. [SCENE XI.] 8 Enter two Portingalks, and Hiknorimo me . 1 Port. By your leave, sir.
Hier. 4 T is neither as you think, nor as you Hier. think. Nor as you think; you're unde all. These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's. My son? and what's a son? A thing begot Within a pair of minutes - thereabout; A tump bred up in darkness, and doth serre To bollace & these light creatures we call women; And, at nine months' end, creeps forth to light. What is there yet in a son. To make a father date, rare, or run mad? Being born, d pouls, cries, and breeds with.
What is there yet in a son! He must be fed,
Be taught to go, and speak. Ay, or yet Why might not a man love a calf as well? Or mell in passion o'er a frinking kid, As for a son? Methinks, a young bacon, Or a fine little smooth horse coll, Should more a man as much as doth a son: For one of these, in very little time Will grow to some good use, whereas a son, The more he grows in stature and in years, The more unsquar'd, unberell'd, 6 he appears, Reckons his parents among the rank of fools Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots, a Makes them look old before they meet with age. This is a son! - And what a loss were this, Consider'd truly ! --- O, Ind my Horatio Grese out of reach of these modiate humaners; He lor'd his loving parents; He was my comfort, and his mather's joy, The very arm that did hold up our house: Our hopes were stored up in him, None but a damned murderer could hate him. He had not seen the back of numbers year, When his strong arm unhors'd The proud Prince Ralthazur, and his great mind. Too full of honour, took him unto? mercy, That restant, but ignoble Portingale! Well, heaven is heaven still! And there is Nemeste, and Furies, And things call'd whips, And they sometimes do meet with murderers: 1 So Harlitt. Qq. Est.
2 So Schick Qq El.
4 Third passage of additions begins here.
4 Unpolished.
7 Qq. us to.

They do not always scape that is some comfort.

Ay, ay, ay; and then the alcals on,

And steats, and steats fall violence leaps forth

Like thunder wrapt in a ball of fire. And so doth bring sonfusion to them all.] Good leave have, you: may, I pray you go,
For I 'Il leave you, if you can leave me so.

2 Port. I 'Ay you, which is the next way to
my lod the duke's?

Hier. We next way from me. To his house, we mean. O, hard by: 't is you house that you

ort. You could not tell us if his son were there?

Ay, Bir. He goeth in at one door and comes out at another.

Hier. O. forbear! For other talk for us far fitter were. But if you be importunate to know The way to him, and where to find him out, Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt. There is a path upon your left-hand side That leadeth from a guilty conscience Unto a forest of distrust and fear -A darksome place, and dangerous to pass: There shall you meet with melaucholy thoughts, Whose baleful humours if you but uphold, It will conduct you to despair and death - Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld, Within a hugy dale of lasting hight,
That, kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested funces:

Not far from thence, where murderers have built A habitation for their cursed souls, There, in a brazen cauldron, fix'd by Jove, In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame, Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him

In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

1 Port. Ha, ha, ha!

Hier. Ha, ha, ha! Why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good ha, ha, ha!

2 Port. Doubtless this man is passing lunatic. Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote. Come, let's away to seek my lord the duke.

(SCENE XII.) 1

Enter HIERONIMO, with a poniard in one hand and a rope in the other.

Hier. Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the king;

The king sees me, and fain would hear my suit: Why, is not this a strange and seld-seen thing, That standers by with toys should strike me mute?

Go to, I see their shifts, and say no more. Hieronimo, 't is time for thee to trudge. Down by the dale that flows with purple gore Standeth a fiery tower; there sits a judge Upon a seat of steel and molten brass, And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand, That lends unto the lake where hell doth stand.

The Court of Spain. I Beldom seen. Away, Hieronimo! to him be gone; He'll do thee justice for Horatio's death. Turn down this path: thou shalt be with him straight:

Or this, and then thou need'st not take thy breath: This way or that way? - Soft and fair, not

For if I hang or kill myself, let's know
Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?
No, no! fie, no! pardon me. I'll none of that.
He flings away the dayger and haiter.
This way I'll take, and this way comes the
king:

He takes them up apace, w
And here I'll have a fling at him, that 's flat.
And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring.
And thee, Lorenzo! Here 'a the king — nas, star;
And here up here come the hore ways. And here, ay here - there goes the hare away

Enter KING, AMBASSADOR, CASTILE, and Lo-RENZO.

King. Now show, ambassador, what our vice-

roy saith:
Bath he receiv'd the articles we sent?
Hier. Justice, O justice to Hieronimo.
Lor. Back! see'st thou not the king is busy Hier. (), is he see?

King. Who is he that interrupts our business? Hier. Not 1. [Aside.] Hieronimo, beware! go by, go by !
Amb. Renowned King, he hath receiv'd and

read Thy kingly proffers, and thy promis'd league;
And, as a man extremely over-joy'd
To hear his son so princely entertain'd,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewail'd,
This for thy further satisfaction And kingly love he kindly lets thee know: First, for the marriage of his princely son With Bel-imperia, thy beloved niece, The news are more delightful to his soul, Than myrth or incense to the offended heavens. In person, therefore, will be come himself, To see the marriage rites solemnized, And, in the presence of the court of Spain. To knit a sure inexplicable 5 band Of kingly love and everlasting league Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portingal.

Betwart the crowns of Spain and Portingal.
There will be give his crown to Bulthazar,
And make a queen of Bel-imperia.

King. Brother, how like you this our viceroy's love?

Cast. No doubt, my lord, it is an argument
Of honourable care to keep his friend,
And wondrous zeal to Bulthazar his son;
Nor are I hant indubted to his cross. Nor am I least indebted to his grace,

highness sent

(Although he send not that his son return) His rausom due to Don Horatio.

Give thee a lemon.
This phrase usually means, "There the matter ends." Perhaps here it might mean, "There begins the chase "

I. c. inextricable, which some modern edd read-Allde, mezecrable.

but if he be thus helplessly distract, state his office be resign'd, to one of more discretion. We shall increase his melancholy so. that we see further in it first, a ourself will execute the place, ther, now bring in the ambassador, ther, now bring in the ambassador, they be a witness of the match baltharar and Bel-imperia, we may prefix a certain time.

The marriage shall be solemniz d, the marriage shall be solemniz d, they have thy lord, the viceror, here. Therein your highness highly shall con-Du, that longs to hear from hence.

[Scene XIIA.] 1

Enter JAQUES and PRDRO.

tender, Pedro, why our master thus the sends us with our torches light, n, and bird, and brast, are all at rest,

Excunt.

* So Collier. Qq. exempt.

2 Hieranimo's garden.

4 Fourth passage of additions.

Ped. O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind Is much distrought, since his Horatio died,

And - now his agree years shimled sleep in rest, the heart in quiet - like a desperate man, Grous lunatic and childish for his son. Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit, He speaks as if Horatio slood by him: Then starting in a raye, fully on the earth, Cries oid, "Horotio, where in my Horatio?" So that with extreme grief and culting sorrow There is not left in him one inch of mun; See, where he comes.

Enter HIERONIMO.

Hier. I pry through every crewce of each wall, Look on each tree, and search through every brake. Beat at the bushes, stump our grandam earth, Dive in the usater, and stare up to housen.
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.—
How now, who's there? Spirits, spirits?
Ped. We are your servants that altend you, sir.

Hier. What make you with your torches in the dark?

Ped. You bid us light them, and attend you here. Hier. No. no. you are deceived! not I: - you are deceiv'd'

Was I so mad to hid you light your torches now? Light me your torches at the mid of noon, When-as the sun-god rides in all his glory: Light me your torches then

Then we burn 4 daylight. Hier. Let it be burnt: Night is a murderous plul.

That would not have her treasons to be seen; And youder pale-fac'd Hecute there, the moon, Doth give consent to that is done in darkness; And all those stars that gaze upon her face, Are agletab on her sleeve, pins on her train; And those that should be powerful and divine, Do sleep in darkness when they must should whine

Ped. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting wonte: The heaving are gracious, and your miseries

And sorrow makes you speak you know not what. Villain, thou liest ' and thou dost nought But tell me I am mad. Thou liest, I am not mad! I know ther to be Pedro, and he Jaques. I'll prove it to thee; and were I mad, how could It Where was she that same night when my Horatso Was murd'red? She should have shone: search thou the book

Had the moun shone, in my boy's face there was a kind of grace,

That I know - nuy, I do know - had the murderer seen him,

His neapon would have fall'n and cut the earth. Had he been fram'd of naught but blood and death. Alack! when mischief doth if knows not what, What shall we any to muchief?

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors; O, seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.

4 Waste. 5 Metal ornaments, orig points of laces.

Hier. Indeed, Inabella, we do nothing here; I do not ery ask Pedro, and ask Jaques; Not I indeed; we are very merry, very merry.

limb. How t be merry here, be merry here t Is not this the place, and thus the very tree, Where my Huratio died, where he was murdered? Hier. Was - do not say what : let her weep it out.

This was the tree; I set it of a kernel: and when our hot Spain could not let it grow. But that the infant and the human nap Began to wither, duly twice a morning Would I be aprinkling it with fountain-water. At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore, Till at the length It grew a guttown, and did bear our son;

It bore thy fruit and mine - O wicked, wicked plunt!

One knocks within at the door. See, who knocks there.

Ped It is a painter, sir. Hier. But him come in, and paint some comfort, For surely there's none lives but painted comfort. Let him come in! - One knows not what may chance:

God's will that I should set this tree! - but even so Masters ungrateful servants rear from naught. And then they hate them that did bring them up.

Enter the Painter.

Paint. God bless you, sir
Hier. Wherefore? Why, thou scornful villain? How, where, or by what means should I be bless'd? Isab. What wouldst thou have, good fellow? Paint. Justice, madam.

Hier O ambitious beggar! Wouldst thou have that that lives not in the world?

Why, all the undelved mines cannol buy An ounce of justice '
'T is a jewel so inestimable. I tell thee,

God hath engross'd all justice in his hands. And there is none but what comes from him.

O. then I see Paint That God must right me for my murd'red son.

Hier. How, was thy son murdered? Paint. Ay, mr; no man dut hold a son no dear. Hier. What, not as thine? That's a lie,

An musey as the earth. I had a son Whose least unvalued hair did weigh

A thousand of thy sons; and he was murdered. Paint: Alax, set, I had no more but he. Hier. Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine Was worth a legion. But all is one.

Pedro, Juques, go in a-doors, Isabella, go, And thus good fellow here and I

Will range this hidrous orchard up and down, Like to two lions reased of their young. Go in a-donn, I say

[Exeunt. The painter and he sits down. Come, let's talk wirely now. Was thy son murdered?

Pamt. Ay. sir.

So was mine. 100 Hore doed take it? Art thou not cometimes mad? is there no tricks that comes before thine eyes?

1 Illusions.

Paint. O Lord, yea, sir.

Hier. Art a painter? Canst paint me a tear, or a wound, a groan, or a sigh & Canst paint me such fine a tree? as this!

Paint Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting: my name's Bazardo. Hiet. Bazardo' Afore God, an excellent fellow. Look you, sir, do you see t I'd have you paint me fee [for] my gallery, in your oil-colours matted, and draw me five years younger than I am - do yo see, sir, let fire years go, let them go like the marshal of Spain - my unfe Isabella standing by me, with a speaking look to my son Horalie, which should ine intend to this or some such-like purpose " Gost birns ther, my sweet son," and my hand leaning upon his head, thus, sur; do you see! May it be done?

Paint. Very well, sir.
Hier. Nay, I pray, mark me, sir Then, sir, im would I have you paint me this tree, this very tree. Canal paint a doleful cry?

Paint. Scemingly, eir Hier. Nay, it should cry; but all is one. Well, sir, paint me a youth run through and through with villains' swords, hanging upon this tree. Cand thou draw a murderer ?

l'aint. I'll varrant you, sir; I have the pattern of the most notorsous villains that ever fixed in all

Spain

Hier. O, let them be worne, worne: stretch thine art, and let their beards be of Judas his own colour. and let their eye-brown jully over: in any case observe that. Then, sir, after some violent nowe, bring me forth in my shirt, and my goun under 1000 more arm, with my torch in my hand, and my sword reared up, thus : - and with these seperts

" What noise to this? Who calls Hieronimo!"

May it be done?

Pulnt. Yea, str. Hier. Well, sir; then bring me forth, bring me through alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night cap Let the clouds scoul, make the morn dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells 100 tothing, the owls shricking, the touds crossing, the minutes parring and the clock striking twelve and then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanger, and tollering and tollering, as you know the west will ware a man, and I with a trice to cut A m down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find if to be my son Horatio. There we may show a passion, there you may show a gusion ! Irau me like old Prium of Tray, erms, "The house is a-fire, the house is a-fire, as the toreh over my b head!" Make me curse, more me rave, make me cry, make me mad, make me wil again, make me curse hell, invocate housen, and a the end leave me in a trance - and so forth.

Paint. And is this the end? Hier O no, there is no end; the end is death and mudness! As I am never better than when I am mail; then methinks I am a brace fellow then I do

monders; but reason abuseth me, and there's the line ment, there's the hell. At the last, sir, bring me to just

Q 1602, A tenre

Q 1602, A tenre Ticking.
Dulled, unburnished. Bo 1602 Later On. Mr.

25

one of the murderers, were he as strong as Hector, thus would I fear and drug him up and down.

He beats the painter in, then comes out again, with a book in his

ISCKNB XIII.]1

Enter HIRRONIMO, with a book in his hand.

Hier. Vindicta mihi! Ay, heaven will be reveng'd of every ill;
Nor will they suffer murder nurepaid.
Then stay, Rieronimo, attend their will:
For mortal men may not appoint their time!

Per serius semper tutum est sceleribus iler. Strike, and strike home, where wrong is off red

For evils unto ills conductors be, And death 's the worst of resolution. For he that thinks with patience to contend to To quiet life, his life shall easily end. -Fato si mineros juvant, habes salutem : ata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum " : If destiny thy miseries do ease, Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be;
If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,
Yet shalt thou be assured of a tomb;
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be: Heaven covereth hun that hath no burial. And to conclude, I will revenge his death? But how? Not as the vulgar wits of men, With open, but inevitable ills,?

Which under kindship? will be clonked best. Which under kindship? will be clonked best. Whe neu will take their opportunity, closely and safely fitting things to time. But in extremes advantage hath no time; And therefore all times fit not for revenge. has therefore will I rest me in unrest, beembling quiet in unquietness basembling that I know their villanies, but seeming that I know their villanies, but my simplicity may make them think but agnoranty I will let all slip; for ignorance. I wor, and well they know, the medium malorum incresest. or ought avails it me to menace them,

Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Will bear me down with their nobility.
So, no, Hieronians, thou must enjoin
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue
To milder speeches than thy spirit affords.
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
The cap to contress, and thy knee to bow,
The cap to contress, and thy knee to bow, revenge thou know when, where, and

How now, what noise? What coil's is that you keep?

[Enter a Servant.]

Serv. Here are a sort of poor petitioners. That are importunate, and it shall please you,

That you should plead their cases to the king.

Richarda indea.

From Soneca's Oedipus, 515. · Group, band.

Hier. That I should plead their several ac-Why, let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter three Citizens and an Old Man.

1 Cit. So, I tell you this: for learning and for law.

There is not any advocate in Spain
That can prevail, or will take half the pain

That he will, in pursuit of equity

Hier. Come near, you men, that thus importune me. -- Aside. | Now must I bear a face of gravity; for thus I us'd, before my marshalship,

To plead in causes as corregidor.7

Come on, sirs, what's the matter? Sir, an action.

Hier. Of battery? Mine of debt.

Hier. Give place. 2 Cit. No, sir, mine is an action of the case. 3 Cit, Mine an ejectione firmac by a lease. 4 Hier. Content you, sirs; are you determined

That I should plead your several actions?

1 Cit. Ay, sir, and here 's my declaration.
2 Cit. And here 's my band.

And here 's my lease. They give him papers.

Hier. But wherefore stands you silly man so

With mournful eyes and hands to beaven up-rear'd?

Come hither, father, let me know thy cause. Senex. O worthy sir, my cause, but slightly

known, May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons, And melt the Corsic rocks with ruthful tears

Hier. Say, father, tell me, what 's thy suit?
Senex. No. sir. could my woes
Give way unto my most distressful words,

Then should I not in paper, as you see,
With ink bewray what blood began in me.
Hier. What's here? "The humble supplication

Of Don Bazulto for his murd'red son."

Or Don Balance to Senex. Ay, air.

Senex. Ay, air.

Hier. No, air, it was my murd'red son.
O my son, my son, O my son Heratio!
But mine, or thine, Bazulto, be content.
Here, take my hundkercher and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see The lively portrait of my dying self.

He draweth out a bloody napkin.

O no, not this; Horntio, this was thine, And when I dy'd it in thy dearest blood, This was a token 'twixt thy soul and me, That of thy death revenged I should be. But here, take this, and this - what, my

Ay, this, and that, and all of them are thine; For all as one are our extremities

1 Cit. O, see the kindness of Hieronimo!

† Advocate. Properly, magistrate.

† "A universal remedy given for all personal arrange.

a called because the plaintiff's whole case is set forth at length in the original writ." (Blackstone.) A writ to eject a tenant.

2 Cit. This gentleness shows him a gentle-

Hier. Sec, see, O see thy shame, Hieronimo! See here a loving father to his son! Behold the sorrows and the sad laments, That he delivereth for his son's decease! If love's effects so strive! in lesser things, If love enforce such moods in meaner wits, If love express such power in poor estates, to Hieronimo, as when a raging sea, Toes'd with the wind and tide, o'erturneth than The upper billows, course of waves to keep,
Whilst lesser waters labour in the deep,
Then sham'st thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect
The sweet revenge of thy Horatio?
Though on this earth justice will not be found,
I'll down to hell, and in this passion
Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court,
Getting by force as more Alcides did Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court, Getting by force, as once Alcides did, A troop of Puries and tormenting hags To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest. Yet lest the triple-headed porter should Deny my passage to the slimy strand, The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit. Come on, old father, be my Orpheus, And if thou caust an onces upon the harp, And if then canst' no notes upon the narp, Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's grief, Till we do gain that Proserpine may grant Revenge on them that murdered my son. Then will I rent and tear them, thus and thus, Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth. Tears the papers.

1 Cit. O sir, my declaration!

Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

Save my bond! 2 Cit.

Enter HIERONIMO.

2 Cût. Save my bond!
3 Cût. Alas, my lease! it cost me ten pound,
And you, my lord, have torn the same.

Hier. That caunot be, I gave it never a wound.

Show me one drop of bloed fall from the same!
How is it possible I should slay it then?
Tush, no; run after, catch me if you can.

Executed all but the Old Man. Bazulto remains till Hieronimo enters again, who, staring him in the face, speaks. Hier. And art thou come, Horatio, from the

depth,
To ask for justice in this upper earth.
To tell thy father thou art unreveng'd,
To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,
Whose lights are dimm'd with over-long laments?

Go back, my son, complain to Asscus, For here's no justice; gentle boy, begone, For justice is exiled from the earth: Hieronino will bear thee company. Thy mother cries on righteous Rhadamanth 166 For just revenge against the murderers.

1 Qq. atrices.
2 So Kittreige in Manly. Qq. when as.
3 So Hawkins. Barly Qq. ore turnest. Later Qq. ore-

· Hast skill in.

Senex. Alas, my lord, whence springs this troubled speech?

Hier. But let me look on my Horatio.

Sweet boy, how art thou chang'd in death's black shade!

Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth, But suffered thy fair crimson-colour'd spring With withered winter to be blasted thus? Horatio, they are older than thy father. Ah, ruthless fate, 5 that favour thus transforms!

Baz. Ah, my good lord, I am not your young Hier. What, not my son? Thou then a Fury

art, Sent from the empty kingdom of black night To summon me to make appearance
Before grim Minos and just Rhadamanth,
To plague Hieronimo that is remiss,
And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.

Baz. I am a grieved man, and not a ghost, That came for justice for my murdered son. Hier. Ay, now I know thee, now thou nam'st

thy son. Thou art the lively image of my grief; Within thy face my sorrows I may see.
Thy eyes are gumm'd with tears, thy cheeks

are wan, Thy forehead troubled, and thy mutt'ring lips Murmur sad words abruptly broken off By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes; we And all this sorrow riseth for thy son:
And selfsame sorrow feel I for my son.
Come in, old man, thou shalt to isabel.
Lean on my arm: I thee, thou me, shalt stay.
And thou, and I, and she will sing a song.
Three parts in one, but all of discords fram'd—:
Talk not of chords, but let us now be gone,
For with a cord Horatio was slain.

Example. For with a cord Horatio was slain.

[SCENE XIV.]6

Enter King of Spain, the Dunk, Vicknot, and JORENZO, BALTHAZAR, DON PEDRO, and BEI-IMPERIA.

King. Go, brother, it is the Duke of Castile's

Salute the Viceroy in our name,

Cast. Vic. Go forth, Don Pedro, for thy nephew's And greet the Duke of Castile.

It shall be so. King. And now to meet these Portuguese: For as we now are, so sometimes were these, Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the court of Spain, And welcome all his honourable train!

T is not unknown to us for why you come, Or have so kingly cross of the seas:
Sufficeth it, in this we note the troth
And more than common love you lend to us. So is it that mine honourable niece (For it beseems us now that it be known) Already is betroth'd to Balthazar:

So Dodaley. Qq. Father.
The Court of Spain.

pointment and our condescent 1 are they to be married. tent we entertain thyself, ters, their pleasure, and our peace. we a of Portingal, shall it be so? so; if not, say flatly no. Mul followers, unresolved men, have upon thine articles thy motion, and contented me. ereign, I come to solemnize age of thy beloved niece, aperia, with my Balthazar, my crown, I give it her and thee; in live a solitary life, prayers. how strangely heaven bath thee pre-Pd. brother, see, how nature strives thy Viceroy, and accompany with thine extremities; ore private fits this princely mood. here, or where your highness thinks Excunt all but CASTILE and LORENZO. by, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with this entertainment of these kings?
b. my lord, and joy to see the same.
ad know'st then why this meeting is? ber, my lord, whom Balthazar doth firm their promised marriage. Who, Bel-imperia? Ay, is lord, and this is the day, he long'd so happily to see. how wouldst be loth that any fault of ervent her in her happiness? by then, Lorenzo, listen to my words: ted, and reported too, Larenzo, wrong'st Hieronimo, anits towards his majesty

t him back, and seek at to cross his at I, my lord well thee, son, myself have heard it ny sorrow) I have been ashamed for thee, though thou art my son. ... now'st thou not the common love that Hieronimo hath won gree within the court of Spain? hou not the king my brother's care alf, and to procure his health? houldst thou thwart his passions, haim against thee to the king, or were 't in this assembly, sendal were 't among the kings

Extreme show of feeling.

To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee? fell me - and look thou tell me truly too -Whence grows the ground of this report in court?

Lor. My lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power
To stop the vulgar, liberal of their tongues.

A small advantage makes a water-breach, And no man lives that long contenteth all.

Cast. Myself have seen thee busy to keep back Him and his supplications from the king.

Lor. Yourself, my lord, hath seen his passions,
That ill beseem d the presence of a king:

And, for I pitted him in his distress,
I held him thence with kind and courteous words As free from malice to Hieronimo As to my soul, my lord.

Cast. Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then.

Lor. My gracious father, believe me, so he doth. But what's a silly man, distract in mind To think upon the murder of his son? Alas! how easy is it for him to err!
But for his satisfaction and the world's,
'T were good, my lord, that Hieronino and I
Were reconcil'd, if he misconster me.
Cast. Lorenzo, thou hast said; it shall be so.
Go one of you, and call Hieronino. Enter BALTHAZAR and BEL-IMPERIA. Bal. Come, Bel-imperia, Balthazar's content,

My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss, Sith heaven bath ordain'd thee to be mine: Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks, And clear them up with those thy sun-bright

Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies. Bel. My looks, my lord, are fitting for my love,

Which, new-begun, can show no brighter yet.

Bal. New-kindled flames should burn as morning sun.

Bel. But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.

I see my lord my father.

Truce, my love; I will go salute him. Welcome, Balthazar,

Welcome, brave prince, the pledge of Castile's peace !

And welcome, Bel-imperia! - How now, girl? Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus? Content thyself, for I am satisfied: It is not now as when Andrea liv'd; We have forgotten and forgiven that, And thou art graced with a happier love. But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo; I'll have a word with him.

Enter Hibrorimo and a Servant.

Hier. And where 's the duke ? Yonder. Seru. What new device have they devised, trow?

Think you.

Pocas palabras! 1 mild as the lamb!

Ls 't I will be reveng d? No. I am not the man.

Cast. Welcome, Hieronimo.

Lor. Welcome, Hieronimo.

Bal. Welcome, Hieronimo.

Hier. My lords, I thank you for Horatio.

Cast. Hieronimo, the reason that I sent

To speak with you, is this.

What so short?

Hier. What, so short? 121
Then I'll be gone, I thank you for 't.

Cast. Nay, stay, Hieronimo! - go call him,

Lor. Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you. Hier. With me, sir? Why, my lord, I thought

you had done. Lor. No; [Aside] would he had!

Hieronimo, I hear Cast. You find yourself aggrieved at my son, in Because you have not access unto the king; And say 't is he that intercepts your suits.

Hier. Why, is not this a miserable thing, my lord?

Cast. Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause, And would be loth that one of your deserts Should once have reason to suspect my son, Considering how I think of you myself. Hier. Your son Lorenzo! Whom, my noble lord?

The hope of Spain, mine honourable friend? 100 Grant me the combat of them, if they dare :

Draws out his sword. 'Il meet him face to face, to tell me so! These be the scandalous reports of such As love not me, and hate my lord too much. As to e not me, and nate my tord too much.
Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent.
Or cross my suit, that lov'd my son so well?
My lord, I am asham'd it should be said.
Lor. Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.

Hier. My good lord, I know you did not. Cast. There then pause;

And for the satisfaction of the world, Hieronimo, frequent my homely house, The Duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat; And when then wilt, use me, my son, and it: But here, before Prince Balthazar and me, Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hier. Ay, marry, my lord, and shall. Friends, quoth he? See, I'll be friends with

you all: Especially with you, my lovely lord; For divers causes it is fit for us

That we be friends: the world's suspicious, 166
And men may think what we imagine not.

Bal. Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.

Lor. And that I hope old gradges are for-

Hier. What else? It were a shame it should not be so.

Cast. Come on, Hieronimo, at my request; 100 Let us entreat your company to-day. Exeunt.

Hier Your lordship's to command. - Pah!

Chi mi fa più carezze che non suole, Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole.

[Exit.

1 Span " few words."

[CHORUS.]

Enter GHOST and REVENGE.

Ghost. Awake, Erichtho! Cerberus, awak Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine! To combat, Acheron and Erebus! For ne er, by Styx and Philegethon in hell.² Nor ferried Charon to the fiery lakes Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea sees.3 Revenge, awake !

Revenge. Awake? For why? Ghost. Awake, Revenge; for thou art ill-

To sleep away what thou art warn'd to water Revenge. Content thyself, and do not troub

Ghost. Awake, Revenge, if love - as low hath had -

Have yet the power or prevalence in hell! Hieronimo with Lorenzo is join'd in league, And intercepts our passage to revenge. Awake, Revenge, or we are wee-begone!

Revenge. Thus worldlings ground what the
have dream'd upon.

Content thyself, Andrea: though I aleep, Yet is my mood soliciting their souls. Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo Cannot forget his son Horatio. Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep awhile? For in unquiet, quietness is feign'd And slumb ring is a common worldly wile. Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how Revenge bath slept, and then imagine thou, What 't is to be subject to destiny.

Enter a Dumb-Show,

Ghost. Awake, Revenge ; reveal this myster Revenge. Lo! the two first the nuptial torch bore

As brightly burning as the mid-day's sun; But after them doth Hymen hie as fast, Clothed in sable and a saffron robe And blows them out, and quencheth them

blood. As discontent that things continue so, Ghost. Sufficeth me; thy meaning's und

stood,

And thanks to thee and those infernal power.
That will not tolerate a lover's wor. Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.

Revenge. Then argue not, for thou hast

request.

ACT IV

[SCENE I.] 5

Enter BEL-IMPERIA and HIEROPINO.

Bel. Is this the love thou hear'st Horatio! Is this the kindness that thou counterfeits? Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears! 1 Qq. read in hell at end of 1. 3. The passage to clear corrupt. 2 Early Qq. read see. 4 Bely upon what they have dreamed.

Palace of Don Cyprian.

Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
Thy protestations and thy deep laments.
That thou wert wont to weary men withal?
O unkind father! O deceitful world!
With what excuses canst thou show thyself!
From this dishonour and the hate of men,
Thus to neglect the loss and life of him
Whem both my letters and thine own belief
Assures thee to be causeless shughtered?
Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,
Be not a history to after-times
Of such ingratitude unto thy son.
Unhappy mothers of such children then!
But monstrous fathers to forget so soon
The death of those whom they with care and
cost

Have tend'red so, thus careless should be lost.

Mysself, a stranger in respect of thee,

so lov'd bin life, as still I wish their deaths.

Nor shall his death be unreveny'd by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion's sake;

For here I swear, in sight of heaven and earth,

Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst

retain,

And give it over and devise no more,

My self should send their hateful souls to hell

That wrought his downfull with extremest

Hier. But may it be that Bel-imperia
Vows such revenge as she hath deign'd to say?
Why, then I see that heaven applies our drift,?
And all the mints do sit soliciting
for vengeance on those cursed murderers.
Madam, 't is true, and now I find it so,
I found a letter, written in your name,
And in that letter, how Horatio died.
Predon, O pardon, Bel-imperia,
My fear and care in not believing it;
Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean
To bet his death be unreveng'd at full.
And will conceal my resolution—
I will are long determine of their deaths
That conneces thus have murdered my son.

I will are long determine of their deaths
That causeless thus have murdered my son.
Bel Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal,
And ought that may effect for thine avail,
Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death.
Hier. On, then; [and] whitsoever I devise,
let me entreat you, grace my practices,
For-why the plot's already in mine head.
Here they are.

Enter BALTHAZAR and LORENZO.

Bod. How now, Hieronimo?
What, courting Bel imperia?
Heer. Ay, my lord;
Such courting as, I promise you,
She hath my heart, but you, my lord, have here.
Lee. But now, Hieronimo, or never,

We are to entreat your help.

My help?

Why, my good lords, assure yourselves of me;
For you have giv'n me cause, — sy, by my faith
have you!

t Qrg tueers after L.S. With what dishonour and the

Sapports our intention. | Because.

Bai. It pleas'd you, at the entertainment of the ambassador.
To grace the king so much as with a show.
Now, were your study so well furnished.
As, for the passing of the first night's sport,
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such-like pleasing motion.
Assure yourself, it would content them well.

**Iter.* Is this all?

Hier. Is this all?

Bul.

Ay, this is all.

Hier. Why then, I'll fit you; say no more.

When I was young, I gave my mind

And plied myself to fruitless peetry;

Which though it profit the professor naught, 10

Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

Lor. And how for that?

Hier.

Marry, my good lord, thus:

And yet methinks, you are too quick with us—

When in Toledo there I studied.

It was my chance to write a tragedy,

See here, my lords—

He shows them a book.

Which, long forgot, I found this other day.

Now would your lordships favour me so much

As but to grace me with your acting it—

I mean each one of you to play a part—

Assure you it will prove most passing strange,

And wondrons plausible to that assembly.

Bat. What, would you have us play a trag-

Bal. What, would you have us play a tragedy? Hier. Why, Nero thought it no disparage-

ment,
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight
To make experience of their wits in plays.
Lor. Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo;
The prince but ask'd a question.

The prince but ask'd a question.

Bal. In faith, Hieronimo, an you be in earnest,
I'll make one.

Lor. And I another.

Hier. Now, my good lord, could you entreat
Your sister Bel-imperia to make one?
For what 's a play without a woman in it?

Bel. Little entreuty shall serve me, Hieron-

imo;
For I must needs be employed in your play.

Hier. Why, this is well. I tell you, lordings.
It was determined to have been acted

By gentlemen and scholars too, Such as could tell what to speak. Bal. And now It shall be play'd by princes and courtiers, Such as can tell how to speak:

You will but let us know the argument.

Hier. That shall I roundly. The chronicles
of Spain

or Spain
Record this written of a knight of Rhodes: 108
He was betroth'd, and wedded at the length,
To one Perseda, an Italian dame.
Whose heanty ravish'd all that her beheld,
Especially the soul of Soliman.
Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest. 110
By sundry means sought Soliman to win
Perseda's love, and could not gain the same.
Then 'gain he break his passions to a friend,
One of his bashaws, 5 whom he held full dear.

Pleasing. S Usual Elizabethan form of packs.

Her had this bashaw long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be won,
But by her husband's death, this kuight of
Rhodes,

Whom presently by treachery he slew. She, stirr'd with an exceeding hate therefore, As cause of this slew Soliman, And, to escape the bashaw's tyranny, Did stab herself: and this the tragedy.

What then became of him that was the bashaw?

Hier. Marry, thus: mov'd with remorse of his misdeeds,

Ran to a mountain-top, and hung himself.

Bal. But which of us is to perform that part?

User. O, that will I, my lords; make no doubt of it

I Il play the murderer, I warrant you; For I already have conceited that. Bal. And what shall I?

Hier. Great Soliman, the Turkish emperor. Lor. And I? Erastus, the knight of Rhodes.

Bel. And I? Hier. Perseda, chaste and resolute.

And here, my lords, are several abstracts drawn.

For each of you to note your parts, And not it, as occasion's off'red you. You must provide a Turkish cap,

A black mustachie and a falchien;
Giers a paper to BALTHAZAR.
You with a cross, like to a knight of Rhodes; to

Gives another to Lorenzo.

And, madam, you must attire yourself

He giveth Bel-imperia another.

Like Phoebe, Flora, or the huntress [Diau], 1 Which to your discretion shall seem best.

And as for me, my lords, I 'll look to one,
And, with the ransom that the viceroy sent, 140
So furnish and perform this tragedy,
As all the world shall say, Hieronimo
Was liberal in gracing of it so.

Bal. Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were

better. Hier. A comedy? Fie ! comedies are fit for common wita; But to present a kingly troop withal, Give me a stately-written tragedy; Tragoedia cothurnata, fitting kings, Containing matter, and not common things. 188

My lords, all this must be performed, As fitting for the first night's revelling The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit, That in one hour's meditation

They would perform anything in action. Lor. Alike And well it may; for I have seen the

In Paris 'mongst the French tragedians.

Hier. In Paris? mass! and well remembered!

There's one thing more that rests for us to do.

Bal. What's that, Hieronimo? Forget not

Hier. Each one of us

Must act his part in unknown languages, That it may breed the more variety: As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek, You in Italian; and for because I know

That Bel-imperia hath practised the French.
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

Bel. You mean to try my cunning then, Hieronimo?

Bal. But this will be a mere confusion

And hardly shall we all be understood.

Hier. It must be so; for the conclusion
Shall prove the invention? and all was coord. Shall prove the invention 2 and all was good: And I myself in an oration,

And with a strange and wendrous show besides.
That I will have there behind a curtain,
Assure yourself, shall make the matter known;
And all shall be concluded in one scene, For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.

Bal. How like you this?

Lor.
We must resolve to soothe his humours up.
Bal. On then, Hieronimo; farewell till soon.
Hier. You'll ply this gear?
Lor. Lor.

Exeunt all but HIERONIMO. Why to: warrant you. Hier. Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,

Wrought by the heavens in this confusion.

And if the world like not this tragedy, Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo. Erit.

[SCENE II.] 3

Enter IBABELLA with a weapon.

Isab. Tell me no more! - O monstrous homicides !

Since neither piety or pity moves The king to justice or compassion The king to justice or comparation.

I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where thus they murdered my beloved son.

She cuts down the arbon.

Down with these branches and these loathsome

boughs
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine!
Down with them, Isabella; rent them up,
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung!

I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree, A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf, No, not an herb within this garden-plot, Accursed complet of my misery!
Fruitless for ever may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blissless whosoever Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd !*
An eastern wind, counnix'd with noisome airs,
Shall blast the plants and the young saplings; The earth with serpents shall be pestered, And passengers, for fear to be intest, Shall stand aloof, and, looking at it, tell: "There, murd'red, died the son of landel." Ay, here be died, and here I him embrace:

 Boas gives intention as Qq. reading.
 Hieronimo's garden.
 Usually conspiracy; here, accomplice (to accommedate the pun). 4 Untilled.

¹ Supplied by Kittredge (Manly).

we, where his ghost solicits with his wounds Revenge on her that should revenge his death.se Historiano, make haste to see thy son; Hierouimo, make haste to see thy son;
For sorrow and despair hath cited me
To bear Horatio plead with Rhadamanth.
Make haste, Hieronimo, to hold excus d ¹
Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths
Whose hateful wrath bereav'd him of his breath.
Ab, way, thou dost delay their deaths,
Forgives the murderers of thy noble son,
And none but I bestir me — to no end? And as I curse this tree from further fruit, so shall my womb be cursed for his sake;
And with this weapon will I would the breast, The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck. She stabs herself.

[SCENE III.] 2

Enter HIERONIMO; he knocks up the curtain. Enter the DUKE of CASTILE.

Cast. How now, Hieronimo, where's your fellows,

That you take all this pain?

Her. O sir, it is for the author's credit,
To look that all things may go well. But, good my lord, let me entreat your grace, be To give the king the copy of the play:
This is the argument of what we show.
Cast. I will. Hiersnimo.
Hier. One thing more, my good lord.
Cast. What's that?

Micr. Let me entreat your grace to that, when the train are pass'd into the gallery, you would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.

Cast. I will, Hieronimo. Exit Castlle.

Hier. What, are you ready, Balthazar?

Bong a chair and a cashion for the king.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with a chair.

Well done, Balthazar I hang up the title:
Our scene is Rhodes. What, is your heard on?
Bal, Half on; the other is in my hand.
Hier. Despatch for shame; are you so long?
Exit Balthazar.

Bethink thyself, Hieronimo,
Recall thy wita, recount thy former wrongs
Thou least receiv'd by murder of thy son,
And leastly, not least! how leabel,
Once his mother and thy dearest wife,
All was begane for him, hath slain herself.
Behaves thee then, Hieronimo, to be reveng'd!
The plot is livid of dire revenge:
On, then, Hieronimo, presure revenge: On then, Hieronimo, pursue revenge; For nothing wants but acting of revenge!

[SCENE IV.] .

Ease Spanish King, Victrov, the Duke of Castille, and their train [to the gallery].

King. Now. Vicercy, shall we see the tragedy Of Soluman, the Turkish emperor,

Make excuses for.

Added by Manly.

Exit Hieronimo.

Perform'd of pleasure by your son the prince, My nephew Don Lorenzo, and my niece. Vic. Who? Bel-imperia?

King. Ay, and Hieronimo, our marshal, At whose request they deign to do't themselves. These be our pastimes in the court of Spain. Here, brother, you shall be the bookkeeper: This is the argument of that they show.

He giveth him a book.

Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo, in sundry to

languages, was thought good to be set down in English, more largely, for the casier understanding to every public reader.

Enter BALTHAZAH, BRIJIMPERIA, and HIERO-NIMO.

Bal. Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heavens the honour,

And hely Mahomet, our sacred prophet than the thou grand with every excellence That Soleman can give, or thou desire But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less Than in reserving this fair Christian nymph. Perarda, blusaful lamp of excellence, Whose eyes compet, like powerful adamant, The warlike heart of Solinson to nat.

King. See, Viceroy, that is Bulthazur, your

son,

That represents the emperor Soliman: How well he acts his amorous passion ! Vic. Ay, Bel-imperia hath taught him that.

Cast. That's because his mind runs all on
Bel-imperia.

Hier. Whalever joy earth yields, belide your

mujesty Bal. Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love. Hier. Let then Persedu on your grace attend. so Bal. She shall not wait on me, but I on her:

Drawn by the influence of her lights. I yield. But let my friend, the Rhadian knight, come forth, Erusto, dearer than my life to me,

That he may see Perseda, my belov'd.

Enter Enasto.

King. Here comes Lorenzo: look upon the

And tell me, brother, what part plays he? Bel. Ah, my Erasto, welcome to Perseda. Lor. Thrice happy is Erasto that thou livel; Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erasto spay;

Sith his Perseda linea, his life survives. Bal. Ah, bashaw, here is love between Erasto And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul.

Hier. Remove Erasto, mighty Soliman. And then Perseda will be quickly won

Bat. Erusto is my friend; and while he liven, Persoda never will remove her love.

Hier. Let not Franto live to greece great Soliman. Bal. Dear in Erasta in our princity eye. But if he be your rival, let him die

Bul Why, let him die ! -- so love commandeth me. Yel grieve I that Erasto should so die.

Hier. Erasto, Soliman satuteth thee, And left ther wit by me his highness' will, Which is, thou shouldst be thus employ'd.

Stabs him.

Bel.
Erusto! See, Soliman, Frasto's slain!
Bai. Yet liveth Soliman to comfort thee.
Fair queen of beauty, let not favour die,
But with a gracious eye behold his grief
That with Perseda's beauty is increased,
If by Perseda his grief be not released.
Bel. Tyrani, desist soliciting vian suita;
Relentites are mine eurs to thy laments.
As thy butcher is pittless and bisse.
Which seized on my Erusto, harmless knight,
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
And to thy power Perseda doth obey.
But, were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignotle prince:

And on herself the would be thus reveny'd. 70 Stabs herself.

King, Well said!—Old marshal, this was bravely done! Hier. But liel-imperia plays Perseda well! Vic. Were this in earnest, Bel-imperia, You would be better to my son than so. 74 King. But now what follows for Hieronimo? Hier. Marry, this follows for Hieronimo:

Hier. Marry, this follows for Hieronimo: Here break we off our sundry languages, And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue. Haply you think - but bootless are your thoughts --

That this is fabulously counterfeit.

And that we do as all tragedians do,—
To die to-day, for fashioning our scene,
The death of Ajax or some Roman peer,
And in a minute starting up again,
Revive to please to-morrow a audience.
No, princes; know I am Hieronimo,
The hopeless father of a hapless son,
Whose tongue is tun'd to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuss gross errors in the play.

I see, your looks urge instance of these words;
Behold the reason urging me to this!

Shows his dead son.

See here my show, look on this spectacle!
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end;
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain;
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lest;
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft:
But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,
All fled, fail'd, died, yea, all decay'd with this.

All fled, fail'd, died, yea, all decay'd with this.

From forth these wounds came breath that gave
me life:

They may lived me that gave fred.

They murd'red me that made these fatal marks.

The cause was love, whence grew this mortal

The late, Lorenzo and young Balthazar;
The love, my son to Bel-imperia.
But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,
With pitchy silence hush'd these traitors'

And lent them leave, for they had sorted 1 lei-

To take advantage in my garden-plot L'pon my son, my dear Horatio. There mercilese they butcher'd up my boy, see ¹ Chosen. In black, dark night, to pale, dim, cruel death. He shricks: I heard — and yet, methinks, I hear —

His dismal outery echo in the air.
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,
Where hanging on a tree I found my son,
Through-girt I with wounds, and slaught red as
you see.

you see.
And griev'd I, think you, at this spectacle? Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine: If thou caust weep upon thy Balthazar, 'T is like I wail'd for my Horatio.
And you, my lord, whose reconciled son are March'd in a net, and thought himself unseen.
And rated me for brainsick lumacy,
With "God amend that mad Hieronimo!"—
How can you brook our play's catastrophe?

And rated me for brainsick lunacy,
With "God amend that mad Hieronimo!"—
How can you brook our play's catastrophe?
And here behold this bloody handkercher,
Which at Horatio's death I wesping dipp'd
Within the river of his bleeding wounds:
It as propitious, see, I have reserved,
And never hath it left my bloody heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow
With these, O, these accuracd murderers:

Which now perform d, my heart is satisfied. And to this end the bashaw I became That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life, Who therefore was appointed to the part, And was to represent the knight of Rhodes, That I might kill him more conveniently. So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar, thy son, That Soliman which Bel-imperia, In person of Perseda, murdered;

In person of Perseda, murdered;
Solely appointed to that tragic part
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poor Bel-impera miss'd her part in this;
For though the story saith she should have
died,

Yet I of kindness, and of care to her, red otherwise determine of her end; But love of him whom they did hate too mach Did urge her resolution to be such.

And, princes, now beheld Hieronimo,

Author and actor in this tragedy,
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist;
And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the actors gone before.
And, gentles, thus I end my play;
Urge no more words: I have no more to say.

Hing. O hearken. Vicercy! Hold, Hieronino!

Brother, my nephew and thy son are clain! Vic. We are betray'd; my Baltharar is clain!

Break ope the doors; run, save Hieronimo.

Then treak in and hold Hieronimo.

Hieronimo, do but inform the king of these
events;

Upon mine honour, thou shalt have no harm.

Hier. Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my

Which I this day have offered to my son.
Accursed wretch!
Why stay'st thou him that was resolv'd to die?

² Plerced, from gird, to maite.

King. Speak, traitor I damned, bloody mur-derer, speak!
For now I have thee, I will make thee speak.
Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?
Vic. Why hast thou murdered my Balths-

Cast. Why hast thon butchered both my children thus?

Hier. O. good words!

to dear to me was my Horatio

to yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.

m I at last revenged thoroughly,

The Mose souls may heavens be yet aveng'd with greater far than these afflictions.

Coat. But who were thy confederates in this?

Yet. That was thy daughter Bel imperia; 100

For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:

law her atab him.

King. Why speak'st thou not? Her. What lesser liberty can kings afford but harmless silence? Then afford it me. how, Feach forth the tortures: traitor as thou art,

I Il make thee tell.

Indeed, Indeed, wretched son listh done in murd ring my Horatio; has thing which I have you'd inviolate, has therefore, in despite of all thy threats, leas'd with their deaths, and eas'd with their

lest take my tongue, and afterwards my heart.

He bites out his tongue. Ay, slave, 1 loo sure Hws. What, and yours too?

. Ay, all are dead; not one of them survive Her Nay, then I care not; come, and we shall Se francia

d as lay our heads together :

there's a guidly noise will hold them all.

V. O dumned devil, how secure the is! Her Server Why, don't how wonder at it? in the Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge, is in that eight on grown a prouder monarch. ton over sat under the crown of Spain.

I I as many lives as there he stars, sany Ansrens to go to, as those lives,

them all, ay, and my soul to boot, I I nould see thre ride in this red pool

And who were thy confederates in this? 110 Via. I had win thy daughter Bel-imperia; by her hand my Balthazar was slain:

ing her atab him. er. O, good words!

dear to me mas my Horatto. o , rare, or yours, or yours, my lord, lo you.

o n. Ware son was by Lorenzo slain,

o 1 by Lorenzo and that Balthasar

I at last revenged thoroughly,

Fifth passage of additions, replacing Il. 171-194.

* Euge Qu read slame. * Assured.

Upon whose souls may heavens be yet avenged With greater far than these afflictions Methinks, since I grew inward with revenge, I cannot look with scorn enough on death.

King. What, dost thou mock us, slavet - Bring tortures forth.

Hier. Do, do, do and meantime I'll torture you. You had a son, as I take it; and your son Should ha' been married to your daughter: Ha, was it not so! - You had a son too. He was my liege's nephew; he was proud And politic; had he liv'd, he might ha' come To wear the crown of Spain, I think 't was so : 'T was I that kill it him, look you, this same hand.
'T was it that stabb'd his heart — do ye see I this hand -

For one Haratto, if you ever knew him: a youth, One that they hang if up in him father's garden; say One that did force your valuant son to yield, While your more valiant son did take him prisoner

Vic. Be deaf, my senses; I can hear no more. King. Fall, heaven, and cover us with thy sad ruina.

Cast. Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud. Hier. Now do I appland what I have octed.

Nunc iners endat 4 manus !

Now to captess the rupture of my part, -First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.]

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch | 240 See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue, Rather than to reveal what we requir d. Cast. Yet can be write.

Cast. Yet can be write.

King. And if in this he satisfy us not.
We will devise th' extremest kind of death no That ever was invented for a wretch.

Then he makes signs for a knife to mend his pen.

Cast. O, he would have a knife to mend his

Pen.
Vic. Here, and advise thee that then write the troth.

Look to my brother! save Hieronime! He with a knife stubs the DUKE and

himself. King. What age bath ever heard such mon-atrous deeds?

My brother, and the whole succeeding hope That Spain expected after my decease Go, bear his body hence, that we may mourn The loss of our beloved brother's death, That he may be entomb'd whate'er befall.

I am the next, the nearest, last of all.

Vic. And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for un:

Take up our hapless son, untimely slain;

Set me with him, and he with worful me, Upon the main-mast of a ship unmann'd, And let the wind and tide hand me along To Scylla's barking and untamed gulf, Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron, To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar: Spain hath no refuge for a Portingale.

The trumpets sound a dead march; the King or Spain mourning after his brother's body, and the King of Por-TINGAL bearing the body of hix son.

4 Schick amend. Early Qq. more cuede or mere cudae.

THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF TH

[CHORUS.]

Enter GHOST and REVENGE.

Ghost. Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects, When blood and sorrow finish my desires: Horatio murdered in his father's bower; Vild Serberine by Pedringano slain; False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device; Fair Isabella by herself misdone; Fair Isabella by herself misdone;
Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stabb'd;
The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
Both done to death by old Hieronime;
My Bel-imperia fall'n as Dido fell,
And good Hieronime alain by himself:
Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul!
Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine
That, by the virtue of her princely doom,
I may consort' my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields,
Where never-dying wars are still inur'd;
I'll lead fair Isabella to that train,
Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain; Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain;
I'll lead my Bel-imperia to those joys,
That vestal virgins and fair queens possess
I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays, Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.

¹ Select, group.

* Carried on.

But say, Revenge, for thou must help, or none, Against the rest how shall my hate be shown? Rev. This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell, Where none but Furies, bugs, s and tortures

dwell.

Ghost. Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request:

request:

Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest.

Let loose poor Tityus from the vulture's gripe,
And let Don Cyprian supply his room;
Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's wheel,
And let the lover's endless pains surcease
(Juno forgets old wrath, and grants him ease);
Hang Balthazar about Chimaera's neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,
Repining at our joys that are above;
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,
And take from Sisyphus his endless moas;
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragg'd through boiling Acheren,
And there live, dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming gods and all their holy names.

Rev. Then haste we down to meet thy friends
and foss;

and foes : To place thy friends in case, the rest in west For here though death hath end their miser I'll there begin their endless tragedy. Exs

³ Terrors, bugbears.

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

RI

GEORGE CHAPMAN

IDRAMATIS PERSONAE

of France.

Nother.

Stat.

Count.

ertiare; enginies of D'Ambola.

outlers; friends of D'Ambois.

to Monsieur.

MGFJSESIER BRHEWOTH, CARTOPHYLAX, BPITIES. UMBRA OF FRIAR.

ELEMOR, Duchess of Guise.
TARYER, Countess of Montaurry.
BEAUPER, nucle to Elenor.
PERO, maid to Tamyra.
CHARLOTTE, maid to BERUPE.
PYRA. a court lady.
ANNAPELLE, maid to Elenor.
Lords, Ladies, Pages, &c.

SCENE. - Paris.]

PROLOGUE

emfidence that none but we 1
present this tragedy,
any at the grace of late
a, nor yet to derogate
the state who 2 give out holdly that of
the equal feet on the same that;
all nor any of such ends
gracious and noble friends,
two, we, far from emulation
ably judge) from imitation,
to we entertain you, a piece known
lev'd in Court to be our own.
claim, doubting our right or merit,
o in as poverty of spirit
must not subscribe to. Field is

a first did give it name, and one 4 be nearest to him, is denied beard to show the height and

he youth and bravery: yet to hold the feet, and not grow cold to be a third man's with his best bains defends our interest:

he was lik'd, nor do we fear (sg D'Ambois he'll appear to less, so' your free consent, se, give him encouragement.

ery of actors — the "King's men."

"yeng which had given the play.

"i-id, b 1557, one of the "King's men."

1.

"b be Hyard Swanston.

"ardo, in Massinger's Picture. (Phelps).

ACT I

SCENE I.8

Enter Bussy D'Ambois, poor.

Bu. Fortune, not Reason, rules the state of things.
Reward goes backwards. Honour on his head; Who is not poor, is monstrons, only need dives form and worth to every human seed.
As cedars beaten with continual storms,
So great men flourish; and do imitate
Unskilful statuaries, who suppose.
In forming a Colossus, if they make him
Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
Their work is goodly; so men merely great to
In their affected gravity of voice.
Sourness of countenance, manners' cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune,
Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before
them;

Yet differ not from those colossic statues, Which, with heroic forms without o'erspread, Within are nought but mortar, flint, and lead. Man is a torch borne in the wind; a dream But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance; And as great seamen, using all their wealth and skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths, In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass, To put a girdle round about the world. When they have done it (coming near their

haven)
Are glad to give a warning-piece, and call
A poor, staid fisherman, that never past

^{*} A glade, near the Court. * Discharge a signal shot.

His country's sight, to waft and guide them in: So when we wander furthest through the waves Of glassy Glory, and the gulfs of State, Topt with all titles, spreading all our reaches, As if each private arm would sphere the earth, We must to Virtue for her guide resort, Or we shall shipwrack in our safest port.

Procumbit.

[Enter] Monsieur, with two Pages.

[Mo.] There is no second place in numerous State !

That holds more than a cipher; in a king All places are contain'd. His word and looks Are like the flashes and the bolts of Jove; His deeds inimitable, like the sea That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no tracts Nor prints of precedent for mean men's facts: 2 There's but a thread betwixt me and a crown: I would not wish it out, unless by nature; Yet to prepare me for that possible fortune, T is good to get resolved spirits about me. I follow'd D'Ambois to this green retreat; man of spirit beyond the reach of fear A man of spirit beyond the reach to Who adiscontent with his neglected worth) Neglects the light, and loves obscure abodes; But he is young and haughty, apt to take Fire at advancement, to bear state and flour-

In his rise therefore shall my bounties shine. None loathes the world to much, nor loves to

But gold and grace will make him surfeit of it.

What, D'Ambois? Bu.

He, sir. Turn'd to earth, alive? Mo. man; the sun shines on thee.

Let it shine: l am no mote to play in 't, as great men are. se

Mo. Call'st thou men great in state, motes in the sun?

They say so that would have thee freeze in shades,

They (like the gross Sicilian gourmandist) Empty their noses in the cates 3 they love, That none may eat but they. Do thou but bring Light to the banquet Fortune sets before thee. And thou wilt loathe lean darkness like thy death.

Who would believe thy mettle could let sloth Rust and consume it? If Themistocles Had liv'd obscur'd thus in th'Athenian State, Xorves had made both him and it his slaves. If brave Camillus had lurkt so in Rome, He had not five times been Dictator there,

Nor four times triumpht. If Epatiniondas (Who liv'd twice twenty years obscur'd Thebes) Had liv'd so still, he had been still unnam'd, And paid his country nor himself their right; But putting forth his strength, he rescu'd both From imminent ruin; and, like burnisht steel, 7

After long use he shin'd; for as the light Not only serves to show, but render us 1 Punning on (1) the series of numbers; (2) a populous kingdom. (Boas.)

9 Delicacion.

Mutually profitable; so our lives In acts exemplary, not only win Ourselves good names, but do to others give Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

Bu. What would you wish me?

Mo. Leave the troubled stroams. And live, as thrivers do, at the well-head.

Bu. At the well-head? Alas, what should I

With that enchanted glass? See devils there? Or, like a strumpet, learn to set my looks. In an eternal brake, or practise juggling. To keep my face still fast, my heart still loose; Or bear (like dame's schoolmistresses their rid-

dles) Two tongues, and be good only for a shift; 5 Flatter great lords, to put them still in mind
Why they were made lords; or please humorous bladies

With a good carriage, tell them idle tales To make their physic work; spend a man's life. In sights and visitations, that will make

His eyes as hollow as his mistress' heart: To do none good, but those that have no need; To gain being forward, though you break for

liaste All the commandments ere you break your fast; But believe backwards, make your period to And creed's last article, "I believe in God". And (hearing villanies preacht) t'unfold their

art. Learn to commit them: 'tis a great man's part. Shall I learn this there?

No, thou need'st not learn. Thou hast the theory; now go there and practine.

Bu. Ay, in a threadbare suit; when men come there,

They must have high naps, 7 and go from thence bare:

A man may drown the parts 8 of ten rich men In one poor suit; brave barks 9 and outward

Attract Court loves, be in parts ne'er so grow.

Mo. Thou shalt have gloss enough, and all things fit

T'enchase in all show thy long-smothered spirit Be rul'd by me then. The old Scythians Painted blind Fortune's powerful hands with

To show her gifts come swift and suddenly. Which, if her favourite he not swift to take, He loses them for ever. Then be wise:
Stay but awhile here, and I'll send to thee.

Exit Monsieur with Pages

Bu. What will be send? Some crowns? It to to sow them

Upon my spirit, and make them spring a crown Worth millions of the seed-crowns he will send. Like to disparking ¹⁰ noble husbandmen. He'll put his plow into me, plow me up. nt his unsweating to object fixed.

A frame for holding an object fixed.

A bilities.

Fine coverings. But his unsweating thrift is policy,

I Clothes with rich surface. 10 Changing parks into plow-land.

And learning-hating policy is ignorm To fit his wed-land soil; a smooth cla Will never nourish any politic seed. I am for honest actions, not for gradient for the first in the first i of both their understandings till the There is a deep nick in Time's rest for each man's good, when which

it strikes; As rhetoric yet works not persuasion As rhetoric yet works not persuasing but only is a mean to make it work, one man riseth by his real merit. But when it eries "clink" in his raice Many will say, that cannot rise at all. Man's first thour's rise is first step to be I il venture that; men that fall low man As well as men cast headlong from the

Enter MAFFE.

Ma. Humour of princes! In this endu'd W the and there

Will ray local .. ogreat with d

must examine
Bu. Sig?
No. Is Is your name D'Ambois!

Who have we here? erre you the Mousieur?

W.L. How? Bu. Sir, y 'are very hot. I do serve the Mon-

But in such place as gives me the command I all his other servants. And because llis grace's pleasure is to give your good us llis pass, through my command, methinks you

Use me with more respect.

Ru.

Cry you mercy!

Naw you have opened my dull eyes. I see you,

And would be glad to see the good you speak

What might I call your name?

Mo.

Monsieur Maffe? Then, good Monsieur
Maffe.

Maffe.

Pray let me know you better. Pray do so. That you may use me better. For yourself, By your no better outside, I would judge you To be some pamphlet?

Pamphlet?

Pamphilet, sir, I say. Did your great master's goodness leave the good That is to posse your charge to my poor use,

To your discretion?

Though he did not, sir, I hope 't is no rude office to ask reason

> I Ito passage. 2 Beg pardon!

How that his grace gives me in charge, goes from me?

Bu. That 's very perfect, sir.

Mu. Why, very good, sir;
I pray then give me leave; if for no pamphlet,
May I not know what other merit in you. Makes his compunction willing to relieve you?

akes his componector.

Bu. No merit in the world, sir.

That is strange.

Y'are a poor soldier, are you? That I am, sir. 13u.

Mo. And have commanded?

Ay, and gone without, sir.
[Ande.] I see the man; a hundred erowns will make him Bu. Mu.

Swagger and drink healths to his grace's bounty, And swear he could not be more bountiful So there's nine hundred crowns sav'd .- Here. tall soldier,

His grace hath sent you a whole hundred crowns. Bu. A hundred, sir? Nay, do his highness

right; I know his hand is larger, and perhaps

may deserve more than my outside shows.

If to his bounteous grace I store the prame Of fair great neses, and to you of long ones,

What qualities have you, sir, beside your chain?
And velvet jacket? S Can your worship dance?
Ma. A pleasant fellow, faith; it seems my lord

Will have him for his jester; and by 'r lady, Such men are now no fools; 't is a knight's place. If I (to save his grace some crowns) should arge him

T' abate his bounty, I should not be heard; see I would to heaven I were an errant ass, For then I should be sure to have the ears Of these great men, where now their jesters

have them. Tis good to please him, yet I'll take no notice Of his preferment, but in policy Will still be grave and serious, lest he think

I fear his wooden dagger. I Here, sir Ambol

Bu. How, Ambo, sir?

Ma. Ay, is not your name Amba? Bu. You call'd rue lately D'Ambois; has your worship So short a head?

Ma. I cry thee mercy, D'Ambois, thousand crowns I bring you from my lord. If you be thrifty, and play the good husband. you may make

This a good standing living: 't is a bounty His highness might perhaps have bestow'd bet-

Bu. Go. y 'are a rascal; hence, away, you rogue!

Badges of a steward's office. The weapon of the Fool, as of the Vice in The Moralities.

Ma. What mean you, sir?

Hence! prate no more! Or, by thy villain's blood, thou prat'st thy last!

A barbarous groom grudge at his master's bounty!

But since I know he would as much abhor His hind should argue what he gives his friend, Take that, sir, for your aptness to dispute.

|Strikes him. | Erit. Ma. These crowns are set in blood; blood be Exit. their fruit.

[SCRNB II.]1

[Enter] HENRY, GUISE, MONTSURRY, ELENOB, TAMYRA, BEAUPRE, PERO, CHARLOTTE, PYHA, ANNABELLE.

He. Duchess of Guise, your grace is much en-

richt In the attendance of that English virgin, That will initiate her prime of youth (Dispos'd to Court conditions) under the hand Of your preferr'd instructions and command, A Whose ladies are not matcht in Christendom For grassial and continued to the Mary and Mary than The Charte, whose they are a real,

. making demigods Of their great nobles; and of their old queen, An ever-young and most immortal goddess.

Mo. No question sho's the rarest queen in
Europe.

Gu. But what 's that to her immortality? 18 He. Assure you, cousin Guise, so great a courtier.

So full of majesty and royal parts, No queen in Christendom may vaunt herself. Her Court approves it, that 's a Court indeed, Not mixt with clowneries us'd in common houses.

But, as Courts should be, th' abstracts of their kingdoms.

In all the beauty, state, and worth they hold; so is hers, amply, and by her inform'd, The world is not contracted in a man

With more proportion and expression, Than in her Court, her kingdom. Our French Court

Is a mere mirror of confusion to it : The king and subject, lord and every slave, Pance a continual hay, 2 our rooms of state Kept like our stables; no place more observ'd Than a rude market-place: and though our

custom Keep this assur'd confusion from our eyes, 'T is ne'er the less essentially unsightly, Which they would soon see, would they change their form

To this of ours, and then compare them both; Which we must not affect, because in kingdoms

1 A room in the Court. From a misplaced stage-direction to Sc. I (2, 1931), it appears that Henry and Guine are playing chosa hero.
2 A bointerous country dance.
2 Desire.

Where the king's change doth breed the subt's furror.

Pure innerestance is more gross than error.

Mo. No question we shall see them imitate (Though a far off) the fashions of our Courts, of As they below a poly in a tire.

North year men so weary of their skins.

Nap out of themselves as they;

They travel to themselves as they;

If they travel to bring forth care men,

delivered of a fine French suit.

It with their tailors, and got babies
mest complete issue; he's sole heir
bioral virtues that first greets
with a new fashion, which becomes

disfigur'd with the attires of men. " question they much wrong their real

tion of outlandish scum; have faults, and we more; they foolproud

bround in others' plumes so haughtily;
id, that they are proud of foolery.

our worths more complete for their

D'ATBOIS.

mine out en dispart, I willenter

r. I have brought a gentleman to Court,

Aml pray you would vouchesfe to do him grace.

He. D'Ambois, I think?

Bu. That's still my name, my lord, we Though I be something altered in attire.

He. We like your alteration, and must tell you We have expected th' offer of your service;

For we (in fear to make mild virtue proud)

Use not to seek her out in any man.

Bu. Nor doth she use to seek out any man:
He that will win must woo her; [she's not shameless.] 6

Mo. I urg'd her modesty in him. my lord, And gave her those rites that he says also

He. If you have woo'd and won, then, brother, wear him.

Mo. Th' art mine, sweetheart. See, here's the Guise's Duchess. The Countess of Montsurrean, Beaupre.

Come, I'll ensenm thee, Ladies, y are too many To be in council; I have here a friend That I would gladly enter in your graces.

Bu, Save you, ladies.
Du. If you enter him in our graces, my lord, methinks by his blunt behaviour he should come out of himself.

Ta. Has he never been courtier, my lord? "Mo. Never, my lady.

Be. And why did the toy take him in th' head now?

Bu. 'T is leap-year, lady, and therefore very good to enter a courtier.

He. Mark, Duchess of Guise, there is one is

not bashful.

"Travel" and "travail" were not distinguished in Elizabethan spelling.

Birut. From Qq. of 1007, 8. Introduce.

Du. No, my lord, he is much guilty of the bold extremity.

To. The man 's a courtier at first sight.

Bu. I can sing pricksong, lady, at first sight; and why not be a courtier as suddenly?

Bu. Here 's a courtier rotton before he be ripe.

Bu. Think me not impudent, lady; I am yet no courtier; I desire to be one, and would cally take antennee. madam, under your gladly take entrance, madam, under your princely colours.

Enter BARRISOR, L'ANOU, PYBBHOT.

Du. Soft, sir, you must rise by degrees, first being the servant 2 of some common lady, or knight's wife; then a little higher to a lord's vife, next a little higher to a countess; yet a little higher to a duchess, and then turn the lad-

Hs. Do you allow a man, then, four mistresses when the greatest mistress is allowed but three

Dr. The groom-porters.

Dr. The groom-porters.

Bu. Why, be judged.

Du. The groom-porters?

Bu. Ay, madam; must not they judge of all gunings i' th' Court?

Du. You talk like a gamester.

Gu. Sir, know you me?

Hu. My lurd?

Gu. I know not you. Whom do you serve?

Hu. Serve, my lord?

Gu. Go. to, companiou, 4 your courtship 's too

Bu [Aside.] Saucy! Companion! 'Tis the Guise, but yet those terms might have been spared of the guiserd.' Companion! He's jealous, by this light. Are you blind of that side, duke? I'll to her again for that. — Forth, [in pracely mistress, for the honour of courtship thanks and the same and

tia. Case your courtship, or by heaven I'll

tan. Cease your containts, or by neaven 1 in at cour throat.

Re Cut my throat? Cut a whetstone, young Areus Naevius. Do as much with your tongue, is to did with a razor. Cut my throat!

Bo. What new-come gallant have we here, that dares mate? the Guise thus?

L'A 'Stoot, 't is D'Ambois. The duke misskes him, on my life, for some knight of the

Bu. Cut my throat! I would the king fear'd thy cutting of his throat no more than I fear thy

cutting of mine.

6 u. I'll do't, by this hand.

8 u. That hand dares not do't. Y'ave cut too hany throuts already, Guise; and robb'd the sales of county thousand souls, more precious than thine own. — Come madam, talk on [10]

Maste written with points.

102 als of the English court who furnished cards, se, et and decided gaming disputes.

Fallow.

The rount is chacure. Perhaps, gizzard = throat.
A Rour on angur who cut a whetetone before Tarquin
Che knisie, overcome.

Recent creation. An allusion to the lavish practice

Sfoot, can you not talk? Talk ou, I say; another riddle.

Py. Here 's some strange distemper.
Ba. Here 's a sudden transmigration with

D'Ambois, -out of the knight's ward " into the duchesa' bed.

L'A. See what a metamorphosis a brave suit can work.

Py. 'Slight, step to the Guise and discover

Ba. By no means; let the new suit work, we'll see the issue.

Gu. Leave your courting.

Bu. I will not. — I say, mistress, and I will stand unto it, that if a woman may have three servants, a man may have three-score mis-

Court for this insolence.

Bu. Whipt? Such another syllable out a th' presence, if thou dar'st, for thy dukedom.

Gu. Remember, poltroon.

Mo. Pray thee, forbear.

Bu. Passion of death! Were not the king here, he should strow the chamber like a rush.

Mo. But leave courting his wife, then.

Bu. I will not. I'll court her in despite of him. Not court her! Come, modam, talk on, fear me nothing. [To Guse.] We'll may'et then drive thy master from the Court, but never [m. D'Ambois.

Mo. His great heart will not down; 't is like

the sea,

That partly by his own internal heat, Partly the stars' daily and nightly motion. Their heat and light, and partly of the place,
The divers frames, but chiefly by the moon,
Bristled with surges, never will be won
(No, not when th' hearts of all those powers are hurst)

To make retreat into his settled home.

Till he be crown'd with his own quiet foam.

He. You have the mate. To Another?

Gu. No more.

Exit Guise, after him the King,
Monsieur whispering.

Ba. Why, here is the lion, scar'd with the
thront of a dunghill cock, a fellow that has less
newly shak'd off his shackles; now does he crow
for that victory.

for that victory.

L'A. "T is one of the best jigs that over was

acted.

Py. Whom does the Guise suppose him to be, trow?

L.A. Out of doubt, some new denizen'd lord, and thinks that suit newly drawn out a'th mercer's books.

Ba. I have heard of a fellow, that by a fixt imagination looking upon a bull-baiting, had a imagination looking upon a bull-catting, had a visible pair of horns grew out of his forchead; and I believe this gallant, overjoyed with the conceit of Monsieur's cast 11 suit, imagines himself to be the Monsieur.

L.A. And why not; as well as the ass, stalk-

A part of the "Counter" prison.
Checkmate. "Cast off.

ing in the lion's case, 1 bare himself like a lion,

braving all the lugger beasts out of the forest?

Py. Pesce, he looks this way.

Ba. Marry, let him look, sir. What will you y now if the Guise be gone to fetch a blanket2

L'A. Faith, I believe it for his honour sake.

Py. But, if D'Ambois carry it clean?

Exeunt Ladies. Ba. True, when he curvets in the blanket.

Ba. True, when he curvets in the blanket.

Py. Ay, marry, sir.

L'.l. 'Sfeot, see how he stares on 's.

Ba. Lord bless us, let 's away.

Bu. Now, sir, take your full view; how does
the object please ye?

Ba. If you ask my opinion, sir, I think your
sait sits as well as if 't had been made for your.

Bu. See and was that the subject of your.

Bu. So, sir, and was that the subject of your ridiculous julity?

L'A. What's that to you, sir?

Bu. Sir, I have observ'd all your fleerings; 4 and resolve yourselves ye shall give a strict according to the strict accordin

count for 't. Enter BRIBAC, MRLYNELL,

Ba. Oh, miraculous jealousy ! b Do you think yourself such a singular subject for laughter | ma

that none can fall into the matter of our merriment but you?

L.A. This jealousy of yours, sir, confesses some close defect in yourself, that we never

dream'd of.

Py. We held discourse of a perfum'd ass, that

Fy. We held discourse of a perrum disk, that being disguis'd in a lion's case, imagin'd himself a lion. I hope that toucht not you.

Bu. So, sir; your descants do marvellous well fit this ground. We shall meet where [125] our buffoonly laughters will cost yo the best

blood in your bodies.

Bu. For life's sake lot's be gone; he 'll kill's

outright else.

Bu. (40, at your pleasures, I 'll be your ghost to haunt you; an ye sleep an 't, hang me. 21 L'.1. (50, go, sir; court your mistress. Py. And be advis'd; we shall have odds

against you.

Bu. Tush! valour stands not in number; I'll maintain it, that one man may beat three [see

Br. Nay, you shall have no odds of him in number, sir; he 's a gentleman as good as the

prondest of you, and ye shall not wrong him.

Bu. Not, sir?

Mr. Not, sir though he be not so rich, he's
a better man than the best of you; and I will not endure it.

L.A. Not you, sir?

Br. No, sir, not I.

Bu. I should thank you for this kindness, if I thought these perfum'd musk-cats being out of this privilege) durst but once mew at us.

1 Skin ! To toss him.

· Buspicion.

· Come off superior. I lemant and ground are used with a play on the or dinary meanings and the musical ones of accompaniment, variation.

Ba. Does your confident spirit doubt that, sir? Follow us and try.

L'A. Come, sir, we'll lead you a dance.

Exeunt.

ACT II

SCENE I.7

[Enter] HENRY, GUISE, MONTSURBY, and Attendants.

He. This desperate quarrel sprung out of their envies To D'Ambois' sudden bravery, and great

spirit.
Gs. Neither is worth their envy.

Less than either Will make the gall of envy overflow She feeds on outcast entrails like a kite; In which foul heap, if any ill lies hid, She sticks her beak into it, shakes it up. And hurls it all abroad, that all may view it. Corruption is her nutriment; but touch her With any precious ointment, and you kill her. Where she finds any filth in men, she feasts. U. And with her black throat bruits it through

the world (Being sound and healthful). But if she but

The slenderest pittance of commended virtue. She surfeits on it, and is like a fly
That passes all the body's soundest parts.
And dwells upon the sores; or if her squint eye
Have power to find none there, she forges some.
She makes that crooked ever which is straight;
Calls release reddings. Calls valour giddiness, justice tyrauny; wise man may shun her, she not herself; Whithersoever she flies from her harms, She bears her fues still claspt in her own arms And therefore, Cousin Guise, let us avoid ber.

Enter Nuntius.

Nu. What Atlas or Olympus lifts his head o far past covert, that with air enough My words may be inform'd, and from their height

I may be seen, and heard through all the world' A tale so worthy, and so fraught with wonder Sticks in my jaws, and labouts with event.

He. Comest thou from D'Ambois?

Nu. From him, and the

From him, and the rest, His friends and enemies; whose stern fight !

And heard their words before and in the fray. Hr. Relate at large what thou hust occa and heard.

Nu. I saw fierce D'Ambois and his two brare friends

Enter the field, and at their heels their foce; Which were the famous soldiers, Barrisor, L'Anon, and Pyrrhot, great in deeds of arms. All which arriv'd at the excuest pioce of earth. The field afforded, the three challengers. Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stool

I A room in the Court.

1 Finers.

101

to face the three defendants met

r'd, and resolute alike. of contributory wood look show'd, fed with either's

been a mirror to another, of life and death, each took from re life and death mixt at their

uld see no fear of death, for life, life, for death; but in their brows nion in great letters shone : d death in all respects are one. there no sort of words at their en-

Hector, 'twixt the hosts of Greece

and the Spartan king should end ers' war' held up his brazen lance

to speak so Barrisor advis'd,1 in speak: so Barrisor advis'd, to naked rapier 'twixt both sides, or quarrel, and compar'd six lives to balance with six alle words; the and D'Ambois might conclude dangers. D'Ambois lik'd the last; or's friends obeing equally engag'd to quarrel never would expose to that they all deserved, in other offer of remission,

that like a laurel put in fire dapit) did much more than scorn wong should incense him so like chaff n out; and like lighted paper spirit at once both fire and ashes y lots and in them fates appointed or should fight with flery D'Am-

h Melynell; with Brisac L'Anou: ke flame and powder they commixt, that I wisht they had been spirits, the er-shutting wounds, they needs

ppen, y open'd shut, and never kill. pin' sword (that light'ned as it flew)

pointed comet at the face arrisor; and there it stuck. At he at it, and thrice drew on

that of himself was free as fire; still is he spluckt, yet quast belief) is unfule oye, hand, body, scapt. deadly bitten point tugg d off, et undannted foe so fiercely

ade more horrid with his wound) so obois alreank, and gave a little

urn'd, redoubled s in his danger, heart of Barrisor sont'd his anger. Arden I have seen an oak

2 D'Ambois. Barrisor. he source.

Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top " Bent to his root, which being at length made lunse

Even groaning with his weight) he 'gan to nod This way and that, as loth his curled brows (Which he had oft wrapt in the aky with

storins) Should stoop: and yet, his radical fibres burst, Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth; So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks Of ten set battles in your highness' war, 'Gainst the sole soldier of the world, Navarre, Gu. Oh, piteous and horrid murder!

[Mont.]
Methinks had metal in it to survive
An age of men. Such a life

He. Such often soonest end.
Thy felt report calls on, we long to know
On what events the other have arriv'd.

Nu. Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes Met in the upper region of a cloud,
At the report made by this worthy's fall,
Brake from the earth, and with them rose Re-

venge, Ent'ring with fresh powers his two noble friends;

And under that odds fell surcharg'd 6 Brisac, 114 The friend of D'Ambois, before herce L'Anou; Which D'Ambois seeing, as I once did see, In my young travels through Armenia, An angry unicorn in his full career Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller That watcht him for the treasure of his brow, And, ere he could get shelter of a tree, Nail him with his rich anther to the earth; So D'Ambois ran upon reveng'd L'Anon, Who eying th' cager point borne in his face, 124 And giving back, fell back, and in his fall His foe's uncurbed aword stopt in his heart; By which time all the life-strings of the tw' other

Were cut, and both fell as their spirits flew

Upwards; and still hunt honour at the view: 100
And now, of all the six, sole D'Ambois stood
Untoucht, save only with the others' blood.

He. All slain outright?

Nu. All slain outright but he,
Who kneeling in the warm life of his friends. (All freekled with the blood his rapier rain'd) . . He kist their pale cheeks, and bade both fare-

And see the bravest man the French earth [Extl Nuntius.]

Enter Monsieur, D'AMBOIS bare.

Bu. Now is the time; y'are princely vow'd

Perform it princely, and obtain my pardon.

Mo. Else heaven forgive not me! Come on,
brave friend!—

If ever nature held herself her own, When the great trial of a king and subject
Met in one blood, both from one belly springing;
Now prove her virtue and her greatness one,
Or make the t' one the greater with t' other,

Overwhelmed. 7 The horn. 1 Barn-headed.

(As true kings should) and for your brother's

(Which is a special species of true virtue)
Do that you could not do not being a king.

He. Brother, I know your snit; these wilful murders

Are ever past our pardon.

Mo. Manly slaughter 100 Should never bear th' account of wilful murder; Should never bear th account or whird muruer; it being a spice 'of justice, where with life Offending past law,' equal life is laid in equal balance, to scourge that offence By law of reputation, which to men Exceeds all positive law, and what that 's leaves To true men's valours (not prefixing rights) Of satisfaction, suited to their wrongs) A free man's eminence may supply and take,

He. This would make every man that thinks

He. This would make every man that thinks him wrong'd or is offended, or in wrong or right.
Lay on this violence, and all vaunt themselves Law-menders and suppliers, though mere butchers;

Should this fact (though of justice) be for-given?

Mo. Oh, no, my lord; it would make cowards

fear

To touch the reputations of true men
When only they are left to imp ' the law.
Justice will soon distinguish murderous minds
From just revengers. Had my friend been slain,
(His enemy surviving) he should die,

10
Since he had added to a murder'd fame
Which was is his intentia a murder'd fame Which was in his intent) a murdered man, And this had worthily been wilful murder; But my friend only sav'd his fame's dear life, Which is above life, taking th' under value, 178 Which in the wrong it did, was forfeit to him; And in this fact only preserves a man In his uprightness; worthy to survive Millions of such as murder men alive.

He. Well, brother, rise, and raise your friend

withal

From death to life; and D'Ambois, let your life (Refin'd, by passing through this merited death) Be purg'd from more such foul pollution; Nor on your scape nor valour more presuming To be again so daring.

My lord, Bu. I loathe as much a deed of unjust death As law itself doth; and to tyrannize, Because I have a little spirit to dare And power to do, as to be tyranniz'd.
This is a grace that (on my knees redoubled *),
I cannot to double this, my short life's gift; may had shall your royal bounty centuple.
That I may so make good what Law and nature Have given me for my good; since I am free, (Offending no just law), let no law make 206 By any wrong it does, my life her slave; When I am wrong'd, and that law fails to right BELOW,

Bectes, kind.
In a way not recognised by law
I e positive law. Deed.
Done in the name of jus-7 Piece out.

· Substitutes.

A second time kneeling.

Let me be king myself (as man was made), And do a justice that exceeds the law; And do a justice that exceeds the law;
If my wrong pass the power of single valour so
To right and expiate, then be you my king.
And do a right, exceeding law and nature.
Who to himself is law, no law doth need,
Offends no law, and is a king indeed.

He. Enjoy what thou entreat'st; we give but

Bu. What you have given, my lord, is ever yours. Erit Rex cum Montechev. Gu. Mort dieu! who would have pardon'd such a murder?

Now vanish horrors into Court attrac-Frit.

For which let this balm make thee fresh and

fair.

forth with thy service to the And now duchess, As my long love will to Montsurry's countees.

Bu. To whom my love hath long been vow'd

in heart, Although in hand for show I held the duchess

And now through blood and vengeance, deeds of height And hard to be schiev'd, 't is fit I make Attempt of her perfection. I need fear No check in his rivality, since her virtues

No check in his rivality, since has Are so renown'd, and he of all dames hated.

Krit.

[SCENE II.] 10

MONTSURBY, TAMYRA, BEAUPRE, PERO, CHARLOTTE, PYRA.

Mont. He will have pardon, sure. 'T were pity, else: For though his great spirit something over-

All faults are still borne that from greatness

But such a sudden courtier saw I never.

Be. He was too sudden, which indeed was rudeness.

Ta. True, for it argued his no due conceit "

Both of the place and greatness of the persons. Nor of our sex: all which (we all being strangers

To his encounter) should have made more manners

Deserve more welcome.

Mont. All this fault is found Because he lov'd the duchess and left you.

Ta. Alas, love give her joy; I am so far From envy of her honour, that I swear, Had he encounter'd me with such proud slight. I would have put that project 12 face of his To a more test than did her duchesship.

Be. Why by your leave, my lord) I'll speak it here,

Although she be my aunt, she scarce was modest,

When she perceiv'd the duke her husband take

Rivalry.

Montaurry's house.

Those late exceptions to her servant's court-

To entertain him.

Ay, and stand him still, Letting her husband give her servant place. Though he did manly, she should be a woman.

Enter Guisk.

[Gu.] D'Ambois is pardon'd! Where 's a king? Where law?

Here high and glorious as it did contend To wash the heavens and make the stars more

pare, and here so low, it leaves the mud of hell To every common view; come, Count Mont-

We must consult of this.

Ta. Stay not, sweet lord.

Exit cum Guise. Would that would please me! Be. I'll leave you, middin, to your passions; lase there's change of weather in your looks.

Exit cum suis.

Ta. I cannot clock it; but, as when a fune, lifet, dry, and gross, within the womb of earth or in her superfices begot, when extreme cold hath struck it to her heart.

The more it is comprest, the more it rageth; Exceeds his prison's strength that should con-

And then it tosseth temples in the air, All tars made ongines to his insolent fury; o, of a suiden, my licentious fancy Rives within me; not my name and house we my religion, to this hour observid, an stand above it. I must utter that That will in parting break more strings in me Than death when life parts; and that hely man That, from my cradle, counsell'd for my soul, I now must make an agent for my blood. 1 w

Enter Monsieur.

Mo. Yet, is my mistress gracious?
To. Yet unanswered?

No. Pray thee regard thine own good, if not

nd cheer my love for that ; you do not know What you may be by me, nor what without

I may have power t'sdvance and pull down

To. That's not my study. One way I am

You shall not pull down me; my husband's

le crown to all my hopes; and his retiring
To any mean atate, shall be my aspiring;
My honour's in mine own hands, spite of kings.
Mo. florour, what's that? Your second

maidenhead: " A word. The word is gone, The thing remains: the rose is pluckt, the

1 Satisfying my passion.

Abides; an easy loss where uo lack's found. Believe it, there 's as small lack in the loss As there is pain i' th' losing; archers ever Have two strings to a bow; and shall great Cupid

1. sa. .

~

(Archer of archers both in men and women,) Be worse provided than a common archer? A husband and a friend all wise wives have.

Ta. Wise wives they are that on such strings depend,

With a tirm husband joining a loose friend!

Mo. Still you stand on your husband, so do

The common sex of you, when y' are encounter'd With one ye cannot fancy. All men know 'o You live in Court, here, by your own election. Frequenting all our common sports and triumphs,

All the most youthful company of men:
And wherefore do you this? To please your
husband?

Tis gross and fulsome: if your husband's

pleasure Be all your object, and you sim at honour In living close to him, get you from Court; You may have him at home; these common

put-offs

common women serve: "My honour!

Dames maritorious 2 ne'er were meritorious.
Speak plain, and say, "I do not like you, sir, so
Y' are an ill-favour'd fellow in my eye; "

Y' are an ill-favour d'tellow in my eye;
And I am answer'd.

Ta.

Then, I pray, be answer'd.

For in good faith, my lord, I do not like you
In that sort 2 you like,

Mo.

Take (with a politic hand) this rope of pearl.

**Add the wath wan by not appearant, we then yield.

Take twith a pointe main this tope as pean.
And though you be not amorous, yet be use.
Take me for wisdom; he that you can love
Is ne'er the farther from you.

Ta.

Now it comes

So ill prepar'd, that I may take a poison,
Under a medicine as good cheap as it;

I will not have it were if worth the world.

Mo. Horror of death; could I but please your

eve

You would give me the like, ere you would lose

"Honour and husband!"

Ta. By this light, my lord,
Y' are a vile fellow, and I'll tell the king
Your occupation of dishonouring ladies And of his Court. A lady cannot live

As she was born, and with that sort of pleasure

That fits her state, but she must be defam'd With an informous lord's detraction.

Who would endure the Court if these attempts Of open and profest lust must be borne? Who's there? Come on, dame; you are at your book

When men are at your mistress; have I taught Any such waiting-woman's quality?

2 Way.

2 Excessively fond of their husbands.

Mo. Farewell, good "husband."

Erit Monsieur. Farewell, wicked lord. Mont.

Enter MONTSURRY.

Mont. Was not the Monsieur here? Ta. Yes, to good purpose;
And your cause is as good to seek him too,
And haunt his company.
Why, what's the matter?

Mont. Why, what is the matter. Ta. Matter of death, were I some husbands'

cannot live at quiet in my chamber, For opportunities almost to rapes Offer done by him. Offer

Mont. Pray thee bear with him. Thou know'st he is a bachelor and a courtier, Ay, and a prince; and their prerogatives Are to their laws, as to their pardons are
Their reservations, after Parliaments —
One quits another; form gives all their essence.
That prince doth high in virtue's reckoning

Stand

That will entreat a vice, and not command. 136 Les bear with him; should another man Trust to his privilege, he should trust to death. Take comfort, then, my comfort, may, triumph And crown thyself, thou part'st with victory; 2 My presence is so only dear to thee

That other men's appear worse than they he. For this night yet, bear with my force forced absence

Thou know at my business; and with how much weight.

My vow hath charg'd it.
True, my lord, and never My fruitless love shall let 2 your serious honour ; Yet, sweet lord, do not stay; you know my Bunl

Is so long time without me, and I dead,

As you are absent.

Mont.

By this kiss, receive
My woul for hostage, till I see my love.

Ta. The morn shall let me see you.

With the sun

I'll visit thy more comfortable 4 beauties.

To. This is my comfort, that the sun hath left

The whole world's beauty ere my sun leaves me.

Mont. 'T is late night now indeed; farewell, my light.

Ta. Farewell, my light and life; — but not

in him, In mine own dark love and light bent to

another. Alas that in the wane of our affectious We should supply it with a full dissembling, In which each youngest maid is grown a

mother; Frailty is fruitful, one sin gets another. Our loves like sparkles are that brightest shine When they go out, most vice shows most

divine, Go, maid, to bed; lend me your book, I pray;

1 Importunities. I That thou comest 2 Hinder

Comforting.

Emend Dilks. Qq. wave. of victorious.

Not like yourself for form; I'll this night trouble

None of your services. Make sure the doors, so And call your other fellows to their rest.

Pe. I will, -1.1side., yet I will watch to know why you watch. Erit.

Ta. Now all ye peaceful regents of the night.

Silently-gliding exhalations,

Languishing winds, and murmuring falls of

Sadness of heart and ominous secureness, Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends of

That ever wrought upon the life of man Extend your utmost strengths; and this charm'd hour

Fix like the centre; 6 make the violent when is Of Time and Fortune stand; and great Existence

The Maker's treasury) now not seem to be, To all but my approaching friends and me.
They come, alas, they come! Fear, fear and

hope Of one thing, at one instant fight in me; I love what most I loathe, and cannot live Unless I compass that which holds my death; For life's mere death, laving one that loather me,
And he I love will loathe me, when he sees
I fly my sex, my virtue, my remove. fly my sex, my virtue, my renown, To run so madly on a man unknown.

The vault opens. ce, see, a vault is opening that was never Known to my lord and husband, nor to any But him that brings the man I love, and me. How shall I live, And not consume in blushes? I will in,
And cast myself off, I as I ne'er had been. Ext.

Ascendit Friar and D'AMBOIS.

Fr. Come, worthiest son, I am past measure

That you (whose worth I have approv'd so fong) Since both your wit and spirit can adapt
Their full force to supply her utimest weakness
You know her worths and virtnes, for report Of all that know is to a man a knowledge You know besides, that our affectious' storn, Rais'd in our blood, no reason can referm. Though she seek then their satisfaction Which she must needs, or rest unsatisfied! Your judgment will esteem her prace thus wrought.

Nothing less dear than if yourself had sought: And with another colour, which my art Shall teach you to lay only yourself must seem The only agent, and the first orb move? In this our set and cunning world of love.

Bu. Give me the colour, my most honour'd father.

And trust my cunning then to lay it on.

* Centre of the earth. * Supply matching here

7 Unitrees.

9 Permum michile, the prime moving aphere of the Ptolemaic system.

Fr. "I is thus, good son; Lord Barrisor (whom you slen

Did love her dearly, and with all fit means Hath arg'd his acceptation, of all which he keeps one letter written in his blood. You must say thus, then, that you heard from TINO

How much herself was toucht in conscience With a report which is in truth dispersi;
That your main quarrel grew about her love,
Lord Barrisor imagining your courtship
of the great Guise's Duchess in the presence,
Was by you made to his elected mistress; And so made me your mean now to resolve her, Choosing by my direction! this night's depth for the more clear avoiding of all note Of your presumed presence; and with this To clear her hands of such a lover's blood) he will so kindly thank and entertain you,
Mathinks I see how, ay, and ten to one,
bow you the confirmation in his blood,
bow you should think report and she did feign, That you shall so have circumstantial means to come to the direct, which must be used: For the direct is crooked; love comes flying; The height of love is still won with denying, 196 Bu. Thanks, honour'd father.

She must never know That you know anything of any love ustarn'd on her part; for, learn this of me, lo anything a woman does alone. If she dissemble, she thinks 't is not done; If not dissemble, I nor a little chide, Give her her wish, she is not satisfi'd; To have a man think that she never seeks,

Does her more good than to have all she likes:

This frailty sticks in them beyond their sex,

Which to reform, reason is too perplex:

Lee reason to them, it will do no good;

Humour that is the chariot of our food n everybody must in them be fed to carry their affections by it bred.

Enter TAMYRA with a book.

To. Alm, I fear my strangeness will retire

If he go back, I die; I must prevent it,
And there his onset with my sight at least,
And that a the most; though every step he

Goes to ma heart. I'll rather die than seem Not to be strange to that I most esteem. F. Madam.

Ah! You will pardon me, I hope, That as beyond your expectation, al at a time for visitants so unfit, with my noble friend here visit you. I as know that my access at any time.

Leth ever been admitted; and that friend

Det my are will presume to bring with me
shall have all circumstance of worth in him to

be marit as free welcome as myself. Ta. Oh, father I but at this suspicious hour

t If she has no chance to dissemble.

You know how apt best men are to suspect us, In any cause that makes suspicious shadow No greater than the shadow of a lear. *** And y' are to blame. What though my lord and husband

Lie forth to-night, and, since I cannot sleep When he is absent, I sit up to-night; Though all the doors are sure, and all our

servants As sure bound with their aleeps; yet there is

()ne That wakes above, whose eye no sleep can

bind. He sees through doors, and darkness, and our thoughts;

And therefore as we should avoid with fear To think amiss ourselves before his search, So should we be as curious to shou All cause that other think not ill of us.

Bu. Madam, 't is far from that; I only

Bu. Macheard

By this my honour'd father, that your conscience

Made some deep scruple with a false report That Barrisor's blood should something touch your honour.
Since he imagin d I was courting you.
When I was bold to change words with the

duchess,

And therefore made his quarrel; his long love And service, as I bear, being deeply vowed 120 And service, as I bear, being deeply vowed 120 Presum d on with my father at this season For the more care of your so curious 2 honour, Can well resolve your conscience, is most

false.

Ta. And is it therefore that you come, good sir?

Then crave I now your pardon and my father's, And swear your presence does me so much

That all I have it binds to your requital. Indeed, sir, 't is most true that a report Is spread, alleging that his love to me Was reason of your quarrel, and because You shall not think I feign it for my glory That he importun'd me for his court service, I'll show you his own hand, set down in blood. To that vain purpose. Good sir, then come in. Father, I thank you now a thousand-fold. Set Exit TAMYRA and D'AMBOIS.

Fr. May it be worth it to yan, hamour'd daughter. Descendit Friar.

ACT III

SCENE I.5

Enter D'Ambots, Tamena, with a chain of prarl.

Bu. Sweet mistress, cease! Your conscience is too sice,"

And hites too hotly of the Puritan spice.

Fastificially guarded
 Fastificially guarded
 Secretz was the conventional term for courtly love.
 Secretz was the conventional term for courtly love.
 Secretz was the conventional term for courtly love.

To. Oh, my dear servant,1 in thy close embraces,

I have set open all the doors of danger To my encompast honour, and my life. Before I was secure against death and hell, But now am subject to the heartless fear Of every shadow and of every breath, And would change firmness with an aspen leaf; So confident a spotless conscience is, So weak a guilty. Oh, the dangerous siege Sin lays about us, and the tyranny He exercises when he hath expugu'd! Like to the horror of a winter's thunder, Mixt with a gushing storm, that suffer nothing To stir abroad on earth but their own rages, Is sin, when it hath gathered head above us: No roof, no shelter can secure us so, But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe.

Bu. Sin is a coward, madam, and insults But on our weakness, in his truest valour; 8 And so our ignorance tames us, that we let His shadows fright us: and like empty clouds, In which our faulty apprehensions forge The forms of dragons, lions, elephants, When they hold no proportion, the sly charms Of the witch, Policy, makes him like a monster Kept only to show men for servile money. That false has often paints him in her cloth Ten times more monstrous than he is in troth. so In three of us, the secret of our meeting Is only guarded, and three friends as one Have ever been esteem'd: as our three powers That in our one soul are as one united: Why should we fear then? For myself I swear = Sooner shall torture be the sire to pleasure. And health be griovous to one long time sick, Than the dear jewel of your fame in mo Be made an outcast to your infamy Nor shall my value (sacred to your virtues) Only give free course to it, from myself But make it fly out of the mouths of kings In golden vapours and with awful wings.

To, It rests as all kings seals were set in thee.

Now let us call my father, whom I awear I could extremely chide, but that I fear To make him so suspicious of my love Of which, sweet servant, do not let him know For all the world.

Ta. Come, then — ho! Father, ope, and take your friend.

Fr. Now, honour'd daughter, is your doubt resolv'd?

Ta. Ay, father, but you went away too soon.
Fr. Too soon?
Ta. Indeed you did, you should have stayed;
Had not your worthy friend been of your bringing.

And that contains all laws to temper me,
Not all the fearful danger that besieged us,
Had aw'd my throat from exchanation.
Fr. I know your serious disposition well.
Come, son, the morn comes on

I Taken by storm. a If his valor he truly estimated.

4 Remains inviolable

Now, honour'd mistress, Till farther service call, all bliss supply you. e Ta. And you this chain of pearl, and my love only.

Descendit Friar and D'AMBOIS. It is not I, but urgent destiny,
That an great statesmen for their general end
In politic justice, make poor men offend)
Enforceth my offence to make it just. What shall weak dames do, when th' whole work of nature

Hath a strong finger in each one of us?
Needs must that sweep away the silly cobweb
Of our still-undone labours; that lays still
Our powers to it: as to the line, the stone,
Not to the stone, the line should be opposed;
We cannot keep our constant course in virtue:
What is alike at all parts? Every day Differs from other: every hour and minute, Ay, every thought in our false clock of life Of times inverts the whole circumference: We must be sometimes one, sometimes another. Our bodies are but thick clouds to our souls. Through which they cannot shine when they

desire : When all the stars, and even the sun himself, a Must stay the vapours' times that he exhales Before he can make good his beams to us; (th, how can we, that are but motes to him, Wand'ring at random in his ordered cays, Disperse our passious' fumes, with our weak Inbours,

That are more thick and black than all earth's vapours?

Enter MONTSURRY.

Mont. Good day, my love; what, up and ready 6 too

Ta. Both, my dear lord; not all this night made I Myself unready, or could sleep a wink

Mont. Alas! what troubled my true love, my

From being at peace within her better self? Or how could sleep forbear to seize thine eyes When he might challenge them as his just

Ta. I am in no power earthly, but in yours;
To what end should I go to bed, my lord.
That wholly mist the comfort of my load? Or how should sleep possess my facultica.
Wanting the proper closer of mine eyes?

Mont. Then will I never more sleep night

from thee.

All mine own business, all the king's affairs, 10 Shall take the day to serve them; every night

Il ever dedicate to thy delight.

Ta. Nay, good my lord, esteem not my de-BITTER

Such doters on their humours that my judgment Cannot subdue them to your worthin pleasure. A wife's pleas'd husband must ber object be of In all her acts, not her sooth'd fantary

As the stone is made to accord with the line, and not vice versa, so nature brings our powers into accord with her will.

a Dressed.

come, my love, now pay those on the court, and the new to bed?

so we him; shall we now to bed?

so, my lord; your holy friar says no
in the day that touch the bed

so in the day that touch the are, even in the married; e and worthy doctrine, well I know, in him will liberally allow. I no be a most learned and religious man; e presouce then, and see great mond mushroom shot up in a night), Atlas under our King's arm;

and deadly as the Guise. he that was but yesterday his

d preserver?

Even the same. I agent works but to this end, at it works on like itself; the Monsieur in his act on D'Am-

ambitious end effect, the apposite, the King hath power Ocue to D'Ambois, to convert Monsieur's aim on his own breast, putward love to inward hate. man can embrace, but must con-Exeunt.

(SCENE II.] *

MY, D'AMROIS, Monsieur, Guise, ANNABELLE, CHARLOTTE, Attend-

home, my Bussy; thy impartial ve falcons that dare trues a fowl than themselves; flatterers are

ats sparrows; thou shalt be my

thunder underneath thy wings; is like jewels hang in th' ears of

I might live to see no Jews hang

the lie of the pit of fears, and the the devil, his true foe, angel to the pit of fears, to palana; truth seldom decks kings'

ty llike a rippier's a legs roll'd up ay espect with kings' moothed guts d strappi'd, now lives only free, bile knave; how like the plague 10 ikes into the brain of man, a his entrails, when he can, the poison of a red-hair'd man!

7 Bound.

the Court.

Jude's hair was represented as red in

He. Fly at him and his brood; I cust thee off, And once more give thee surname of mine

eagle.

Bu, I'll make you sport enough, then; let me have My lucerus ' too, or dogs inur'd to hunt

Beasts of most rapine, but to put them up, 10 And if I truss not, let me not be trusted. Show me a great man by the people's voice, we Which is the voice of God, that by his great-

Bombasts11 his private roofs with public riches; That affects royalty, rising from a chipdish; 1 That rules so much more by 10 his suffering king. That he makes kings of his subordingle

slaves Himself and them graduate like woodmongers, Filing a stack of billets from the earth, Raising each other into steeples' heights; Let him convey this on the turning props Of Frotean law, and, his own counsel keeping.
Keep all upright; let me but hawk at him.
I'll play the vulture, and so thump his liver.
That, like a buge unlading Argos,
He shall confess all, and you then may hang

Show me a clergyman, that is in voice
A lark of heaven, in heart a mole of earth;
That hath good living, and a wicked life;
A temperate look, and a luxurious gut;
Turning the rents of his superfluous cures

Venting their quintessence as men read He-brew; 14 Let me but hawk at him, and, like the other. He shall confess all, and you then may hang him.
Show me a lawyer that turns sacred law
(The equal rend'rer of each man his own,
The scourge of rapine and extortion, The sanctuary and impregnable defence Of retir'd learning and besieged virtue) Into a harpy, that eats all but a own, Into the damned sins it punisheth; Into the synagogue of thieves and atheists, Blood into gold, and justice into lust; Let me but hawk at him, as at the rest, He shall confessall, and you then may hang him.

Enter MONTSURRY, TAMVRA, and PERO.

Gu. Where will you find such game as you would bawk at?

Bu. I'll hawk about your house for one of

them. Gu. Come, y' are a glorious15 ruffian, and run proud

Of the King's headlong graces. Hold your breath. Or, by that poison'd vapour, not the King

Shall back your murderous valour against me. Hunting dogs.
 Start them.
 Stuffs out.
 Dish carried by beggars, who clapped the lid to at-11 Stuffs out.

tract notice.

12 I. c. by the sufferance or indulgence of his king.
Qq. 1667, b read them.

14 I. c. backwards. Reversing the proper use of his

income.

ii Boastful.

Bu. I would the King would make his pres ence free

But for one bout betwirt us: by the reverence Due to the sacred space 'twirt kings and sub-

Here would I make thee cast that popular

purple, In which thy proud soul sits and braves thy sovereign.

Mo. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.
Ru. Let him peace first

That made the first war.

Mo. He's the better man.

Bu. And therefore may do worst?

Mo.
Bu. So Hydra had more heads.
He's greater known.

Bu. His greatness is the people's; mine's Mo, He's nobler born.

He is not, I am noble; mine own.

And noblesse in his blood hath no gradation, But in his morit.

Th' art not nobly born, But losstard to the Cardinal of Ambois.

Bu. Thou liest, proud Guiserd. Let me fly,

my lord.

He. Not in my face, my eagle; violence flies
The sanctuaries of a prince's eves.

Bu. Still shall we chide and foam upon this

bit?

Is the Guise only great in faction? Stands he not by himself? Proves he th' opin-

ion That men's souls are without them? Be a duke, And lead me to the field.

Gu.

He. Stay them! Stay, D' Ambois. Cousin
Guise, I wonder
Your honour'd disposition brooks so ill

A man so good, that only would uphold Man in his native noblesse, from whose fall All our dimensions rise; that in himself (Without the outward patches of our frailty, Riches and honour) knows he comprehends Worth with the greatest. Kings had never borne

Such boundless empire over other men, Had all maintain'd the spirit and state of D'Ambois;

Nor had the full impartial hand of nature
That all things gave in her original 2
Without these definite terms of mine and thine, Been turn'd unjustly to the hand of Fortune, Had all preserv'd her in her prime, like D'Ambois.

No envy, no disjunction had dissolv'd, Or pluck'd one stick out of the golden fagget In which the world of Saturn's bound our lives, Had all been held together with the nerves. 100 The genius, and th' ingenious 6 soul of D'Ambois.

Let my hand therefore be the Hermean rod b

1 Qq, unhir
1 The fabled Orden Age.
1 In the beginning.
2 Qq. 1607, 5 read ingenious.
3 The cadiceus which was wreathed with two serpeats that clung to it when separated by Hermes.

To part and reconcile, and so comserve you, As my combin'd embracers and supporters. the Bu. 'T' is our king's motion, and we shall not

seem

To worst eyes womanish, though we charge thus soon

Never so great grudge for his greater pleas-

Gu. I seal to that; and, so the munly freedom That you so much profess, hereafter prove pot

A bold and glorious license to deprave,6
To me his hand shall hold the Hermean virtue His grace affects, in which submissive sign On this his sacred right hand I lay mine. Bu. 'T is well, my lord, and so your worthy

greatuess

Decline not to the greater insolence, Nor make you think it a prerogative To rack men's freedoms with the ruder wrongs; My hand stuck full of laurel, in true sign
"T is wholly dedicate to righteous pence)
In all submission kisseth th' other side.

He. Thanks to ye both; and kindly I invite

Both to a banquet, where we'll sacrifice
Full cups to confirmation of your loves;
At which, fair ladies, I entreat your presence; And hope you, madam, will take one carouse
For reconcilement of your lord and servant
Du. If I should fail, my lord, some other
lady

Would be found there to do that for my servant.

Mo. Any of these here?
Du. Nay, I know not that.
Bu. Think your thoughts like my mistress, honour d lady?

Ta. I think not on you, sir; y' are use I know not.

Bu, Cry you meroy, madam,
Mont. Oh, sir, has she met you?
Excunt HENRY, D'AMBOIS, Ludbes

Mo. What had my bounty drunk when it rais'd him?

Gu. Y'ave stack us up a very worthy flag, and That takes more wind than we with all our sails. Mo. Oh, so he spreads and flourishes.

(;u. He must down; Upstarts should never perch too near a crown Mo. T is true, my lord; and as this doting Mo. hand

hand, Even out of earth, like Juno, struck this giant, So Jove's great ordinance shall be here (mph'd To strike him under th' Etna of his pride;

To which work lend your hands, and let us

Where we may set mares for his ranging great Dess

think it best, amongst our greatest women, For there is no such trap to catch an upstart As a loose downfall; for you know there falls Are th' ends of all men's rising. If great men And wise make scapes to please advantage

Blander. Plan. Perapades.
To give advantage to their enemies.

"T is with a woman; women that worst may use Still hold men's candles; they direct and know

All things amiss in all men; and their women?
All things amiss in them; through whose charm'd mouths,

We may see all the close scapes tof the Court. When the most royal beast of chase, the hart, Can never be discovered to the bow,

The piece, or hound; yet where, behind some

He breaks his gall, and rutteth with his hind, The place is markt, and by his venery

Its still is taken. Shall we then attempt
The chiefest mean to that discovery here,
And court our greatest ladies' chiefest women
With shows of love and liberal promises?

Tis but our breath, If something given in hand Sharpens their hopes of more, 't will be well ventur'd.

Gu. No doubt of that; and 't is the cunning's point

Of your devived investigation.

I have broken The ice to it already with the woman

Of your chaste body, and conceive good hope 172

At our next meeting.

Mand. Nay, there 's small hope there.
Gu. Take say' of her, my lord, she comes Mo. Starting back?

Enter CHARLOTTE, ANNABELLE, PERO.

Ge. Y are engag'd, indeed. An. Nay, pray, my lord, forbear, Mont. What, skittish, servant?

An. No, my lord, I am not so fit for your ser-

Ch. Fray pardon me now, my lord; my lady

scepts me.

oncle may.

Mo. W-II said; a spirit of courtship of all hands. Now mine own Pero, hast thou re- 100 membered me for the discovery I entreated thee make of the mistress." Speak boldly, and be sure of all things I have sworn to thee.

Ps. Building on that assurance, my lord, I may speak; and much the rather, because he my lady hath not trusted me with that I can bely so, for now I cannot be said to betray her.

Mo. That's all one, so we reach our objects.

Forth, I beseech thee.

Po To tell you truth, my lord, I have made

Wo. Excellent, Pero, thou reviv'st me. May

Pe. 'Tie thus, then: this last night, my lord lay forth, and I w stehing my lady's sitting lord up, stale up at midnight from my pullet, and having before made a hole both through the

1 He accomplices, 2 Wantag-unmen. 5 Escapados

4 Gun.

Make trial.

all and arras to her inmost chamber) I saw 'Ambois and herself reading a letter.

Mo. D'Ambois?

Pe. Even he, my lord.

Mo. Dost thou not dream, wench?

Pc. I swear he is the man.

Mo. The devil he is, and thy lady his [see dam! Why, this was the happiest shot that ever dam! Why, the was the nappiest snot unatever flew! The just plague of hypocrisy levell'd it. th, the infinite regions betwirt a woman's tongue and her heart! Is this our goddess of two clustity? I thought I could not be so slighted if she had not her fraught besides, and thereif she had not her fraught besides, and therefore plotted this with her woman, never dreaming of D'Ambois. Dear Pero, I will advance thee for ever; but tell me now,—God's precious, it transforms me with admiration.—155 sweet Pero, whom should she trust with this conveyance? Or, all the doors being made sure, how should his conveyance be made?

Pe. Nay, my lord, that amazes me; I cannot by any study so much as guess at it.

Mo. Well, let 's favour our apprehensious with forbearing that a little; for if my heart were not hoopt with adamant, the conceit 10 of this would have burst it. But hark thee.

were not hoopt with auaman, the three this would have burst it. But bark three ... Whispers.

(Ch. I swear to you grace, all that I can [250] conjecture touching my lady your nice, is a strong affection she bears to the English Mylor. Gu. All, quod you? 'T is enough, I assure you, but tell me.] I Mont. I pray theo, resolve me: the duke [550] wife: hath D'Ambois any privy access to her? An. No, my lord; D'Ambois neglects her, an she takes it, and is therefore suspicious that either your lady, or the Lady Beaupre [550] hath closely 12 entertain'd him.

Mont. By r lady, a likely suspicion, and very uear the life, [if she marks it,] 13 especially of my wife.

of my wife.

Me. Come, we'll disguise all with seeming [18] only to have courted. A way, dry pain: "ah as a liver as dry as a biscuit; a man may go a whole voyage with her, and get nothing but

whole voyage with her, and get nothing but tempests from her windpipe.

Gu. Here's one, I think, has swallowed a [amporcupine, she easts pricks from her tongue so.

Mont. And here's a peacock seems to have devour'd one of the Alps, she has so awelling a spirit, and is so cold of her kindness.

Ch. We are no windfalls, my lord; ye must gather us with the ladder of matrimony, or we'll hang till we be rotten.

Mo. Indeed, that's the way to make ye right openarses. But, alas! ye have no portions fit for such husbands as we wish you.

Pr. Portions, my lord? Yes, and such portions as your principality cannot purchase.

tions as your principality cannot purchase.

Mo. What, woman "what are those portions?

Pc. Riddle my riddle, my lord.

Mo. Ay, marry, wench, I think thy portion are Mo. Ay, marry, western.

9 Wonder.

10 Those two speeches are omitted in Q 1641

11 Secretly.

12 Secretly.

13 Medians.

is a right riddle, a man shall never find it out

But let's hear it.

Pe. You shall, my lord.

What's that, that being most rare's most cheap? That when you sow, you never reap? That when it grous must, must you thin 1 if f And still you tone it when you win it: That when 'I is commonest, 't is dearest, And when 't is farthest off, 't is nearest?

Mo. Is this your great portion?

Pe. Even this, my loid.

Mo. Believe me, I cannot riddle it,

Pe. No, my lord: 'tis my chastity, which you

Pr. No, my lord: 'tis my chastity, which you shall neither riddle nor fiddle.

Mo. Your chastity? Let me begin with the [see and of it; how is a woman's chastity nearest a man when 'tis furthest off?

Pr. Why, my lord, when you cannot get it, it goes to th' heart on you: and that, I think, comes most near you: and I am sure it [see shall be far enough off. And so we leave you to our mercies.

Execut Women.

Ma. Farewell, riddle.
Gu. Farewell, medlar.
Mont. Farewell, winter plum.

Mont. Farewell, winter pum.
Mo. Now, my lords, what fruit of our inquisi-Mo. Now, my lords, what fruit of our inquisi-tion? Feel you nothing budding yet? Speak, good my Lord Montsurry. Mont. Nothing but this: D'Ambois is thought

negligent in observing the duchess, and look therefore she is suspicious that your niece or my wife closely entertains him.

Your wife, my lord? Think you that

Mout. Alas, I know she flies him like her last

Mo. Her last hour? Why, that comes upon her the more she flies it. Does D'Ambois so,

Mont. That's not worth the answering. 'T is miraculous to think with what monsters [nu women's imaginations engross them when they are once enamour'd, and what wonders they will work for their satisfaction. They will make

heep valiant, a lion fearful.

Mo. [Aside.] And an ass confident. — Well, my lord, more will come forth shortly; get you

to the banquet.

Gu. Come, my lord; I have the blind side of one of them. Exit Guise cum Monteurny. 20 Mo. Oh, the unsounded sea of women's bloods, That when 't is calmost, is most dangerous; one of them.

Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces When in their hearts are Scylla and Charybdia, Which still are hid in dark and standing fogs, 228 Where never day shines, nothing never grows But weeds and poisons, that no statesman knows, Vor Cerberns ever saw the damned nooks Hid with the veils of women's virtuous looks. But what a cloud of suiphur have I drawn as

Poss emend. Qq. in.
In place of the following fifteen lines, Qq. 1607, 8

I will conceal all yet, and give more time. To D'Ambou' trial, now upon my hook.

Up to my bosom in this dangerous secret! Which if my haste with any spark should light. Ere D'Ambois were engag d in some sure plot. I were blown up; he would be sure my death. Would I had never known it, for before as I shall persuade th' importance to Montsurry. And make him with some studied straturem Train D'Ambois to his wreak, his maid may

tell it,
Or I (out of my fiery thirst to play
With the fell tiger, up in darkness fied,
And give it some light) make it quite break
loose,

I fear it, afore heaven, and will not see D'Ambois again, till I have told Montaurry And set a snare with him to free my fears: Who's there?

Enter MAYER.

Ma. My lord? Mo. Go call the Count Montaurry.

And make the doors fast; I will speak with none Till he come to me.

Ma. Well, my lord. Eriturus. ()r clse

Send you some other, and see all the doors Made safe yourself, I pray; haste, fly about it. Ma. You'll speak with none but with the Count Montsurry?

Mo. With none but he, except it be the Guise.

Ma. See even by this, there's one exception more!

Your grace must be more firm in the command, Or else shall I as weakly execute. The Guise shall speak with you

Mo. He shall, I say.

Ma. And Count Montsurry?
Mo. Ay, and Count Montsurry.

Ma. You Your grace must pardon me, that I am

To urge the clear and full sense of your pleasure; Which whensoever I have known, I hope Your grace will say, I hit it to a hair.

Mo. You have.

Ma. I hope so, or I would be glad—

Mo. You have.

Mo. I hope so, or I would be gine.

Mo. I pray thee get thee gone, thou art so
issues.

Mo. I pray thee get thee gone, thou art so
issues.

Mo. I pray thee get thee gone.

In the strict form of all thy services That I had better have one negligent

You hit my pleasure well, when D'Ambois his you;

Did you not, think you?

Ma. D'Amhois? Why, my lord—

Mo. I pray thee talk no more, but shut the doors

Do what I charge thee.

Ma. I will, my lord, and yet
I would be glad the wrong I had of D'Ambais -Mo. Precious! then it is a fate that plagues

He awes my throat, also, like Sybilia's care, It should breathe a acles. I fear him strangely, And may recemble his advanced value Union spirit rass'd without a circle, Endangering him that quartiely rais'd him, And for whose fury he hath learn'd no limis.

In this man's foolery; I may be murdered While he stands on protection of his folly.
Avannt about thy charge.

Ma. I go, my lord. — I had my head broke in his faithful service; 275 had no snit the more, nor any thanks, And yet my teeth must still be hit with D'Ambois:

D'Ambois, my lord, shall know —
Mu. The devil and D'Ambois!

Ecit MAFFE. How am I tortur'd with this trusty fool! Never was any curious in his place Never was any curious in his place.

To do things justly, but he was an ass;
We cannot find one trusty that is witty,
And therefore bear their disproportion.
Grant thou, great star and angel of my life,
A sure lease of it but for some few days,
That I may clear my bostom of the snake
I cherisht there, and I will then defy
All check to it but Nature's, and her altars
Shall crack with vessels crown'd with every
liquor
Drawn from her highest and most bloody humouts.

Biours.

fear him strangely, his advanced valour s like a spirit rais'd without a circle, indangering him that ignorantly rais'd him, And for whose fury he hath learnt no limit.

Enter MAFFE hastily.

We. I cannot help it: what should I do

As I was gathering a fit guard to make My passage to the doors, and the doors sure, The man of blood is enter'd.

Rage of death ! If I had told the secret, and he knew it, Thus had I been endanger'd.

Enter D'AMBOIS.

My sweet heart i How now, what leap'st thou at

O royal object ! Mo. Thou dream'st, awake; object in th'

empty air?
Worthy the brows of Titan, worth his

Wo. Fray thee, what mean'st thou? See you not a crown Impale the forehead of the great King Mon-

No. Oh, fie upon thee ! .

Bu. Prince, that is the subject Of all these your retir'd and sole discourses. Mo. Wilt thou not leave that wrongful sup-position?

Be. Why wrongful, to suppose the doubtless

right

the our enion worth the thinking on? Mo. Well, leave those jests. How I am over-

With thy wish'd presence, and how fit thou

For of mine honour I was sending for thee. 1 Clever, sensible.

Bu. To what end?

Only for thy company, Mo. Which I have still in thought; but that's no payment

On thy part made with personal appearance.
Thy absence so long suffered, oftentimes
Put me in some little doubt thou dost not love

DD 61.

Wilt thou do one thing therefore now sincerely?

Bu. Ay, anything, but killing of the King.

Mo. Still in that discord, and ill-taken note?

How most unseasonable thou play'st the cuckoo, In this thy fall of friendship! Then do not doubt,

That there is any act within my norves
But killing of the King, that is not yours.

Mo. I will not, then; to prove which by my
love

Shown to thy virtues, and by all fruits else Already sprung from that still-flourishing tree. With whatsoover may hereafter spring, I charge thee utter toven with all the freedom Both of thy noble nature and thy friendship) or

The full and plain state of me in thy thoughts, Bu. What, utter plainly what I think of

you?

Mo. Plain as truth.
Bu Why, this swims quite against the stream of greatness;

Great men would rather hear their flatteries,
And if they be not made fools, are not wise.
Mo. I am no such great fool, and therefore

charge thee

Even from the root of thy free heart, display

Bu. Since you affect 2 it in such serious terms, if yourself first will tell me what you think ... As freely and as heartily of me,

'll be as open in my thoughts of you.

Mo. A bargain, of mine honour; and make thia,

That prove we in our full dissection

Never so foul, live still the sounder friends,
Bu. What else, sir? Come, pay me home;
I'll bide it hravely.
Mo. I will swear. I think thee then a man
That dares as much as a wild horse or tiger; As headstrong and as bloody; and to feed The ravenous wolf of thy most cannibal valour, (Rather than not employ it) thou wouldet turn Hackster s to any where, slave to a Jew Or English usurer, to force possessions

(And cut men's throats) of mortgaged estates; Or thou wouldst 'tire thee like a tinker's

strumpet, And murder market-folks, quarrel with sheep, And run as mad as Ajax; serve a butcher, Do anything but killing of the King; That in thy valour th' art like other naturals

That have strange gifts in nature, but no soul set Diffus'd quite through, to make them of a piece, But stop at humours that are more absurd,

Childish and villanous than that hackster, whore,

cut-throat, tinker's bitch, compar'd

Slave, cut-throat, tingers before, before, And in those humours wouldst envy, betray, Slander, blaspheme, change each hour a reli-

Do anything but killing of the King: That in thy valour (which is still the dang-hill, To which hath reference all filth in thy house) Th' art more ridiculous and vain-glorious Then any mountehank, and impudent
Than any mountehank, and impudent
Than any painted bawd; which, not to soothe
And glorify thes like a Jupiter Hammon,
Thou eat'st thy heart in vinegar; and thy gall
Turns all thy blood to poison, which is cause as
Of that tond-pool that stands in thy complexion,

And makes thee with a cold and earthy moisture, (Which is the dam of putrefaction)

As plague to thy damn'd pride, rot as thou

liv st;

To study calumnies and treacheries; To thy friends' slaughters like a screech-owl

And do all mischiefs - but to kill the King.

Bu. So! have you said?

Mu. How think'st thou? Do I flatter?

Speak I not like a trusty friend to thee?

Bu. That ever any man was blest withal,
So here's for me. I think you are at worst)
No devil, since y' are like to be no king; Of which, with any friend of yours, I'll lay This poor stillado here, 'gainst all the stars, Ay, and 'gainst all your treacheries, which are

That you did never good, but to do ill;
But ill of all sorts, free and for itself:
That the a murdering piece, making lanes in

The first man of a rank, the whole rank falling). If you have wrong'd one man, you are so far see From making him amends that all his race, That y' are for perjuries the very prince Of all intelligeneers; 2 and your voice Is like an eastern wind, that where it flies Knits nets of caterpillars, with which you catch The prime of all the fruits the kingdom yields.
That your political head is the curst fount
Of all the violence, rapine, cruelty,
Tyranny, and atheism flowing through the

realm.

That y'ave a tongue so scandalous, 't will cut
The purest crystal, and a breath that will
Kill to 't that wall a spider. You will jest With God, and your soul to the devil tender to For last; kiss horror, and with death engender. That your foul body is a Lernean fen Of all the maladies breeding in all men; That you are utterly without a soul;
And, for your life, the thread of that was spun
When Clotho slept, and let her broathing rock 6 Fall in the dirt; and Lachesis still draws it, Dipping her twisting fingers in a bowl
Defil d, and crown d with virtue's forced soul.
And lastly (which I must for gratitude

1 Stiletto 1 Speed. 1 At the distance of.
4 "The distant from whence she draws the breath of Mfe." (Drike.)

Ever remember) that of all my beight And dearest life, you are the only spring,

Mo. Why, now I see thou lov'st mo.
to the banquet. Come Exeunt.

ACT IV

SCENE I.

[Enter] HENRY, Monsieur, with a letter; Guise, Montschry, Bussy, Elenor, Tanyra, Beauper, Pero, Charlotte, Annabelle, Pyra, with four Pages.

He. Ladies, ye have not done our banquet

Nor lookt upon it with those cheerful rays That lately turn'd your breaths to floods of

Your looks, methinks, are not drawn out with thoughts

As if the thick complexions of men Govern'd within them.

Bu. 'T is not like, my lord,
That men in women rule, but contrary;
For as the moon (of all things God created) Not only is the most appropriate image or glass to show them how they wax and wane, But in her height and motion likewise bears Imperial influences that command In all their powers, and make them was and

wane So women, that (of all things made of nothing) Are the most perfect idols of the moon, Or still-unwean'd sweet moon-calves with white

faces,

Not only are patterns of change to men, But as the tender moonshipe of their beaution Clears or is cloudy, make men glad or sad; So then they rule in men, not men in them. Mo. But here the moons are chang'd, (as the

And either men rule in them, or some power Beyond their voluntary faculty,
For nothing can recover their lost faces.

Mont. None can be always one : our griefs and joys

Hold several sceptres in us, and have times For their divided empires: which grief now, in

Doth prove as proper to his diadem.

Bu. And grief's a natural sickness of the blood.

That time to part asks, as his coming had; Only slight fools griev'd suddenly are glad. A man may say t' a dead man, 'Re reviv'd,'' As well as to one sorrowful, "Be not griev'd,'' And therefore, princely mistress, in all ware a Against these base foes that insult on weakness. And still fight hous'd behind the shield of Natura,

Of privilege, law, treachery, or beautly need,

The Banqueting Hall in the Court.
Duchem of Guise.

est 1 cannot help; authority here corruption: something like some yorst men: valour to them must creep anselves left, would fear him asleep. Il take that for granted that doth

rov'd; we all are as we were, and as free in thought as ever. why then can ye not disclose your This?

man? Why, madam, d' ye not know

me? is a name of honour for a king: take away from each chief thing: of modesty not to learn learns dames: high forms there, that know men's

Sussy.] Hark ! sweetheart, here 's a t to your valour;

at to your valour; ter here; no, not to notice our name is. Your great eagle's beak it fly at her! had as good encounter whit, as her more craggy liver. not attempt her, sir; her sight and

andy know her) doth deter me. with they all men else.
You would say so

ew all, my lord? What mean you? hat I know, madom.

That you know? Speak it.

t is enough. I feel it.
But, methinks is more pure than heretofore; as ters should be modest, but not nice; ot impudent ; pleasure love, not vice. theart! come hither, what if one

Contaurry? Would it not strike him

I the proofs of his chaste lady's vir-

be wise, not.
Not if I should name the gard-

d have him think hath grafted him? he large licence that your greatness

ill men may be taught indeed difference of the grounds you play

men you scandal, and the matter. Perhaps led with a train, may have your nose made less and

Person, puace, I pray thee peace. we to that? The brother of his king? bu still keeps up the pretence of being

Supposed seat of passion.

Over-fastidious.

Bu. Were your king brother in you; all your

(Stretcht in the arms of great men and their bawds),

Set close down by you; all your stormy laws Spouted with lawyers' mouths, and gushing

Like to so many torrents; all your glories
Making you terrible, like enchanted flames
Fed with bare cockscombs and with crooked hams;

All your prerogatives, your shames, and tor-

tures;
All daring heaven, and opening hell about

you: —
Were I the man ye wrong'd so and provok'd,
Though ne'er so much beneath you, like a box-

I would out of the roughness of my root Ram hardness, in my lowness, and like death Mounted on earthquakes, I would trot through

Honours and horrors, thorough foul and fuir, and from your whole strength toss you into the

Mo. Go, th' art a devil; such another spirit Could not be 'still'd from all th' Armenian dra-

O my love's glory! Heir to all I have, (That 's all I can say, and that all I swear) 100 If thou outlive me, as I know thou must, Or else hath nature no proportion d end To her great labours; she hath breath'd a mind Into thy entrails, of desert to swell Into another great Augustus Casar; Organs and faculties fitted to her greatness; And should that perish like a common spirit,
Nature 's a courtier and regards no merit.

He. Here's nought but whispering with us;
like a culm

Before a tempest, when the silent air Lays her soft ear close to the earth to hearken For that she fears steals on to ravish her; Some fate doth join our ears to hear it coming. Come, my brave eagle, let's to covert fly; I see almighty Aether in the smoke

I see almighty Aether in the smoke
Of all his clouds descending; and the sky
Hid in the dim ostents of tragedy.

Exit HENRY with It Americand Ladies.
Gu. Now stir the humour, and begin the
brawl.

Mont. The King and D'Ambois now are
grown all one.

Mo. Nay, they are two, my lord.

Mont.

How's that?

Mo. Mont. I must have more, my lord.
Mo. What, more than two?
Mont. How monstrous is this:
Why?

Mout. You make me horns. Mo. Not I; it is a work without my power, Married men's ensigns are not made with fingors ;

6 Signs of the sycophant.

Manifestations

I Monateur here makes the gesture of the cuckold.

Of divine fabric they are, not men's hands. 335 Your wife, you know, is a mere! Cynthia,
And she must fashion horms out of her nature,
Mont. But doth she — dare you charge her?
Speak, false prince.

Mo. I must not speak, my lord; but if you'll

33.85 The learning of a nobleman, and read,

Here a something to those points; soft, you must pawn?

Your honour having read it to return it.

Mont. Not I. I pawn my honour for a pa-You must not buy it under.

Exeunt Guiss and Monsieur. Keep it then, And keep fire in your bosom.

What says he? Mont. You must make good the rest.

How fares my lord?

Takes my love anything to heart he says? Let Mont. Come y' are a What, my lord? Mont. The plague of Herod

Feast in his rotten entrails.

To.

Will you wrenk
Your anger's just cause given by him, on me?

Mont. By him?

To. By him, my lord. I have admir'd. You could all this time be at concord with him, That still hath play'd such discords on your hop-

Mont. Perhaps 't is with some proud string of my wife's.

Ta. How 's that, my lord?

Mont. Your tongue will still admire, 100

Till my head be the miracle of the world.

Ta. Oh, woe is me! She seems to suround.

Pr. What does your lordship mean? Madam, be comforted; my lord but tries you.

Madam! Help, good my lord, are you not
mov'd?

Do your set looks print in your words your

thoughts?
Sweet lord, clear up those eyes, Unbend that masking forehead; whence is it You rush upon her with these Irish wars. More full of sound than hurt? But it is enough; You have shot home, your words are in her heart;

She has not liv'd to bear a trial now.

Mont. Look up, my love, and by this kiss re-

My soul amongst the spirits for supply To thine, chas'd with my fury.

Ta. Oh, my lord, I have too long liv'd to hear this from you. 100 Mont. 'T was from my troubled blood, and not from me.

I know not how I fare; a sudden night Flows through my entrails, and a headlong chaus

Murmurs within me, which I must digest, And not drown her in my confusions, That was my life's joy, being best inform'd.

1 Absolute. 1 Pledge. 1 Wondered.

Sweet, you must needs forgive me, that my love (Like to a fire disdaining his suppression)
Rag'd being discourag'd; my whole heart is

wounded When any least thought in you is but toucht, And shall be till I know your former merits; Your name and memory altogether crave

In just oblivion their eternal grave;

And then you must hear from me, there's no mean

In any passion I shall feel for you. Love is a razor, cleansing being well us'd, But fetcheth blood still being the least abus'd. To tell you briefly all: the man that left me When you appear'd, did turn me worse than woman.

And stabb'd me to the heart thus, with his fin-

Ta. Oh, happy woman! Comes my stain from

It is my beauty, and that innocence proves That slew Chimaera, rescued Peleus From all the savage beasts in Pelion; And rais'd the chaste Athenian prince from

All suffering with me, they for women's lusts, I for a man's, that the Augean stable Of his foul sin would empty in my lap. How his guilt shunn'd me, sacred inner

That where thou fear'st, art dreadful! 6 and his face Turn'd in flight from thee, that had thee in

chase ! Come, bring me to him; I will tell the serpent

Even to his venom'd teeth from whose cure

A pitcht field starts up 'twixt my lord and me. That his throat lies, and he shall curse his fo-

For being so govern'd by his filthy soul.

Mont. I know not if himself will vaunt t' have been

The princely author of the slavish sin, Or any other; he would have resolv'd me Had you not come; not by his word, but writing.

Would I have sworn to give it him agam,

And pawn'd mine honour to him for a paper.

Ta. See how he flies me still; 't is a foul heart
That fears his own hand. Good my lord, make

haste

To see the dangerous paper; papers hold Off-times the forms and copies of our semis, > And, though the world despise them, are the prizes

Of all our honours; make your honour then A hostage for it, and with it confer My nearest woman here, in all she knows; Who (if the sun or Cerberus could have seen Any stain in me) might as well as they; And, Pero, here I charge thee by my love, And all proofs of it (which I might call bounties), By all that thou hast seen seem good in me, and all the ill which thou shouldst spit from

theo. 4 Making horns.
4 Art feared even by those thou fearest.

By pity of the wound this touch bath given me. Not as thy mistress now, but a poor woman, To leath given over, rid me of my pains, Pour on thy powder; clear thy breast of me; My lord is only here, here speak thy worst, Thy best will do me mischief. If thou spar'st me, ver shine good thought on thy memory !

Resolve, my lord, and leave the desperate.

Fe. My lord: My lord hath play'd a prodigal's part.

To break his stock for nothing; and an insolent, What violence is this, to put true fire With sudden outrage, and believe a man 22 Sworn to the shame of women, 'gainst a woman, Born to their honours? But I will to him.

No, I will write (for I shall never more Meet with the fugitive where I will defy him, Were he ten times the brother of my king. 222 To hun, my lord, and I 'll to cursing him. Exeunt.

[SCHE II.] 1

Enter D'AMBOIS and Friar.

Bu. I am suspicious, my most honour'd father,

hat he still ranging and contentious nostrils, To seant the haunts of mischief have so us'd the trails hotly of him, and will rouse him, Draving him all energy'd and feaming, on us; and therefore have entreated your deep skill in the command of good aerial spirits. To assume those magic rites, and call up one to fe know if any have reveal'd unto him Anything touching my dear love and me.

fr. Goodson, you have annu'd me but to make the loast doubt of it, it concerns so nearly The faith and reverence of my name and order. I et all I justify, upon my soul,

Ail I have done.
If my spirit i' the earth or air
Can give you the resolve, do not despair.

Music. TANTUA enters with PKRO, her maid, bearing a letter.

Ta. Away, deliver it: Exit PERO. O may my lines Fill'd with the poison of a woman's hate us When he shall open thom, shrink up his curst

With returned darkness, such as stands in hell, and full of inward horrors, never lighted;
With which are all things to be feer'd, affrighted;

Ascendit Busay with Fring. 18

Bu. How is it with my honour'd mistress? Ta. O servant, help, and save me from the WTID-

A room on Montaurry's house.

Certainty

of poli conta. But we must suppose that D'Ambois
d the First tare withdrawn during Pero's presence.

Of shame and infumy. Our love is known: Your Monsieur Inth a paper where is writ
Some secret tokens that decipher it.

Bu. What cold dull northern brain, what fool

but he

Durst take into his Epimethean breast A box of such plagues us the danger yields Incurr'd in this discovery? He had better Ventur'd his breast in the consuming reach Of the hot surfeits cast out of the clouds, Or stood the bullets that (to wreak the aky) The Cyclops ram in Jove's artillery.

Fr. We soon will take the darkness from his

That did that deed of darkness; we will know so What now the Monsieur and your husband do; What is contain'd within the secret paper Offer'd by Monsieur, and your love's events: To which ends, honour'd daughter, at your mo-

I have put on these exercising rites. And, by my power of learned holiness Vouchsaft me from above, I will command Our resolution of a raised spirit.

Ta. Good father, raise him in some beauteous

form

That with least terror I may brook his sight. ...
Fr. Stand sure together, then, whate'er ye

And stir not, as ye tender all our lives.

Occidentalium legionum spiritualium ingerator (magnus ille Behemoth) veni, veni, comitatus cum Asaroth localenente inverto Adjurate per Stuges in inscrutabilia arcana, per space irremeabiles anfinelus Averni · adesto o Behemoth, tu cui pervia sunt Magnatum serinia : veni, per Noctu & tendrarunt abilita profundizzima; per labentia zutera, per ipani molus horarum furtions, Hecutesque allum viten- in tium. Appare in forma spiritali, lucente, spiendida & amabili.

> [Thunder. Ascendit Behemath with Cartophylax and other spirits.]

Beh. What would the holy Friar ! What now the Mousieur and Montsurry do; And see the secret paper that the Monsieur of Office'd to Count Montsurry, longing much To know on what events the secret loves Off these two honour'd persons shall arrive.

Beh. Why call'dat thou me to this accurred

To these light purposes? I am emperor Of that inscrutable darkness where are hid All deepest truths, and secrets never seen, All which I know; and command legions Of knowing spirits that can do more than

these. Any of this my guard that circle me In these blue fires, and out of whose dim fumes

Vast marmars use to break, and from their nounds

Articulate voices, can do ten parts more Than open such slight truths as you require. Fr. From the last night's black depth I call'd up one

4 Information.

Of the inferior ablest ministers, And he could not resolve me. Send one then Out of thine own command, to fetch the paper That Mousieur hath to show to Count Montsurry.

Bek. I will. Cartophylax, thou that properly Hast in thy power all papers so inscrib'd, and Glide through all bars to it and fetch that paper. Cartoph. I will.

A torch removes. Fr. Till he returns, great prince of darkness, Tell me if Monsicar and the Count Montsurry

Are yet encounter'd? Both them and the Guise

Are now together.

Show as all their persons, as And represent the place, with all their actions. Beh. The spirit will straight return; and then I'll show thee.

See, he is come; why brought'st thou not the

Cartoph. He hath prevented me, and got a

spirit

Rais'd by another, great in our command,
To take the guard of it before I came.

Beh. This is your slackness, not t' invoke our

When first your acts set forth to their effects; Yet shall you see it and themselves. Behold They come here, and the Earl now holds the paper.

Enter Monsieur, Guise, Montsurry, with a paper.

Bu. May we not hear them?

No, be still and see.

Bu. I will go fetch the paper.
Fr. Do not stir;
There's too much distance and too many locks
'Twixt you and them, how near soe er they seem,

For any man to interrupt their secrets.

To. O honour'd spirit, fly into the fancy
Of my offended lord, and do not let him
Believe what there the wicked man hath written. Beh. Persuasion hath already enter'd him us Beyond reflection; peace till their departure!

Mo. There is a glass of ink 2 where you may see How to make ready black-fac'd tragedy. You now discern, I hope, through all her paint-

HIEB. Her gasping wrinkles, and fame's aspulches, us Gu. Think you he feigns, my lord? What hold you now?

Do we malign your wife, or honour you?

Mo. What, stricken dumb! Nay fie, lord, be

not daunted ;

Your case is common; were it ne'er so rare, Bear it as rarely. Now to laugh were manly, 120 A worthy man should imitate the weather That sings in tempests, and being clear is silent.
Gu. Go home, my lord, and force your wife

to write

Such loving lines to D'Ambois as she us'd.
When she desir'd his presence.

Mo.

Do, my lord, 123

Monaieur, Guise, and Monteurry presumably appear

at the back of the stage.

2 f. c. a written document.

And make her name her conceal'd messenger.
That close and most incunerable "pander.
That passeth all our studies to exquire.
By whom convey the letter to her love:
And so you shall be sure to have him come
Within the thirsty reach of your revenge;
Before which, lodge an ambush in her chamber
Behind the arrras, of your stoutest men
All close and soundly arm d; and let them ud make her name her conceal'd messenger.

share A spirit amongst them that would serve a thousand.

Enter PERO with a letter.

Gu. Yet stay a little; see, she sends for you.
Mo. Poor, loving lady; she'll make all good

Think you not so, my lord?

MONTRURRY stabs PRRo and erit. Gu.

Alas, poor soul!

Mo. That was cruelly done, i faith.

T was nobly done.

Mo. Then much good do't thee, Peto! Has:

Pe. I hope it rather be a bitter volume
Of worthy curses for your perjury.
Gu. To you, my lord.
Mo. To me? Now, out upon her. Gu. Let me see, my lord.

Mo. You shall presently. How fares my Pero?

Enter Servant.

Who 's there? Take in this maid, sh'as caught a clap. And fetch my surgeon to her. Come, my lord,

We'll now peruse our letter.

Ereunt Monsieur, Guiss. Lead her out.

Furies rise Out of the black lines, and torment his coul

Ta. Hath my lord slain my woman? Reh. What shall become of us? No, she lives

Beh. Being call'd thus late, is brief, and darkly the If D'Ambois' mistress dye not her a white hand In her forc'd blood, he shall remain untoucht: To make this augury plainer: when the voice Of D'Ambois shall invoke me, I will rise, Shining in greater light; and show him all. That will betide ye all. Meantime be wise. And curb his valour with your policies.

Descended cum rust

Bu. Will be appear to me when I invoke him fr. He will, be sure.
Bu. It must be shortly then?

For his dark words have tied my thoughts of

knote,
Till he dissolve, and free them.
Interacting, Dear servant, till your powerful voice revoke him,

Indescribable. Bidden. " Find out.

7 Call back

Be sure to use the policy he advis d;
Lest fury in your too quick knowledge taken
Of our abuse, and your defence of me,
Accuse me more than any enemy;
And, father, you must on my lerd impose
Your holiest charges, and the Church's power
To temper his hat spirit and disparse
The cruelty and the blood I know his hand
Will shower upon our heads, if you put not
Your finger to the storm, and hold it up,
As my dear servant here must do with Monsieur.
Bu. I'll soothe his plots, and strow my hate
with smiles,
Till all at once the close mines of my heart

with smiles,

Till all at once the close mines of my heart
Rise at full date, and rush into his blood.

I'll bind his arm in silk, and rush his flesh.
To make the vein swell, that his soul may gush
Into some kennel, where it longs to lie,
And policy shall be flankt l with policy.

Tet shall the feeling centre where we meet
Groan with the weight of my approaching feet;
I'll make th' inspired thresholds of his court
Sweat with the weather of my horrid steps,
Before I enter; yet will I appear
Like calm security before a ruin.

A politician must, like lightning, melt
The very marrow, and not taint the skin:
His ways must not be seen; the superficies
I'f the green centre l' must not taste his feet,
When bell is plow'd up with his wounding
tracts;

And all his harvest reapt by hellish facts. Exeunt.

SCENE I.

MONTHURY bare, unbraced, pulling TANYRA in by the hair; Friat. One bearing light, a standish and paper, which sets a table,

Ta. Oh, help me, father.
Impious earl, forbear. Take violent hand from her, or by mine order The King shall force thee.

Your.

'T is not violent;

Come you not willingly? Yes, good my lord. Ta. 100, good in Fr. My lord, remember that your soul must

Her peace, as well as your revengeful blood. on ever to this hour have provid yourself
A mable, zealous, and obedient son,
I' our holy mother; be not an apostate.
Tour wife's offence serves not, were it the

worst You can imagine, without greater proofs, To sever your eternal bonds and hearts; Much has to touch her with a bloody hand; Nor is it manly, rouch less husbandly,
To expinte any frailty in your wife
With churlish strokes or beauty odds of

Outfanked.

The stony hirth of clouds will touch no laurel, Case for pen and ink.
Thunderbolt.

A room in Montaurry's house.

Nor any sleeper; your wife is your laurel, And sweetest sleeper; do not touch her then; Be not more rude than the wild seed of vapour, to To her that is more gentle than that rade; In whom kind nature suffer'd one offence But to set off her other excellence.

Mont. Good father, leave us; interrupt no

more

The course I must run for mine honour sake. **
Rely on my love to her, which her fault
Cannot extinguish. Will she but disclose
Who was the secret minister of her love, And through what maze he serv'd it, we are friends.

Fr. It is a damn'd work to pursue those aecreta

That would ope more sin, and prove springs of alaughter;
Nor is 't a path for Christian feet to tread,
But out of all way to the health of souls,
A sin impossible to be forgiven;

A sin impossible to be torgiven;
Which he that dares commit
Mont. Good father, cease your terrors;
Tompt not a man distracted; I am apt
To outrages that I shall ever rue; will not pass the verge that bounds a Christian,

Nor break the limits of a man nor husband.
Fr. Then Heaven inspire you both with thoughts and deeds

Worthy his high respect, and your own souls.

Fr. I warrant thee, my dearest daughter, He will not touch thee; think'st thou him a pagan?

pagan?

His honour and his soul lies for thy safety.

Erit.

Mont. Who shall remove the mountain from my breast?
Stand [in] the opening furnace of my thoughts, And set fit outcries for a soul in hell?

MONTSURRY furns a key.

For now it nothing fits my woes to speak

But thunder, or to take into my throat
The trump of heaven, with whose determinate? blast

The winds shall burst, and the devouring seas Be drunk up in his sounds; that my het woes (Vented enough) I might convert to vapour, Ascending from my infamy unseen:
Shorten the world, preventing the last breath
That kills the living and regenerates death.
Ta. My lord, my fault (as you may censure to

With too strong arguments) is past your pardon:
But how the circumstances may excuse me Heaven knows, and your more temperate mind hereafter

May let my penitent miseries make you know.

Mont. Hereafter? 'T is a suppos'd infinite, That from this point will rise eternally. Fame grows in going; in the scapes 11 of virtue ... Excuses damn her: they be fires in cities Enrag'd with those winds that less lights extinguish.

Qq. omit. Boas emend. Anticipating.

10 Julge. 11 Escapados. Come, syren, sing, and dash against my rocks. Thy ruffian galley, rigg'd with quench for lust; Sing, and put all the nets into thy voice. With which thou drew'st into thy strumpet's lap. The spawn of Venus; and in which ye dano'd; That, in thy lap's stead, I may dig his tomb, And quit his manhood with a woman's sleight, Who never is deceny'd in her decent.

Lang (that is, write), and then take from mine eyes.

The mists that hide the most inscrutable pander

That ever lapt up 1 an adulterous vomit, That I may see the devil, and survive To be a devil, and then learn to wive; That I may hang him, and then cut him down. Then cut him up, and with my soul's beams

search

The cranks and caverns of his brain, and study The creant wilderness of a woman's face;
Where men cannot get out, for all the comets of
That have been lighted at it; though they know
That hadders lie a-sunning in their suiles,
That basilisks drink their poison from their eyes,

And no way there to coast out to their hearts; Yet still they wander there, and are not stay'd to Till they be fetter'd, nor secure before

All cares devour them; nor in human consort Till they embrace within their wife's two hire mits

Il Pelion and Cythneron with their beasts. "

Why write you not?

Ta. O good my lord, forbear In wreak of great faults, to engender greater, And make my love's corruption generate morder.

Mont. It follows needfully as child and

parent;

The chain-shot of thy lust is yet aloft. And it must murder; 't is thine own dear twin:

No man can add height to a woman's sin.
Vice never doth her just hate so provoke,
As when she rageth under virtue's cloak.
Write! for it must be — by this ruthless steel. By this impartial torture, and the death The tyrannies have invented in my entrails, To quicken life in dying, and hold up
To quicken life in dying, and hold up
The apirits in fainting, teaching to preserve,
Torments in ashes, that will ever last.

Speak! Will you write?
Ta.

Sweet lord, enjoin my s

Ta. Sweet lord, enjoin my sin Some other penance than what makes it

WATER ;

Hide in some gloomy dungeon my loath'd face, And let condemned murderer- let me down (Stopping their noses) my abhorred food: Hang me in chains, and let me eat these arms. That have offended; bind me face to face To some dead woman, taken from the cart Of execution, till death and time In grains of dust dissolve me; I'll endure; Or any terture that your wrath's invention Can frusht all pity from the world withal; Hat to betray a frond with show of friendship, That is ton common for the rare revenge

Your rage affecteth. Here then are my breasts Last night your pillows; here my wretched APRILIA,

As late the wished confines of your life; Now break them as you please, and all the bounds

Of manhood, noblesse, and religion.

Mont. Where all these have been broken, they are kept,

In doing their justice there with any abow Of the like cruel cruelty; thine arms have lost Their privilege in lost, and in their torture Thus they must pay it. Scale her.

Ta. O Lord! Till thon writest. 'll write in wounds my wrong's fit characters by right of sufferance. Write.

The right of sufferance. Write.

Ta. Oh, kill me, kill me; Dear husband, be not crueller than death.
You have beheld some Gorgon; feel, oh, feel
How you are turn'd to stone. With my heartblood

Dissolve yourself again, or you will grow

Into the image of all tyranny.

Mont. As thou art of adultery; I will ever Prove thee my parallel, being most a monster; Thus I express thee yet. States her again. And yet I live.

Mont. Ay, for thy monstrous idol is not done

This tool hath wrought enough; now, torture, DAR

Enter Servants.

This other engine 4 on th' habituate powers Of her thrice-damn'd and whorish fortitude, Use the most madding pains in her that ever Thy venoms soak'd through, making most of death;

That she may weigh her wrongs with them, and then

Stand vengeance on thy steepest rock, a victor, Ta. ()h, who is turn'd into my lord and husband?

Husband! My lord! None but my lord and husband!

Heaven. I ask thee remission of my sins, Not of my pains; husband, oh, help me, hus-band !

Ascendit Friar with a sword drawn.

Fr. What rape of honour and religion - Oh, wrack of nature! Fall, and dies. Poor man; oh, my father. Father, look up; oh, let me down, my lord, And I will write.

Mont. Author of prodigies ! What new flame breaks out of the firmament, to That turns up counsels never known before? Mont. Now is it true, earth moves, and heaven stands

atill;

Even heaven itself must see and suffer ill. The too huge bias of the world hath away'd Her back part upwards, and with that she

* Tamyra is now put on the mek.

Bavenge. I in spite of. 1 Hid.

This hemisphere, that long her mouth hath mockt;

The gravity of her religious face. (Now grown too weighty with her sacrilege, And here discern'd sophisticate enough) Turns to th' antipodes; and all the forms That her illusions have imprest in her, Have eaten through her back; and now all see, How she is riveted with hypocrisy. Was this the way? Was he the mean betwixt

you?
Ta. He was, he was, kind worthy man, he WAR

Mont. Write, write a word or two. Ta. I will, I will, I will, I will, I will, I will, I will write, but with my blood, that he may see These lines come from my wounds, and not

from me. Mont. Well might he die for thought; me-thinks the frame

And shaken joints of the whole world should crack

To see her parts so disproportionate;
And that his! general beauty cannot stand
Without these stains in the particular man.
Why wander I so far? Here, here was she
That was a whole world without spot to me,
Though now a world of spots. Oh, what a
lightning
Is man's delight in women! What a bubble
He builds his state, fame, life on, when he

He builds his state, fame, life on, when he

marries! Since all earth's pleasures are so short and small, The way t' enjoy it, is t' abjure it all.

Ecough! I must be messenger myself, Dieguis'd like this strange creature. In, I'll

after, To see what guilty light gives this cave eyes,

And to the world sing new impicties.

He puts the Friar in the vault and follows. She wraps herself in the arras. Exeunt [servants].

[SCENE II.]2

Enter Monsiour and Guise.

Mo. Now shall we see that Nature hath no and In her great works responsive to their worths, That she, that makes so many eyes and souls To see and foresee, is stark blind herself; And as illiterate men say Latin prayers By rote of heart and daily iteration, Not knowing what they say, so Nature lays A deal of stuff together, and by use, Or by the mere necessity of matter, Ends such a work, fills it, or leaves it empty 10

Her, referring to world, would be expected. His seems to refer to man, in next line.
 A room in Montsurry's house.

⁹ A room in Monteurry's house.
⁹ In place of Not . . . say, Qc. 1607, 8 read, In whese hel seal a man would think they knew that they ran a away with, and were sure To have rewards proportion'd to their labours; Tet may implore their own confusions. For anything they know, which aften times It falls out they incur.

Of strength or virtue, error or clear truth, Not knowing what she does; but usually Gives that which she calls merit to a man, And belief must arrive thim on huge riches, Honour, and happiness, that effects his ruin; is Even as in ships of war, whose lasts 5 of powder Are laid, men think, 6 to make them last, and

guard them, When a disorder'd spark, that powder taking, Blows up with sudden violence and horror Shipe that kept empty, had sail'd long, with terror.7

Gu. He that observes, but like a worldly man, That which doth oft succeed, and by th's vents
Values the worth of things, will think it true
That Nature works at random, just with you;
But with as much proportion she may make

**At think that from the fact what the three the A thing that from the feet up to the throat Hath all the wondrous fabric man should have, And leave it headless, for a perfect man, As give a full man valour, virtue, learning, Without an end more excellent than those, On whom she no such worthy part bestows Mo. Yet shall you see it here; here will be

one Young, learned, valiant, virtuous, and full

mann'd; One on whom Nature spent so rich a hand That with an ominous eye she wept to see So much consum'd her virtuous treasury. Yet, as the winds sing through a hollow tree, And (since it lets them pass through) lets it

stand; But a tree solid (since it gives no way To their wild rage) they rend up by the root; " So this whole man,

(That will not wind with every crooked way, Trod by the servile world) shall reel and fall Before the frantic puffs of blind-born chance, That pipes through empty men, and makes them dance.

Not so the sea raves on the Lybian sands, Tumbling her billows in each other's neck; Not so the surges of the Enxine sea (Near to the frosty pole, where free Boötes From those dark deep waves turns his radiant team)

Swell, being enrag'd even from their inmost drop,

As Fortune swings about the restless state Of virtue, now thrown into all men's hate.

Enter MONTSURRY disquis'd with the Murderers.

Away, my lord, you are perfectly disguis'd, Leave us to lodge your ambush.

Mont. Speed me, vengeance. Exit.

Mo. Resolve, my masters, you shall meet with one

Will try what proofs your privy coats are made

When he is ent'red, and you hear us stamp, Approach, and make all sure.

Murd. We will, my lord. Exeunt.

Bring.

7 To their enemies. (Boss.)

Store of virtues. Boss amends to methinks. Coats of mail.

[Scene III.] 1

D'Ambois with two Pages with tapers.

Bu. Sit up to-night, and watch; I'll speak

with none
But the old Friar, who bring to me.
Pa. We will, sir. Excust.
Bu. What violent heat is this? Mothinks the fire

Of twenty lives doth on a sudden flash Through all my faculties; the air goes high In this close chamber, and the frighted earth

Trembles, and shrinks beneath me; the whole

Nods with his shaken burthen.

Enter Umbra Friar.

Um. Note what I want, dear sou, and be forewarn'd ;

O there are bloody deeds past and to come.

I cannot stay; a fate doth ravish me;

I'll meet thee in the chamber of thy love. Exit.

Bu. What dismal change is here; the good old Friar

le murder'd; being made known to serve my love ;

And now his restless spirit would forewarn me Of some plot dangerous and imminent. Note what he wants? He wants his upper weed, He wants his life and body; which of these Should be the want he means, and may supply

With any fit forewarning? This strange vision Together with the dark prediction Us'd by the Prince of Darkness that was rais'd By this embedied shadow) stir my thoughts With reminiscion 2 of the spirit's promise,

Who told me that by any invocation ahould have power to raise him, though it wanted

The powerful words and decent rights of art. Never had my set brain such need of spirit
T'instruct and cheer it; now, then, I will claim
Performance of his free and gentle vow
T appear in greater light, and make more plain
His rugged oracle. I long to know How my dear mistress fares, and be inform'd What hand she now holds on the troubled blood

clouds,
His forchead bent, as it would hide his face,
He knockt his chin against his dark ned breast,
And struck a churlish silence through his

Terror of darkness! O, thou king of flames! That with thy music-footed horse dost strike The clear light out of crystal on dark earth, And hurl'st instructive fire about the world, & Wake, wake the droway and enchanted night, That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle! Or thou great prince of shades, where never sun

1 A room in liusay's bouse. 3 Remembrance.

Sticks his far-darted beams, whose eyes are made

To shine in darkness, and see ever best
Where men are blindest, open now the heart of
thy abashed oracle, that, for fear
Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid.

And rise thou with it in thy greater light.

Thunders. Surgit Spiritus cum ruis.

Bih. Thus to observe my vow of apparition In greater light, and explicate thy fate, I come; and tell thee that if thou obey

The summons that thy mistress next will send

thee, Her hand shall be thy death. When will she send? Bu. Beh. Beh. Soon as I set again, where late I rose.

Beh. No, and yet lives not. Bu. Died he a natural death?
Beh. He did. Beh.

Who then Ru.

Will my dear mistress send? Beh. I must not tell thee. Bu. Who lets 8 thee? Beh.

Fate.
Who are fate's ministers? Bu. Brh. The Guise and Monsieur.

Bu. A fit pair of shears
To cut the threads of kings and kingly spirits,
And conserts fit to sound forth harmony. Set to the falls of kingdoms: shall the hand Of my kind mistress kill me?

Beh. If thou yield To her next summons, y'are fair-warn'd : fare-well! Thunders. Exit.

well!

Bu. I must fare well, however, though I die,
My death consenting with his augury.

Should not my powers obey when she commands,
My metion must be rebel to my will,
My will to life: if, when I have obey'd.
Her hand should so reward me, they must arm

it, Bind me or force it: or, I lay my life, She rather would convert it many time On her own bosom, even to many deaths; But were there danger of such violence, I know t is far from her intent to send;
And who she should send is as far from thought,
Since he is dead, whose only mean she maid.

Who 's there! Look to the door, and let him in. Though politic Monsieur or the violent Guine.

Enter Montsunny, like the Frias, with a letter written in blood.

Mont. Hail to my worthy con. Oh, lying spirit! To say the Friar was dead; I'll now believe .

1 Preventa. Prevente. Agreeing. O lying .. calls him. Porthene lines, Qq. 1007, &

Buss. O lying Spirit! Welcome, loved father, How force my dearest mistress?

Well as ever, Mont. Being well as ever thought on by her lord Whereaf she sends this witness in her hand. And proye, for urgent cause, your spredied province Nothing of all his forg'd predictions.

My kind and honour d father, well reviv'd,
I have been frighted with your death and mine,
And told my mistress' hand should be my death
If I obey'd this summons.

Most.

I believ'd

Your love had been much clearer than to give Any such doubt a thought, for she is clear, And having freed her husband's jealousy Of which her much abus'd hand here is witness)

she prays, for urgent cause, your instant pres-Bu. Why, then your prince of spirite may be call'd

The prince of liars. Holy Writ so calls him.

Mont. Holy Writ so calls him.

Bu What, writ in blood?

Mont. Ay, 't is the ink of lovers.

Bu. O, 't is a sacred witness of her love. 100

o much clixir of her blood as this

Propt in the lightest dame, would make her firm As heat to fire; and, like to all the signs, ¹ Commands the life continual in all my veins.

O, how it multiplies my blood with spirit, to And nakes me apt t'encounter death and hell. But come, kind father, you fetch me to heaven, And to that end your holy weed was given. Exeunt.

[SCRNE IV.] 2

Thunder. Intrat Umbra Friar, and discovers TAMYRA.

Um. Up with these stupid thoughts, still loved daughter,
And strike away this heartless trance of an-

guish.
Be like the sun, and labour in eclipses;
Look to the end of wees; oh, can you sit dustering the horrors of your servant's slaugh-

Before your contemplation, and not study 8
How to prevent it? Watch when he shall rise,
And with a sudden ontery of his murder,
U.w. his retreat before he be revenged.
The O father, have my dumb woes wak'd
your death?
When will our human griefs be at their height?
Man is a tree that hath no top in cares.

No root in comforts; all his power to live
le given to no end, but t' have power to grieve.

I'm. It is the misery of our creation.

To ar true friend.

Led by your husband, shadowed in my weed,
New enters the dark vault.

Total Total Root, my dearest father

Ta.

Ta.

But, my dearest father,
Why will not you appear to him yourself,
And can that none of these deceits amony him?

I'm. My power is limited; alast I cannot. a
All that I can do—Nee, the cave opens.

Exit. D'Ambois at the gulf.

1 Of the sodiec.
2 A room in Monteurry's bouse.
2 Is place at the first six lines, Qq. 1607, 8 read;
Reserve those stupid thoughts, and six not thus
test herious the hortors of your servant's sloughter
(for erg'd by your serval, and so immunent)
[ato an all's 'same, but devise

• Give the signal for.

Ta. Away, my love, away; thou wilt be murder'd!

Enter Monsieur and Guisk above.

Bu. Murder'd; I know not what that Hebrew means:

That word had ne'er been nam'd had all been D'Ambois.

Marder'd? By heaven he is my murderer

That shows me not a nurderer; what such bug 5 Abhorreth not the very sleep of D'Ambois? Murder'd? Who dares give all the room I see To D'Ambois' reach? or look with any odds this fight i' th' face, upon whose hand site

Whose sword hath wings, and every feather

pierceth?

If I scape Monsieur's 'pothecary shops,

Foutre for Guise's shambles! 'T was ill plotted;

They should have maul'd me here, When I was rising. I am up and ready.

Let in my politic visitants, let them in,

Though ent'ring like so many moving armours,

Fate is more strong than arms and aly than tresson. And I at all parts buckl'd in my fate.

Mo. Why enter not the coward villains?

Bu. Dare they not come?

Enter Murderors with Friar at the other door. They come. 1 Mur. Come all Um. Back, coward murderers, back. Come all at once.

Defend us, heaven. Omn. Exeunt all but the first.

Mur. Come ye not on? No, slave, nor goest thou off. [Strikes at him.]

Stand you so firm? Will it not enter here? You have a face yet; so in thy life's flame I burn the first rites to my mistress' fame.

Um. Breathe thee, brave son, against the other charge.

Bu. ()h, is it true then that my sense first told

Is my kind father dead? He is, my love. Ta.

'T was the Earl, my husband, in his weed that brought thee.

Bu. That was a speeding sleight, and well

resembled.

Where is that angry Earl? My lord, come forth

And show your own face in your own affair;
Take not into your noble veins the blood
Of these base villains, nor the light reports
Of blister'd tongues for clear and weighty truth:

But me against the world, in pure defence Of your rare lady, to whose spotless name I stand here as a bulwark, and project A life to her renown, that ever yet

Terrifying thing. • An expression of contempt.

† Successful trick.

Hath been untainted, even in envy's eve. And where it would protect a sanctuary. Brave Earl, come forth, and keep your scandal in;

T is not our fault if you enforce the spot Nor the wreak 1 yours if you perform it not.

Enter Montsunky, with all the Murderers ..

Mont. Cowards, a fiend or spirit beat ye off! They are your own faint spirits that have forg'd The fearful shadows that your eyes deluded, so The field was in you; cast him out then, thus, D'Amnous hath Mont. down.

Ta. Favour my lord, my love, O, favour him!
Bu. I will not touch him: take your life, my lord,

And be appear'd. Pistols shot within.

O, then the coward Fates

Have maim'd themselves, and ever lost their

Um. Volat What have ye done, slaves? Irreligious

Forbear them, father; 't is enough for

That Guise and Monsieur, death and destiny, Come behind D'Ambois. Is my body, then, But penetrable flesh? And must my mind Follow my blood? Can my divine part add No aid to th' earthly in extremity? Then these divines are but for form, not fact." Man is of two sweet courtly friends compact,
A mistress and a servant; let my death
Define life nothing but a courtier's breath.
Nothing is made of nought, of all things made, Their abstract being a dream but of a shade. I'll not complain to earth yet, but to heaven, And, like a man, look upwards even in death. And if Vespasian thought in majesty

And a verpassar things in the last of the Prop me, true sword, as thou hast ever done: The equal thought I bear of life and death Shall make me faint on no side; I am up. Here like a Roman statue I will stand Till death hath made me marble. Oh, my fame, Live in despite of murder; take thy wings And haste thee where the grey-ey'd morn per-

fumes Her rosy chariot with Sabaean spices; Fly, where the evening from th' Iberian vales, Takes on her swarthy shoulders Hecate, Crown'd with a grove of oaks; fly where men

The burning axletree; and those that suffer 100 Beneath the chariot of the snowy Bear; And tell them all that D'Ambois now is hast-

ing To the eternal dwellers; that a thunder Of all their sighs together (for their frailties Beheld in me) may quit my worthless fall no With a fit volley for my funeral.

Um. Forgive thy murderers.

Bu. I forgive them all;

And you, my lord, their fautor; for true sign
Of which unfeign'd remission, take my sword; Take it, and only give it motion.

And it shall find the way to victory
By his own brightness, and th' inherent valour
My fight hath 'still'd into 't, with charms of spirit.

Now let me pray you that my weighty blood Laid in one scale of your importial -pleen, May sway the forfeit of my worthy love Weigh'd in the other; and be reconcil'd With all forgiveness to your matchless wife.

To. Forgive thou me, dear servant, and this hand

That led thy life to this unworthy end; we Forgive it, for the blood with which 't is stain'd. In which I writ the summons of thy death; The forced summons, by this bleeding wound. By this here in my bosom; and by this That makes me hold up both my hands inbru'd

For thy dear pardon.

Bu. O, my heart is broken.

Fate, nor these murderers, Monsieur, nor the

Guise, Have any glory in my death, but this, This killing spectacle, this prodigy. My sun is turn of to blood, in whose red beams Pindus and Ossa, hid in drifts of snow Laid on my heart and liver, from their veins Melt like two hungry torrents, eating rocks Into the ocean of all human life, And make it bitter, only with my blood. O frail condition of strength, valour, virtue, In me like warning fire upon the top Of some steep beacon on a steeper hill) Made to express it : like a falling star Silently glane'd, that like a thunderbolt Lookt to have struck and shook the firmament.

Um. My terrors are struck inward, and no My penance will allow they shall enforce

Farewell, brave relies of a complete man! Look up and see thy spirit made a star, Join flames with Hercules, and when thou

Thy radiant forehead in the firmament,
Make the vast crystal crack with thy receipt;
Spread to a world of fire; and th' aged sky us
Cheer with new sparks of old humanity.

[To Mont.] Son of the earth, whom my unrested soul.

Rues t' have begotten in the faith of heaven; Since thy revengeful spirit hath rejected The charity it commands, and the remission in To serve and worship the blind rage of blood). Assay to gratulate a and pacify
The soul fled from this worthy by performing
The Christian reconcilement he besought

. Boas emend. Qq. stuck. . Q. 1641 omits these lines.

· Gratily.

Vengeance.Then these teachers of divinity deal with figurents, not realities. (Boas.)

thee and thy lady. Let her wounds y' digg'd in her, be eas'd and cur'd in of thme own tears; or be assur'd rest free from my bount and herror. See how she merits this, still kneeling rning his fall more than her own fault.

Kemore, dear daughter, and content husband;

wills thee, and thy servant's peace, wills thee, and thy servant's peace, seretched piety, that art so distract own constancy, and in thy right murightsons. If I right my friend, in any lensband; if his wrong I shun, y of my friend I leave undone. on both sides; here and there it riseth; no good, so good but ill compriseth. more scruple breeds, than my blood,

aposeth more than any stepdame;]2 never married but for form, w'd faith but purpos'd to deceive, de conscience of any sin, it'd it privately and made it common; ir honour'd been in blood or mind,

ad I been then, as others are he licence; I had then been honour'd; thout envy; custom had benumb'd and scruple, and all note of frailty; had been untouch'd, my heart un-

oken: uning all) I strike on all offence, d! Dear friend! O my conscience! one, let's away; my senses are not

those plaints.

Execut Guise, Monsiour: D'Ambous o borne off.

I must not yield to pity, nor to love and so traitorous, Cease, my blood, the with my honour, fame, and judg-

Forsake my house; forbear complaints than heat bred them; here all things own shame and sorrow; leave my

denmanly.

2 Omitted in Q 1641.

To. Sweet lord, forgive me, and I will be

gone,
And till these wounds, that never balm shall close
Till death hath enter'd at them, so I love them,
Being opened by your hands, by death be our'd,
I never more will grieve you with my sight, so
Never endure that any roof shall part
Mine eyes and heaven; but to the open deserts
(Like to a hunted tigress) I will fly. And look on no side till 1 be arriv'd.

Mont. 1 do forgive thee, and upon my knees,
With hands held up to beaven, wish that mine

honour

Would suffer reconcilement to my love; But since it will not, honour never serve My love with flourishing object till it sterve: My love with flourishing object till it sterve: And as this taper, though it upwards look.

Downwards must needs consume, solet our love;
As having lost his honey, the sweet taste
Runs into savour, and will needs retain
A spice of his first parents, till, like life,
It sees and dies; so let our love; and lastly,
As when the flame is suffer'd to look up,
It keeps his lustre, but, being thus turn'd
down.

(His natural course of useful light inverted),

Bis own staff outs it out; so let our love.

His own stuff puts it out; so let our love. Now turn from me, as here I turn from thee. And may both points of heaven's straight axletree

Conjoin in one, before thyself and me.

Executt severally.

EPILOGUE

WITH many hands you have seen D'Ambois slain.

Yet by your grace he may revive again, And every day grow stronger in his skill To please, as we presume he is in will. The best deserving actors of the time Had their ascents, and by degrees did climb To their full height, a place to study due. To make him tread in their path lies in you; He'll not forget his makers, but still prove His thankfulness as you increase your love.

5 Perish.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

BY

BEN JONSON

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

KNOWELL, an old Gentleman.
ELWARD KNOWELL, his Son.
BRAINWORM, the Father's Man.
[Greene Downstont, a plain Squire.
WELLEREN, his Half-Brother.
KITELY, a Merchant.
CAPTAIN HORADILL, a Paul's Man.!
MASTER KTETENS. a COUNTRY Gull.
MASTER MATHEW, the Town Gull.
[THOMAS] CASH, Kitely's Man.

[OLIVER] COR, a Water-bearer, JUNTER CLEMER, an old merry Magistrata. RUGER FORMAL, his Clerk. [Wellbred's Servant.]

DAME KITHET, Kitely's Wife, MISTRESS BRIDGET, his Sister. TIS, Cob's Wife.

[Servante, etc.]

SCENE. - London.

PROLOGUE

Though need make many poets, and some such As art and nature have not better'd much; Yet ours for want hath not so lov'd the stage, As he dare serve th'ill customs of the age, Or purchase your delight at such a rate, As, for it, he himself must justly hate:

To make a child now swaddled, to proceed Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed, Past threescore years; or, with three rustly swords, And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words, Fight over York and Laneuster's long jars, And in the tyring-house 2 bring wounds to scars. He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see One such to-day, as other plays should be; Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas. Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please; Nor mimble squib is seen to make afeard The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard To say, it thunders; nor tempestuons dram Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come; But deeds, and language, such as men do use, And persons, such as comedy would choose, When she would shew an image of the times, And sport with human follies, not with crimes; Except we make 'em such, by loving still the popular errors, when we know they 're ill. I mean such errors as you'll all confess, By laughing at them, they deserve no less: Which when you heartily do, there 's hope left then, You, that have so grac'd mousters, may like men.

ACT I

SCENE I.

[Enter] KNOWELL, [at the door of his house.]

Know. A goodly day toward, and a fresh
morning.—

Brainworm!

A frequenter of the siste of St. Paul's Cathedral.
Dressing-room.

A street in London.

[Enter BRAINWORM.]

Call up your young master: bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.
Brai. I will, sir, presently.

Know. But hear you, airval, If he be at his book, disturb him not.

Brai. Well, sir.

Know. How happy yet should I esteem myself.

Could I, by any practice, wean the boy

one vain course of study he affects. scholar, if a man may trust beral voice of fame in her report, d account in both our Universities, of which hath favour'd him with graces: eir indulgence must not spring in me i opinion that he cannot err. th the self-same humour he is now, rong on nought but idle poetry, in to none, but least to the professors; nee, time and the truth have wak'd my ason taught me better to distinguish in from th' useful learnings.

[Enter MASTER STEPHEN.]

Cousin Stephen, sa Nothing, but e'en come to see how you

de.
. That's kindly done; you are welcome,

Ay, I know that, sir: I would not ha'ds. How does my cousin Edward, thele?

O, well, cox; go in and see; I doubt surce stirring yet.

Lucks, after I go in, can you tell me, have e'er a book of the secures of hawk-henting; I would fain borrow it.

Why, I hope you will not a hawking all you?

No. wusse; but I'll practise against ar, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a

I, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a to keep it by.

Oh, most ridiculous!

Nay, look you now, you are angry, [as—Why, you know an a man have not the lawking and bunting languages now-lill not give a rush for him; they are ludied than the Greek, or the Latin. [as are gall int's company without 'em; and blid 'I seem it, I, so I do, to be a consort ary hundrum: hang 'em, scroyles! A nothing in 'em i' the world. What do then it? Because I dwellar Hogsden. [as Resep company with none but the archers keep company with none but the archers bury, or the citizens that come a duck-latington pands! A fine jest, i' faith!

a gentleman mun's show himself like a ser. Uncle, I pray you be not angry; I shat I have to do, I trow, I am no [60]

You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb,

ver look at me, 't is I that speak; as you will, sir, I 'll not flatter you. not yet found means enow to waste ** 1 I-wis, certainly,

Brutyy fellows.

1 Houton, 4 Must.

That which your friends have left you, but you must

Go cast away your money on a kite, And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done?

O, it's comely! This will make you a gentleman i

Well, cousin, well, I see you are e'en past hope Of all reclaim. — Ay, so, now you are told on t,

You look another way.
Step.
What would you ha' me do?
Know. What would I have you do? I'll tell

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
That would I have you do; and not to spend "
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you. Or every foolish brain that humours you. I would not have you to invade each place, Nor thrust yourself on all societies.

Till men's affections, or your own desert, should worthily invite you to your rank. He that is so respectless in his coursess, Oft sells his reputation at cheap market. Nor would I you should melt away yourself In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect a To make a blaze of gentry to the world, A little puff of scorn extinguish it; And you be left like an unsaveury snuff, Whose property is only to offend. I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself, Not that your sail he bigger than your boat; But moderate your expenses now, at first, But moderate your expenses now, at first As you may keep the same proportion still: for stand so much on your gentility Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing, From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours, Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

SCENE II.

KNOWELL, STEPHEN. | Enter a | Servant.

Serv. Save you, gentlemen!
Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; yet you are welcome; and I assure you mine uncle bore is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land. He has but one son in ? all the world, I am his next heir, at the common law, master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin die, as there's hope he will. I have a pratty living o' mine own too, beside, hard by here.

Nerv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir! Why, and in very good time, sir! You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir! you were not best, sir; [15]
an you should, here be them can perceive it, and

that quickly too; go to: and they can give it again soundly too, an need be.

See. Why, sit, let this antisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk

with you, and that presently.10

Waste your means on showy clothea.
The came. The scene-divisions are Jouson's.

Serv. Good muster Stephen, so you may, sir,

Serv. Good master Stephen, so you may, ar, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir. good my saucy [a companion! An you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither, in 't.

Know. Cousin, cousin, will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreson, base fellow! a mechanical jos serving-man! By this cudgel, an 't were not for shape.

sharue, I would —
Know. What would you do, you persuptory gull?

If you cannot be quiet, get you hence. You see the honest man demeans himself

Modestly tow'rds you, giving no reply
To your unsenson'd, quarrelling, rude fashion;
And still you huff 2 it, with a kind of carriage
As void of wit, as of humanity.
Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am asham'd on
Thou hast a kinsman's interest in rue.

[Exit MASTER STEPHEN.]

Serv. I pray, sir, is this master Knowell's

Know. Yes, marry is it, sir.

Sere. I should inquire for a gentleman here,
one master Edward Knowell; do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Know. I should forget myself else, sir.

Sere. Are you the gentleman? Cry you mercy, air: I was requir d by a gentleman i' the [so city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to de-

liver you this letter, sir.

Know, To me, sir! What do you mean? pray
you remember your court'sy. [Reads.] To his
most selected friend, muster Edward Knowell. [56] what night the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it? Nay, pray you be cover'd. Serv. One master Wellbred, sir. Know. Master Wellbred! a young gentleman, is he not?

is he not?

Serv. The same, air; master Kitely married his sister; the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.

Know. You say very true.— Brainworm!

| Enter BRAINWORM. |

Brai. Sir. Know. Make this honest friend drink here: pray you, go in.

[Escunt BRAINWORM and Servant.] This letter is directed to my son; Yet I am Edward Knowell too, and may, With the safe conscience of good innuners, use
The fellow's error to my satisfaction.

70
Well, I will break it ope (old men are curi-

Be it but for the style's sake and the phrase,

To see if both do answer my son's praises,
Who is almost grown the idolater
Of this young Wellbred. What have we here?

[Reads.] Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou
forsworn all thy friends i' the Old Jewry? or
dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? Yet, if thou dost, come over, and but see our [7

Put on your hat. Ct. Love's Labour's Lost, V. L 103.

frippery; 4 change an old shirt for a whole amock with us: do not conceive that antipathy between us and Hogsden, as was between Jews and hogsus and Hogsden, as was between Jews and hogsfiesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone to number over his green apricots, evening and lemorning, of the north-west wall. An I had been his son, I had sav'd hun the labour long since, if taking in all the young wenches that pass by at the back door, and coddling 6 every kirnsl of the fruit for 'em, would ha' serv'd. But 's prithee, come over to me quickly this morroug; I have such a present for thee!— our Turkuy company never sent the like to the Grand. company never sent the like to the Grand Sign ior. One is a rhymer, sir, o' your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think hinnelf portunajor o' the town, willing to be shown, and a worthy to be seen. The other -I will not wen ture his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with as appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guildhall verdiet will give it you, and you shall be allow'd your viations. From the Woodmill.

From the Bordello it might come as well. The Spittle, or Piet hatch, Is this the wan My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit, we The choicest brain, the times base sent as

forth ! know not what he may be in the arts. Nor what in schools ; but, surely, for his man-

ners. I judge him a profune and dissolute wretch;
Worse by possession of such great good gifts, w
Being the muster of so loose a spirit.
Why, what unhallow'd ruffian would have

In such a sentrilous manner to a friend !
Why should be think I tell "my apricots,
Or play the Hesperian drugen with my fruit, "
To watch it? Well, my son, I d thought
You'd had more judgment t' have made elec-

tion Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on

Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare No argument or subject from their jest. But I perceive affection makes a fool Of any man too much the father. - Brainworm!

[Enter BRAINWORM.]

Brai. Sir.

letter?

Brai. Yes, sir, a pretty while since,

Know. And where's your young master?

Brai. In his chamber, sir.

Know. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Know. He spake not with the fellow, did he? Brat. No, sir, he saw him not. Know. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son; but with no notice that I have open'd it, on your life.

Brui. O Lord, sir! that were a jest indeed. [Est.]

Old clothes shop.

writ

Travelling expenses.

Places of ill-fame.

 $[E_{crit_*}]$

Know. I am resolv'd I will not stop his jour-

ney, Nor practise any violent means to stay

The unbridled course of youth in him; for

Restrain'd grows more impatient; and in kind Like to the eager, but the generous greyhound, Who ne'er so little from his game withheld, Turns beed, and leaps up at his holder's throat.
There is a way of winning more by love
And urging of the modesty, than fear:
Force works on service natures, not the free.
He that 's compell'd to goodness, may be good, But 't is but for that fit; where others, drawn By softness and example, get a habit.

Then, if they stray, but warn 'em, and the same They should for virtue 've done, they 'll do for

SCENE III.2

[Enter] E. Knowell, [with a letter in his hand, followed by] Brainworm.

E. Know. Did he open it, say'et thou?
Brai. Yes, o'my word, sir, and read the con-

E. Know. That scarce contents me.

ountenance, prithee, made he i' the reading of x? Was he angry or pleas'd?

Brai. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Know. No! How know'st thou then that

shame.

he did either? Brai. Marry, sir, because he charg'd me, on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it; which, unless he had done, he would never fear

to have it reveal'd.

E. Know. That 's true: well, I thank thee,

Brainworm.

[Enter STEPHEN.]

Step. O. Brainworm, didst thou not see a fel-w here in what-sha'-call-him doublet? He rought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brai. Fight, he is not of that mind: he is gone,

Brai. Fight, he is not of that mind: he is gone,

master Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? When went he?

How long since?

Brai. He is rid hence; he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I staid i' the fields! Whoreson Step. And I staid i' the fields! Whoreson Standerbag s rogue! O that I had but a horne to fetch him back again!

Brai. Why, you may ha' my master's gelding, to wave your longing, sir.

Step. But I ha' no boots, that 's the spite on't.

Brai. Why, a fine wisp of hay, roll'd hard, master Stanhan.

ster Stephen.

¹ Well-bred.

- west-cred:
3 A room in Knowell's house.
3 The Albanian patriot, Castriot, whose life was trans-sted from the French in 1886; known also as laksader Llemands? Bey, whence Sounderbeg or Scanderbeg.

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now: let him e'en go and hang. Prithee, help to truss 4 me a little : he does so vex me -

Brai. You'll be worst vex'd when you are [e trus'd, master Stephen. Best keep unbrac'd, and walk yourself till you be cold; your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'at me on 't. How doet thou like my leg, Brainworm?

Brai. A very good leg, master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so

well. Step. Foh! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk again's winter, that I go to dwell in the town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose -

Brai. Believe me, master Stephen, rarely well. Step. In sadness, I think it would; I have a

reasonable good leg.

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for it. [Exit.] so Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm, Gramercy for this.

E. Know. Ha, ha, ha! (Laughs, having read

the letter.)
Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me; an he do.

E. Know. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure, that make the careful costermonger of him in our familiar [10 spistles. Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Master John Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man, for he takes much | 18 pulses; and oft taking physic makes a man very patient. But would your packet, Master Wellbred, had arriv'd at him in such a minute of his patience I then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens—

[sees Master Stephen.] What, my wise [stephens] Nay, then I 'll furnish our feast with one could make the week. He writes to no of goll more toward the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: oh, for a fourth! Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee -

Step. Oh, now I see who he laughed at: he laughed at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an he had laughed at me

E. Know. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little: I thought you had laughed

at me, cousin.

E. Know. Why, what an I had, coz? What would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine

I Tie the laces which took the place of buttons. It was also slang for best

Against, in preparation for.

5 Seriously. 7 A printer. E. Know. Nay, if you would he' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Know. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why then

E. Know. What then?

E. Know. What then?

Step. I am antisfied; it is sufficient.

E. Know. Why, be so, gentle coz: and, I pray you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning by a friend i' the Old Jewry, to come to him; it is but crossing over the fields to Moorgate. Will you bear me company? I protest it is not to draw you into

company? I protest it is not to draw you into bond or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one an 't were; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest—

E. Know. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my fackings, but I will, by your leave:—I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Know. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Know. Your turn, coz! Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, 2 parts, [12] carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn it this commany, and tennal land like a technal i' this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a condust! fie! A wight that, hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the [19] savour of a strong spirit, and he! this man I so grac'd, gilded, or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tin-foil'd by nature, as not ten housewives' pewter again' a good time, shows more bright to the world than he! and he! (as I said last, on I say again, and still shall say it) this [ran man! to conceal such real ornaments as these, man! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoky law, or a black cyprus! 90, cos! it cannot be answer'd; ins go not about it. Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, cez; but hold up your head, so : and let the idea of what you are be portrayed!' your face, that men may read i' your physnomy. Here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, is and accomplish'd monster, or miracle of nature, which is all one. What think you of this, cor? Step. Why, I do think of it: and I will be more proud, and melaucholy, and gentlemanike, than I have been. I'll insure you.

E. Know. Why, that is resolute, master Stephen!—[Aside.] Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty just.

a match with the city, and play him for forty just pound. — Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Know. Follow me! You must go before.

* Rank. 1 Faith, a minced oath.

Water-carriers (tankard-bearers) were paid at so much a "tuen" or journey from the condust.

In preparation for a festivity.

Orapa.

Step. Nay, an I must, I will. Pray you about me, good cousin. [Execut.]

SCENE IV.

[Enter] MASTER MATHEW.

Mat. I think this be the house. What, ho! [Enter Cob.]

Cob. Who's there? O. master Mathew! gi'

your worship good norrow.

Mat. What, Cob! how dost thou, good Cob!
Dost thou inhabit here, Cob!
Cob. Ay, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a
poor house here, in our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, mousieur Cobb! What lineage, what lineage?
Cob. Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a lo princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly no worse man; and yet no man either, by your worship's leave, I did lie in that, but herring, the king of tish ofrom his belly I proceed one o' the monarcha o' the world, I assure you. Is The first red herring that was broil'd in Adam and Evel's kitchen, do I fetch my nediarree from and Evel's kitchen, do I fetch my nediarree from.

and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's' book. His cob' was my great.

great, nighty-great grandfather.

Mat. Why mighty, why mighty, I pray

thee? Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, air, and a

mighty great cob.

Mat. How know'st then that?

Cob. How know 11 why, 1 smell his ghost

ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghost! O unsavoury jest! and
the ghost of a herring cob?

Cob. Ay, sir. With favour of your worship's
nose, master Mathiew, why not the ghost of washering cob, as well as the ghost of Rasher Bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, then would'st say.

Cab. I say Rasher Bacon. They were both
broil'd o' the coals; and a man may smell broil'd
most, I hope! You are a scholar; upsolve[=

meat, I now.

Mat. O raw ignorance! - Cob, canst then
shew me of a gentleman, one captain Bebadill,
where his lodging is?

where his lodging is?

Cob. (), my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest! alas. In. In.!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? Do you not mean captain Bohadill?

Mat. Cob. pray thee ndvise thyself well, do so not wrong the gentleman, and threelf teo. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house; he he heldge in such a base obscure place as thy house. Too. I know his disposition so well, he would not he in thy bed if thou 'dat gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him though, sir. Mass. I thought somewhat was in 't, we could not get him to bed all night. Well, sir, though he lie not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench, an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapt about him, as though he had neither won wrapt about him, as though he had neither won

Lane before Cob's house. Usually, the head of a herring In this play, a larring

and jet, I warrant, he ne'er cast 1 betin life, than he has done to-night,

Why, was he drunk? or Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so. he swallow d a tavern-token, 2 or some brice, sir; I have nothing to do withal. with water and not with wine. —Gi' me skard there, ho! — God b' wi' you, sir. o'clock: I should ha 'carried two [so or this. What ho! my stopple! s come.

Enter TiB with a water-tankard.]

Lie in a water-bearer's house! a gentle-his havings! Well, I'll tell him my

What, Tib; show this gentleman up to my house were the Brazen-head how land e en speak Mare fools pet. You have some now would take this Mas- 100 hew to be a gentleman, at the least, His an honest man, a worshipful fishmon-so forth; and now does he creep and into acquaintance with all the brave about the town, such as my guest is (O, it is a fine man le, and they flout him of My. He useth every day to a merchant's bere I serve water, one master Kitely's, the dewry; and here's the jest, he is in the my master's sister, Mrs. Bridget, and Mistress'; and there he will sit [89] hole afternoon sometimes, reading o' ne abonimable, vile in pox on 'em! I abide them), rascally verses, poyetry, and speaking of interludes; 't will for man burst to hear him. And the they do so jeer, and ti-he at him. hould they do so much to me, I'd for-em all, by the foot of Pharnoh! There's I have a shall you less that you have a guest — as me—he does swear the legiblest of this time. By St. George! The foot of I have a gentleman dier, such dainty ouths I and withat [100] Cake this sume filthy reguish tobacco, and cleanliest! It would doe man good furnes come forth at 's tonnels." owos me forty shillings, my wife lent him or purse, by sixpence a time, besides og: I would I had it! I shall ha'it, he next action. Helter skelter, hang for are 'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse

SCENE V.7

COLL is discovered lying on his bench. Hostess, linetess!

Enter TiB.

That any you, sir? A cup of thy small beer, sweet hosters. next, to throw dice, and to vomit.

term for getting drunk. (Reed.) 3 Stopper.

socia Frant Bucus and Frint Runny.

Nontrila. 7 Room in Cob's house.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

eak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! 'odso, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plugue — what meant he?

Mat. (below.) Captain Bobadill!

Bob. Who 's there! — Take away the bason,

good hostess; - Come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir.

You come into a cleanly house, here!

[Enter MATHEW.]

Mat. Save you, sir; save you, captain! Bub. Gentle master Mathew! Is it you, sir? Please you sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see

I am somewhat audacious.

I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you is were wish d for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vonchaste me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others,

Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 't is very well.

Bob. Body o' me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven. Now, to trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging

trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging

here, very neat, and private.

Bob. Ay, sir: sit down, I pray you. Master Mathew, in any case possess no gentlemen of our

Mat. Who? I, sir? No.

Bab. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valchoice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engag'd, as yourself, or so, I could not extend [s thus fur.

thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir! I resolve? so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the turnult and roar of fortune.

What new book ha' you there? What! "Go (so by, Hieronymo?" 10

Mat. Av., did you ever see it acted? Is 't not well penn'd?

Bob. Wall penn'd! I would fain see all the poets of these times nea such another play 100

poets of these times pen such another play to as that was: they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when as I am a gentleman, read 'em, they are the most shal-low, pitiful, barren fellows that live upon the face of the earth again.

Mat. Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book. O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears! There's a concert! Fountains fraught with trars! O life, no life, but lively form of death!—another. O world, no [80]

Occupany.
See The Spanish Tragely, from Act. III of which Mathew reads the lines below.

world, but mass of public wrongs ! - a third. Confus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds!—
a fourth. O, the muses! Is 't not excellent?
In 't not simply the best that ever you heard,
captain? Ila! how do you like it?
Bub. 'T is good.
Mat To thee, the pureat object to my sense,

The most refined essence heaven covers, Send I these lines, wherein I do commence The happy state of turtle-hilling lovers. f they prove rough, unpolish d, harsh, and rude,

Haste made the usiste, thus middly I conclude.

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where is this?

BOBADHLL is making himself ready

Mat. This, wir! a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my nurses. But 100 when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can shew you some very good things I have done of late.—That boot becomes your

leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen [85]

now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o'
the fashion, master Wellbred's elder brother
and I are fall'n out exceedingly. This other
day, I happ'ned to enter into some discourse [90] of a hauger, 1 which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory 2 beautiful and gentlemanlike: yet he con-demn'd, and cri'd it down for the most pied a and ridiculous that he ever saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother,

was't not?

was 't not?'

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook! 4 he! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. [wo George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most percemptory 2 absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like, [ws By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay; he was here for the manger, nannier, or packhe was born for the manger, pannier, or packsaddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs; a good commodity for some smith to make [110 hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away 5 with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Boh. How! he the bastinado! How came (us

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

Bab. That may be; for I was sure it was none

of his word; but when, when said he so?

Mat. Faith, vesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of nine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharach, an't were my case now, I should send him a chartel a presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient [130

A strap by which a weapon was hung from the girdle.

** A mere intensive, common in Elizabethan fashionable slang.

4 Fool, humbug.

5 Domineer.

6 Challenge.

dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall charted him; I'll show you a trick or two you shall kill him with at pleasure; the first stoccats," if you will, by this Bir

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir. Bob. Of whom, of whom, ha' you heard it,

beseach you?
Mot. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-

breath-utterable skill, sir.

Bob. By heaven, no, not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the scrence, as to know my time, distance, or so, I have pris [16] than mine own practice. I assure you. — Hose eas, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly. [Enter Tib.] Lend us another bed-staff the woman does not understand the words of action. - Look you, sir : exalt not your point of action. — Look you, sir: exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your point and maintain your defence, thus: — give it the gentleman, and leave us. Erit Tib. So, or. Come on: O, twine your body more about, we that you may fall to a more sweet, comety, gentleman-like guand; so ! indifferent: hellow your body more, sir, thus: now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time. — Oh, you disorder your 122 point most irregularly! point most irregularly!

Mat. How is the hearing of it now, sir?

Bob. (), out of measure ill. A well experienc'd hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir, —make a thrust at me

—[Master Mathew pushes at Bonattle]

come in upon the answer, control your pour, and make a full career at the body. The best practis'd gallants of the time name it the pas-

sado; a most desperate thrust, believe it. [18]
Mat. Well, come, sir.
Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of [18]

no spirit to play with you; your dearth of in judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, bit.

Bob. "Venue!" he; the most gross denomination as ever I heard. O, the "stoccata," while you live, sir; note that.—Come put he on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted; some tavern, or so and have a bit. I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathed you, by my direction; and then I will teach you your fatick; you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you, by the trajudgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 't were nothing, by this hand! You should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail shot, and spread. What money have you about you, master Mathew?

† Ground for a durl.

Author of the Philosophy of Arms, 1862

Thrust.

Bout.

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings [100

B.b. T is somewhat with the least; but restate our wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orthice of the stomach t and then we'll [wastl upon young Wellbred. Perhaps we shall next the Corydon his brother there, and put him to the question. [Execut.]

ACT II

SCRNE LA

[Enter] KITELY, CASH, DOWNRIGHT.

Kit. Thomas, come hither.

I re take my key: it is no matter neither. —
There is the boy?

Cital

Within, sir, i' the warehouse. Kit. Let him tell over straight that Spanish

gold,

and weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Do you

the delivery of those silver stuffs

Master Lucar: tell him, if he will,

It is, ill ha' the grograms at the cate I told him,

And I will meet him on the Exchange anon. w

[E.cit.] Cast Good, sir. Kir. The you see that fellow, brother Down-

L -. Ay, what of him?

He is a jewel, brother. : ok him of a child up at my door.

And chront ned him. gave him mine own name,
Thomas:

a toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught

much, as I have made him my cashier, And giv'n him, who had none, a surname, Cash: And find him in his place so full of faith, at I durst trust my life into his hands.

Die: So would not I in any bastard's, brother,

Doe: So would not I in any bastard's, brother, but is like he is, although I knew New I have I have the first author. But you said you'd somewhat lovell me, gentle brother: what is 't, what is 't? Ke Fach, I am very loath to utter it, so tearing it may hurt your patience; that I know your judgment is of strength, to mat the nearness of affection ——Box. What need this circumstance? Pray

you, he direct.

Ku. I will not say how much I do sacribe Ad. I will not say have index a to seed at a voor friendship, nor in what regard hold cour love; but let my past behaviour, and across of your sister, [both]? confirm to eal! I "so been affected to your — 25 box. You are too tedious; come to the mat-

tor, the matter.

he old Jewry. A hall in Kitely's house.

Chah partly made of silk.

Change a Respectate, then a school for foundlings indirect approach to the matter.

7 Fol. 6 7 Fol. but. Kit. Then, without further ceremony, thus. My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how, Of late is much declin'd in what he was, And greatly alter'd in his disposition.

When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him: Methought he bare himself in such a fashion, So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage And what was chief, it show'd not borrowed in

him, But all he did became him as his own, And seem d as perfect, proper, and possest, As breath with life, or colour with the blood. But now, his course is so irregular, So loose, affected, and depriv'd of grace, And be himself withal so far fall'n off From that first place, as scarce no note remains, To tell men's judgments where he lately stood. He's grown a stranger to all due respect, Forgetful of his friends; and, not content To stale himself in all societies, He makes my house here common as a mart, theatre, a public receptacle For gildy humour, and diseased riot; And here, as in a tavern or a stews. He and his wild associates spend their hours, In repetition of lascivious jests, Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,

Control my servants; and, indeed, what not?

Dow. 'Sdeins,' I know not what I should for say to him, i' the whole world! He values me at a crack'd three-farthings, for anght I see. It will never out o' the flesh that 's bred i' the bone. I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve; but counsel to him is as good [2] as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well! he knows what to trust to, for 10 (leorge: let him spend, and spend, and domineer, till his heart ache; an he think to be reliev'd by me, when counters, he has the wrong saw by the ear. i' faith; and claps his dish i' at the wrong man's door. I 'll lay my hand o' my halfpenny, ere I part with 't to fetch him out, I 'll assure him.

Ki'l. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you

thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath! he mads me; I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why do you not speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kit. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade, But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it (Though but with plain and easy circumstance). It would both come much better to his sense. And savour less of atomach, 12 or of passion. You are his elder brother, and that title Both gives and warrants you authority,

Which, by your presence seconded, must breed A kind of duty in him, and regard; Whereas, if I should intimate the least,

Nake cheap.
An eath of obscure mounting, sometimes explained as D cham. Query, Gotts reins f

10 Fare.

D like a beggar with dish and clapper.

11 Resentment.

It would but add contempt to his neglect, Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred. That in the rearing would come tott'ring down, And in the ruin bury all our love.

Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak,
He would be ready, from his heat of humour, ¹
And overflowing of the vapour in him,

To blow the sars of his families. To blow the ears of his familiars
With the false breath of telling what disgraces
And low disparagements I had put upon him: Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable, 4 100 Make their loose comments upon every word, Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over, From my flat cap a unto my shining shoes; And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies, Beget some slander that shall dwell with me. 110 And what would that be, think you? Marry, this: They would give out, because my wife is fair, Myself but lately married, and my sister Here sojourning a virgin in my house. That I were jeglous! - nay, as sure as death, us That they would say; and, how that I had

quarrell'd My brother purposely, thereby to find An apt pretext to banish them my house. Dow. Mass, perhaps so; they're like enough

to do it.

Kit. Brother, they would, believe it; so should I.

Like one of these penurious quack-salvers, But set the bills up to mine own disgrace, And try experiments upon myself; Lend scorn and envy opportunity To stab my reputation and good name -

SCENE II.6

KITELY, DOWNRIGHT. [Enter] MATHEW [strug-gling with] BOBADILL.

Mat. I will speak to him.

Bob. Speak to him! away! By the foot of Pharach, you shall not! you shall not do him that grace.— The time of day to you, gentleman of the house. Is master Wellbred stirring?

Dow. How then? What should he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is to you. Is

he within, sir?

Kit. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir.

I assure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear? You!

Bob. The gentleman citizen bath satisfied

I'll talk to no scavenger. [Excunt Bon. and Mar.]

Dow. How! scavenger! Stay, sir, stay!
Kit. Nay, brother Downright.

10
Dow. 'Heart! stand you away, an you love me.
Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray
you, brother, good faith you shall not; I will

Overrule you.

Dow. Ha! senvenger! Well, go to, I say [so little; but, by this good day (God forgive me I should swear, if I put it up 5 so, say I am the rankost cow that ever pist. 'Sdeins, an I swallow

1 Temper. 8 Marks of the citizen. 1 Narrative. 4 Advertise. 5 The same. this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the aight of Fleet-street again while I live; I'll sit in a [* barn with madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger! heart!—and I'll go near to fill that huge tumbrel-slop of yours with somewhat, an I have good luck: your Garagantua broech can-

not carry it away so,

Kit. Oh, do not fret yourself thus; never
think on 't.

Dow. These are my brother's consorts, these! These are his cam'rades, his walking mates! These are his cam'rades, his walking materially a gallant, a cavellero too, right harmon cut! Let me not live, an I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole ging of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am griev'd it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses. Well, as he brown, so shall be drink, for George, again. Yet he shall be hear on 't, and that tightly too, an Ilive, 'f ath.

Kit. But, brother, let your reprehension, then, Run in an easy current, not o'er high Carried with rashness, or devouring choler; But rather use the soft persuading way. Whose powers will work more gently, and com-

puse Th' imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim; More winning than enforcing the consent,

Dow. Ay, sy, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

Kit. How now ! (Bell rings.) Oh, the bell rings to breakfast. Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife company till I come; I II but give order for some despatch of business to my exvants.

[Exit Downston.]

SCENE III.º

KITELY, | Enter | Cos.

Kit. What, Cob! our maids will have you by the back, i' faith, for coming so late this more-

ing.

Cab. Perhaps so, sir; take heed somebody have not them by the belly, for walking so late in the evening.

in the evening.

He passes by with his tenkerd.

Kit. Well; yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd.

Though not repos'd in that security
As I could wish; but I must be content.
Howe'er I set a face on 't to the world.

Would I had lost this finger at a venture.

So Wellbred had ne'er lostged within my house.

Why't cannot be, where there is such resort.

Of wanter callants and venuer terrallars. Of wanton gallants and young revellers, That any woman should be honest long. Is 't like that factions beauty will preserve The public weal of classity unshaken, When such strong motives muster and make

head 10 Against her single peace? No. no: beware. When mutual appetite doth meet to treat. And spirits of one kind and quality Come once to parley in the pride of blood,

Large puffed breeches.

B Gather their forces | a military phrase

plain, if I but thought the time id their affections. all the world persuade me but I were a cuckold, pe they ha' not got that start; anity hath balk'il 'em yet, to still, while I have eyes and ears the impositions of my heart. conspiring motions of desire: look or glance mine eye ejects occasion, as one doth his slave, argets the limits of prescription.

[Enter DAME KITELY.]

Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down ter, above in the closet. - Sweet-rou come in to breakfast? The have overheard me now! ---1. I pray thee, good muss,2 we stay

beaven, I would not for a thousand

What all you, sweet-heart? are you to ak, good muss. as my head aches extremely on a

[putting her hand to his forehead.] O.

now! What?

Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep good truth it is this new disease. unberare troubled withal. For love's heart, come in out of the air.

, and many troubled with it? she heard me, all the world to

I pray thee, good sweet-heart, come will do you harm, in troth, hair! she has me i' the wind. — [***]

I 'll come to you presently; 't will

Prny Heaven it do. [Erit.]
w disease! I know not, new or old,
well be call d poor mortals' plague; w positione, it doth infect of the brain. First it begins ork upon the phantasy, peat with such pestiferous air excupts the judgment; and from

contagion to the memory: other giving the infection, aubtle vapour spreads itself through every sensive part, Dought or notion in the mind a the black poison of suspect.⁶ Let misery is it to know this?

pportunity had suited their desires.

worth about \$2.50 year of which Prince Henry died. of the scent of my suspicions.

Or, knowing it, to want the mind's erection In such extremes? Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off that thus shakes me, [Ezu.]

SCENE IV.7

[Enter] Brainworm [disguised like a maimed Soldier.]

Brar. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator; for now must I create an intolerable sort of hes, or my present profession loses the grace: and yet the lie, to a man of my coat, is a as ominous a fruit as the fice. O, sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us: so much for my berrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my love young master, dry-foot, over Moortielis to London, this morning; now, I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather comprisely, and to insinuate with my young master for so must we that are blue waiters, if and men of hope and in service do, or perhaps we may wear motley at the year's end, and who wears motley, 12 - you the year's end, and who wears mottey. "I — you know, have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuseado, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his [we cloak, his purse, and his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, I eni, widi, vici, I may say with Captain Caesar, I am made for over, i' faith. Well, now I must practise to get the true garb of one of these lance. [we knights, my arm here, and my — (Odso I my] young master, and his cousin, master Stephen, as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no as I am true consterfest man of war, and no

[Enter E. KNOWPLL and STEPHEN.]

E. Know. So, sir! and how then, caz? Step. 'Sfoot! I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Know. How! lost your purse? Where?
When had you it?

Step. I cannot tell; stay.

Brai, 'Stiel, I am afraid they will know me:
would I could get by them!

E. Know. What, ha' you it?
Step. No; I think I was bewitcht, I

E. Know. Nay, do not weep the loss: hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it 's here. No, an it had been lost,
I had not car'd, but for a jet ring mistress Mary

sent me.

E. Know. A jet ring! O the posy, the posy?

Step. Fine, i' faith.

Though Fancy sleep,

My love is deep.

Moorfields.

To give the lie to a coldier is as fatal a thing as to make the gesture of manife called the lig (threating out the thumb between two fingers).

Explained both as measing to track by scent of the foot, and by foot-marks without scent.

Servants, who then wore blue livery.

The foot.

Musning, that though I did not fancy her, yet

he loved me dourly.

E. Know. Most excellent! Step. And then I sent her another, and my

Poesic was,
The desper the sweeter, 'll be judg'd by St. l'eter.

E. Know. How, by St. Peter? I do not [88 conceive that,

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the motro. E. Know. Well, there the saint was your good patron, he help'd you at your need; thank him,

Re-enter BRAINWORM.

Beat. I cannot take leave on 'om so; I will venture, come what will. - Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier, one that, in the better state of my for- [as tunes, scorn'd so mean a refuge; but now it is to be gentlemen well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence, than live with shame: however, vouchsafe to remem- [10] her it is my want speaks, not myself; this con-

dition agrees not with my spirit - E. Know. Where hast thou serv'd?

E. Know, Where hast thou serv of Brai. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Rohemia, Hungary, Dahnatia, Po- la land, where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land any time this fourteen years, and follow'd the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendem, I was twice shot the whiting of Manuscom at the relief for commanders in Christendom, I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief les of Vienna; I have been at Marseilles, Naplea, and the Adriatic gulf, a gentleman-slave in the gulleys, thrice; where I was most dangerously shat in the bead, through both the thighs; and yet, being thus main'd, I am void of main-lest tenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my recolution.

Sep. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Bean. Generous sir, I tefer it to your own indement; you are a gentleman, give me [ee

judgment; von are a gentleman, give me [...

what you please.

Non. True I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what though? I pray you say, what would you ask?

Bear. I assure von, the blade may become [se

the ade or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

E. Know. Ay, with a velvet enabland, I think.

Sep. Nay, an 't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabband, cor. that 's flat; I'd not waar it, as it is, an you would give me an angel,

Ren. At your wardip's pleasure, air; Starues exomises the boule] nay, 't is a must

pure l'ateste

Sop. I had rather it were a Spaniard, But tell use, what shall I give you for it? An it had a salver hist

a silver init

A Kwa. Counc, counc, you shall not buy it.
Hold there 's a shilling, fallow take the rapier.

New Why, but I will less it now, because you are as ; and there 's another shilling, follow; I assen to be not badden. What, shall I walk in with a unless, like Harginbottom, and may have a raper for money !

E. Know. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut! I'll buy this i' the field, so I will:
I have a mind to 't, because 't is a field [w
rapier. Tell ms your lowest price.
E. Know. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I
give more than 't is worth.
E. Know. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that 's granted;
but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow
me for your money.

me for your money.

Bras. At your service, sir. [Ercunt.] m

SCENE V.1 [Enter] KNOWELL

Know. I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter

Sent to my son; nor leave t' admire 2 the change Of manners, and the breeding of our youth Within the kingdom, since myself was one. — When I was young, he liv'd not in the store to Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it,

On a gray head; age was authority Against a buffoon, and a man had then A certain reverence paid unto his years. That had none due unto his life : so much

The sanctity of some prevail'd for others. But now we all are fall's; youth, from their fear,

And age, from that which bred it, good example. Nay, would ourselves were not the first, e'en parenta,

That did destroy the hopes in our own children, Or they not learn'd our vices in their condles. And suck d in our ill customs with their milk! Fro all their teeth be born, or they can speak. We make their palates cunning; the first words We form their tongues with, are licentious

jests: Can it call "whore "? cry "bastard "? O, then, kiss it!

A witty child! Can't awear? The father's darling

Give it two plums. Nay, rather than 't shall

No bawdy song, the mother herself will teachis! But this is in the infancy, the days Of the long cost; when it puts on the benechman It will put off all this. Ay, it is like. When it is gone into the bone already!

No, no; this dye gues desper than the coat. Or shirt, or skin; it stains into the liver And heart, in some ; and, rather than it should

Note what we fathers do! Look how we live! What mistresses we keep 'at what expense! In our ones' eyes, where they may hundle our gifta

Hear our lascivious courtships, see our delliance, Taste of the same proceding means with us, > To ruin of our states! Nay, when our own Portion is fled, to prev on the remainder, We wall them into fellowship of vice; Bait 'em with the young chamber-maid, to seal,

1 Another part of Mondelda. 2 Wonder 2 Probably, to agree to the min of family existen.

h 'em all bad ways to buy affliction. 41 he path; but there are millions more, we spoil our own, with leading them. hank heaven. I never yet was he rell'd with my son, before sixteen, when the Venetian courtesans; the grammar of cheating I had made, arp boy, at twelve; repeating still list money, still, get money, by; by what means; money will do than my lord's letter. Neither have I die to mush cooms curiously before him, I my sauces, and taught him how to the em: Alexan. em; still, with my gray gluttony, ordinaries, and only fear'd os should degenerate, not his manners.
the trade of fathers now; however,
hope, hath met within my threshold these household precedents, which are

t is rape youth to their precipice. • house at home be ne'er so clean kept sweet from filth, nay dust and

live abroad with his companions, and legstals, it is worth a fear; a danger of conversing less that I have mention'd of example.

BRAINWORM, disquised as before.

(Aside.) My master! nay, faith, have am flesht now, I have sped so well.—bil sir, I beseech you, respect the estate beddier; I am asham'd of this base to life.—God's my comfort—but expectations me to 't: what remedy?

I have not for you, now.
By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleis no ordinary custom in me, but [n reserve manhood. I protest to you, a ve been: a man I may be, by your

Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied. Good vir, by that hand, you may do [so if a kind gentleman, in lending a poor is price of two cans of beer, a matter nine the king of heaven shall pay you, ill rest thankful. Sweet worship —

Nay, an you be so importunate — as Oh, temler sirl need will have its was not made to this vile use. Well, of the enemy could not have abated ich; it's hard when a man hath serv'd the worship, let me derive a small piece the worstip, let me nerve a sum in the from you, it shall not be given in the time. By this good ground, I was fain may rapier last night for a poor supper; it is the bilts long before, I am a pa Sweet honour

Believe me, I am taken with some fellow of thy outward presence,

this means that ultimately it will turn out

Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind, Bo so degenerate, and sordid-base.

Art thou a man, and sham'st thou not to beg?

To practise such a servile kind of life? Why, were thy education ne er so mean, Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses Offer themselves to thy election. Either the wars might still supply thy wants, Or service of some virtuous gentleman, Or honest labour; nay, what can I name, But would become thee better than to beg: But men of thy condition feed on sloth, As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in ; Nor caring how the metal of your minds Is eaten with the rust of idleness. Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should Melieve a person of thy quality, 105 While thou insist'st in this loose desperate course,

I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

Brat. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course, if so

Know. Ay, you 'd gladly find it, but you will

Anow. Ay, you'd gladly and it, but you will not seek it.

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek? In the wars, there's no secent by desert in these days; but — and for service, would it were as soon purchas'd, 2 as wisht for! The air's my [as confort. - | Sight] - I know what I would say.

Know. What is thy name?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Know. Fitz-Sword!

ny that a man should entertain thee now, Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brui. Sir, by the place and honour of a sol-Brui. Si

Know. Nay, nay, I like not these affected oaths. Speak plainly, man, what think'st thou of my words?

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy as my service should be honest.
Know. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if

thy deeds .

will carry a proportion to the words. [Exit.]

Brai. Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter has my hose. Oh that my belly were hoopt now, for I am ready to burst with haughing! never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus!

Now shall I be possest of all his counsels; has and, by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is resoly'd to prove 'my honesty; faith, and he is resolv'd to prove 'my bonesty; faith, and I'm resolv'd to prove his patience ob, I shall abuse him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with his the sign of it, the sight of a cassock, or a mustarray again. It will have the result of the sight of a cassock, or a mustarray again. It will have the metallic than the sign of it, the sight of a cassock, or a mustarray again. It will have the metallic than the sign of it. ket-rost again. He will hate the musters at Mile and for it, to his dying day. It 's no matter, Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It is houselet the world think me a bad counterfeit, if an I cannot give him the slip at an instant. Why, this is better than to have staid his journey. Well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to be amployed! employed!

Gained. Deceive.

A soldier's loose overcoat. A pun. Slip also meant counterfeit money.

ACT HI

SCENE I. 1

[Enter] MASTER MATHEW, WELLBRED, and BOBADILL.

Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging Mat.

to seek you too.
If cl. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother dehvered us as much.
Wel. Who, my brother Downright?
Bob. He. Mr. Wellbred, I know not in what

kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a — 10 Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my

brother.

Bob. 1 protest to you, as I have a thing to be part

Wel. Good captain, faces about to some other

discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I ahould not fancy him, by St. George!

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut. I know not how: he doth not earry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

Wel. Oh, master Mathew, that's a grace peouliar but to a few, quos aequus amarit Jupiter. 3

Mat. I understand you, sir. Wel. No question, you do, - [Aside.] or do you not, sir.

Enter E. KNOWELL [and STEPHEN].

Ned Knowell! by my soul, welcome; how dost thou, sweet spirit, my gening? 'Slid, I shall love Apolloand the mad Thespian girls the better, [st while I live, for this, my dear Fury; now I see there's some love in thee. Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of: nay, what a droway humour is this now! Why don't thou not speak?

E. Know. Oh, you are a fine gallant; you sent me a rare letter.

Wet Why, was t not rare?

E. Know. Yes. I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of rending the like; match it in all to Pliny, or Symmachus's epistles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue : make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable, But I marle what camel it was, that had the carringe of it; for doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

Wel. Why?

E. Know. "Why?" say'st thou! Why, dost

then think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the suber time of the day

too, could have mistalen my father for me? of Wel. Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Know. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't, now: but I'll assure you, my father had the full view of your [se flourishing style some hour before I saw it.

The Old Jewry. A room in the Windmill Tavern. military term : face the opposite direction

Wel. What a dull slave was this! But, sirrah, what said he to it, i' faith?

E. Know. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrowd guess what he thought.

Wel. What, what?

E. Know. Marry, that then art some strange, dissolute young fellow, and I—a grain or two hatter for keeping thee company.

better, for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut! that thought is like the moon in a
her last quarter, 't will change shortly. But, sirner list quarter, twill change shortly. But wir-rah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here; thou wilt take exceeding plea-sure in 'em if thou hear'st 'em once go; my 'e-wind-instruments; I 'll wind 'em up — l'int what strange piece of silence is this? The sign of the l'umb Man?

of the Dumb Man?

E. Know. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please; he has his humour, sir.

Wel. Oh, what is 't, what is 't?

E. Know. Nay, I'll neither de your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension; I'll leave him to the mercy o' your recently if you music he him to the mercy o' your

search; if you can take him, so ! Wel. Well, captain Bobadill, master Mathew. pray you know this gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. — I know not your name, sir (le | a STEPHEN), but I shall be glad of any occasion to

render me more familiar to you.

Step. My name is master Stephen, sir; I am
this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is
mine uncle, sir. I am somewhat melancholy. but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever

is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. (to E. Knowell...) Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for master Wellbred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please), I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentle-man of some parts; I love few words.

E. Know. And I fewer, sir; I have scare

enough to thank you.

Mat. But are you, indeed, sir. so given to it. Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, air. I am melancholy myself, diver time. sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score. or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Know. (Aside.) Sure he utters them the

by the gross.

Step. Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

E. Know. I' faith, better than in measure. I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study; it's at your service.

Step. I thank you, sir, I shall be bold I warrant you; have you a stool there to be melan

choly upon?

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers | the there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that

⁵ Open to general acquaintance.

here's notne sparks of wit in 'em. then. (de.) Would the sparks would kin-I become a fire amongst 'em! I [10] off-love burnt for her heresy. hin, is it well? Am I melancholy

Oh ay, excellent.

tain Bobadill, why muse you so ?120 He is melancholy too. th, sir, I was thinking of a most honof service, was perform'd to-

In what place, captain?
, at the beleag ring of Strigonium,
than two hours, seven hundred Hemen, as any were in Europe, lost pan the breuch. I'll tell you, gen- 100 the first, but the best leaguer that d with those eyes, except the taking at do you call it? a last year, by the but that, of all other, was the most agerous exploit that ever I was |144 ace I first bore arms before the face r, as I am a gentleman and a sol-

I had as lief as an angel I could

Il as that gentleman.

Then, you were a servitor at both.
Strigonium, and what do you call 't?
ad, sir! By St. George, I was the
bat ent'red the breach; and had
dit with resolution, I had been had a million of lives.
'T was pity you had not

T was jury you had not ten; a cat's ea, i' faith. But, was it possible?
you mark this discourse, sir.
do.

nre you, upon my reputation, 't is provide aliast confess.

Ande. | You must bring me to the

eve me judicially, sweet sir: they me three demi-culvering b just in the breach; now, sir, as we were their master-gunner is man of no and mark, you must think), con-live atth his finatock, ready to give fire; a intendment, discharg'd my petrosoom, and with these single arms, pier, ran violently upon the Moors at the ordnance, and put 'em pollword.

the award! To the rapier, captain. Oh, it was a good figure observ'd, you all this, captain, without hurt-

hout any impeach o' the earth: [im unate weapon that ever rid on poor

Sungary, retaken from the Turks in 1307.

is Tortoes in the Quarto. A kind of caunon 4 Charge. d the lint for firing a cumon.

gentleman's thigh, Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana," or so; tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em. [o-I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I marle whether it be a Toledo or no.
Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I amure you.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mot. Pray you, let's see, sir; yes, faith, it is. Bob. This a Toledo! Piah!

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Bob. A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder a-piece, an I would have a thousand of them.

E. Know. How say you, cousin? I told you

thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, master Stephen?

Step. Of a scurry rogue soldier: a hundred of lice go with him! He swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant lo rapier, no better.
Mat. Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look

on't better, E. Know. Nay, the longer you look on't, the

worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by — I have forgot the captain's oath, I thought to ha' sworn by it — an e'er I meet him — Wel. O, it is past help now, sir; you must

have patience.

Step. Whoreson, coney-catching " rascal! I could gat the very hills for anger.

E. Know. A sign of good digestion; you have an estrich atomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach! Would I had him here, you should see an I had a stomach. 12

Wel. It's better as 't is. - Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

SCENE II. 18

E. KNOWELL, MASTER STEPHEN, WELLBRED, BOBADILL, MASTER MATHEW.

[Enter] BRAINWORM, [disquised as before.]

E. Know. A miracle, cousin; look here, look here!

Step. Oh - God's lid, By your leave, do you know me, sir?

now me, sir. I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brat. Yes, marry, did 1, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha?

Brat. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brm. No, sir, I confess it; it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confest it: — By God's will, an you had not confest it - E. Know. Oh. cousin, forbear !

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

The swords of Bevis, Arthur, and Orlando, in the to Such as was regularly supplied to the common sol-

dier u Swindling.

12 Punning on stomach in the sense of courage.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman;

he has confest it, what would you more?
Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under

Step. Let, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see.

E. hinou. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour: a pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how dost thou like him?

Wel. Oh, it is a most precious fool, make much on him. I can compare him to nothing lamore happily than a drum; for every one may have usen him. play upon him.

E. Know No. no. a child's whistle were far

the fitter.

other loied to sell, ha you?

Brai. You are conceited, sir. Your name is

Master Knowell, as I take it?

E. Know. You are i' the right; you mean [20]

not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Brai. No, sir; I am none of that cont.

E. Know. Of as bare a coat, though. Well,

say, sir.

Brat. [taking E. Know. aside.] Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum 2 extraordinary, and indeed, this smoky varnish being wisht off, and three or four patches remov'd, I appear the decease of the decease. your worship's in reversion, after the decease

of your good father, - Brainworm.

E. Know. Brainworm! Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this

Brai. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning; the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

E. Know. My father!

E. Know. Say Influer:
Brai. Nay, never start, 't is true; he has follow'd you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the snow.

E. Know. Sirrah Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? My father is come over after me.

Wel. Thy father! Where is he?
Brai. At justice Clement's house, in Coleman-

street, where he but stays my return; and Wel. Who's this? Brainworm!

Brai. The same, sir.
Wel. Why how, in the name of wit, com'st

thon transmitted thus?

Brai. Faith, a device, a device; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw, and I'll tell yon all.

Wel. But art thou sure he will stay thy return?

Brai. Do I live, sir? What a question is that!
Wel. We'll prorogue his expectation, then,
a little: Brainworm, thou shalt go with us,—
Come on, gentlemen.—Nay. I pray thee, 170
sweet Ned, droop not; heart, an our wits be so
wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en prest to make porters of, and serve out the remnant

Witty. An allusion to the tricky servant in Jack Drum's Entertennuent

3 Impressed.

of our days in Thames-street, or at Custom- [... house quay, in a civil war against the carmen I Brai. Amen, amen, amen, say I. | Ercunt. |

SCREE HI.4

[Enter] KITELY and CASE.

Kit. What says he, Thomas? Did you speak with him? Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this

half hour.

Kit. Has he the money ready, can you tell? Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last

night.

Kit. O, that is well; fetch me my clonk, my cloak! -Erit CASM. Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come;
Ay, that will be the least; and then 't will be
An hour before I can dispatch with him,
Or very near; well, I will say two hours.
Two hours! ha! things never dreamt of yet. May be contriv'd, ay, and effected two, In two hours' absence; well. I will not go. Two hours! No, fleering Opportunity, I will not give your subtilty that scope, Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd, we That sets his doors wide open to a thief. And shows the felon where his treasure lies? Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree. When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes? will not go. Business, go by for once. No, beauty, no; you are of too good caract be. To be left so, without a guard, or open. Your lustre, too, 'll inflame at any distance. Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws; ... Put motion in a stone, strike fire from see, Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden You must be then kept up, close, and well watch'd.

For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand Devours or swallows swifter! He that lends = His wife, if she be fair, or time or place, Compels her to be false. I will not go! The dangers are too many: - and then the

dressing s a most main attractive! Our great houds Within this city never were in sufety

Since our wives wore these little cape. I'll change 'em; I 'll change 'em straight in mine: mine shall no

more Wear three-piled acorns, to make my horns ache,7

Nor will I go; I am resolv'd for that.

[Re-enter CABH with a clouk.]

Carry in my cloak again. Yetstay. Yet do, too: I will defer going, on all occasions. Cash. Sir, Snare, your serivener, will be there with th' bonds.

Kit. That's true: fool on me! I had clear forgot it;
I must go. What 's a clock?

4 Kitch's warehouse.

Velvet of the best quality.

Note the execuble pun on scorns and Acras acts. * Carat, value, quality,

Cash. Reart, then will Wellbred presently be here too.

With one or other of his loose consorts.

What course to take, or which way to resolve.

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,

Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd:
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less, to put in act. — It shall be so.
Nay, I dure build upon his accreey,

He knows not to deceive me. - Thomas!

Sir. ss Ku. Yet now I have bethought me, too, I will

Thomas, is Cob within?

I think he be, sir. Cash.

I think he be, sir.

Kit. But he'll prate too, there is no speech of him.

there were no man o' the earth to 2 Thomas, If I doest trust him; there is all the doubt. so liot should be have a chink in him. I were gone.

Lest i' my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange!

The manner he hath stood with, till this present, both promise no such change: what should I fear then?

Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune

The mas - you may deceive me, but, I hope -

Cash. Sir, if a servant's liver, with faith, may be call'd love, you are liver, than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

Kû. I thank you heartily, Thomas: give me your hand:

all my heart, good Thomas. I have,

weret to impart unto you - but,

When once you have it, I must seal your lips

o far I tell you, Thomas.

Sir, for that hu. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you,
Thomas.
Wen I will let you in thus to my private.

has then net 'ware of, Thomas; if thou Than thou should'st

Revent it, but -How, I reveal it?

do not think thou would'st; but if thou should'st.

Tween a great weakness. A great treachery:

Then wilt not do't, then? A. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever!

Kit. He will not awear, he has some reserva-Some conceal'd purpose, and close a meaning durw:

Ten o'clock, according to the Q.
Compared to.
Recret.

Else, being urg'd so much, how should be choose But lend an oath to all this protestation? He's no precision, that I'm certain of, Nor rigid Roman Catholie: he'll play At fayles, and tick-tack; I have heard him

swear.

What should I think of it? Urge him again, And by some other way? I will do so. Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to dis-

close: Yes, you did swear?

Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,

Please you Kit. No. Thomas, I dure take thy word, But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good; I am resoly'd without it; at thy pleasure.

Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest, My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

Kit. It is too much; these ceremonies need nut:

I know thy faith to be as firm as rock. Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be Too private in this business. So it is, — [Aside.] Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier

venture.

I have of late, by divers observations —
[Aside.] But whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no,

Being not taken lawfully? Ha! say you? I will ask council ere I do not proceed: -Thomas, it will be now too long to stay, 'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.

Kit.

I will think:— and. Thomas,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

Jash. I will, sir. Kit. And hear you, if your mistress' brother, Wellbred,

Chance to bring hither any gentlemen Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.

or t come cuck, and sir.

Cash. Very well, sir.

To the Exchange, do you hear?

Ett. To the Exchange, do you hear? Or here in Coleman-street, to justice Clement's,

Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.

Cash. I will not, sir.

Kit.

I pray you have a care on 't.

Or, whether he come or no, if any other, Stranger, or else; fail not to send me word. ash. I shall not, sir.

Be 't your special business Kit. Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you.

Kit. But, Thomas, this is not the secret,
Thomas,

I told you of. Cash. No, sir; I do Kit. Believe me, it is not. No, sir; I do suppose it,

Cash. Sir. I do believe you.
Kit. By heaven it is not, that 's enough. But,

Kit. By In. I would not you should utter it, do you see, 120

Games of chance, somewhat like back-gammon. Before a magistrate. Convinced.

To any creature living ; yet I care not. Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much ,

It was a true of you, when I meant So deep a secret to you; I mean not this, 134 But that I have to tell you; thus is nothing, this. But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge

Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried bere. No greater hell than to be alavo to fear, [Erit.] Coch. Lank'd up in allence, midnight, buried here!

Whenee should this flood of passion, trow, take head? ha!

Bost dream no longer of this running humour, For fear I sink ; the violence of the stream Already hath tramported me so far,

That I can feel no ground at all, But soft -Oh, 't is our water-bearer: somewhat has crost him now.

SCHOK IV. 1

CARR. [Enter] COB, [heatily].

Cob. Fasting-days! what tell you me of fast-ing-days? 'Slid, would they were all on a light fire for me! They say the whole world shall be consum'd with two one day, but would I had those Ember weeks and villanous Fridays [4] burnt in the mean time, and then

Cash. Why, how now, Cob? What moves

thee to this choler, ha?

the to fine choice, the Thomas I I scorn your cart-horse, [10] though I carry and draw water. An you offer to ride me with your collar or halter either, I may

hap show you a jude's trick, sir.

Cash. O. you'll slip your head out of the cedler." Why, goodman Cab, you mistake me, to Cab. Nav. I have my rheum, and I can be

angry as well as another, sir, Cost. Thy rhoun, Cob! Thy humour, thy

test Humour? mack, 4 I think it be so in- [so does]. What is that humour? Some rare thing, I W 307 1315.

Cach Marry I'll toll thee, Cab; it is a gentleman like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time by affectation, and fed by folly. 40

'as How! must it be fist?"

Oh av, bumour is nothing if it he not fed dulet then never hear that ? It 's a common

ple co. I 'd we have.
(136. I 'll none on it : humour, avaunt ! I know
con co., be game! Let who will make hum-Try moals for your monstership, it shall not be I beed you, quoth he ! Shall I ha 'much ado to test in well aspecially on those han cascally date to: "ma 't had been any other day but a " frome day a plague on them all for me ' By the lost one much have done the communication all the conditions all base drawn if them all if the floor, two is three hundred thousand years ago. O. I do stomach them higgsly, I so

1 The same

1 Wash

· Resent

have a maw 6 now, and 't were for sir Bevis his

have a maw now, and twere for air hevis his horse, against 'em.

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so ant of love with fasting days?

Cob. Marry, that which will make any man a out of love with 'em, I think; their had conditions, an you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemsh breed, I am sure on't, for they raven up more butter than all the days of the week beside; next, they stink of fish and leck-porrelge miserably; thirdly, they'll keep a man de-vontly hungry all day, and at night send him

Supperless to bed.

Cash. Indeed, these are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, anglis were all, 't were something but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to wrack; poor cobs! they smoke for it, they are made martyrs of the cardiron, they melt in passion; and your maids too know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my own flesh and blood. My princely car (Pulls out a red herring, fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you. an I night be made as rich as king Cophetua, O that I had room for my tears, I could weep salt-I had room for my tears, I could weep sait to water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand of my kin! But I may curse none but these filthy almanaes; for an 't were not for them, these days of persecution would never be known, I 'll be hang'd an some testmonger's son do not make of 'cm, and puts in more lasting-days than he should do, because he would the father's decided with the course he would utter his father's dried stock-fish and stinking

Const. 'Slight, peace! Thou 'It be beaten like a stock-fish else. Here is master Mathew. Now must I look out for a messenger to my master.

SCENE V.

[Enter] WILLBRED, E. KNOWFIL, BRAIN-WORM, MATHEW, BOBADILL, and STEPHES.

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good lest, and exceedingly well carried!

E. Know. Ay, and our guorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?

Wel. Yes, faith; but was it possible thou is shouldst not know him? I forgive master Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Know. Fore food, not L an I might have

here pen'd patten' with un of the earten was masters for knowing him. He had so weither I'-huas If into the habit of one of your poor in masters, your deem'd, rumous, warm-easten gentlemen of the round; I'- such as have rowed to sit on the skires of the city, let your property and his half-down of halbertyers do what ... they exn; and have translated togging out of the old harkner-pace to a fine east amble, and groat shilling. 12 Into the likeness of one of these

* Samuel, appoilte * Sell * The again * Ry a putced.

tol Impleced ricem as the fashirmeble port for white, mod.

[&]quot; I missessificate who went the rounds, inspecting 10 A amouth shilling one I for playing abovel-hourd.

reformados 1 had he moulded himself so per- [10] feetly, observing every trick of their action, as, les: Ily, observing every trick of their action, as, varying the accent, awearing with an emphasis, indeed, all with so special and exquisite a grace, that, hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have aworn be might have been sergeant-major, if not lieutement-colonel to the regiment.

Wel. Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Know. An artificer! an architect. Except man had studied heaving all his life time.

a man had studied begging all his life time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the clothing of it, I never saw his rival. 16 cl. Where got'st thou this coat, I marle? ³ Brai. Of a Houndsditch mag, air, one of the

wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold;

toe A crufty knave needs no broker.

Been. True, sir; but I did need a broker,

Wel. Well put off: - no crafty knave, you'll

E. Know. Tut, he has more of these shifts. Brus. And yet, where I have one the broker

Re-enter CARH.

Cach. Francis! Martin! No'er a one to be found now? What a spite's thin!

Wel. How mow, Thomas? Is my brother Kitchy within?

Cash. No. sir, my master went forth e'en
bow, but master Pownright is within. — Cob!
what. Cob! Is he gone too?

Wel. Whither went your master, Thomas,

With. Whither went your master, Thomas, onet thou tell?

Cad. I know not: to justice Clement's, I think, eir. — Cab!

E Kame. Justice Clement! what's he? & W./. Why, doet thou not know him? He is

a city-magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I show'd

E. Know Oh, is that he? I remember him sow. Greet faith, and he is a very strange present the aow. Gasel faith, and he is a very strange pres-ence methurka, it shows as if he stood out of the rack from other men: I have heard many [66 of his jests i' the University. They say he will actionit a man for taking the wall of his horse. Wel. A), or wearing his clock on one shoul-der, or serving of God; any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Cash. Gasper! Martin! Cob! Heart, where thould they be, trow?

Bob. Master Kitely's man, pray thee vouchafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match! No time but now to reach of ?— Francis! Cob!

Bob. Hody o' me! here's the remainder of even pound since yesterday was seven-night.

Distanted soldiers. Shajor, at that time.

Marral. Possessy on the ages of clothes. on the meanings of shifts: devices, and

'T is your right Trinidado: 6 did you never take any, master Stephen?
Step. No, truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it

now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me upon my relation, for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows. where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen [46] more of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the apace of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only; therefore it cannot be but 't is most divine. Further, take it in the ma- of ture, in the true kind; so, it makes an antidote, that, had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much case as I speak. And for so your green wound, — your Balandum and your St. John's wort, are all mere gulleries and trash to it, especially your Trinidado: your Nicotian is good too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, so raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quacksalver. Only thus much; by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and pre- [tag.] space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume in Europe, to be the most sovereign and pre- (to cious weed that ever the earth tend'red to the use of man.

Know. This speech would ha' done de-

cently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

[Re-enter CASH with COB.]

Cash. At justice Clement's he is, in the [100 middle of Coleman-street.

middle of Coteman-screet.

Cob. Oh. oh!

Bob. Where's the match I gave theo, master
Kitely's man?

C'ush. Would his match and he, and pipe and all,
were at Sancto Domingo.' I had forgot it. Exit.!

Cob. By God's me, I marke what pleasure or

felicity they have in taking this roguish to-bacco. It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers. There were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight; one of them they say, will ne'er scape it; he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By the stocks, an there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobucco pipe. Why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it 's little better than ratsbane or rosaker." ... BOBADILL brats him with a cudgel.

All. Oh, good captain, hold, hold! Bob. You base cullion, you!

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Sir, here 's your match. - Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou 'rt well enough serv'd.

⁵ Tobacco from Trinidad was much prized. ⁶ Herb.
⁷ Tobacco named from M. Nicot, French ambassador to Portugal in 1359. It is usually a generic name, and the specific use here may be an intentional mistake.
⁸ Common poisons.

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you. Well, it shall be a dear beating, an I live

Bob. Do you prate, do you murmur?

E. Know. Nay, good captain, will you regard
the humour of a fool? Away, knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away

[Erit CABB with Cob.]

Bob. A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Caesar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabb'd him to the earth.
Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir!

W'd. Marry, the law forbid, sir!

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

Step. Oh, he swears most admirably! By
Pharaoh's foot! Body o' Caesar!—I shall [100
never do it, sure. Upon mine honour, and by St.
George!—No. I have not the right grace.

Mot. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air,
the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk. I us

Step. None, I thank you, sir. O, this gentleman does it rarely too: but nothing like the

man does it rarely too: but nothing like the other. By this sir! As I am a gentleman! By—
[Exeunt Bon. and Mat.]
Brai. Master, glance, glance! master Wellbred! Stephen is practizing to the post. 100

Step. As I have somewhat to be saved, I pro-

test. Wel. You are a fool; it needs no affidavit.

E. Know. Cousin, will you any tobacco?

Step. I, sir! Upon my reputation—

E. Know. How now, cousin!

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no

Step. I have soldier, indeed — Wel. No, master Stephen! As I remember, your name is ent'red in the artillery-garden. **
Step. Ay, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear "as I am a soldier" by that?

E. Know. O yes, that you may; it is all you

bave for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, it is "divine tobacco!"

Wel. Butsoft, where 'amaster Mathew? Gone?

Brat. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. O let 's follow them. Master Mathew is

gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall ha' the happiness to hear some of his poetry |100 now; he never comes unfurnish'd.—Brainworm!

Step. Brainworm! Where? Is this Brain-

E. Know. Ay, cousin; no words of it, upon

your gentility.

Step Not I, body o' me! By this air! St.
George! and the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply

drawn out with oaths.

E. Know. 'T is larded with 'em; a kind of [Ereunt.] French dressing, if you love it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.3

[Enter] KITELY, COB.

Kit. Ha! how many are there, sayest thou? Marry, sir, your brother, master Well-

Smoked.

A room in Justice Clement's house in Coleman St.

Kit. Tut, beside him: what strangers are

there, man? Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; mass. I know not well, there are so many.

Kit. How! so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.

Kit. [Aside.] A swarm, a swarm! Spite of the devil, how they sting my head With forked stings, thus wide and large! — But. Cob, How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. No, air.

[Aside.] Nay, then I am familiar with thy huste. Bane to my fortunes! what meant I to marry?

. that before was rankt in such content, My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine own free thoughts, w
And now become a slave? What! never aigh,
Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a cuckold:
"T is done, 't is done! Nay, when such flowing-

Plenty itself, falls in [to] my wife's lap,

The cornucopiae will be mine, I know .-But, Cob,

What entertainment had they? I am sure My sister and my wife would bid them wel-

Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word

Cob. Director of it.

Kit. No; —

Ride.) Their lips were seal'd with kisses, and side. Aside.

Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival. Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,
Had lost her motion, state, and faculty.—
Cob, which of them was 't that first kist my wife,
My sister. I should say? My wife, alas!
I fear not her; ha! who was it say'st thou?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the
truth of it?

Kit. Oh, ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily. Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than your worship's company, if I saw any body to be kist, unless they would be have kist the post I in the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them all at their tobacco.

with a pax!

Kit. How! were they not gone in then ere thou cam'st!

Coh. O no, sir.
Kii. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here then? Cob, follow me.

Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit; I cannot go yet, sir. Now am I for some five and fifty reasons, hammering, hammering revenge: oh for three or four gallom of vinegar, to sharpen my wita! Revenge, vinegar revenge, vinegar and mustard revenge! Nay, an he had not lieu in my house, 't would never havegriev'd me; but being my guest, one that. '* I'll be sworn, my wife has lent him her smock

2 To kiss the post was a phrase meaning to be shut

· Business to attend to.

off her hack, while his own shirt has been at washing; pawn'd her neckerchers for clean bands for him; sold almost all my platters, to buy him tobacco; and he to turn monster of foringratitude, and strike his lawful host! Well, I hope to raise up an host of fury for 't: here

SCENE VIL

COB. [Enter] JUSTICE CLEMENT, KNOWELL, FORMAL.

Cirm. What's master Kitely gone, Roger?

Clem. What 's master Kitely gone, Roger?
Form. Ay, sir.
Clem. 'Heart o' me! what made him leave
as so abruptly? — How now, sirrah! what make
you here? What would you have, ha?
Cob. An't please your worship, I am a poor
neighbour of your worship's —
Clem. A poor neighbour of mine! Why,
apeak, poor neighbour.
Cob. I dwell, sir, at the sign of the Waterin tankard, hard by the Green Lattice: 'I have
paid seet and lot a there any time this eighteen

Clem. To the Green Lattice?
Coo. No. str. to the parish. Marry. I have [16 seldom scapt scot-free at the Lattice.

Clem. O, well; what business has my poor coughbour with me?

Cob. An't like your worship, I am come to crave the peace of your worship.

So Clem. Of me, knave! Peace of me, knave! Did I ever hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong

Cob. No, sir; but your worship's warrant for one that has wrong'd me, sir. His arms are at is too much liberty, I would fain have them bound. to a treaty of peace, an my credit could com-

pase it with your worship.

Clem. Thou goest far enough about for 't, l

Know. Why, does thou go in danger of thy life

for him, friend?

Cob No, sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means; an I die within a taske-meath and a day, I may swear by the law of the land that he kill'd the.

C'em. How, how, knave, awearhe kill'd thee, and by the law? What pretence, what colour, hast thou for that?

C.b. Marry, an't please your worship, both that k and blue; colour enough, I warrant you, to

I have it here to shew your worship.

I have it here to shew your worship.

(Nows his bruises.)

Clem. What is he that gave you this, sirrah?

Cob. A gentleman and a soldier, he says he
is, of the city here.

Clem. A soldiero' the city! What call you him?

Clem. A soldiero' the city! What call you him?

Clem. Bobadill! and why did he bob and beat
you, sirrah? How began the quarrel betwint
you, ha? Speak truly, knave, I advise you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't please your worship,

Desenue. 2 A tavorn. 2 Rates and tasse.

The same, 2 A tavorn. 2 Rates an The tegal limit of time in defining murder. 2 Rates and taxes.

only because I spake against their vagrant to-bacco, as I came by 'em when they were tak-ing on 't; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha! you speak against tobacco? For-

mal, his name.

Form. What's your name, sirrah?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the jail, Formal.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, justice Clement, says you shall go to the jail.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for God's sake, dear muster justice!

Clem. God's precious! an such drunkards and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done. Away with him!

Cob. O. good master justice! - Sweet old gentleman! To Know ELL.]

Know. "Sweet Oliver," would I could do to thee any good! - Justice Clement, let me in-

treat you, sir.

Clem. What I a thread-bare rascal, a beggur, a slave that never drunk out of better than pisspot metal in his life! and he to depraye and in abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers!—Roger, away with him? By God's pre-

cious — I say, go to.

Cob. Dear master justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserv'd it: but not the prison,

again, I have deserted in the sessent you.

Know. Alas, poor Oliver!

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant:—he shall not go, I but fear? the knave.

Form. Do not stink, sweet Oliver, you shall not go; my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the Lord maintain his worship, his

worthy worship!

Clem. Away, dispatch him,

Ereunt Formal and Cob.

— How now, master Knowell, in dumps, in dumps! Come, this becomes not.

Know. Sir, would I could not feel my cares.

Clem. Your cares are nothing: they are is like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What! your son is old enough to govern himself; let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, low then you had reason; you had reason to take care; but, being none of these, nirth's my witness, and I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it: I muse's your parcel of a low soldier returns not all this while.

Exeunt.

ACT IV

SCENE I.9

[Enter] DOWNHIGHT and DAME KITHLY.

Dow. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Wonder.

7 Frighten. · Powter. A room in Kitely's house.

Dame K. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it, you see my brother brings 'em in here; they are his friends.

Dow. His friends! his fiends. 'Shad' they do nothing but haunt him up and down like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play [10 the devil with some of 'em; an 't were not more for your husband's sake than anything else, I 'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em; they should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 't is nobody's fault but yours; for an you had le done as you might have done, they should have been parboil'd, and bak'd too, every mother's son, ere they should ha' come in, e'er a one of

Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? What a strange man is this? Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put my-self against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'st body in the [world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or PERSON.

SCENE II.1

DOWNBIGHT, DAME KITELY. [Enter] MISTRESS
BRIDGET, MASTER MATHEW, and BOBADILL;
[followed, at a distance, by] WELLBRED, E.
KNOWELL, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM.

Brid. Servant,2 in troth you are too prodigal Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress, and I mean as

well.

Dow. Hoy-day, here is stuff!
Wel. O, now stand close; a pray Heaven, she can get him to read! He should do it of his own

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy—

Dow. To mock an ape withal! 4 O, I could [u

bow. To mack a spe with at 1 o, I could peew up his mouth, now.

Dame K. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

Dow. Are you rhyme-given too?

Mat. Mistress, I'll read it, if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Dow. O, here's no foppery! Death! I can en-

dure the stocks better. Erit. E. Know. What ails thy brother? Can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad?

Wel. O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bag-pipe; but mark; you lose the

protestation Mat. Faith, I did it in a humour ; I know not how it is ; but please you come near, sir. This |25 gentleman has judgment, he knows how to con-sure of a — pray you, sir, you can judge?

Step. Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by

Wel. O, chide your cousin for swearing. So E. Know. Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

> 1 LOVET ³ Anide. . To gull a fool with. Proverbial.

Bob. Master Mathew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair uster.
Fie! while you live, avoid this prolisity.

Mut. I shall, sir, well; incipere dulce.

E. Know. How, insipere dulce! "a sweet thing to be a fool," indeed!

Wel. What, do you take incipere in that

Wel.

E. Know. You do not, you! This was your villainy, to gull him with a mot.

Wel. O, the benchers' phrase: pauca verba.

pauca verba!

Mat. [Reads.] Rare creature, let me speak without offence,
Would God my rude words had the influence

To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,

To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine. Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine. E. Know. This is "Hero and Leunder."
Wel. O, ay: peace, we shall have more of thin. Mat. Be not unkind and fair: misshapen stuff is of behaviour beisterous and rough.
Wel. How like you that, sir?
MASTER STEPHEN answers with shaking his head.
E. Know. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an there be any brain in it.
Mat. But observe the catastrophe, now:
And I in duty will exceed all other.
As you in beauty do excel Love's mother.
E. Know. Well, I'll have him tree of the wit-brokers, for he utters nothing but stal'n remnants. remnants.

Well O, forgive it him.

E. Know. A filehing; rogue, hang him!—
and from the dead! It 's worse than sacrilege. w

[Wellbrein, E. Knowell, and

Master Stevens come forward.
Wel. Sister, what ha' you here? Verses? Pray
you, let's see. Who made these verses? They

you, let's see. Who made these verses? They are excellent good.

Mat. O. Master Wellbred, 't is your disperition to say so, sir. They were good i'the morsing: I made them extempore this morning.

Wel. How lextempore?

Mat. Ay, would I might be hang'd else; ask Captain Bobadill; he saw me write them, at the pox on it!—the Star, yonder.

Brai. Can he find in his heart to curse the stars so?

E. Know. Faith, his are area.

E. Know. Faith, his are even with him; they curst him enough already.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

E. Know. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.

Step. Rody o' Caesar, they are admirable! the best that I ever heard, as I am a suddier!

[Re-enter DOWNBIGHT.]

Dow. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of e still. 'Heart, I think they mean to build me still. and breed here.

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here.

It is sweet to begin.
Variously explained as als-house loafers, and pus-

7 Thieving.

that crowns your beauty with such encomi-ums and devices; you may see what it is to be the mistress of a wit that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drown'd

may look through them, and see him drown'd over head and ears in the deep well of desire. Sister Kitely, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

Downe I minute the tricks of tricks of the first of tricks. The first of the first of tricks. The first of tricks of the first of first of

do you keep! Has he not given you rhytnes and verses and tricks?

Doc. O, the fiend!

Wel. Nay, you kemp of virginity, that take it in small so, come, and cherish this tame poetical fary in your servant; you'll be begg'd five bee shortly for aconecalment; go to, reward his muse. You cannot give him less than a shilling in conscience, for the book he had it out of cost him a toston at least. How now, gallants! as Master Mathew! Captain! what, all sons of silence? No spirit?

Dow. Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wass; a this is no tavern nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Tour exploits in.

Wel. How now; whose cow has calv'd?

Dow. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy,

merer look askance at me for the matter; I 'll.

tell you of it, I, sir; you and your companions mend yourselves when I ha' done.

Wel. My companions!

Daw. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say; I have not afraid of you, nor them neither; your banglyes here. You must have your poets and your potlings, 'your sold wlos and fooledos to [see follow you up and down the city; and here they must come to dominer and swarger. Sirch

follow you up and down the city; and here they must come to domineer and swagger. — Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and Slops? your fellow there, get you out, get you home; or by this steel, I'll cut off your cars, and that presently. — is W. Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do; cut off his cars! cut a whetstone. You are an asse, do you see? Touch any man here, and by this leand I'll run my rapier to the hilts in

Dow. Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

They all draw, and they of the house make out to part them. Dame K. O Jesu! murder! Thomas! Gasper! Bend. Help, help! Thomas!

To eve and evere meant to stake a sum and cover it

The result revie meant to make a sum and cover is with a tertion.

Yes offended.

The or a reference to the unauthorized holding of the derived lands, such as those which had belonged to the sussetzete. Eleasheth had appointed commissions to see a see that hillings or "conveximents," which here could read the "begged."

Topers.

I I was comredly.

* Topers.

! Lawse breeches: Bobadill.

E. Know. Gentlemen, forbeat, I pray you. 186
Bob. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes; by my hand, I will pink your flesh tull of holes with my rapier for this; I will, by this good heaven!
Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen; by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him.

Offer to fight aguen, and are parted.

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Dow. You whoreson, bragging coystril!

SCENE III.9

To them [enter] KITELY.

Kit. Why, how now! what's the matter, what's the stir here?

Whence springs the quarrel? Thomas! where in he?

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage.
My wife and sixter, they are the cause of this.
What, Thomas! where is the knave?
Cash. Here, sir.

Cash. Here, sir.
Wel. Come, let's go; this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.
Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his

ancient humour.

E. KNOWELL, BORADILL, and BRAINWORM.

Kit. Why, how now, brother, who enfore'd this brawl?

this brawl?

Dow. A sort 10 of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and (6 trash! I 'll mar the knot of 'om ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there, he that 's all monner of shapes: and Songs and Sonnets, his fellow

Brid. Brother, indeed you are too violent, Too sudden in your humour: and you know My brother Wellbred's temper will not bear Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence, Where every slight disgrace he should receive

Might wound him in opinion and respect, Dow. Respect! what talk you of respect among such as ha' nor spark of manhood nor good manners? 'Sdeins, I am asham'd to hear you! respect! [Erit.]

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil gentleman, And very worthily demean'd himself.

And very were the dement a timesett.

Kit. O, that was some love of yours, sister.

Brid. A love of mine! I would it were no worse, brother;

You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

Dame K. Indeed he seem'd to be a gentle—4

man of a very exceeding fair disposition, and of excellent good parts.

[Excust Dame Kitely and Brid-

GET.]

Kit. Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion.
Fair disposition! eredient good parts!
Death! these phrases are intolerable.
Good parts! how should she know his parts? so
His parts! Well, well, well, well, well, well;

It is too plain, too clear: Thomas, come hither. What, are they gone?

· Lackey.

1 The mue.

10 Band,

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.

My inistrees and your sister

Ku. Are any of the gullants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kit.

Art thou sure of it? Ku. What gentleman was that they prais'd, Thomas?

So, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him Master Knowell, [so

a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kit. Ay, I thought so; my mind gave me as
much.

I 'll die, but they have hid him i' the house Somewhere; I 'll go and search; go with me, Thomas:

Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.1

[Enter] Con.

Cob. [knocks at the door.] What, Tib! Tib, I

say!
Tib. [within.] How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard?

Enter TIR.

O, husband ! is it you ? What 's the news? Cob. Nay, you have etunn'd me, i faith; you by me. Cuckold! Slid, cuckold!

Tib. Away, you foo!! did I know it was you that knockt? Come, come, you may call mo

that knockt? Come, come, you may call me us had when you list.

Cob. May I? Tib, you are a whore.

Tib. You he in your throat, husband.

Cob. How, the lie! and in my throat too! do you long to be stabb'd, ha?

Tib. Why, you are no soldier, I hope,

Cob. O, must you be stabb'd by a seldier?

Mass, that's true! When was Bohndill here, your captain? that rogue, that foist,? that fencing Eurgullion? I I tackle him, i' faith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter, trow?

Cob. O, he has basted me rarely, sumptnonsly! but I have it here in black and white Pulls out

but I have it here in black and white [Pulls out the warrant], for his black and blue shall pay him. O, the justice, the honestest old brave Trojan in London; I do honour the very f very flea Trojan in London; I do honour the very boof his dog. A plague on him, though, he put me once in a villanous filthy fear; marry, it vanished away like the smoke of tobacco; but I was smokt soundly first. I thank the devil, so and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or Tib, which you will, get you in, and lock the door; I charge you let nobody in to you, wife; nobody in to you; those are my words: not Captain Bob himself, nor the fiend in his [as likaness. You are a woman, you have flesh and blood enough in you to be tempted; therefore keep the door shut upon all conters.

Tib. I warrant you, there shall nobody enter

here without my consent.

The lane before Cob's house.

Chest
Usually, found out : but here, apparently, frightaned.

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib; and

no I leave you.

Tib. It's more than you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How?
Tib. Why, sweet.
Cob. Tut, sweet or sour, thon art a flower.
Keep close thy door, I ask no more. [Execut.]

SCENE V.5

[Enter] E. KNOWELL, WELLBEED, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM, [disguised as before.]

E. Know. Well, Brainworm, perform this

business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I' faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties: but, at any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir; fear nothing; I have a nimble soul has wakt all forces of my phant'sie by this time, and put 'em in true in notion. What you have possest me withal, 'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no ques

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith. Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Know. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will

come excellent if it take.

Wel. Take, man! why it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not: but, tell me ingentiously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget as thou pretend'st?

E. Know. Friend, am I worth belief?

E. Know. Friend, am I worth belief?
Wil. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is
a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceiv'd very worthly of
her, thou should'st not have her.
E. Know. Nay, that, I am afraid, will be a
question yet, whether I shall have her, or no.
Wil. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light

thou shalt.

thou shalt.

E. Know. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand thou shalt have her; I 'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I on an honest man I 'll bring her.

E. Know. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Why, by — what shall I swear by? Thou shalt have her, as I am —

E. Know. Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no be offered occasion to make my desires consider.

offered occasion to make my desires complete Well. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not

[Excunt.]

SCENE VIJ

[Enter] FORMAL and KNOWELL

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir? Ay, a knave; I took him begging o' the way, this morning, As I came over Moorfields.

> A room in the Windmill Twern,
> Informed. The Old Jewry. 6 Informed.

[Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as before.]

O. here he is! - you've made fair speed, believe

Where, i' the name of sloth, could you be thus?

Brai. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Know. How so?

Brai. O, sir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to satch—indeed all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to Know. How should that be, unless that villain, Brainworm,

Have told him of the letter, and discover'd All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal?

From I am partly o' the faith, 't is so, indeed.
ow. But, how should he know thee to be

my mun? Brai, Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by

the black art. Is not your son a scholar, sir?
Know. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied

nto such hellish practice: if it were I had just cause to weep my part in him, And curse the time of his creation.

And curse the time of his creation.

But, where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword?

Brai. You should rather ask where they
found me, sir; for I'll be sworn, I was going
along in the street, thinking nothing, when, le
a sudden, a voice calls, "Mr. Knowell's
man!" another cries, "Soldier!" and thus
half a dozen of 'em, till they had call'd me they seem'd men, and out flew all their they seem'd men, and out flew all their ise rapiers at my bosom, with some three or four score oaths to accompany them; and all to tell me. I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which when they could not get [wout of me las, I protest, they must ha' disaected, and made an anatomy I o' me first, and so I told 'em), they lock'd me up into a room i' the op of a high house, where hy wreat miracle top of a high house, whence by great miracle having a light heart) I slid down by a [46 bottom 2 of packthread into the street, and so scapt. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lockt up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens' wives with em at a feast; and your son, [or master Edward, withdrew with one of em, and has pointed to meet her anon at one Cob's house, a water-bearer that dwells by the Wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take

Know. Nor will I fail to break his match, I

doubt not.

And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, eny'st thou?

> 3 Ball. I Skaleton.

Brai. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [Exit KNOWELL.] Yes -- invisible! Much wench, or much son! 'Slight, when he has staid there or much son! Slight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travailing with the expectation of wonders, and at length be deliver'd of air! O the sport that I should then at take to look on him, if I durst! But now, I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape: I have another trick to act yet. O that I were so happy as to light on a nupson a now of this justice's novice!—Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form, Not a whit, sir, Pray you what do you mean, sir?

mean, sir?

Bra. I was putting up some papers. Form. You ha' been lately in the wars, sir,

Brai. Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and ex-

pense of all, almost.

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a bottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it -

Brai. O. sir -Form. But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars. They say they be very strange, and not like those for man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.4

Brai. No, I assure you, air; why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know; [Aside.] — and more

too somewhat.

Form. No better time than now, sir; we'll go to the Windmill; there we shall have a cup of neat grist, be we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

Brai. I'll follow you, sir; [Aside.]—and make grist o' you, if I have good luck.

[Excunt.]

SCHNE VII.6

[Enter] MATHEW, E. KNOWELL, BOBADILL, STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir. did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to-day. Mr. Wellbred's half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Know. We were now speaking of him: is captain Bobadill tells me he is fall'n foul o' you

Mat. O, ay, sir, he threat'ned me with the

bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think, I taught you pre- [wention this morning, for that. You shall kill him beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

Mut. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick.

Finces.] Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to his your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hav! Practises at a post.

Mat. Rare, captain!

4 Where the city bands trained.

4 Slang for liquor . the product of the Windmill.

Moorfields.

Bob. Tut! 't is nothing, an 't be not done in a

E. Know. Captain, did you ever prove your-

self upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. (1) good sir! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel for know
[25] ledge in that mystery only, there came three or four of 'em to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools: and withal so much importan'd me that, [so I protest to you as I am a gentleman, I was asham'd of their rude demeanant out of all measure. Well, I told 'em that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite, in diameter, to my humour; but if [so he they would give their attendance at me be they would give their attendance at my lodging. I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Know, So, sir! then you tried their skill? Bob. Alas, soon tried: you shall hear, sir. [a Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I grac'd them exceedingly, show'd them some two or three tricks of prevention have purchas'd [a'em since a credit to admiration. They cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me; and why? Because I am excellent; and for no other

vile reason on the earth.

E. Know. This is strange and barbarous, [so

as over I heard.

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their pre-posterous natures, but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walkt alone in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, [48] Shoreditch,2 which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary: where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the [80] open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not o'ercome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, ³ raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself, [as I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder, I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarm'd, for though I be skilful, I

may be oppress'd with multitudes. 20 E. Know. Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and

the loss by it, if it were so.

Rob. Alas, no? what 's a peculiar a man to a nation? Not seen.

E. Know. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but | 100 were I known to her majesty and the lords, observe me, - I would undertake, upon this

> | Moment. . All low districts.

Ant. Individual.

poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general; but to save the one half, as nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you? .

E. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I con-

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select fineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a churacter that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your sloccata, your introceato, your passada, your montanto; still they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as my-self. This done, say the enemy were forty then-sand strong, we twenty would come into the los field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; could not in their honour refuse us; well, would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that 's twenty score; twenty score, that is two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand, forty times five, five times forty, two hundred pudays kills them all up by computation. And this days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carease to perform, provided there be no treason practis'd upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; (withat is, civilly by the sword.

E. Know. Why, are you so sure of your band, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my resultation with you

putation with you.

E. Know, I would not stand in Downright's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of

any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me: if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his he mind; but I will bastinado him, by the bright

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Know. 'God's so, look where he is! youder

he goes. Down RIGHT walks over the stupe.

Dow. What prevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bab. It is not be, is it? F. Know. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hang'd, then, if that were be.

E. Know. Sir, keep your hanging good for come greater matter, for I assure you that was

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he. Bob. Had I thought it had been he. he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induc'd to believe it was he yet.

E. Know. That I think, sir.

b Italian terms of fencing.
6" Bubschill is too much of a borrower to be an accurate reckmer." (Gifford.)

[Re-enter DOWNHIGHT.]

But see, he is come again.

Dow. (), Pharaoh's foot, have I found you?
Come, draw, to your tools; draw, gipsy, or I'll

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on it till now — body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, y a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, [150 Master Mathew.

Master Mathew.

Dow. 'S death! you will not draw then?

Beats and disarms him. Mathew runs away.

Bob. Hold, hold! under thy favour forbear!

Dow. Prate again, as you like this, you [iso horeson foist? you! You'll "control? the point," you! Your consort is gone; had he staid be had shar'd with you, sir.

But Will gouthernen bear witness.

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Know. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, bever recken it other: but, say you were bound

to the peace, the law allows you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself, that 'll prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir; I desire good contraction in fair sort. I never sustain'd the like disgrace, by heaven! Sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to

touch my weapon.

E. Know. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet; [12] to many that have been beaten under a planet; [12] to many that have been beaten under a planet; [13] to many that have been beaten under a your monitoror get you to a surgeon. 'Slid! an these be your tricks, your passadas, and your montantes, I'll none of them. [Erit BORADILL.] (), maneral that this age should bring forth such [so creatures! that nature should be at leisure to

Make them! Come, coz.

Step. Mass, I'll ha' this cloak.

E. Know. 'Od's will, 't is Downright's.

Step. Nay, it 's mine now, another might have taken up as well as I: I'll wear it, so I will. (a)

E. Know. How an he see it? He 'll chal-

lenge it, assure yourself.

Sep. Ay, but he shall not ha' it; I'll say I bought it. E. Know. Take heed you buy it not too dear, [Excunt.]

SCENE VIII.4

[Enter] KITELY, WPLLBRED, DAME KITELY, and BRIDGET.

Kal. Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,

incense his anger, and disturb the peace H rus poor house, where there are sentinels That every minute watch to give alarms M civil war, without adjection 5

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you. Since there is no hurm done, anger costs a man nothing; and a tall man is never his own man till he be angry. To keep his valour in ob- [16

Pold. ! Chest. A room in Kitely's house.

Beat down.

scurity, is to keep himself as it were in a cloak-bag. What's a musician, unless he play? What's a tall man unless he fight? For, indeed, all this my wise brother stands upon absolutely; and that made me fall in with him so resolutely; and that made me fall in with him so resolutely. One of it, brother!

Wel. Might, sister? So might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poison d, for any thing he knows or the wholesome wine he is

thing he knows . or the wholesome wine he le drank, even now at the table.

Kit. [Aside.] Now, God forbid! Ome! now
I remember

My wife drank to me last, and chang'd the cup, And bade me wear this cursed suit to-day see, if Heaven suffer murder undiscover'd! - 2 See, it reason unter induce in the first of the free menthridate. Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me; O, I am sick at heart, I burn, I burn. If you will save my life, go fetch it me.

Wet. O strange humour! my.very breath [19]

has poison'd him.

Brid. Good brother, be content, what do you mean? The strength of these extreme conceitar will kill

The strength of these extreme concerts' will kill you.

Dame K. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Wellbred, now,
For putting such a toy into his head?

Med. Is a fit simile a toy? Will he be poison'd with a simile? Brother Kitely, what a strange and idle imagination is this! For shame, be wiser. O' my soul, there is no such matter.

Kit. Am I not sick? How am I then not poison'd?

Am I not poison'd? How am I then so sick?

Am I not poison'd? How am I then so sick?

Dame K. If you he sick, your own thoughts
make you sick. Wel. His jealousy is the poison he has taken. Enter BRAINWORM, disquised like justice Clement's man.

Brai. Master Kitely, my master, justice in Clement, salutes you; and desires to speak with

you with all possible speed.

Kit. No time but now, when I think I am sick, very sick! Well. I will wait upon his worship. Thomas! Cob! I must seek them out, and set 'em sentinels till I return, Thomas! Cob! set [Feb.]

'em sentinels till I return, Thomas: Con. Berti.
Thomas!
Wei. This is perfectly rare, Brainworm:
[Takes him aside.] but how got at thou this apparel of the justice's man?
Brai. Marry, sir, my proper fine pen-man would needs bestow the grist o' me, at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse; where I so marshall'd him, that I made him drunk with admiration: and, because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript be him stack naked as he lay along asleep, and him stack naked as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown hill to watch him till my return; which shall be, when I ha' pawn'd his apparel, and is appart the better part o' the money, perhaps. Wel. Well, thou art a successful merry knave,

" Used as a general antidoto. 1 Fancies.

Brainworm: his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my [resister Bridget at the Tower' instantly, for here, tell him, the house is so wtor'd with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say; and than the Tower, I [n know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away! [Erit BRAINWORM.]

[Re-enter KITELY, talking aside to CABH.]

Kit. Come hither, Thomas. Now my secret's

And thou shalt have it: lay to both thine ears. Hark what I say to thee. I must go forth, Thomas:

Be exreful of thy promise, keep good watch, Note every gallant, and observe him well, That enters to my absence to thy mistress:
If she would shew him rooms, the jest is stale,
Follow 'em, Thomas, or else hang on him, And let him not go after; mark their looks; Note if she offer but to see his band, Or any other amorous toy about him; Or any other amorous toy about him;
But praise his leg, or foot: or if she say
The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand,
How hot it is; O, that's a monstrous thing!
Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their sighs,
And if they do but whisper, break'em off:
I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this?
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?
Cook has a say the say of the s

Cash.

As truth's self, sir. os
Kut. Why, I believe theo. Where is ('ob,
now? Coh!

Dame K. He's ever calling for Cob: I won-

der how he employs Cob so.

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob. is a necessary question for you that are leed his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in; but this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry, to what end? I cannot altogether accuse him; imagine [10] you what you think convenient; but I have known fair hideshave foul hearts ere now, sister.

Dame K. Never said you truer than that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning.

Thomas, fetch your closk and go with me. [no | Exit Cash.]

I'll after him presently: I would to fortune I could take him there, i'faith. I'd return him

Wel. So, let'em go; this may make sport anon.
Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but [0.4] how happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful

Brid. That touches not me, brother.
W.l. That 's true; that 's even the fault of
it; for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no [120] stead, unless it procure her touching. - But, sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your beauties; and I am sure they will abide the touch; an they do not, a plague of all cer-

1 "As the Tower was extra-parochial, it probably af-forded some facility to private marriages." (Officed.)

use,2 say I! and it touches me too in part | sathbough not in the — Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected toward you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engag'd my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Knowell is the man, sister: there is no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such an los occasion is a great trespase in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul he loves you; will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durat not be meet a man: but this motion of yours saveled an old knight adventurer's servant a little too.

meet a man; but this motion of yours average of an old knight adventurer's servant a little too much, methinks.

Wel. What's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the squire.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see, who is return'd to history.

hinder us !

[Re-enter KITELY.]

Kit. What villany is this? Call'd out on a false message

This was some plot; I was not sent for. - Bridget,

Where is your eister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kit. How! is my wife gone forth? Whither,

for God'asake?

Brid. She 's gone abroad with Thomas, Kit. Abroad with Thomas! oh, that villain dors * me:

He hath discover'd all unto my wife.
Beast that I was, to trust him! Whither, I

Went she?

I know not, sir.
I'll tell you, brother, Brid.

Whither I suspect she's gone.

Kit. Whither, good brother?

Wel. To Cob's house, I believe : but, keep

my counsel.

Kit. I will, I will: to Cob's house! Doth she haunt Cob's?

She 's gone a' purpose now to cuckold me With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour.

Hath told her all.

Wel.

Come, he is core more gone.

Sister, let 's lose no time; th' affair is worth it [Ereunt.]

SCENE IX.5

[Enter] MATHEW and BOBADILL.

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will my of my going away, ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say, but as of a discreet gentleman; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair linearments? and that 's all.

Mat. Why so I but what can they say of your bearing?

2 White lead, used as a cosmetic.

4 Fanle.

* Used in the sense of pander.

. A ofreet

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery us'd, laid on strongly, borne most patiently; and that 's all.

Mat. Ay, but would any man have offered it in Venice, as you say?

Bob. Tut! I assure you, no: you shall have there your nobilis, your genticeza, come in bravely upon your reverse, stand you close, (setand you firm, stand you fair, save your retricute with his left leg, come to the assallo with the right, thrust with brave steel, defy your base wood! But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter; fascinated, but I will be unwitch'd and revenged by law, as but I will be unwitch'd and reveng'd by law. u Mat. Do you hear? Is it not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested and brought

before justice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiss? Would we had it! a Enter BRAINWORM disguised as FORMAL.]

Mat. Why, here comes his man; let's speak

to him. Agreed, do you speak.

Mar. Save you, sir. Brai. With all my heart, sir.

Mar. Save you.

Brai. With all my heart, sir.

Mot. Sir, there is one Downright hath abus'd
this gentleman and myself, and we determine
to make our amends by law. Now, if you would
do us the favour to procure a warrant to [a
braing him afore your master, you shall be well
considered. I assure you, sir.

Brain Sir, you know my service is my living;

Brus. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore you must [w

one only presented, and therefore you must [we consider meas I may make benefit of my place.

Mut. flow is that, sir?

Brai. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account; yet, be he what he will, if you will lay me always a barren of angula in my head you shall for lown a brace of angels in my hand you shall ["

Mat. How shall we do, captain? He sake a brace of angels; you have no money?

Bob. Not a cross? by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two- so row of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radius; let's find him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn! we have none to the value of his

Mut. O, yes; I'll pawn this jewel in my [ssex; and you may pawn your silk stockings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er be mist: it

pull up your boots, they will ne'er be mist: it must be done now.

Hob. Well, an there be no remedy, I'll step side and pull 'em off. [Withdraws.] on Mat. Do you hear, sir? We have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawers, look you, sir, this jewel, and that gentleman's silk stockings; because we would have it departed dere we went to our chambers. Sheet. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently. What 's his name, say you? Doe oright?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright,

The only preferment be gives me.

Forthwith. s Penny.

Brai. What manner of man is he?
Mat. A tall big man, sir; he goes in a cloak
most commonly of ailk-russet, laid about with

Brai. "T is very good, sir.

Brai. "T is very good, sir.

Mat. Here, sir, here 's my jewel.

Bob. [returning.] And here are stockings.

Brai. Well, gentlemen, I 'll procure you this warrant presently; but who will you have to some it's

merve it? That 's true, captain: that must be |-Mat.

consider'd. Bob. Body o' me, I know not; 't is service of

danger.

Brai. Why, you were best get one o' the variets o' the city, a serjeant: I 'll appoint you

variets o' the city, 'a serjeant: I mappount you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? Why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[Exeunt Bob. and Mar.]

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go and pown this cloak of the justice's man's at the brok- [or now world the noil and he the variet myelt; er's for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Downright, for the arrest.

SCENE X.5 [Enter] KNOWELL.

Know. Oh, here it is; I am glad I have found it now;

Ho! who is within here?

Tib. [within.] I am within, sir? What 's your pleasure?

Know. To know who is within hesides yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable. I hope?

Know. O, fear you the constable? Then I doubt not

You have some guests within deserve that fear. 'll fetch him straight.

Enter Tin.

Know. Go to; come tell me, is not young

Knowell here?

Young Knowell! I know none such, sir,
o' mine honesty.

ow. Your honesty, dame! It flies too lightly from you. Know.

There is no way but fotch the constable.

Tib. The constable! the man is mad, I think.

[Exit, and claps to the door.]

[Enter DAME KITELY and CASE.]

Cash. Ho! who keeps house here? Know. O, this is the female copesmate of my

Now shall I meet him straight. Dame K. Cash. Ho, goodwife! Knock, Thomas, hard.

[Re-enter TIB.]

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame K. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope
your door?

Railiff 6 Companion. 5 The lane before Cob's house.

Belike you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray ye? 10

Dame K. So strange you make it! Is not my
husband here?

Instand here:

Roow. Her husband!

Dame K. My tried husband, master Kitely?

Tib. 1 hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame K. No, dame, he does it not for need, but pleasure.

Tib. Neither for need nor pleasure is he here.

Know. This is but a device to balk me withal: Enter KITELY, muffled in his cloak.)

Soft, who is this? 'T is not my son disguis'd? Dame K. (spies her husband come, and runs to him.) U.sir, have I forestall'd your honest market?

Found your close walks? You stand amaz'd now, do you?
I'faith, I am glad I have smokt 2 you yet at last. What is your jewel, trow? In, come, let 's see her; Fetch forth your huswife, dame; if she be fairer,

In any honest judgment, than myself, I'll be content with it : but she is change,

She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite, so And you are well! Your wife, an honest woman, Is meat twice sod a to you, sir! O, you treach-our!

Know. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably. Kit. Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence

Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken

Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion, This hoary-headed letcher, this old goat,

Close at your villainy, and would'st thou 'souse it With this stale harlot's jest, necusing me? O, old incontinent (to KNOWELL), dost thou not

shame, When all thy powers in chastity is spent,

To have a mind so hot, and to entice,

And feed th' enticements of a lustful woman?

Dame K. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling

Dame K. Out, 1 defy thee, 1, dissembling wretch!

Kit. Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pander bere,

Can he deny it; or that wicked elder?

Know. Why, hear you, sir.

Kit.

Tut, tut, tut; never speak:

Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.

Know. What lunacy is this, that hunts this man?

Kit. Well, good wife BA'D, Cob's wife, and you.

That make your husband such a hoddy-doddy; And you, young apple-squire, and old cuckoldmaker;

I ll ha' you every one before a justice: Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go. Know. Marry, with all my heart, sir, I go

willingly;

Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,

1 Secret. 1 Found. 2 Boiled. 6 Traitor.
6 F, has in margin By Thomas, i. c. referring to Cash.
6 Apparently a poor pun on bad and band. 1 Dups.

To punish my impertinent search, and justly, And half forgive my son for the device.

Kit. Come, will you go?

Dome K. Gol to thy shame believe it.

[Enter Con.]

Cob. Why, what 's the matter here, what 's here to do?

Kit. O. Cob, art thou come? I have been abus'd.
And i' thy house; was never man so wrong'd?
Cob. 'Slid, in my house, my master Kitely!
Who wrongs you in my house?

Kit. Marry, young lust in old, and old in young here:

Thy wife 's their bawd, here have I taken 'em.
Cob. How, bawd! is my house come to that?
Am I preferr'd thither? Did I not charge you to keep your doors shut, I-bel? and do you let 'em lie open for all comers?

He falls upon his wife and beats her. Know. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife.

This 's madness in thee.

Cob.

Why, is there no cause?

Kit. Yes, I'll shew cause before the justice, Cob:

Come, let her go with me.

Nay, she shall go, Cob.

Tib. Nay, I will go. I'll see au you may [who allow'd to make a bundle o' hemp' o' your right and lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldy knave's pleasure. Why do you not gu?

Kit. A bitter quean! Come, we will ha' you tam'd.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE XI.9

[Enter] BRAINWORM, [disquised as a City Sorjeunt.

Brai. Well, of all my disguises vet, now am most like myself, being in this ser jeant's gown. I most like myself, being in this serjeant agove, A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till be hys hold upon a debter and says he 'rests him; for then he brings him to all temanner of unrest. A kind of httle kings ware, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray Hea- [" ven I come well off!

[Enter MATHEW and BOBADILE.]

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the vurlet, by his

gown.

Bob. Let's go in quest of him.

Mat. 'Save you, friend! Are not you here by appointment of justice Clement's man?

Brai. Yes, an 't please you, sir, he told me two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master, which I have about me, to be serv'd on one Downright Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and [»

see where the party comes you must arrest, serve it upon him quickly, afore he be aware.

Bob. Bear back, muster Mathew.

· Homp is prepared by beating.

· A street.

| Enter STEPHEN in DOWNELOHT's cloak. |

Brui, Master Downright, I arrest you i' the ucen's name, and must carry you afore a [14

puece's name, and must carry you afore a [as justice by virtue of this warrant.

Nep. Me, friend! I am no Downright, I; I am master Stephen. You do not well to arrest me, I tell you, truly; I am in nobody's bonds nor backs, I would you should know it. A plague [so on you heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time!

Bros. Why, now are you deceived, gentlemen?

Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that decived us, but see, here'a comes indeed; this [as the officer.

is he, officer.

[Enter DOWNRIGHT.]

Dose. Why how now, signior gull! Are you tarn'd fileher of late! Come, deliver my cloak. open market,

Brut. Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procur'd by these two

Dow. These gentlemen! These rascals!

Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name.

Brai. Tobey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brai. To before master justice (Tement, to answer what they can object against you, sir. I will now you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the justice candam.

Dose. Gull, you'll gi'me my cloak.

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Dow. You will?

Dow. You will?

Step. Av. that I will.

Dow. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I secra it. There, take your clock, I il mone on t.

Don. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now sir. Officer, I il go with thee to the justice's bring him along.

now sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's, bring him along.

Sup. Why, is not here your cloak? What would you have?

Due, I'll ha' you answer it, sir.

Broi. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gettleman's too, for his appearance.

Any I'll he' no rooted then, being him along.

How. I'll ha' no words taken: bring himalong. Bent. Sir, I may choose to do that, I may [n

take hail, Doc. "I'is true, you may take bail, and choose at mother time; but you shall not now, variet.
Brag him along, or I'll swinge you.
Brag. Sir. I pity the gentleman's case; here's

four money again.

Is a Meins, tell not me of my money;

tring him away, I say. Basi. I warrant you he will go with you of himself, sir.

Dow. Yet more ado?

Propare.

Brai. [Aside.] I have made a fair mash on 't. Step. Must I go?

Brai. I know no remedy, master Stephen. Stephen. Thom. Come along afore me here; I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it: can he, fellow?

Brai. I think not, sir; it is but a whipping matter, sure.

Step. Why then let him do his worst, I am

resolute.

ACT V

SCENE I. 2

[Enter] CLEMENT, KNOWELL, KITCLY, DAMS, KITCLY, TIB, CABH, COB, Servants.

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, sirrah. — You, master Knowell, say you went thither to meet your son?

Know. Ay, sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Know. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Know. Nay, I know not now; I left him with
your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for

Clem. My clerk ! about what time was this? Know, Marry, between one and two, as I take

Clem. And what time came my man with the

Kit. After two, sir.
Clem. Very good: but, mistress Kitely, how
chance that you were at Cob's, ha?
Dame K. An't please you, sir, I'll tell you:
my brother Wellbred told me that Cob's house was a suspected place -

Clem. So it appears, methinks: but on.

Dome K. And that my busband us'd thither.

duity.

Clem. No matter, so he us'd himself well,

Dame K. True, sir: but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain.
mistress Kitely: but did you find your husband there, in that case as you suspected?

Kit, I found her there, sir.
Clem. Did you so? That alters the case. Who

gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kit. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred. w
Clem. How. Wellbred first tell her; then tell
you after! Where is Wellbred?

Kit. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not

Clem. Why this is a mere trick, a device; you are gull'd in this most grossly all. Alas, poor wench! wert thon beaten for this?

Tih. Yes, most pitifully, an't please you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope, if it shall prove

Clem. Ay, that's like, and a piece of a sentence. -

⁴ Coleman St A hall in Justice Clement's house.

[Enter a Servant.]

How now, sir! what's the matter?

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, desires to speak with your worship. so Clem. A gentleman! what is he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! Take down my armour, my sword quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when, knaves! Come on, come on. (Arms him- [oself]); hold my cap there, so ; give me my gorget, my sword: stand by. I will end your matters anon. — Let the soldier enter, [Exit Servant.]

SCENE II. 2

[CLEMENT, KNOWELL, etc. Enter] BOBADILL, [followed by] MATHEW.

Now, sir, what ha' you to say to me? 3

Bob. By your worship's favour

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. — You send me word, sir, you are a soldier; why, sir, you shall be answer d here: a bere be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir,

your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and
myself have been most uncivilly wrong d and
beaten by one Ibownright, a coarse fellow he
about the town here; and for mine own part. I rotest, being a man in no sort given to this protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoil'd me of mine honour, disarm'd me of my weapons, he and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offer'd to resist him.

Clem. O, tiod's precious! is this the soldier?

Here, take my armour off quickly, 't will make him swoon. I fear; he is not fit to look on't, he that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

to the peace.

Clem. Why, an he were, sir, his hands were sot bound, were they?

[Re-enter Servant.]

Serv. There's one of the variets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant! Serv. Yes, sir; the officer says, procur'd by

these two.

Clem. Bid him come in. [Exit Servant.] Set by this picture.4

SCENE III.6

[CLEMENT, BOBADILL, etc. Enter] DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM [disguised as before.

What, Master Downright! Are you brought in at Mr. Freshwater's 'suit here?' Dow. I' faith, sir, and here 's another brought

at my suit.

2 The same.

Armor for the throat.
In F, at end of Sc. I.
The same. · Mere picture of a soldier.

4 A freshwater soldier was one who had never crossed the sea, t. c. had seen no service, In F, at end of Sc. 2.

Clem. What are you, air?
Step. A gentleman, sir. O, uncle?
Clem. Uncle? Who? Master Knowell?
Know. Ay, sir; this is a wise kinsman of

Step. God 's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if did not find it in the street by chance.

Daw. O, did you find it now? You said you bought it ere-while.

Step. And you said, I stole it. Nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe awhile. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth. Ital you my warrant for this gentleman's appre |= hension?

Bob. Ay, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so.

Where had you it?

Where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That 's well! an my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at 'em! Where is the warrant—officer, have you it?

Brai. No, sir. Your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice, to be serv'd and never see the warrant?

rant?

Daw, Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem, No! how then?

Dow. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly. and so -

master justice!

Clem. I must do it, there is no remedy; I must cut off your legs, sirrah, I must cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it: I must [eut off your nose, I must ent off your head.

Brai. O. good your worship!
Clem. Well, rise; how dost thou do now?
Dost thou feel thyself well? Hast thou ne harm?

Brai. No. I thank your good worship, cir.

Clem. Why so! I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head; but I did not do it; so you warrant, but you did not serve him. You knave. you slave, you rogue, do you say you mad, sirrah! Away with him to the jail; I'll teach you a trick for your must, sir.

Brai. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to [=

me. Clem. Tell him he shall to the jail; away with

him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it

shall be for committing more than this: I will to not lose by my travail any grain of my fame, certain. [Throws off his serjeant's gown.] Clem. How is this?

Know. My man Brainworm!
Step. O, yes, uncle: Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day.

with my cousin Edward and I all this day. To Clem. I told you all there was some device.

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance. The clem. Body o' me, a merry knavel give me a bowl of suck. If he helong to you, Master Knowell. I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That is it I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the issuest of my exploits.

Brain. Sir, you know I love not to have my

Know. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your

favours come hard from me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Boni. Yee, faith, I have, sir, though you retain'd me doubly this morning for yourself; first, as Brannworm; after, as Fitz-sword. I was your reform'd soldier, sir. 'T was I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Know. Is it possible? or that thou should'st impairs the language so as I should not know

discusse thy language so as I should not know

Brazi. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not that shape alone product I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, master Kitely, a message too, in the form of master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship, while master Wellbred might make a convey- possible of mistress Bridget to my young master.

Kit Histress Bridget to my young master.

Kit. How ! my sister stol'n away

Know. My son is not married, I hope.

Bras. Faith, sir. they are both as sure as love,
a presst, and three thousand pound, which [no

a priest, and three thousand pound, which [no her portion, can make 'em; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding-supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent 'em, and invite' em home.

C.e.m. Marry, that will I; I thank thee for [napeting me in mind on 't. Sirrah, go you and leach them hither upon my warrant. [Exit Servant.] Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. Here, I thusk to thee for thy good news. But I pray instance, what heat thou done with my man, Formal?

Brait Paith wis cale

Brai. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, a making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, 'but all in kindness,' and strip- [128] mag him to his shirt, I left him in that cool will departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawn'd his livery for that variet's pean, to serve it in; and thus have brought all by my activity to your worship's considestion.

Clem. And I will consider thee in another one of sack. Here's to thee, which having drunk off this my sentence: Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my insigndement, but deserves to be pardon'd for the

wit of the offence. If thy master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him, for 't. How now, what noise is that?

[Enter Servant.]

Serv. Sir. it is Roger is come home. Clem. Bring him in, bring him in.

SCENE IV. 1

To them [enter] FORMAL [in a suit of armour.]

What! drunk? In arms against me? Your

reason, your reason for this?

Form. I be seech your worship to pardon me; I happen'd into ill company by chauce, that cast me into a sleep, and stript me of all my [. clothes.

Clem. Well, tell him I am Justice Clement,

and do pardon him: but what is this to your armour? What may that signify?

Form. An't please you, sir, it hung up i' to the room where I was stript; and I borrow'd it of one of the drawers to come home in, because I was loth to do penance through the street i' my shirt.

Clem. Well, stand by a while.

SCENE V.2

To them [enter] E. KNOWELL, WELLBEED, and

Who be these? O, the young company; welcome, welcome! Gi' you joy. Nay, mistress Bridget, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master bridegroom, I ha' made your peace, [s give me your hand: so will I for all the rest ere you forsake my roof. S

E. Know. We are the more bound to your humanity, siz.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in 'em, they are no part of my care.

Wel. Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman, he belongs to my sister the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Wel. Of her delight, sir, below the stairs, [as

and in public: her poet, sir, perlow the stairs, is and in public: her poet, sir.

Clem. A poet! I will challenge him myself presently at extensione,

Mount up thy Phispon, ⁸ Muse, and testify

How Saturn, satting in an chan cloud,

Disrobed his pudex, white as ivery,

And through the welken thand red all aloud. Wel. He is not for extempore, sir: he is all for

the pocket muse; please you command a sight

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein. [They search MAIREN'S pockets.]
W'el. You must not deny the queen's justice, sir, under a writ o' rebellion.
Clem. What! all this verse? Body o' me, he

Walters.
In F, at end of Sc. 4.

The same.

In F, at end of Sc. 3.

One of the horses of the Sun's chariot.

carries a whole realm, a commonwealth of paper in his hose. Let us see some of his subjects. | Keads.]

Unto the boundless ocean of thy face, Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of eyes.2

How ! this is stol'n.

E. Know. A parody! a parody! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it

was.

Clem. Is all the rest of this batch? Bring me a torch; lay it together, and give fire. [o Cleanse the air. [Sets the papers on fire.] Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory stiffnes! brighter and brighter! still it increases! O, now it is at the highest; [as and now it declines as fast. You may see, sic transit gloria mundi!

Know. There is an emblem for you, son, and your studies.

your studies.

drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff. Master Kitcly, you look upon me!though I live i the city here, amongst you, I [as will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor out of his year. But these paper-pediars! these ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach; they have it with the fact.

E. Know. Sir, you have sav'd me the labour of a defence.

Punning on ream.

Parodied from Daniel, Somet to Delia.

The following passage occurs in Q, at this point:
fin. Call you this postry?
Lo. jn. Postry? Nay, then call bissphemy religion,
Call devils angels, and ain piety;
Let all things be preposterously transchanged.
Lu. se Why, how now, son 7 What, are you startled now 7.

Hath the brize * prickt you, ha ? Go to! You see How adjectly your poetry is rankt In general opinion. Lo. jn. Opinion! O God, let greas opinion Sink and be daim! d as deep as Barathrum! If it may stand with your most wisht content, can refell t openion and approve I can refell topenion and approve
The state of peesy, much as it is,
Bleased, eternal, and most true divine.
Indeed, if you will look on poesy
As the appears in many, poor and lame,
Patch'd up in remnants and old wormout rags,
Half starv'd for want of her peculiar food,
Sacred invention,—then I must confirm
Both your context and consure of her merit:
But your her winter deciming community. Both your conceit and censure of her merit:
But view her in her glorious ornaments,
Attired in the majests of art,
Set high in agart with the precious taste
Of sweet philosophy, and, which is most,
Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul
That hates to have her dignity profan'd
With any reliah of an earthly thought.
Oh, then how proud a presence doth she bear 1.
Then is also like herself, fit to be seen
Of none but craze and conservated even. Of none but grave and consecrated eyes Nor is it any blemish to her fame. That such keen, ignorant, and blasted wita,

· Gad-dy.

t Refute.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper between your father and me, if he date under take me. But to dispatch away these: you sign o' the soldier, and picture o' the poet, (but both so false, I will not ha you hang'd out at my door till midnight,) while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court without; and, if you will, you may pray there that we may be so merry within as to forgive or forget you when we come out. Here's a third, because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose. - Look to your charge, sir.

charge, sir.

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep an he had not bleated! why, sir, you shall give master Downright his cloak; and I will intrest him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have i' the buttery, and keep too and his wife company here; whom I will intreat first to be reconcild; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'em so.

Step. I'll do my best.
Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib.
I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife again.

Tib. And I you, as my loving and obedient

husband.

Clem. Good compliment! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come. I conjure the rest to put off all discontent, You, master Downright, your anger; you, master Knowell, your cares; Master Kitely and his wife, their jealousy. For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,

Horns i' the mind are worse than o' the head. Kit. Sir, thus they go from me; kies me, sweetheart.

See what a drove of horns fly in the air, Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath!

Watch 'em, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall. See, sec! on heads that think they 've none at all! See, see!

what a plenteous world of this will come! When air rains horns, all may be sure of some I ha learn'd so much verse out of a jealous

I ha' learn'd so much verse out of a jealous man's part in a play.

Clem. 'T is well, 't is well! This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love, and language over yone, a fellow. Here is my mistress, Bramworm! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their reference: whose addresses and entered the state of tures this day, when our grandchildren shall to hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find both spectators and applause. [Edward.]

4 Formal, is his armor.

Such brainless gulls, should utter their atolen warse. With such applauses in our vulgar ears. Or that their slubber'd bines have current pass. From the fat judgments of the multitude , But that this barron and infected age Should set no difference 'twist these empty spirits And a true poet; than which roverend names Nothing can more adora humanity.

SEJANUS, HIS FALL

BEN JONSON

Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiasque Invenies: Hominem pagina nostra sapit,

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Pressure, [Emperor]. Pauson samon, [Naphew of Tiberius]. Naro, [Sons DECISION JUNIOR, of DECEMBER OF CASES OF Germanicus]. Gentlemen opposed ta'ı Bejama]. LATIARIS. VARRO, [Consul]. [SERTORIUS] MACRO. [DOMITION] AVER

HATERIUS. BANQUINIUM. POMPOSTUR JULIUS POSTHUMUS.
[FULCINUS] TRIO, CONSUL.
MINUTIOS.
BATRIUS [SECUNDUS].
(PINNARIUS) NATTA.

AGRIPPINA, [Widow of Germanicus]. LIVIA, [Wife of Drumus senior]. Sonia, [Wife of C. Silius]. Tribuni. Praccones. Tubicines. Lictores Ministri. Tibicines Bervus, [sto.].

BORNE. - ROMA.

TO THE

NO LESS NOBLE BY VIRTUE THAN BLOOD, ESME, LORD AUBIGNY

My Lond, — If ever any ruin were so great as to survive, I think this be one I send you, The Pall of Sejanus. It is a poem, that, if I well remember, in your lordship's sight, suffer'd no less volence from our people here, than the subject of it did from the rage of the people of Rome; but with a different fate, as, I hope, merit; for this hath outliv'd their malice, and begot itself agreater favour than he lost, the love of good men. Amongst whom, if I make your lordship the first it thanks, it is not without a just confession of the bond your benefits have, and ever shall bold upon me,

Your Lordship's most faithful honourer, BEN, JONSON.

TO THE READERS 2

The following and voluntary labours of my friends, prefixed to my book, have relieved me to much whereat, without them, I should necessarily have touched. Now I will only use three or low short and needful notes, and so rest.

First, if it be objected, that what I publish is no true poem, in the strict laws of time, I confess at as also in the want of a proper chorus; whose habit and moods are such and so difficult, as not any, whom I have seen, since the ancients, no, not they who have most presently affected laws, have yet come in the way of. Nor is it needful, or almost possible in these our times, and to such motitors as commonly things are presented, to observe the old state and splendour of dramatic points, with preservation of any popular delight. But of this I shall take more seasonable cause to speak, in my observations upon Horace his Art of Poetry, which, with the text translated, I

I f. & with a different merit.

2 Only in Q.

· Commendatory verses.

intend shortly to publish. In the meantime, if in truth of argument, dignity of persons, gravity and height of elecution, fulness and frequency of sentence, I have discharged the other offices of a tragic writer, let not the absence of these forms be imputed to me, wherein I shall give you occasion hereafter, and without my boast, to think I could better prescribe, than omit the decimal of the could be the prescribe of the could be the prescribe.

occasion hereafter, and without my boast, to think I could better prescribe, than obstitute discusse for want of a convenient knowledge.

The next is, lest in some nice nostril the quotations might savour affected. I do let you know, that I abhor nothing more; and I have only done it to show my integrity in the story, and save myself in those common torturers that bring all wit to the rack; whose noses are ever like awine spoiling and rooting up the Muses' gardens; and their whole bodies like moles, as blindly working under earth, to cast any, the least, hills upon virtue.

Whereas they are in Latin, and the work in English, it was presupposed none but the learned would take the regime to suppose them the authors the supply the print all in the learned tearned.

would take the pains to confer them; the authors themselves being all in the learned tongues, save one, with whose English side I have had little to do. To which it may be required, since I have quoted the page, to mame what editions I followed: Tacit. Lips. in quarto, Antwerp, edit. 1600. Dio. folio, Hen. Steph. 1542. For the rest, as Sucton. Senera, etc., the chapter doth sufficiently direct, or the edition is not varied.

Lastly, I would inform you, that this book, in all numbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the public stage; wherein a second pen 3 had good share; in place of which, I have rather chosen to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing, of mine own, than to defraud so happy a genius of his right by my loathed usurpation.

Fare you well, and if you read farther of me, and like, I shall not be afraid of it, though you

praise me out.

Neque enim mihi cornea fibra est.

But that I should plant my felicity in your general saying, good, or well, &c., were a weakness which the better sort of you might worthily contemn, if not absolutely hate me for.

BEN. JONSON:

and no such,

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum,

THE ARGUMENT

ALLIUS SEJANUS, son to Seius Strabo, a gentleman of Rome, and born at Vulsinium; after his long service in court, first under Augustus; afterward. Tiberius; grew into that favour with the latter, and won him by those arts, as there wanted nothing but the name to make him a co-partner of the Empire. Which greatness of his, Drusus, the Emperor's son, not brooking; after many amother'd dislikes, it one day breaking out, the prince struck him publicly on the face. To revenge which disgrace, Livia, the wife of Drusus being before corrupted by him to her dishonour, and the discovery of her husband's compsels Sejanus practiseth with, together with her plancian, called Endemus, and one Lygdus, an eunneh, to poison Drusus. This their inhuman are having successful and unsuspected passage, it emboldeneth Sejanus to farther and more insolent projects, even the ambition of the Empire; where finding the lets 'be must encounter to be many and hard, in respect of the issue of Germanicus, who were next in hone for the succession, he deviseth to in respect of the issue of Germanicus, who were next in hope for the succession, he deviseth to make Tiberius' self his means; and instils into his ears many doubts and suspicious, both against the princes, and their mother Agrippina; which Caesar jealously heark'ning to, as covetously consented to their ruin, and their friends'. In this time, the better to nature and strengthen had design, Sejanus labours to marry Livia, and worketh with all his ingine, to remove Tiberius from the knowledge of public business, with allurements of a quiet and retired life; the latter of which, Tiberius, out of a proneness to lust, and a desire to bide those unnatural pleasures which he could not so publicly practise, embraceth: the former enkindleth his fears, and there gives him he could not so publicly practise, embraceth: the former enkindleth his fears, and there gives him first cause of doubt or anspect towards Sejanus: against whom he raiseth in private a new inatument, one Sertorius Macro, and by him underworketh, discovers the other's counsels, his means, his ends, sounds the affections of the senators, divides, distracts then: at last, when Sejanus least looketh, and is most secure; with pretext of doing him an unwonted homour in the senate, he trains him from his guards, and with a long doubtful letter, in one day hath him auspected, accused, condemned, and torn in pieces by the rage of the people. [This do we advance, as a mark of terror to all traitors, and treasons; to show how just the heavens are, in pouring and thundering down a weighty vengeance on their unnatural intents, even to the worst princes; much more to those, for guard of whose piety and virtue the angels are in continual watch, and God himself miraculously working.] 7

 Lost in the burning of his study.
 Not identified. Shakespeare and Fletcher have been suggested.
 Hondraness.
 Only in Q, in apparent allusion to King James and the Gunpowder Plot. a Beguilee.

³ Tacitus, translated by Grenaway.

ACT I

[SCENE L]1

and Silius, [followed by] LA-TIARIS.

ina Silius I 9

litius Sabinus, 8 hail!

Therefore, well met.

we are no good inginers.4 marts, and their thriving use a grac'd, or favour'd of the

it of faces, no cleft tongues, mous bodies, that can stick, unted walls; or, on our breasts, ill from that proud height, to

y, 5 not by service climb. e in court, office in state, we owe unto our crimes: no black secrets, which can

le anthors ; or live fear'd king jealousies, to raise me, by subverting theirs, the lines, that do advance d point.

and NATTA at a distance. But yonder lean

ATIARIS.] Good cousin Latiaris. andus, and Pinnarius Natta, 10 ' clients : there be two, honest counsels; whose close 11

up to light, it would be found in to which their trunks ide fit organs. These can lie, de fit organs. These can lie, or, forswear, 18 deprave, inform, y: make guilty men; then beg to get their livings; cut so th whisp'rings; sell to gaping

that flies about the palace; r patron laugha; sweat when

with him; change every mood,

the Palace.

wid. Tacit. Lips. edit quarto. Ann.

II. p. 28 et 33. All such notes giving
n'e own, and are retained through
haracteristic value.

rid. Tacit. Lib. iv. p. 79.

Jim Sat I v. 75.

Thill. III. v. 49. etc.

Tacit. Ann. iv. M. et Him. Step.

Tacit. Ann. tv. 04, et Lian, Step.

ing. Tactt. Ann. iv. 83. Et de Conrol. ad Marcinn. d Empty, uncloss.

me (. III. 28.

Habit, and garb, as often as he varies; as Observe him, as his watch observes his clock; 14 And, true as turquoise in the dear lord's ring; 16 Look well or ill with him: 16 ready to praise His lordship, if he spit, or but piss fair, shave an indifferent stool, or break wind well; Nothing can scape their catch.

Nothing can scape their catton.

Alas! these things
Deserve no note, conferr'd 17 with other vile
And filthier flatteries, 15 that corrupt the times,
When, not alone our gentries chief are fain
To make their safety from such sordid acts,
But all our consuls, 19 and no little part Of such as have been practors, yea, the most Of senators, a that else not use their voices, Start up in public senate, and there strive Who shall propound most abject things, and base;

So much, as oft Tiberius hath been heard, Leaving the court, to cry, 21 O race of men, Prepar'd for servitude! — which show'd that he, Who least the public liberty could like,
As leathly brook'd their flat servility.
Sil. Well, all is worthy of us, were it more,

Who with our riots, pride, and civil hate, Have so provok'd the justice of the gods: We, that, within these fourscore years, were

born Free, equal lords of the triumphed world, And knew no masters but affections; To which betraying first our liberties, We since became the slaves to one man's lusts; And now to many: 22 every minist'ring spy That will accuse and swear, is lord of you, Of me, of all, our fortunes and our lives. Our looks are call'd to question, 30 and our words,

How innocent soever, are made crimes; Now innocent soever, are made that We shall not shortly dare to tell our dreams, Or think, but 't will be treason.

Sab.

Tyrants' arts 19

Are to give flatterers grace; accusers, power; That those may seem to kill whom they devour.

[Enter Cordus and Arbuntius.]

Now, good Cremutius Cordus.²⁴
Cor. (salutes Sabinus.) Hail to your lordship!
Nat. Who is that salutes your consin?
Lat. 'T is one Cordus. They whisper. A gentleman of Rome: one that has writ

14 The pocket-watch, in Jonaon's days, was constantly regulated by the motion of the clock, at that time the more accurate machine of the two (Gifford).

15 This belief in the sympathetic nature of the turquoise is often alimed to.

15 Jun Nat ill. 105, etc.

16 Vid Tacti. Ann. 1, 3.

1) Compared.

1) Did ill. 19.

2) Pedarii. (Senators not yet on the censor's roll, who had no vote of their own, but could merely assent

who had no vote of their own, but could merely assent to that of another.)

2 Tacit. Ann. 111 (8).

2 Lege Tacit. Ann. 1: 24, de Romano, Hispano, etc. thid et ill. 61, 62. Jav. Sat. X. v. 87. Suct. Tib. cap. 61.

2 Vid. Tacit. Ann. 1. 4, at 111 (2). Stact. Tib. cap. 61, Sence de Geng. 11. 29.

3 De Crem Cardo vid Tacit. Ann. 1v. 83, 64. Sence, Cons. ad Marciam. Dio. 1vil. 710. Stact. Aug. c. 35. Tib. c. 61. Cal. c. 18.

Annals of late, they say, and very wall.

Nat. Annals? Of what times?

Lot.

I think of Pompey'a, 1

Nat. Annais.

I think or rompe,
And Cains Caesar's; and so down to these.

Nat. How stands he affected to the present

Is he or Drusian, or Germanican, Or ours, or neutral?

Lat. I know time not so tar.

Nat. Those times are somewhat queasy 3 to be toucht.

Have you or seen or heard part of his work?

Lat. Not I; he means they shall be public shortly.

Nat. O. Cordus do you call him?

Lat. Ay. [Exeunt NATTA and SATRIUS.]

Sab. But these our times ** Sust.

Are not the same, Arruntius.

Arr. Times! The men, The men are not the same! 'T is we are base, Poor, and degenerate from th' exalted strain of our great fathers. Where is now the soul Of god-like Cato? he, that durst be good. When Caesar durst be evil; and had power. As not to live his slave, to die his master? Or where 's the constant Brutus, that being

proof Against all charm of benefits, did strike o brave a blow into the monster's heart That sought unkindly to captive his country?
O, they are fled the light! Those mighty spirits
Lio rak'd up with their ashes in their uras, And not a spark of their eternal fire Glows in a present bosom. All's but blaze, 100 Flushes, and smoke, wherewith we labour so; There's nothing Roman in us; nothing good, Gallant, or great. 'T is true that Cordus says, "Brave Cassius was the last of all that race."

DRUSUS pusses by [attended by HATERIUS, etc.]

Sab. Stand by! Lord Drusus.6

Hat. Th' emp'ror's son! Give place. 100 Hat. Th' emp for a so. Sil. I like the prince well.

A riotous youth,7

Arr.
There 's little hope of him.
That fault his age

Will, as it grows, correct. Methinks he bears Himself each day more nobly than other; And wins no less on men's affections, Than doth his father lose. Believe me, I love

him; And chiefly for opposing to Sejanus.8

Sil. And I, for gracing his young kinsmen Has, V

The sons 10 of prince Germanicus: 11 it shows

Suel. Aug. c. 35. Vid. de faction. Tacit. Ann. II. 39 et iv. 79.

* Ticklish.

* Dr. Em., Arrun, into vid. Tsoit, Ann. 1, 0 et iii, 00, et Dion. Rom. Hist. Lib. 58.

1 Unnaturally.

* Umaliteally.

* Lene de Bruso Tavil. Ann. i. 9. Suet. Tib. c. 62.

Dio. Rom. Hest. 1-ii. (60).

* Val. Tavil. Ann. iv. 74.

* Twest. Ann. iii. 62.

* Nevo. Densus, Cours qui in vastris genifus, et Caligula manualus. Ind. i.

* De Germanico cons. (bid. i. 14, et Dion. Rom. Hist.

Ivii. 694.

gallant clearness in him, a straight mind, au That envies not, in them, their father's name Arr. His name was, while he liv'd, above all

envv: And, being dead, without it. (), that man!
If there were seeds of the old virtue left,
They liv'd in him.

Sil. He had the fruits, Arruntius, More than the seeds: 12 Sabinus and myself Had means to know him within; and can re-

We were his followers, he would call us friends; He was a man most like to virtue; in all, And every action, nearer to the gods
Than men, in nature; of a body as fair
As was his mind; and no less reverend
In face than fame: ¹⁸ he could so use his state,
Temp'ring his greatness with his gravity.
As it avoided all self-love in him,
And spite in others. What his funerals lack'd
In images and pomp, they had supplied
With homographs sorrow, soldiers, address. With bonourable sorrow, soldiers' sadness, A kind of silent mourning, such as men, Who know no tears but from their captives.

To show in so great losses. I thought once, ousidering their forms, age, manner of deaths, The nearness of the places where they fell,
T' have parallel'd him with great Alexander:
For both were of best feature, of high race, 'ear'd but to thirty, and, in foreign hands, By their own people alike made away.

Sab. I know not, for his death, how you might wrest it:

But, for his life, it did as much disdain But, tor his life, it did as miled disclaim.
Comparison with that voluptuous, rash,
Giddy, and drunken Macedon's, as mine
Doth with my bondman's. All the good in him,
His valour, and his fortune, he made his;
But he had other touches of late Romans,
That more did speak him: 14 Pompey's dignity,
The innocence of Cato, Caesar's spirit,
Wise Barana, tamana'ranga, and carea virtue. Wise Brutus' temp'rance : and every virtue, Which, parted unto others, gave them name, Flow'd mixt in him. He was the soul of good-

And all our praises of him are like streams Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave

The part remaining greatest. He was too great for us, 15 and that they knew Who did remove him hence.

When men grow fact. Sab. Honour'd and lov'd, there is a trick in state, (Which jealous princes never fail to use) How to decline that growth, with fair pretext, And honourable colours of employment, Either by embassy, the war, or such, To shift them forth into another sir,

Taoit, Ann. Iv. 70.
 If thid, il. 47, et. Dion. Rom. Hist. 1vil. 705.
 Vid. apud Vell. Patere Lips. 4 to. pp. 25-47, 64-59.

15 Vid. Tucit. Ann. IL. 28, 34. Dio. Rom. His. by

Where they may purge, and lessen; so was he: 1 And had his seconds there, sent by Tiberius and his more subtile dam, to discontent him; To breed and cherish mutinies; detract His greatest actions: give audacious check 176
To his commands; and work to put him out
In open act of treason. All which suares

hen his wise cares prevented, a fine poison as thought ou, to mature their practices. Cor. Here comes Sejanus. Now observe the stoops, 176

The bendings, and the falls.

Most creeping base! Arr.

[Enter] SEJANUS, TERENT [NATTA.] etc. TERENTIUS, SATRIUS.

They pass over the stage.

There is a gentleman of Rome would buy Sat. How call you him you talk'd with?
Please your worship,

It is Endemus, the physician To Livia, Drusus' wife.

On with your suit. Would buy, you said -

A tribune's place, my lord.

What will he give? Fifty sestertia.5

S.J. Livia's physician, say you, is that fellow? Sat. It is, my lord. Your lordship's answer?
To what? The place, my lord. 'T is for a gentle-

Your lardship will well like of, when you see

And one that you may make yours, by the

Well, let him bring his money, and his

Thank your lordship, He shall, my

lord. Come hither.

on this same Eudemus? Is he learn'd? Sat. R-puted so, my lord, and of deep prac-

Bring him in to me, in the gallery; ad take you cause to leave us there together: and confer with him, about a grief. - On! [Execut Sejanus, Sathius, Tra-

dr. So! yet another? yet? O desperate starte

Of gree ling honour! Seest then this, O san, and do we see thee after? Methinks, day should love his light, when men do lose their alzamen.

1 Con Facel, Ann. II, 39, de occultis mandatis Pisoni, a poisea, pp. 42, 43, 48. Orat. D. Celeria. Est Pihi Au-materialistic est Conseria firsor, sed in occulto, the Log Suct. Pib. o. 32. Dro. p. 106. 2 Vid. Tuest. Ann. II. 46, 47. Lib. III. 54, et Suel. Cal.

De Sejemo wid Tavit. Ann 1. 9. Lib. Iv. princip.
 per tot vort. Teb. Dro. Ivil. Ivili. et Plon. et Senec.
 De Endemo vio vol. Tavit. Ann. Iv. 74.

Munetue nostras 375 ltb. vid. Budseum de aue, Il.

And for the empty circumstance of life, Betray their cause of living. Nothing so.6 Sist.

Sejamus can repair, if Jove should ruin. He is the now court-god; and well applied With sacrifice of knees, of crooks, and cringe, He will do more than all the house of heav'n 205 Can for a thousand hecatombs. 'T is he Can for a thousand hecatombs. 'T is he Makes us our day, or night; hell and clysium Are in his look. We talk of Rhadamanth, Furies, and firebrands; but 't is his frown That is all these; where, on the adverse part, His smile is more than e'er yet poets feign'd Of bliss, and shudes, nectar-

ATT. knew him, at Caius' ! trencher, when for hire To that great gourmand, fat Apicius:

And was the noted pathic of the time.

Sab. And, now, the second face of the whole world!

The partner of the empire, hath his image Rear'd equal with Tiberius, borne in ensigns; ommands, disposes every dignity. Centurious, tribunes, heads of provinces, Praetors, and consuls; all that heretofore The gain, or rather spoil of all the earth,
One, and his house, receives.

Sil.

He hath of late

Made him a strength too, strangely, by reducing

All the praetorian bands into one camp, Which he commands: pretending that the sol-

dier. By living loose and scattered, fell to riot; And that if any sudden enterprise Should be attempted, their united strength Would be far more than sever'd; and their life More strict, if from the city more remov'd. Sab. Where now he builds what kind of forts

Sab. Where now he builds what kind of he please, Is heard to court the soldier by his name, Woos, feasts the chiefest men of action, Whose wants, nor loves, compel them to be his.
And though he ne'er were liberal by kind, 10
Yet to his own dark ends, he is most profuse, Lavish, and letting fly he cares not what To his ambition.

Yet hath he ambition? Arr. Is there that step in state can make him higher,

Or more, or anything he is, but less?

Sil. Nothing but emp'ror.

Arr. The name Tiberius, hope, will keep, howe'er he bath foregone 100

I hope, win weep.
The dignity and power.
Sure, while he lives. Arr. And dead, it comes to Drusus. Should he fail,

De ingenio, mocibut, et potentio Sejant, leg. Tacit. Ann. iv 74. Dio. Rom. Hat. Ivil 198. Calus divi. Augusti nepos. Cons. Facil. Ann. iv. 74 et Dio. Ivil. 708.

A mair prostitute.
Jur. Sat. X. v. 63, etc. Tooth. Ibid. Dion. this. at Nature.

To the brave issue of Germanicus; And they are three: 1 too many — ha? for him To have a plot upon?

Sil. I do not know The heart of his designs; but sure their face Looks farther than the present.

By the gods, If I could guess he had but such a thought, My sword should cleave him down from head to heart

But I would find it out; and with my hand and 'd hurl his panting brain about the air n mites as small as atomi t' undo

The knotted bed -

Sub.
You are observ'd, Arruntius.
Arr. (Turns to SEJANUS' clients.) Death! I
dare tell him so; and all his spies. Sub. You, sir, I would, do you look? and you.

[SCENE II.] 2

[Enter] SATRIUS, EUDEMUS.

Sat. Here he will instant be; let's walk a turn :

You're in a muse, Eudemus?

Not I, sir. Eud. [Aside.] I wonder he should mark me out so.
Well,
Jove and Apollo form it for the best !
Sat. Your fortune's made unto you now.

Sat. You. Endemus,

If you can but lay hold upon the means; Do but observe his humour, and — believe

He is the noblest Roman, where he takes -

[Enter SEJANUS.]

Here comes his lordship.

Now, good Satrius.

Set. This is the gentleman, my lord.
Is this? 10 Give me your hand, we must be more acquainted.

Report, sir, hath spoke out your art and learning:

And I am glad I have so needful cause, lowever in itself painful and hard.

To make me known to so great virtue -Look,

Who's that, Satrius? [Exit SAT.] I have a grief, sir,

That will desire your help. Your name's Eudemus?

End. Yes. Sir?

End.

It is, my lord. I bear you are

Physician to Livia, the princess.

Eud. I minister unto her, my good lord.

Sej. You minister to a royal lady, then. Eud. She is, my lord, and fair.
Sej. That's understood

Of all their sex, who are or would be so;

Nero, Drums, et Calimia. - Tacit. thid.
The same. The scene divisions are Gifford's. Jonson did not sub-divide the Acts in this play.

And those that would be, physic soon can make

For those that are, their beauties fear no col-OUT S

Eud. Your lordship is conceited. 4

Sej. Sir, you know it, And can, if need be, read a learned lecture On this, and other secrets. 'Pray you, tell me, What more of ladies, besides Livia,

Eud. Many, my good lord. Many, my good lord. Mutilia Prisca, and Plancum; divers — Sci. And all these tell you the particulars Of every several grief? how first it gress. And then increas d; what action caused that; What passion that; and answer to each point That you will put tem?

Else, my lord, we know not

How to prescribe the remedies.

Go to. Sej. You are a subtile nation, you physicians? And grown the only cabinets in court To ladies' privacies. Faith, which of these is the most pleasant lady in her physic?

Come, you are modest now.

End.

T is fit, my lord.

Sej. Why sir, I do not usk you of their urines

Whose smell 's most violet, or whose siege is best,

Or who makes hardest faces on her stool, Which lady sleeps with her own face a nights, Which puts her teeth off, with her clothes, in

Or, which her hair, which her complexion, And, in which box she puts it. These were questions

That might, perhaps, have put your gravity To some defence of blush. But, I inquir'd. Which was the wittiest, merriest, wantonest? Harmless interrogatories, but conceits. — Methinks Augusta should be most perverse, And froward in her fit.

Eud. She's so, my lord.
Sej. I knew it: and Mutilia the most jocundEud. 'T is very true, my lord.

Sej. And why would you Conceal this from me, now? Come, what is

Livia?

I know she 's quick and quaintly spirited,

And will have strange thoughts, when she is as

leisure: She tells 'em all to you?

My noblest lord Eud. He breathes not in the Empire, or ou earth, Whom I would be ambitious to serve (In any act that may preserve mine honour) Before your lordship

Soj. Sir, you can lose no honour,
By trusting aught to me. The conrect act
Done to my service, I can so require As all the world shall style it honourable: Your idle, virtuous definitions, Keep honour poor, and are as scorn'd as vain :

1 Need fear nothing. 4 Jocular. Those deeds breathe honour that do suck in

gam.

Eud. But, good my lord, if I should thus
betray
The counsels of my patient, and a lady's
Of her high place and worth, what might your
lordship,
Who presently are to trust me with your own)
Judge of my faith?
Only the best I swear.

Only the best, I swear. Say now that I should utter you my grief.

And with it the true cause; that it were love,

And love to Livia: you should tell her this:

Should she suspect your faith? I would you could

Tell me as much from her; see if my brain Could be turn'd jealous.

Eud. Happily, 2 my lord, loudd in time tell you as much and more; I might safely promise but the first To her from you.

Sej. As safely, my Eudemus, now dare call thee so, as I have put The secret into thee.

Fruit. My lord -

Thy looks are vows to me; use only speed,

meeting

This day together.

Yes. The place? Eud. My gardens, whither I shall fetch your lordship.

Sj. Let me adore my Aesculapius. My, this indeed is physic I and outspeaks
The knowledge of cheap drugs, or any use
Can be made out of it! more comforting
Than all your opintes, juleps, apozems.
Maistral strups, or — Begone, my friend,
No bately styled, but created so; To come behind thy wishes. Go, and speed

[Erit EUDEMUS.]

mbition makes more trusty slaves than need. These fellows, by the favour of their art, 107
Have still the means to tempt; oft-times the

It Livia will be now corrupted, then
Thou hast the way. Sejanus, to work out
to
Bit accrets, who, thou know'st, endures thes not,
Her husband, Drueus; and to work against

For Venue bath the smallest share in it.

[Enter] TIMERIUS, DRUBUS, [attended.] One kneels to TIBERIUS.

Tib. We not endure these flatteries; let him stanti :

1 Surpicious. 1 Perhaps. 1 Decoctious. 4 Sovereign.

Our empire, ensigns, axes, rods, and state Take not away our human nature from us:

Take not away our human nature from us:
Look up on us, and fall before the gods,
Sej. How like a god speaks Cusar!
Arr. [Aside to CORDUA.] There, observe!
He can endure that second, that's no flattery.
O. what is it proud alime will not believe, im Of his own worth, to hear it equal prais'd Thus with the gods!

Cor. He did not hear it, sir. meanly.

Tis your most courtly known confederacy, 136 To have your private parasite redeem What he, in public subtilety, will lose To making him a name.

Hat. Right mighty lord -

Tib. We must make up our ears' guinst these assaults

Of charming tongues; we pray you use no more

These contumelies to us; style not us Or lord, or mighty, who profess ourself The servant of the senate, and are proud

enjoy them our good, just, and favouring

Cor. Rarely dissembled!

Prince-like to the life, ma Sab. When power that may command, so much descends,

Their bondage, whom it stoops to, it intends.

Tib. Whence are these letters? Tib. Hat. From the senate. Tib.

Whence these? [LAT. given him letters.] From thence too. Lat.

Tib. Are they sitting now? Lat. They stay thy answer, Caesar.
If this man 160

Hath but a mind allied unto his words, How blest a fate were it to us, and Rome! We could not think that state for which to

change,
Although the aim were our old liberty:
The ghosts of those that fell for that, would grieve

Their bodies liv'd not, now, again to serve Men are deceiv'd, to think there can be thrall Beneath a virtuous prince. Wish'd liberty Ne'er lovelier looks, than under such a crown. But, when his grace is merely but lip-good, 180 And that no longer than he airs himself Abroad in public, there, to seem to shun The strokes and stripes of flatterers, which within

tre lechery unto him, and so feed His brutish sense with their afflicting sound, un As, dead to virtue, he permits himself As, dean to virtue, he permits himself.
Be carried like a pitcher by the ears.
To every act of vice: this is a case
Deserves our fear, and doth pressage the nigh
And close approach of blood and tyranny.
Flattery is midwife unto prince's rage:
And nothing sooner doth help forth a tyrant,

3 Think of.

Than that and whisperers' grace, who have the

The place, the power, to make all men offenders. Arr. He should be told thin; and be bid dissemble

With fools and blind men: we that know the

Should hunt the palace-rats, or give them

bane.1 Fright hence these worse than ravens, that devour

The quick, where they but prey upon the dead:

He shall be told it.

Stay, Arruntius, We must abide our opportunity, And practise what is it, as what is needful. It is not safe t'enforce a sovereign's ear: Princes hear well, if they at all will hear.

Arr. Ha, say you so? well! In the mean time, Jove,

time, Jove,
(Say not but I do call upon thee now,)
Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant;
And of all tame, a flatterer.
Sil.

"T is well pray'd,

Tib. [having read the letters.] Return the lords and it is fit a good and honest prince, Whom they, out of their bounty, have in-

structed With so dilate 2 and absolute a power, Should owe the office of it to their service, And good of all and every citizen. Nor shall it e'er repent us to have wish'd The senate just and fav'ring lords unto us, Since their free loves do yield no less defence T' a prince's state, than his own innocence. Say then, there can be nothing in their thought Shall want to please us, that hath pleased them; Our suffrage rather shall prevent than stay we Behind their wills: 't is empire to obey, Where such, so great, so good determine, Yet, for the suit of Spain t erect a temple In honour of our mother and our self, We must, with pardon of the senats, not Assent thereto. Their lordships may object Our not denying the same late request I'nto the Asian cities: we desire That our defence for suffering that be known so In these brief reasons, with our after purpose. Since deified Augustus hind'red not A temple to be built at Pergumum, In honour of himself and sacred Rome; We, that have all his deeds and words observ'd Ever, in place of laws, the rather follow'd That pleasing precedent, because with ours, The senate's reverence, also, there was join'd. But as, t' have once receiv'd it, may deserve. The gain of pardon; so, to be ador'd

With such promiseuous flatteries. For our part,

Through all the provinces, were wild ambition, And no less pride: yea, ev'n Augustus' name Would early vanish, should it be profan'd 214

With the continu'd style and note of gods,

We here protest it, and are covetous

Cause of death, esp. poison. Fxtended.
Anticipate. Manner of eddress and observance.

Posterity should know it, we are mortal; And can but deeds of men: 't were glory enough,

Could we be truly a prince. And they shall add Abounding grace unto our memory, That shall report us worthy our forefathers, Careful of your affairs, constant in dangers, And not afraid of any private frown
For public good. These things shall be to us
Tomples and statues, reared in your minds.
The fairest, and most during imag'ry:
For those of stone or brass, if they become Odious in judgment of posterity, Are more contemn'd as dying sepulchres, Than ta'en for living monuments. We then Make here our suit, alike to gods and men; The one, until the period of our race, inspire us with a free and quiet mind, Discerning both divine and human laws : The other, to vouchsafe us after death, An honourable mention, and fair praise, T' accompany our actions and our name : The rest of greatness princes may command, And, therefore, may neglect; only, a long, A lasting, high, and happy memory. They should, without being satisfied, pursue. Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue.

Nat. Rare! Sat. Most divine !

The oracles are ceas'd. Sej .. That only Caesar, with their tougue, might spenk.

Arr. Let me be gone: most felt and opes this!

Cor. Stay.
What! to hear more cunning and fine words,

With their sound flatter'd ere their sense be meant?

Their choice of Antium, there to place

the gift, Vow'd to the goddess & for our mother's health, We will the senate know, we fairly like; As also of their grant to Lepidus, For his repairing the Aemilian place, And restoration of those monuments: Their grace, too, in confining of Silanus To th' other isle Cithera, at the suit Of his religious sister, much commends Their policy, so temp red with their mercy. But for the honours which they have decreed To our Sejanus, to advance his statue n Pompey's theatre, (whose ruining fire His vigilance and labour kept restrain'd In that one loss,) they have therein onto Their own great wisdoms, by their skilful choice And placing of their bounties on a man Whose merit more adorns the dignity Than that can him; and gives a benefit, In taking, greater than it can receive. Blush not, Sejanus, thou great aid of Rome. Associate of our labours, our chief helper; et us not force thy simple modesty With off'ring at 7 thy praise, for more we cannot,

Fortuna equestris. (Joneon.) Attempting.

⁸ Raine.

o po voice can take ! it. No man

speeches as hyperboles : ar from flattering our friend, ow, as from the need to flatter, 175 ask the causes of our praise :
still their grounds rear'd with or low flats of common men;

Il search the reasons of their acts, in equal bases. Lead, away: no the senate.

out Tib., SEJAN., NATTA., HAT.,

tr., Officera, etc.]

Cassar ! Peace. Pompey's theatre was never

t proud Sejanus hath a statue ashes .

Place the shame of soldiers set of generals? Crack the world, the name of Romans into dust,

Check your passion;

tarries.

Is my father mad,
to and rule, lords, thus to heave so ith praise? Make him his mate,
the empire? O, good prince!

w him statues, titles, honours, such If refuseth? Brave, brave Drusus!

first ascents to sovereignty are

once, there never-wants or means, to help th' aspirer on. gallant Drusus.

We must shortly pray that he will rest contented here he is, and not write emp'ror.

Clients, etc. [SATRIUS, LATIARIS,]

o is your hill, and yours; bring you [To SATRIUS.] for you, too, Latiaris.

What! reatness grown so blindly buld, Over us ?

Why then give way.

Strikes him. Good! brave! excellent, brave econe, approach. [Draws his sword.] full of death for thy cold spirits.

the or death for thy cost spirits.

Tye, dull camel, or my sword

thy brav'ry fitter for a grave,

triumph. I'll advance 2 a statue 210

bulk; but 't shall be on the

shiers.

2 Bales

Where I will nail your pride at breadth and length, And crack those sinews, which are yet but

stretch'd

With your swoln fortune's rage. A noble prince! All. A Castor, a Castor, a Castor, a Castor.
[Excunt all but SEJANUS.]

Sej. He that, with such wrong mov'd, can bear it through

With patience, and an even mind, knows how To turn it back. Wrath cover'd carries fate: Revenge is lost, if I profess my hate. What was my practice "late, I'll now pursue, As my fell justice: this hath styl'd it new. ""

[Exit.]

CHORUS - of musicians.

ACT II

ISCENE I.14

[Enter] SEJANUS, LIVIA, EUDEMUS.

Sej. Physician, thou art worthy of a province, For the great favours done unto our loves; And, but that greatest Livia bears a purt

In the requital of thy services,
I should alone despair of aught like means
To give them worthy satisfaction.

Liv. Eudemus, I will see it, shall receive A fit and full reward for his large merit. -

But for this potion we intend to Prusus, (No more our husband, now) whom shall we choose

is the most apt and abled instrument, To minister it to him?

Eud. I say, Lygdus. Sej. Lygdus? What's he?

Liv. An eannch Drusus loves.

Eud. Ay, and his cup-bearer. Sej. Name not a second. If Drusus love him, and he have that place, a We cannot think a fitter.

Eud. True, my lord;

For free access and trust are two main aids.

Sej. Skilful physician! Liv. But he must be wrong.
To th' undertaking, with some labour'd art.
Sej. Is he ambitious?
No. But he must be wrought

Or covetous? Sej. Lie. Neither.

Eud. Yet, gold is a good general charm. Sej. What is he, then?

Liv.
Sep. How! is he young? and fair?
A delic Faith, only wanten, light.

A delicate youth. Sej. Send him to me, I'll work him. - Royal

lady. Though I have lov'd you long, and with that height Of zenl and duty, like the fire, which more

It mounts it trembles, thinking nought could

Treasonous plot. • The garden of Eudemus.

Unto the fervour which your eye had kindled; Yet, now I see your wisdom, judgment, strength,

Quickness, and will, to apprehend the means so To your own good and greatness, I protest Myself through rarrised, and turn d all flame In your affection. Such a spirit as yours, Was not created for the idle second To a poor flash, as Drusus; but to shine Bright as the moon among the lesser lights, And share the sov'reignty of all the world. Then Livia triumphs in her proper sphere, When she and her Sejanus shall divide The name of Caesar, and Augusta's star Be dimm'd with glory of a brighter beam: When Agrippina's fires are quite extinct, And the scarce-seen Tiberius borrows all As little light from us, whose folded arms Shall make one perfect orb! [Knocking within.]
Who's that? Eudemus,
Look. [Erit Eudemus.] 'T is not Drusus, lady,

do not fear.

Liv. Not I, my lord : my fear and love of him Left me at once.

Sej. Illustrious lady, stay -Eud. [within.] I'll tell his lordship.

[Re-enter EUDEMUS.]

Who is it, Eudemus? End. One of your lordship's servants brings you word

you word

The emp'ror hath sent for you.

Sej.

O! where is he?—

With your fair leave, dear princess, I'll but ask
the goes out.

He goes out. A question, and return. Fortunate princess!

How are you blest in the fruition
Of this unequall'd man, the soul of Rome,
The Empire's life, and voice of Cassar's world!

Lie. So blessed, my Endemus, as to know
The bliss I have, with what I ought to owe
The means that wrought it. How do I look today?

Eud. Excellent clear, believe it. This same
fucus 1

Was well laid on. Liv. Methinks 't is here not white.

Eud. Lond me your scarlet, lady. 'T is the sun,
Hath giv'n some little taint unto the ceruse; 2 You should have us'd of the white oil I gave

Sejanus for your love! his very name
Commandeth above Cupid or his shafts

[Paints her cheek.]

Liv. Nay, now you 've made it worse, End.

I'll help it straight-And but pronounc'd, is a sufficient charm Against all rumour; and of absolute power To satisfy for any lady's honour. —

Liu. What do you now, Eudemus?

Eud. Make a light fucus.
To touch you o'er withal. — Honour'd Sejanus!
What act, though ne'er so strange and insolent,
But that addition will at least bear out, If 't do not expiate?

Here, good physician. End. I like this study to preserve the love Of such a man, that comes not every hour To greet the world. - 'T is now well, lady, you should

Use of the dentifrice I prescrib'd you too,
To clear your teeth, and the prepar'd pomatum,
To smooth the skin. — A lady cannot be Too curious of her form, that still would hold The heart of such a person, made her captive, As you have his; who, to endear him more In your clear eye, hath put away his wife. The trouble of his bed and your delights, Fair Apicata, and made spacious room To your new pleasures.

Have not we return'd Liv. That with our hate to Drusus, and discovery Of all his counsels?

Eud. Yes, and wisely, lady. The ages that succeed, and stand far off To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire, And reckon it an act without your sex: It hath that rare appearance. Some will think Your fortune could not yield a deeper sound, Than mixt with Drusus; but, when they shall

hear That and the thunder of Sejanus meet, Sejanus, whose high name doth strike the stars, And rings about the concave; great Sojunua, Whose glories, style, and titles are himself, m The often iterating of Sejanus:

They then will lose their thoughts, and be asham'd

To take acquaintance of them.

[Re-enter SEJANUS.]

Sej. I must make A rude departure, lady; Caesar sends With all his haste both of command and prayer. Be resolute in our plot; you have my soul, As certain yours as it is my body a. As derum yours as it is my coay a.
And, wise physician, so prepare the poison,
As you may lay the subtile operation
Upon some natural disease of his:
Your ennuch send to me. I kiss your hands. Glory of ladies, and commend my love To your best faith and memory.

Liv. My lord, I shall but change 5 your words. Farewell, Yet, this

Remember for your heed, he loves you not; " You know what I have told you; his design Are full of grudge and danger; we must use More than a common speed.

Excellent lady. Sej. How you do fire my blood!

Well, you must go Liv. The thoughts be best, are least set forth to show. show.

End. When will you take some physic, lady
When in

I shall, Eudemus: but let Drusus' drug

Be first prepar'd.

Eud. Were Lygdus made, that 's done;

¹ Cosmetic. 2 White lead, used as a cosmetic.

¹ Counterbalanced. Reciprocate.

Beyond the powers of.
Prepared for our purposes

I have it ready. And, to-morrow morning
I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve

And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath
To cleanse and clear the curis; 'a grainst when
I'll have an excellent new fucus made,
Kesistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind,
Which you shall lay on with a breath, or oil, to
As you best like, and last some fourteen hours.
This change came timely, lady, for your health,
And the restoring your complexion,
Which Drusus' choler had almost burnt up;
Wherein your fortune hath prescrib'd you bet-

Wherein your fortune hath prescrib'd you bet-

Than art could do.

Lie. Thanks, good physician,
I'll use my fortune, you shall see, with reverence.

Is my coach ready?

It attends your highness. [Excunt.]

(SCENE II.)2

[Enter] SEJANUS.

And made it perfect, let Egyptian slaves, Parthinus, and barefoot Hebrews brand my face, And print my body full of injuries. Thou lest thyself, child Drusus, when thou thought'st

Thought at Thought at Thou couldst outskip my vengeance, or outstand The power I had to crush thee into air. Thy fedlies now shall taste what kind of man They have provok'd, and this thy father's house cask in the flume of my incensed rage, whose fury shall admit no shame or mean. — Adultery' it is the lightest ill

I will commit. A race of wicked acta hashed or approve, nor yet keep silent: things, that for their cunning, close, and cruel mark by father would wish his, and shall, perhaps, cary the empty name, but we the prize.

In then, my soul, and start not in thy course; Though heav'n drop sulphur, and hell beloh out

Laugh at the idle terrors: tell proud Jove, Between his power and thine there is no odds: Twa only fear first in the world made gods.

[Enter] TIBRESUS [attended.]

The Le yet Sejanus come?
He's here, droad Caccar. To Let all depart that chamber, and the nest.

Sit down, my comfort. When the master prince of all the world, Sejamus, saith he fears, is it not fatal?

Yes, to those are fear'd.

Tib. And not to him?

Not if he wisely turn so them. That part of fate he holdeth, first on them.

The That nature, blood, and laws of kind forbid.

| Skin | An apartment in the Palace. | Secret.

Sej. Do policy and state forbid it?

Tib,

Sej. The rest of poor respects, then let go by;
State' is enough to make th' act just, them guilty.

Tib. Long hate pursues such acts. Sej. Whom hatred frights, Sej. Whom he Let him not dream of sov'reignty.
Tib.

Are rites Of faith, love, piety, to be trod down, Forgotten, and made vain?

All for a crown. The prince who shames a tyrant's name to bear, Shall never dare do anything but fear; a All the command of sceptres quite doth perish, If it begin religious thoughts to cherish: Whole empires fall, sway'd by those nice re-

spects;
It is the licence of dark deeds protects Ev'n states most hated, when no laws resist. The sword, but that it acteth what it list.

Tib. Yet so, we may do all things cruelly,

Not safely.

Sej. Yes, and do them uncrougher.

Tib. Knows yet Sejanus whom we point at?

Ay. Yes, and do them thoroughly. Or else my thought, my sense, or both do err:

is Agrippina.

Tib.
She, and her proud race.

Sej. Proud! dangerous, Caesar: for in them

The father's spirit shoots up. Germanicus Lives in their looks, their guit, their form, et' upbraid us

with his close death, if not revenge the same.

Tib. The act's not known.

Sej. Not provid; but whisp'ring Fame
Knowledge and proof doth to the jealous give,
Who, than to fail, would their own thought beliere

It is not safe the children draw long breath. That are provoked by a parent's death.

Tib. It is as dangerous to make them hence.

If nothing but their birth be their offence.

Sej. Stay, till they strike at Caesur; then

their crime

Will be enough; but late and out of time

For him to punish.

Tib.

Do they purpose it?

Sci. You know, sir, thunder speaks not till

it hit.

Be not secure ; I none swiftlier are opprest Than they whom confidence betrays to rest. Let not your daring make your danger such: N All power's to be fear'd, where 't is too much. The youths are of themselves hot, violent. Full of great thought; and that male-spirited

dame, Their mother, slacks no means to put them on, By large allowance, popular presentings.

Increase of train and state, sning for titles;
Hath them commended with like prayers, like

VOWS.

Reasons of state. Foolishly fastidious.

Rather than fall of proof would accept their own thought as such. Over-confident.

To the same gods, with Caesar: days and nights. She spends in banquets and ambitious feasts. For the usbility; where Cains Silius, continus Sabinus, old Arruntius, Asinius Gallus, Furnius, Regulus, And others of that discontented list, Are the prime guests. There, and to these, she tells

Whose niece she was, whose daughter, and whose wife.

And then must they compare her with Augusta, Ay, and prefer her too; commend her form, Extel her fruitfulness, at which a shower alls for the memory of Germanieus, Which they blow over straight with windy

And puffing hopes of her aspiring sons; Who, with these hourly ticklings, grow so pleas'd,

And wantonly conceited of themselves. As now they stick not to believe they 're such As these do give them out; and would be thought

More than competitors, 1 immediate heirs. Whilst to their thirst of rule, they win the rout Whilst to their thirst of rule, they win the roll (That 's still the friend of novelty) with hope of future freedom, which on every change That greedily, though emptily expects. Caesar, 't is age in all things breeds neglects, And princes that will keep old dignity Must not admit too youthful heirs stand by; Not their own issue; but so darkly set As shadows are in picture, to give height And losters to themselves. And lastre to themselves.

We will command Their rank thoughts down, and with a stricter hand

Than we have yet put forth; their trains must bate,2

Their titles, feasts, and factions.

Or your state. But how, sir, will you work?

Confine 'em. Tib. They are too great, and that too faint a blow To give them now; it would have serv'd at first, When with the weakest touch their knot had

hurst. But now, your care must be, not to detect.
The smallest cord, or line of your suspect; 148
For such, who know the weight of princes' fear,
Will, when they find themselves discover'd,

THINE Their forces, like seen snakes, that else would

Roll'd in their circles, close. Nought is more high.

Daring, or desperate, than offenders found; 100 Where guilt is, rage and courage doth abound. The course must be, to let 'em still swell up, Riot, and surfert on blind Fortune's cup; Give 'em more place, more dignities, more style, Call 'em to court, to senate; in the while. Take from their strength some one or twain or

1 Fartners.

I Lenova.

Of the main fautors a (it will fright thy store), And, by some by-occasion. Thus, with sleight You shall disarra first; and they, in night Of their ambition, and they in night their ambition, and they are caught and alin.

Tib. We would not kill, if we knew how to

Yet, thun a throne, 't is cheaper give a grave. Is there no way to bind them by deserts? Sej. Sir, wolves do change their hair, but not their hearts.

While thus your thought unto a mean is tied. You neither dare enough, nor do provide. All modesty is fond,7 and chiefly where The subject is no less compell'd to bear,

The subject is no less control of acts.

Than praise his sov'reign's acts.

We can no longer to Keep on our mask to thee, our dear Sepanua Thy thoughts are ours, in all, and we but prov'd Their voice, in our designs, which by assenting Hath more confirm'd us, then if heart ning Jove Had, from his hundred statues, had as strike. •

And at the stroke clickt all his marble thumbs. But who shall first be struck? First, Caius Silins; He is the most of mark, and most of danger. In power and reputation equal strong, Having commanded an imperial army Seven years together, vanquish'd Sacroviz In Germany, and thence obtain'd to wear The ornaments triumplad. His steep fall, By how much it doth give the weightier crack, Will send more wounding terror to the rest, we

Command them stand aloof, and give more way To our surprising of the principal. Tib. But what, Sabinus

Let him grow awhile. His fate is not yet ripe: we must not aluck At all together, lest we eatch ourselves. And there's Arruntius too, he only talks, But Sosia, Silius' wife, would be wound in Now, for she bath a fury in her breast More than hell ever knew; and would be sent Thither in time. Then is there one Cremutius Cordus, a writing fellow, they have got To gather notes of the precedent times. And make them into Ainals; a most tart And bitter spirit. I he ar: who, under ce le nr of Of praising these, doth tax the present state. Censures the men, the actions, leaves no trick, No practice unexamin'd, parallels The times, the governments; a profest champion For the old liberty -

Tib. A perishing wretch!
As if there were that chaos bred in things.
That laws and liberty would not rather choose Tib. To be quite broken, and ta'en hence by ua. Than have the stain to be presert'd by such Have we the means to make these guilty first? Sej. Trust that to the: let Carar, by his

But cause a formal meeting of the senate.

I will have matter and accusers ready.

s Supportora . Bhinded he ambition. O Chaptery mangazone

. Middle course.

* Minterste messure are feed on

· Passes judgment on

Tib. But how? Let us consult.
We shall misspend The time of action. Counsels are unfit In husuess where all rest is more permicions 100 Than rashness can be. Acts of this close kind Thrive more by execution than advice. There is no ling'ring in that work begun,
Which cannot praised be, until through done.

Tib. Our edict shall forthwith command a While I can live, I will prevent earth's fury:

Εμού θανόντος γαία μιχθήτω πυρί. [Exit.]

[Enter Julius] Postmumus.

Pos. My lord Sejanus -Julius Posthumus!

Come with my wish! What news from Agrippina's?

Pos. Faith, none. They all lock up them-

Or talk in character; I have not seen A company so chang d. Except they had Intelligence by augury of our practice— Sej. When were you there?

Pos. Pos. Last night.
S.J. And what guests found you?
Pos. Sabinus, Silius, the old list,) Arruntius,

Vurnius, and Gallus.
Would not these talk? Little, 101

And yet we offered choice of argument."

Well: 't is guilt enough.
The hespitable lady?
Por

Was well put home, and had succeeded too, But that babinus cough'd a caution out; For the began to swell.

And may she burst ! Johns, I would have you go instantly into the pulace of the great Augusta, no. ad. by your kindest friend, get swift access; equaint her with these meetings: tell the words

You brought me th' other day, of Silius,
Add comewhat to 'em. Make her understand
The danger of Sabinus, and the times.
Out of his closeness. Give Arruntius' words
Off malice against Caesar; so, to faillus:
But, above all, to Agrippina. Say.
As you may truly, that her infinite pride,
Propt with the hopes of her too fruitful womb,
With popular studies gapes for sovereignty, m
And threatens Caesar. Pray Angusta then.
That for her own, great Caesar's, and the pub-

hat for her own, great Caesar's, and the pub-ic affety, the he pleas'd to argo these dangers.

and best he 'll take it from a mother's tongue. To watch, oppose, plot, practise, or prevent, If he, for whom it is so strongly labour'd, Shall, out of greatness and free spirit, be

" When I am dead, let the earth be mingled with

I flubject. 4 Confident, unauspicious.

Supinely negligent? Our city 's now Divided as in time o' th' civil war. Divided as in time o'th' civil war.
And men forbear not to declare themselves
Of Agrippina's party. Every day
The faction multiplies; and will do more,
If not resisted: you can best enlarge it,
As you find audience. Noble Posthumus,
Commend me to your Prisea: and pray her,
She will solicit this great business
To carnest and most present execution,
With all her utmost credit with Augusta,
Pas. I shall not fail in my instructions. [Exit.]
So. This second, from his mother, will well
urge

urge

Our late design, and spur on Caesar's rage; Which else might grow remiss. The way to put A prince in blood, is to present the shapes Of dangers greater than they are, like late Or early shadows: and, sometimes, to feigh Where there are none, only to make him fear. His fear will make him cruel : and once ent'red He doth not easily learn to stop, or spare where he may doubt. This have I made my rule

To thrust Tiberius into tyranny,
And make him toil to turn uside those blocks,
Which I alone could not remove with safety, as
Drusus once gone, Germanicus' three sons

Order of the constant Would clog my way; whose guards have too much faith

To be corrupted : and their mother known Of too unreprov'd a chastity Of too unreproved as light Livia was.

To be attempted, as light Livia was.

Work then, my art, on Caesar's fears, as they
On those they fear, till all my lets he clear'd,
And he in ruins of his house, and hate
Of all his subjects, hury his own state; When with my peace, and safety. I will rise, == By making him the public sacrifice. [Exit.]

SCENE III.16

[Enter] SATRILS, NATTA.

Sat. They 're grown exceeding oircumspect,

and wary.

Nat. They have us in the wind : and yet Ar-

Cannot contain himself.

Tut, he 's not yet Sat. Tut, he a nor ye. That are more silent.

Here he comes. Away! [Ercunt.] Not. [Enter] SABINUS, ARRUNTIUS, CORDUS.

Sab, How is it, that these beagles baunt the house

Of Agrippina?

Arr. O, they hunt, they hunt! There is some game here lodg'd, which they must rouse.

To make the great ones sport.

Cor. Did you observe How they inveigh'd 'gainst Cassar?' Ay, buits, baits, ATT.

Blameless.
Obstacless F₁ betts.
A room in Agrippina's house.

For us to bite at : would I have my flesh Torn by the public hook, these qualified hang-

Should be my company.

Here comes another. [Dom. AFER passes over the stage.] Ay, there 's a man, Afer the orator ! One that hath phrases, figures, and fine flowers, To strew his rhetoric with, and doth make haste,

To get him note or name by any offer Where blood or gain be objects; steeps his words,

When he would kill, in artificial tears: The crocodile of Tiber! him I love,

That man is mine; he hath my heart and voice That man is tune, but the he. When I would curse I he, he. Contemn the slaves,

Sab.

Their present lives will be their future graves.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV.] 1

[Enter] SILIUS, AGRIPPINA, NERO, SOSIA.

Sil. May't please your highness not forget yourself;

I dare not, with my manners, to attempt Your trouble farther.

Agr. Sil. Most royal princess. Farewell, noble Silius!

Sosia stays with us? Sil. She is your servant, and doth owe your CERCE

An honest, but unprofitable love.

Agr. How can that be, when there 's no gain but virtue's?

You take the moral, not the politic semse.

I meant, as she is bold, and free of speech, Earnest to atter what her zealous thought Travails withal, in honour of your house; Which act, as it is simply borne in her, Partakes of love and honesty; but may, By th' over-often, and unseason'd use, Turn to your loss and danger: for your state is

Is waited on by envies, as by eyes; And every second guest your tables take Is a fee'd apy, to observe who goes, who comes; What conference you have, with whom, where,

when, What the discourse is, what the looks, the thoughts

Of ev'ry person there, they do extract, And make into a substance.

Hear me, Silius. .1gr. Were all Tiberius' body stuck with eyes, And ev'ry wall and hanging in my house Transparent, as this lawn I wear, or air; Yea, had Sejanus both his ears as long As to my inmost closet, I would hate To whisper any thought, or change an act, To be made Juno's rival. Virtue's forces

Show ever noblest in conspicuous courses. 30 Sil. 'T is great, and bravely spoken, like the apirit

Of Agrippina: yet, your highness knows,

There is nor loss nor shame in providence; Fow can, what all should do, beware enough. You may perceive with what officious face, Visit your house of late, t' inquire the secrets; And with what bold and privileg'd art, they

mil Against Augusta, yea, and at Tiberius; Tell tricks of Liviu, and Sejanus; all T'excite, and call your indignation os, That they might hear it at more liberty. Agr. You're too suspicious, Silius.

Pray the gods, I be so, Agrippina; but I fear
Some subtile practice. They that durat to strike
At so exampless, and unblam'd a life,
At that of the renown'd Germanicus,
Will not sit down with that exploit alone:

He threatens many that hath injur'd one.

Nero. 'T were best rip forth their tongues, sear out their eyes, When next they come.

Sos. A fit reward for spice.

[Enter] DRUSUS JUN.

Dru. jun. Hear you the rumour?

Agr. Jun.
Agr. Dying!
Nero. That's strange!
You were with him yesternight.
You were with him physician,
and Endemus the physician,
he cannot live. Sent for, but now; who thinks he cannot live. Sil. Thinks! If it be arriv'd at that, he

Sil. Tu.

Or none.
Agr. 'T is quick! What should be his disease?

Agr. 'Tis quiek! v. Sil. Poison, poison-Agr. · How, Silina!

What's that? Nero. What's that? Sil. Nay, nothing. There was late a corrain blow

Giv'n o' the face.

Ay, to Sejanus. True. Nero. Sil.

Sil. And what of that?

Sil. I'm glad I gave it act.

Nero. But there is somewhat else?

Yes, private meetings.

With a great lady at a physician's,

And a wife turn'd away

Nero,
Sil.
Toys, mere toys:
What wisdom's now i' th' atreets, i' th' common mouth?

Dru. jun. Fears, whisp'rings, tumults, noise. I know not what:

They say the Senate sit.

I'll thither straight;

And see what 's in the forge.

Good Silins, do; Sosia and I will in.

Haste you, my lords, Sil. To visit the sick prince; tender your love. And sorrows to the people. This Sejanus.

¹ Another apartment in the same.

Trust my divining soul, hath plots on all: No tree, that stope his prospect, but must fall. [Excunt.]

CHORUS - of Musicians.

ACT III

[SCENE I.] The Senate.

[Enter] Praecones, Lictures, SEJANUS, VARRO, LATIANIS, COTTA, and AFER.

Sej. Varro 'T is only you must urge against him,

Nor I, nor Caesar may appear therein, Except in your defence, who are the consul; And, under colour of late enmity As free from all suspicion of a practice.
Here be your notes, what points to touch at;

Be cunning in them. Afer has them too. Var. But is he summon'd

No. It was debated By Chesar, and concluded as most fit To take him unprepar'd.

And prosecute All under name of treason.

I conceive.

[Enter Sabinus, Gallus, Lepidus, and Abbuntius.]

Sah. Prusus being dead, Caesar will not be

here. What should the business of this senate

Gal. What should the business of this senate be?

Arr. That can my subtle whisperers tell you:

That are the good-dull-noble lookers-on.

Are only call'd to keep the marble warm.

What should we do with those deep mysteries,
Proper to these fine heads? Let them alone. 12 he ignorance may, perchance, help us be say'd from whips and furies.

Ay, now their heads do travail, now Birl.

Arr. Ay, now their heads do travial, they work;
Their faces run like shirtles; they are weaving Their faces rub like entre the face of the care of the comments of the care of

Sah. They take their places, What, so low! O yes, so her must be seen to flatter Caesar's grief,

Though but in sitting. Bid us silence.

Prace.
Vac. "Fathers conscript, may this our pre-

Turn fair and fortunate to the commonwealth !" [Enter] SILIUS [and other Senators.]

See, Silius enters. Hail, grave fathers! 1 Plot.

Stand. 10

Silius, forbear thy place. How

Prue, Silius, stand forth,

Pruc.
The consul hath to charge thee.
Room for Caesar. Arr. Is he come too! Nay then expect a trick.

Sab. Silius accus'd! Sure he will answer nobly.

[Enter] TIBERIUS [attended.]

Tib. We stand amuzed, fathers, to behold This general dejection. Wherefore sit Rome's consuls thus dissolv'd, as they had lost All the remembrance both of style and place? It not becomes. No woos are of fit weight To make the honour of the Empire stoop: Though I, in my peculiar self may meet Just reprehension, that so suddenly, And in so fresh a grief, would greet the senate, When private tongues, of kinsmen and allies, Inspir'd with comforts, lothly are endur'd, The face of men not seen, and searce the day, To thousands that communicate 2 our loss. Nor can I argue these of weakness, since Nor can I argue these of weakness, must seek a They take but natural ways; yet I must seek for stronger aids, and those fair helps draw out for stronger aids, and the commonwealth. From warm embraces of the commonwealth. Our mother, great Augusta, 's struck with

Our self imprest with aged characters, Drusus is gone, his children young and babes; Our aims must now reflect on those that may Give timely auccour to these present ills, And are our only glad-surviving hopes, The noble issue of Germanicus, Nero and Drusus: might it please the consul Honour them in, they both attend without, I would present them to the senate's core, And raise those suns of joy that should drink

These floods of sorrow in your drowned eyes,
Arr. By Jove, I am not Oedipus enough
To understand this Sphina,
Sab.
The princes come.

[Enter] NERO, DRUSUS JUNIOR.

Tib. Approach you, noble Nero, noble Dru-These princes, fathers, when their parent died, I gave unto their uncle, with this prayer, That though he 'd proper issue of his own, That though he a proper issue of its own. He would no less bring up, and foster these, not that self-blood; and by that act confirm. Their worths to him, and to posterity. Drusus ta'en hence, I turn my prayers to you, And 'fore our country and our goods, heseoch You take, and rule Augustus' nephew's sons, " Sprung of the noblest ancestors; and so Accomplish both my duty, and your own. Nero, and Drusus, these shall be to you

1 Share.

Receive them, you strong guardians; and blest

Make all their actions answer to their bloods; Lot their great titles find increase by thom, Not they by titles. Set them, as in place,
So in example, above all the Romans:
And may they know no rivals but themselves.

Let Fortune give them nothing, but attend
Upon their virtue; and that still come forth Greater than hope, and better than their fame. Relieve me, fathers, with your general voice, Senators. "May all the gods consent to Cae-

sar's wish,
And add to any honours that may crown
The hopeful issue of Germanicus!

Tib. We thank you, reverend fathers, in their right.

Arr. [Aside.] If this were true, now! but the space, the space

Between the breast and lips! Tiberius' heart Lies a thought farther than another man's.

Tib. My comforts are so flowing in my joys,

As, in them, all my streams of grief are lost, so No less than are land-waters in the sea, Or showers in rivers; though their cause was

such, As might have sprinkled ev'n the gods with

tears Yet, since the greater doth embrace the less,

We covetonsly obey.

Arr. (Aside.) 1 Well neted, Caesar.

Teh, And now I am the happy witness made Of your so much desir'd affections To this great issue, I could wish the Fates Would here set peaceful period to my days; However, to my labours I entreat

And beg it of this senate, some fit ease.

Arr. (Aside.)! Laugh, fathers, laugh: ha'
you no spleens 2 about you?

Tib. The burden is too heavy! sustain On my unwilling shoulders; and I pray It may be taken off, and reconferr d pon the consuls, or some other Roman,

More able, and more worthy.

Arr. (Aside.)

Laugh on still.

Sab. Why, this doth render all the rest suspected!

Gal. It poisons all.

Arr. O, do you taste it then? Sab. It takes away my faith to anything He shall hereafter speak.

Arr. Ay, to pray that, Which would be to his head as hot as thunder Gainst which he wears that charm, a should but the court

Receive him at his word.

For myself know my weakness, and so little covet, Like some gone past, the weight that will oppress me.

As my ambition is the counter-point,

Arr. (Aside.) Finely maintain'd; good still! ¹ These spreches marked (Aside) are placed in parentheses in the Folio.

¹ The approach can of mirth and other emotions.

² A wreath of laurel. (Jonson.)

But Rome, whose blood, Whose nerves, whose life, whose very frame On Caesar's strength, no less than heaven on

Atlas.

Cannot admit it but with general ruin. Arr. (Aside.) Ah! are you there to bring him off?

Sei. Let Caesar

No more then urge a point so contrary
To Caesar's greatness, the griev'd senate's vows.
Or Rome's necessity.
Gal. (Ande.)
He comes about

Gal. (Aside.) 4rr. (Aside.) More nimbly than Vertumnus. For the public.

I may be drawn to show I can neglect All private aims, though I affect my rest; But if the senate still command me serve.

I must be glad to practise my obedience.

Arr. (Aside.) You must and will, sir. We do know it.

Senators.

Caesar.

Live long and happy, great and royal Caesar; The gods preserve thee and thy modesty, Thy wisdom and thy innocence!"

Arr. (Aside.) Where is 't?

Arr. (.1800e.)
The prayer is made before the subject.
"Guard as His meekness, Jove, his piety, his care,

His bounty -Arr. 1.1side. And his subtilty, I'll put in: Yet he 'll keep that himself, without the gods.

prayers are vain for him. All We will not hold Your patience, fathers, with long un-wer; but Shall still contend to be what you desire. And work to satisfy so great a hope.

Proceed to your affairs.

Arr. [Aside.] Now, Silius, guard thee; The curtain 's drawing. Afer advanceth

Afer. Cite Caius Silins.

Caius Sillus! Hers. 18 Afer. The triumph that thou hadst in Ger-

For thy late victory on Sacrovir. Thou hast enjoy'd so freely. Cains Silius, As no man it envi'd thee; nor would Cassar in Or Rome admit, that thou wert then defrauded Of any honours thy deserts could claim In the fair service of the commonwealth;

But now, if after all their loves and graces, (Thy actions, and their courses being discover'd) It shall appear to Caesar and this senate. Thou hast defil'd those glories with thy crimes -

Sil. Crimes!

Afer. Patience, Silins.
Sil. Tell thy mule of patience:
I am a Roman, What are my crimes? Proclam them.

Am I too rich, too honest for the times? Have I or treasure, jewels, land, or houses to That some informer gapes for? Is my strongth Too much to be admitted, or my knowledge? These now are crimes.

Nay, Silius, if the name Of crime so touch thee, with what impotence Wilt thou endure the matter to be search'd? Sil. I tell thee, Afer, with more scorn than

here's my accuser?

War.

Here.

Here. Varro, the consul!

In.
Le he thrust in?
Var.
the maj Var. Tis I accuse thee, Silius. I do pronounce thee here a guilty cause, Frest of beginning and occasioning,

Next, drawing out the war in Gallia,
For which thou late triumph'st; dissembling long

That Sacrovir to be an enemy.

(bily to make thy entertainment more:

Whilst thou, and thy wife Sasia, poll'd 1 the

province; Wherein, with sordid-base desire of gain, Thou hast discredited thy actions' worth,

And been a traitor to the state,
Sil.

Thou liest. **

Arr. I thank thee, Silius; speak so still and

often.

Var. If I not prove it, Caesar, but unjustly

Have call'd him into trial, here I bind

Myself to suffer what I claim 'gainst him; And yield to have what I have spoke, community judgment of the court, and all good men.
Sil. Caesar, I crave to have my cause deferr'd,
Till this man's consulship be out.
We cannot, and yield to have what I have spoke, confirm'd

Nor may we grant it. Why? Shall he design? My day of trial? Is he my accuser, and must be be my judge?

Tio. It hath been usual, and is a right that custom bath allow'd The magistrate, to call forth private men and to appoint their day; which privilego we may not in the consul see infring d, By whose deep watches and industrious care it no labour d, as the commonwealth Receive no loss, by any oblique course,

Sil. Caesar, thy fraud is worse than violence.
The Silius, mistake us not, we dare not use the credit of the consul to thy wrong; But only do preserve his place and power,

ofar as it concerns the dignity And honour of the state,

Believe him, Silius. Ca. Why, so he may, Arruntius.

I say so; se and he may choose too. By the Capitol,

And all our gods, but that the dear republic, Our marred laws, and just authority Are interess'd therein. I should be silent. The Arr. Phonse Cassar to give way unto his trial,

He shall have justice.

Nay, I shall have law; Shall I not, Afer? Speak.

1 Plandared by extertion.

Name.

Would you have moe? Afer. Would you have moe? Sil. No, my well-spoken man, I would no more ;

Nor less: might I enjoy it natural, Not taught to speak unto your present ends, re Free from thine, his, and all your unkind hand-

Furious enforcing, most unjust presuming, Malicious, and manifold applying,

Foul wresting, and impossible construction.

Afer. He raves, he raves.

Sil. Thou durst not tell me so, see Hadst thou not Caesar's warrant. I can see

Whose power condemns mc.
This betrays his apirit: Var.

This betrays his a
This doth enough declare him what he is.
Sil. What am I? speak.

Sil. What am I? speak.
Var.
Sil. Because I am an enemy to thee,
Sil. Because I am an enemy to thee,
and such corrupted ministers of the state,
That here art made a present instrument
To gratify it with thine own disgrace.
Scj. This, to the consul, is most insolest,
And impious!
Sil. Av. take part. Reveal yourselves.

Sil. Ay, take part. Reveal yourselves. •••
Alas! I scent not your confed racies,
Your plots, and combinations! I not know Minion Sejanus hates me; and that all This boast of law, and law, is but a form, A net of Vulcan's filing, a mere ingine, To take that life by a pretext of justice, Which you pursue in malice! I want brain Or nostril to persuade me, that your ends Or nosern to persuade me, that your ends. And purposes are made to what they are, Before my answer! O, you equal gods, Whose justice not a world of wolf-turn'd men

Shall make me to accuse thowe'er provoke), Have I for this so oft engag'd myself?
Stood in the heat and fervour of a fight,
When Phoebus sooner hath forsook the day Than I the field, against the blue-ey'd Gauls, And crisped Germans? when our Roman eaglou Have fann'd the fire with their labouring wings And no blow dealt, that left not death behind

it ? When I have charg'd, alone, into the troops of ourl'd Sieambrians, routed them, and came Not off with backward ensigns of a slave, But forward marks, wounds on my breast and

face, Were meant to thee, O Caesar, and thy Rome? And have I this return! Did I, for this, Perform so noble, and so brave defeat, On Sacrovir! O Jove, let it become me To boast my deeds, when he, whom they con-

Shall thus forget them.
Silius, Silius, These are the common customs of thy blood, When it is high with wine, as now with rage. This well agrees with that intemperate vaunt, Thou lately mad stat Agrippina's table, That, when all other of the troops were prone
To fall into rebellion, only yours
Remain'd in their obedience. You were he
That say'd the Empire, which had then been Had but your legions there rebell'd, or mutin'd; Your virtue met, and fronted every peril. in You gav'st to Caesar and to Rome their surety. Their name, their strength, their spirit, and their state,

Their being was a donative from you.

Arr. Well worded, and most like an orator.
Tib. Is this true, Silius?

Sil. Save thy question, Caesar, Thy spy of famous credit hath affirm'd it.

Sab. He doth answer stoutly. Sey. If this be so, there needs no farther cause

Of crime against him,

What can more impeach The royal dignity and state of Caesar, Than to be urged with a benefit

He cannot pay. Cot. In this, all Caesar's fortune

Is made unequal to the courtesy.

Lut. His means are clean destroy'd that

Gal. Nothing is great enough for Silius' merit.

Arr. Gallus on that side too?

Come, do not hunt, And labour so about for circumstance, To make him guilty, whom you have foredoom'd:

Take shorter ways, I'll meet your purposes. The words were mine, and more I now will say:
Since I have done thes that great service,
Chour,

Thou still hast fear'd me; and, in place of grace, iteturn'd me hatred; so soon all best turns, With doubtful princes, turn deep injuries in estimation, when they greater rise Than can be answer'd. Benefits, with you,

Are of no longer pleasure, than you can With ease restore them, that transcended once, Your studies are not how to thank, but kill,

It is your nature, to have all men slaves To you, but you acknowledging to none. 200 The means that makes your greatness, must not

CH1110

In mention of it; if it do, it takes So much away, you think: and that which

help'd Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye, Where it may front, or but upbraid the high,

Cot. Suffer him speak no more.

Note but his spirit.

Afer. This shows him in the rest.

Lat.
Noj. He hath spoke enough to prove him
Caesar's foe.

Caesar's foe.

Noj. A censure.

Stay, May, most officious senate, I shall straight He goards within him, against fortune's spite, on weakly but he can escape your gripe

Phat are but hunds of fortune : she herself, 200 When virtue doth oppose, must lose her threats. All that can happen in humanity,

I Judged.

The frown of Caesar, proud Sejanus' hatred, Base Varro's spicen, and Afer's bloodying tongue,

The senate's servile flattery, and these Must'red to kill, I'm fortified against, And can look down upon: they are beneath me. It is not life whereof I stand enamous'd Nor shall my end make me accuse my fate The coward and the valiant man must fall. Only the cause, and manner how, discerns them Which then are gladdest, when they cost us

dearest. Romans, if any here be in this senate, Would know to mock Tiberius' tyranny, Look upon Silius, and so learn to die.

(Stubs himself.)

Var. O desperate act! Arr. An honourable hand! see Tib. Look, is he dead? Sab. 'T was nobly struck, and home.

Sab. Arr. My thought did prompt him to it. Farewell, Silius.

Be famous ever for thy great example.

Tib. We are not pleas'd in this and accident.

That thus hath stalled, 2 and abus d our mercy Intended to preserve thee, noble Roman. And to prevent thy hopes.

Excellent wolf!

Now he is full he howls. Sej.

Caesar doth wro

His dignity and safety thus to mourn

The deserv'd end of so profest a traitor; Caesar doth wrong And doth, by this his lenity, instruct
Others as factions to the like offence.

Tib. The confiscation merely of his state

Had been enough.
O, that was gap'd for then? Arr. Remove the body. Let citation

Go out for Sosia.

Gal.

Let her be proscrib'd:
And for the goods, I think it fit that half
Go to the treasure, half unto the children.

Lep. With leave of Caesar, I would think

that fourth Part, which the law doth cast on the informers, Should be enough; the rest go to the children: Wherein the prince shall show humanity, And bounty; not to force them by their want, Which in their parent's trespass they desert'd.

To take ill courses. It shall please us. Tib. Arr

Out of necessity. This Lepidus Is grave and honest, and I have observ'd A moderation still in all his censures,"

Sab. And hending to the better — Stay. who's this?

Cremutius Cordus! What! is he brought in? Arr. Mon. More blood unto the banquet!

I wish thee good; be as thy Writings, free And honest.

Tih. What is be?

Sej. For th' Annals, Carvar-

* Forestalled.

3 Judgments

Enter) Praeco. SATRIUS and NATTA, [with] CREMETIUS CORDUS, [guarded.]

Proc. Cremutius Cordus!

Here. Satrius Secundus, Prue.

Pinnarius Natta, you are his necessers. 5:3
Arr. Two of Sejanus' blood-hounds, whom he Arr. Iw.

With human flosh, to bay at citizens.

Afer. Stand forth before the Senate, and con-

front him.
Sat. I do secure thee here, Cremutius Cordus, To be a man factious and dangerous, nower of acdition in the state. turbulent and discontented spirit,

Which I will prove from thine own writings, The singula thou hast publish'd; where thou

The present age, and with a viper's touth, Being a member of it, dar'st that ill Which never yet degenerous bastard did Upon his parent.

To this I subscribe;

and, forth 1 a world of more particulars, lastance in only one comparing men
And times, thou praisest Brutus, and affirm st that Cassine was the last of all the Romans.

Co. How! what are we then?

Var. What is Cassar! Nothing?

Afer. My lords, this strikes at every Roman's

private. h whom reigns gentry and estate of spirit, -To have a Brutus brought in parallel,
parricide, an eveny of his country,
kuk'd, and preferr'd to any real worth
That Rome now holds. This is most strangely

invective, Most full of spite, and insolent upbraiding. 400 for a 't the time alone is here dispriz'd, by a t the time alone is here disprized, but the whole man of time, yea, Caesar's self brought in disvalue; and he aim d at most, by other glance of his licentious pen.

Assar, if Cassins were the last of Romans,

The Let's hear him answer. Silence! Cor So innocent I am of fact, my lords, a but my words are argu'd : yet those words Not reaching either prince or prince's parent;
The which your law of treason comprehends.
Bratas and Cassius I am charg'd t' have pruis'd;

hose doeds, when many more, besides myself, Have writ, not one hath mention'd without however.

onat Titus Livius, great for eloquence and faith amongst us, in his History with to great praises Pompey did extol, As oft Augustus call'd him a Pompeian: be this not hart their friendship. In his book often names Scipio, Afranius, the same Cassius, and this Brutus too, we sortheat men; not thieves and particides. Which notes upon their fames are now impos'd.

Asinius Pollio's writings quite throughout Give them a noble memory, so Messala Renown'd his general, Cassum; yet both these Liv'd with Augustus, full of wealth and hon-

To Cicero's book, where Cato was heav'd up Equal with heaven, what else did Chesar answer, Being then dictator, but with a penn'd oration, As if before the judges? Do but see Antonius' letters; read but Brutus' pleadings: What vile reproach they hold against Augustus, False, I confess, but with much bitterness. The epigrams of Bibaculus and Cutullus.

Are read, full stuft with spite of both the Cac-Yet deified Julius, and no less Augustus.

Both bore them, and contemu'd them: I not know.

Promptly to speak it, whether done with more Temper, or wisdom; for such obliquies If they despised be, they die supprest; 400 But if with rage acknowledg d, they are confest. The Greeks I slip, whose licence not alone, But also lost did scape angunished: Or where some one, by chance, exception took, He words with words reveng'd. But, in my

work

What could be aim'd more free,2 or farther off From the time's scandal, than to write of those Whom death from grace or hatred had ex-empted?

Did I, with Brutus and with Cassins, Arm'd and possess d of the Philippi fields, Incense the people in the civil cause, With dangerous speeches? Or do they, being

slain Seventy years since, as by their images. Which not the conqueror hath defac d, appears, Retain that guilty memory with writers?

Retain that guity memory with writem?

Posterity pays every mun his honour.

Nor shall there want, though I condemned am,
That will not only Cassius well approve,
And of great Brutus' honour mindful be,
But that will also mention make of me. at that will also ments spoken!
Arr. Freely and nobly spoken!
With good temper;

Arr. He puts 'em to their whisper.

Tib.

Take him hence;

We shall determine of him at next sitting.

[Execut Officers with CORDES.]

Cot. Mean time, give order, that his books be burnt,

To the aediles.

Sej.
You have well advis'd.

Afer. It fits not such licentious things should live

T' upbraid the age.

Arr. If th' age were good, they might. Arr. Lat. Let 'em be burnt. All soup

Gal. All sought, and buent to-day. Prace. The court is up; lictors, resume the fusces.

[Ereunt all but] ARRENTIUS, SAB-INUS, and LEPIDUS.

¹ Out of.

¹ Innocent.

Arr. Let them be burnt! O, how ridiculous Appear the senate's brainless diligence, Who think they can, with present power, extinguish

The memory of all succeeding times! Sab. 'T is true; when, contrary, the punish-

Of wit doth make th' authority increase. Nor do they aught, that use this cruelty Of interdiction, and this rage of burning But purchase to themselves rebuke and shame, And to the writers an eternal name.

Lep. It is an argument the times are sore,

When virtue cannot safely be advane'd,

Nor vice reprov'd.

Arr. Ay, noble Lepidus;
Augustus well foresaw what we should suffer
Under Tiberius, when he did pronounce The Roman race most wretched, that should

Between so slow jaws, and so long a bruising. [Exeunt.]

[Scene II.] 1

[Enter] TIBERIUS and SEJANUS.

Tib. This business bath succeeded well, So-

And quite remov'd all jealousy of practice ²
'Gainst Agrippina, and our nephows. Now,
We must bethink us how to plant our ingines For th'other pair, Sabinus and Arruntius, And Gallus too; howe'er he flatter us, His heart we know.

Sej. Give it some respite, Caesar. Time shall mature, and bring to perfect crown, What we, with so good vultures, have begun:

Sabinus shall be next.

Rather Arruntius. Scj. By any means, preserve him. His frank tongue

Being lent the reins, would take away all thought

Of malice, in your course against the rest :

We must keep him to stalk with. Dearest head,

To thy most fortunate design I yield it. Sep. Sir, I have been so long train'd up in grace.

First with your father, great Augustus; since, With your most happy bounties so familiar; As I not sooner would commit my hopes Or wishes to the gods, than to your ears. Nor have I ever yet been covetous Of over-bright and dazzling honours; rather To watch and travail in great Caesar's safety,

With the most common soldier.

Tib.

Tib. only gain, and which I count most fair

Of all my fortunes, is, that mighty Caesar His thought me worthy his alliance. Hence Begin my hopes

Umph ! I have heard. Augustus, Tib. In the bestowing of his daughter, thought

A room in the Palace. Suspicion of conspiracy.

But even of gentlemen of Rome: if so — I know not how to hope so great a favour — But if a husband should be sought for Livia, And I be had in mind, ac Caesar's friend, I would but use the glory of the kindred. It should not make me slothful, or less caring for Caesar's state; it were enough to me It did confirm, and strengthen my weak home, Against the now-unequal opposition Of Agrippina; and for dear regard Unto my children, this I wish: myself Have no ambition farther than to end My days in service of so dear a master.

Tib. We cannot but commend the piety.

Most lov'd Sejanus, in acknowledging Those bounties; which we, faintly, such re-

member. -But to thy suit. The rest of mortal men, In all their drifts and counsels, pursue profit : Princes alone are of a different sort, Directing their main actions still to fame: For Livia she can best, herself, resolve for Livia she can best, herself, resolve
If she will marry, after Drusus, or
Continue in the family; besides,
She hath a mother, and a grandam yet,
Whose nearer counsels she may guide her by:
But I will simply deal. That enmity
Thou fear'st in Agrippina, would burn more,
If Livia's marriage should, as 't were in parts,
Divide th' imperial house; an emulation
Between the women minth break forth, and Between the women might break forth; and discord

Ruin the sons and nephews on both hands. What if it cause some present difference?
Thou art not safe, Sejanus, if thou proce it.
Caust thou believe, that Livia, first the wife
To Caius Caesar, then to Drukus, now Will be contented to grow old with thee, Born but a private gentleman of Rome.
And raise thee with her loss, if not her shame?
Or say that I should wish it, caust than think
The senate, or the people twho have seen Her brother, father, and our ancestors, In highest place of empire will endure it? The state thou hold'st already, is in talk; Men murmur at thy greatness; and the nodes Stick not, in public, to upbraid thy clinking. Above our father's favours, or thy scale: And dare accuse me, from their hate to thee. Be wise, dear friend. We would not hide these

things. For friendship's dear respect: nor will we attack Adverse to thine, or Livia's designments. What we have purpos'd to thee, in our thought. And with what near degrees of love to bind

thee, And make thee equal to us, for the present We will forbear to speak. Only, thus much Believe, our lov'd Sejanus, we not know " That height in blood or honour, which thy virtue

And mind to us, may not aspire with merit.
And this we'll publish on all watch'd occasion
The senate or the people shall present.

¹ Test, attempt.

So. I am restor'd, and to my sense again, which I had lost in this so blinding suit.
Caesar hath taught me better to refuse,
Than I knew how to ask. How pleaseth Caesar
T'embrace my late advice for leaving Rome?
Tib. We are resolv'd.

Here are some motives more, so [Gives him a paper.] Which I have thought on since, may more con-

Tib. Careful Sejanus ! we will straight peruse them

Go forward in our main design, and prosper.

Sey. If those but take, I shall. Dull, heavy Curear !

Wouldst thou tell me, thy favours were made

And that my fortunes were esteem'd thy faults, that thou for me wert hated, and not think would with winged baste prevent that change, when thou might'at win all to thyself again, by forfeiture of me? Did those fond words usely swifter from thy lips than this my brain, The sparkling forge, created me an armour reacounter chance and thee? Well, read my

charms, And may they lay that hold upon thy senses, 100 As then hadet souft up bemlock, or ta'en down Ibs juice of poppy and of mandrakes. Sleep,

on thy stupid powers, and leave them dead lopuble cures; awake but to thy lusts.

The strongth of which makes thy libidinous

th to leave Rome! and I have thrust it on;

th blarwing of the city business,

The multitude of suits, the confluence

of suits, the suits and repraches,

all which is quiet and retired life,

or suits, sees and showing did avoid

and which a quot and retired life, and avoid:

Larded with ease and pleasure, did avoid:

Lad yet for any weighty and great affair, us

The littest place to give the soundest connacls.

By the I shall remove him both from thought

Lad knowledge of his own most dear affairs;

Daw all disputebes through my private hands; ton his designments, and pursue mine own; Make mine own strengths by giving suits and

places. Conferring dignities and offices;

And these that hate me now, wanting access to ham, will make their envy none, or less; for when they see me arbiter of all, They must observe; or else with Caesar fall.

[Exit.]

[SCENE III.]1

[Enter] TIBERIUS.

Tio. To marry Livin! will no less, Sejanus, Centent thy aims? No lower object? Well! Thou know at how then art wrought into our trust;

Noven in our design; and think'st we must

1 Another room in the same.

Now use thee, whatso'er thy projects are:
'T is true. But yet with cantage and fit care;
And, now we better think — Who 's there with-

[Enter an Officer.]

Off. Caesar!
Tib. [Aside.] To leave our journey off, were sin 'Gainst our decreed delights; and would appear Doubt; or, what less becomes a prince, low

Yet doubt hath law, and fears have their ex-

Where princes' states plead necessary use; As ours doth now: more in Sejanus' prid. Than all fell Agrippina's hates beside. Those are the dreadful enemies, we raise With favours, and make daugerous with praise; The injur'd by us may have will alike, But 't is the favourite hath the power to strike; And fury ever boils more high and strong, Heat 2 with ambition, than revenge of wrong, "T is then a part of supreme skill, to grace No man too much; but hold a certain space Between th' accender's rise and thine own flat, a Lest, when all rounds be reach'd, his aim be

that.

'T is thought. — Is Macro in the palace? see: us If not, go seek him, to come to us. [Exit Officer.]

Must be the organ we must work by now; Though none less apt for trust: need doth al-

What choice would not. I have heard that aconite,

Being timely taken, hath a healing might Against the scorpion's stroke; the proof we'll

That, while two poisons wrastle, we may live. He hath a spirit too working to be us'd. But to th' encounter of his like; excus'd. Are wiser sov'reigns then, that raise one ill. Against another, and both safely kill:

The prince that feeds great natures, they will

sway him;
Who nourisheth a lion, must obey him. —

[Re-enter Officer with] MACRO.

Macro, we sent for you.

I heard so, Caesar.

Mac.

[Exit Officer.] Mac.
Tib. Leave us a while.

When you shall know, good Macro,
When you shall know, good Macro,
and the ends, The causes of our sending, and the ends, you will then hearken nearer; and be pleas'd You stand so high both in our choice and

Mac. The humblest place in Caesar's choice or trust

May make glad Macro proud; without ambition.

Save to do Caesar service.

Leave your courtings. We are in purpose, Macro, to depart The city for a time, and see Campania; Not for our pleasures, but to dedicate

2 Heated.

I Level.

A pair of temples, one to Jupiter
At Capea; th other at Noba, to Angustus;
In which great work, perhaps our stay will be
Beyond our will produced. Now, since we are Not ignorant what danger may be born Out of our abortisal absolute, in a state So antiplet onto early, and embroid'd With hate and faction; we have thought on

thee. Amongst's field of Romans, worthiest Macro, To be our eye and our, to keep strict watch On Agrappina, Noro, Drusus, sy. And on Sepanie not that we distrust His legalty, or do repent one grace, Of all that heap we have conferr'd on him; For that were to dispurage our election, And call that judgment now in doubt, which

than Seem'd as unquestion'd as an oracle -But greatness buth his cankers. Worms and

motha Breed out of too fit matter, in the things Which after they consume, transferring quite The aubstance of their makers int themselves. Macro is sharp, and apprehends: besides, I know him anbille, close, wise, and well read In man, and his large nature; he hath studied Affections, passions, knows their springs, their

ends, Which way, and whether they will work: 't is proof

Enough of his great merit that we trust him. Then to a point therause our conference Cannot be long without sumpleion): Here, Maero, we assign thee both to apy, Inform, and chastise, think, and use thy means. Thy ministers, what, where, on whom thou

wilt Explore, plot, practise: all then doet in this Shall be, as if the senate or the laws Had giv'n it privilege, and then thence styl'd The saviour both of Cassar and of Rome. We will not take thy answer but in net: Whereto, as thou proceed'st, we hope to hear By trusted messangurs. If 't be inquir'd Wherefore we call'd you, say you have in

charge [Exit.]

Mac. I will not nok why Caesar hids do this; But joy, that he bids me. It is the bless Of courts to be employ'd, no matter how; A prince's power makes all his actions virtue. A prince's power makes all his atomic instruments, We, whom he works by are dumb instruments, To do, but not inquire his great intents how

Is most in band whose owner best doth know = T' affect ' his aims; so let that statesman hope Mont use, most price, can hit his prince's

Benpo, 9 Nor must be look at what or whom to strike, But loose at all; each mark must be alike. Wore it to plot agmost the fame, the life

> 1 Effect. 1 Aim. 1 Bhoot

Of one with whom I twinn'd; remove a nife m From my warm eide, as lov'd as is the air I reactive away each parent; draw mine her In compace, though but one; work all my kin To swift perdition; leave no untrain d engine For friendship, or for innocence; nay, make or The gods all guilty; I would undertake Thia, being impos'd me, both with gain and

The way to rise is to obey and please. He that will thrive in state, he must neglect in The trodden paths that truth and right respect.

And prove new, wilder ways: for virtue there
Is not that narrow thing she is elsewhere. Men's fortune there is virtue; reason their will; Their licence, law; and their observance, skill. Occasion is their foil; conscience, their stan; Profit their lustre; and what else is, vain.

If then it he the lust of Caesar's power
T' have rais'd Sejanus up, and in an hour
O'erturn him, tumbling, down from height of all

We are his ready engine: and his fall May be our rise. It is no uncouth 6 thing To see fresh buildings from old ruins spring.

CHORUS - of Musicians.

ACT IV

[SCENE I.]6

[Enter] GALLUS, AGRIPPINA.

Gal. You must have patience, royal Agrippina.

Agr. I must have vengeance first; and that were nectar

Unto my famish'd spirits. O, my fortune, Let it be sudden thou prepar'st against me ; Strike all my powers of understanding blind, And ignorant of destiny to come! Let me not fear, that cannot hope

Dear princes. These tyrannies on yourself are worse than Caesar's.

Agr. Is this the happiness of being born great?

Still to be aim'd at? still to be suspected? To live the subject of all jealousies?
At least the colour made, if not the ground
To every painted danger? Who would not Choose once to fall, than thus to hang for ever Gal. You might be safe if you would — Agr. What, my Gallus'a

Be lowd Sejanus' atrumpet? Or the bawd To Caesar's lusts, he now is gone to practise? Not these are safe, where nothing is. Yourself. While thus you stand but by me, are not sale. Was Silius safe? Or the good Sosia safe? Or was my niece, dear Claudia Pulchra, safe, Or innocent Furnius? they that latest have (By being made guilty) added reputation

4 Entrap mine beir. † Unknown.

An apartment in Agrippina's house,

Protest, with a pun.

To Afer's eloquence? O, foolish friends, Could not so fresh example warn your loves, But you must buy my farours with that loss Unto yourselves; and when you might perceive That Caesar's cause of raging must forsake

Before his will! Away, good Gallus, leave me. How to be seen, is danger; to speak, treason; 20 To do me least observance, is call'd faction. You are unbuppy in me, and I in all.
Where are my sous Nero and Drusus? We
Are they be shot at; let us fall apart; Not in our ruins sepulchre our friends. Or shall we do some action like offence. 1
To mock their studies that would make us

faulty. And frustrate practice by preventing 2 it?
The danger's like: for what they can contrive,
Ther will make good. No innocence is safe. When power contests: nor can they trespass

Whose only being was all crime before.

Enter NENO, DRUSUS, and CALIGULA.]

Ner. You hear Sejanus is come back from Caesar

Gat. No. How? disgrae'd?

Dru. More graced now than ever. By what mischance? A fortune like enough

Ouve to be bad. But turn'd too good to both. "

Nor. Tiberins sitting at his meat, in a farm-house they call Spelunca, sited the sea-side, among the Fundane hills, Within a natural cave; part of the grot, About the entry, fell, and overwhelm'd one of the waiters; others ran away:
Our Sejanus with his knees, hands, face,
Outhanging Caesar, did oppose himself
to the remaining cuins, and was found
to the temporaring posture by the suldiers
That came to succour him. With which adven-1222.01

to bath so fixt himself in Cassar's trust, As thunder cannot move him, and is come With all the height of Cassar's praise to Rome. And power to turn those rains all on

and bury whole posterities beneath them.

The places are the next, and therefore most their offence. Think on your birth and blimmil.

Ta primely when a tyrant doth oppose, and a fortune sent to exercise log rirtue, as the wind doth try strong trees, who by veration grow more sound and firm. for your father's fall, and uncle's fate, What can you hope, but all the change of stroke that force or sleight can give? Then stand

Lite the offences we are charged with.

Astropating.

Mere existence.

Tossing.

And though you do not act, yet suffer nobly: as Be worthy of my womb, and takestrong cheer; What we do know will come, we should not feur. [Excunt.]

(SCENE II.) 6

[Enter] MACRO.

Mac. Return'd so soon! Renew'd in trust and grace!

Is Caesar then so weak, or hath the place But wrought this alteration with the air; And he, on next remove, will all repair? Marco, thou art engag'd; and what before Was public, now must be thy private more. The weal of Caesar, fitness did imply; But thine own fate confers necessity

On thy employment; and the thoughts borne

Unto ourselves, move swiftest still, and dearest. If he recover, thou art lost; yes, all The weight of preparation to his fall Will turn on thee, and crush thee: therefore strike

Before he settle, to prevent the like L'pon thyself. He doth his vantage know, Marchael That makes it home, and gives the foremost blow.

[SCENE III.]

[Enter] LATIARIS, RUFUS, and OPSIUS.

Lat. It is a service great Sejanus will ee well requited, and accept of nobly. Here place yourselves between the roof and

ceiling;
And when I bring him to his words of danger.
Reveal yourselves, and take him.
Is he come?

Lat. I'll now go fetch him.

Ops. With good speed. Ops. I long To merit from the state in such an action.
Ruf. I hope it will obtain the consulship

For one of us.

Ops. We cannot think of less,
To bring in one so dangerous as Sahama.

Ruf. He was a follower of Germanicus,
And still is an observer of his wife
And children, though they be declined in grace; A daily visitant, keeps then company
In private and in public, and is noted

To be the only client of the house:
Pray Jove, he will be free to Latiris.

Ops. He 'e alli'd to him, and doth trust him

well.

Ruf. And he'll requite his trust ! ()ps. To do an office o grateful to the state, I know no man But would strain nearer bands than kin-

dred -Ruf. List! I hear them come

Shift to our holes with silence. Ops. [They reliee.]

Follows it up to the utmost.

An upper room of Agrippina's house.

One was paye respectful attentions.

[Re-enter] LATIABIS, SABINUS.

Lat. It is a noble constancy you show To this afflicted house; that not like others, The friends of season, you do follow fortune, as And, in the winter of their fate, forsake The place whose glories warm'd you. You are

And worthy such a princely patron's love, As was the world's renown'd Germanicus, Whose ample merit when I call to thought, and see his wife and issue objects made To so much envy, jealousy, and hate; It makes me ready to accuse the gods Of negligence, as men of tyramy.

Sab. They must be patient, so must we.

Sab. They must be patient, so must we.
Lat.
O Jove,
What will become of us or of the times,
When, to be high or noble, are made crimes,
When land and treasure are most dangerous
faults?

Sab. Nay, when our table, yea our bed, assaults

Our peace and safety? When our writings are By any envious instruments, that dare as Apply them to the guilty, made to speak What they will have to fit their tyrannons wreak?

When ignorance is scarcely innocence;
And knowledge made a capital offence?
When not so much, but the bare empty shade
Of liberty, is reft 1 us; and we made
The prey to greedy vultures and vile spics.
That first transfix us with their murdering
eyes?

Lat. Methinks the genius of the Roman race

Lat. Methinks the genius of the Roman race Should not be so extinct, but that bright flame Of liberty might be reviv'd again, (Which no good man but with his life should lone)

And we not sit like spent and patient fools, Still puffing in the dark at one poor coal. Held on by hope, till the last spark is out. The cause is public, and the honour, name, The immortality of every soul.

That is not bastard or a slave in Rome, Therein concern'd: whereto, if men would

change
The weari'd arm, and for the weighty shield
So long sustain'd, employ the facile sword,
We might have soon assurance of our vows.
This ass's fortitude doth tire us all:
It must be active valour must redeem
Our loss, or nane. The rock and our hard steel
Should meet t' enforce those glorious fires
again,

Whose splendour cheer'd the world, and heat gave life

No less than doth the sun's.
Sab.
In lasting darkness, and desprir of day.
No ill should force the subject undertake
Against the sovereign, more than hell should
make

The gods do wrong. A good man should and

1 rest. P. Qr. left?

Sit rather down with loss than rise unjust: Though, when the Romans first did yield these selves

To one man's power, they did not mean the

Their fortunes, and their liberties should be His absolute spoil, as purchas'd by the sweetd Lat. Why, we are worse, if to be slaves, as bond

To Caesar's slave, be such, the proud Sejanus He that is all, does all, gives Caesar leave To bide his ulcerous and anointed face. With his bald crown at Rhodes, while he bes

Upon the heads of Romans and their princes, Familiarly to empire.

Sab. Now you touch A point indeed, wherein he shows his art, As well as power.

Lat.
Do you observe where Livin lodges? How Drusus came dead? What men have been cut of Sab. Yes, those are things remov'd. I near look!

lookt
Into his later practice, where he stands
Declar'd a master in his mystery.
First, ere Tiberius went, he wrought his fear
To think that Agrippina sought his death.
Then put those doubts in her; sent her of

word,
Under the show of friendship, to beware
Of Caesar, for he laid to poison her:
Drave them to frowns, to mutual jealousies.
Which, now, in visible hatred are burst out.
Since, he hath had his hired instruments
To work on Nero, and to heave him ap;
To tell him Caesar's old, that all the people.
Yea, all the army have their eyes on him;
That both do long to have him undertake
Something of worth, to give the world a hopBids him to court their grace; the rasy you he
Perhaps gives ear, which straight he writes
Caesar;

And with this comment: "See you dangers' boy;

Note but the practice of the mother, there; She is twing him for purposes at hand. With men of sword." Here is Cassar put

fright
'Gainst son and mother. Yet he leaves not thut
The second brother, Drusus, a fierce nature,
And fitter for his snares, because ambituous
And full of envy, him he classes and hug.
Poisons with praise, tells him what hearts

Wears,
How bright he stands in popular espectance?
That Rome doth suffer with him in the wrold His mother does him, by preferring Nero.
Thus sets he them asunder, each 'gainst othe Projects the course that serves him to conder Keeps in opinion of a friend to all, And all drives on to ruin.

Lat. Caesar sleeps,

And node at this.

Sab.

Bogg'd in his filthy lusts!

Orsive and Ruyen rush

Treason to Caesar ! 115 Lay hands upon the traitor, Latiaris, take the name thyself.

I am for Caesar.

Am I then catch'd?

How think you, sir? You are.

Spice of this head, so white, so full of

Well, my most reverend monsters, you may live

Away with him ! un

To be a spy for traitors, bonourable vigilance.

You do well, My must officious instruments of state, Men of all uses. Drag me hence, away. The year is well begun, and I fall fit o be an off ring to Sejanus. Go!

Ops. Cover him with his garments, hide his

Sab. It shall not need. Forbear your rude as-

The fault o not shamoful, villany makes a fault. [Ereunt.] 100 (SCENE IV.)1

[Enter] MACRO. CALIGULA.

Mac. Sir, but observe how thick your dan-

his clear drifts!2 Your mother and your

Now cited to the senate ; their friend Gallus, exted to-day by Caesar, since committed! Monas here we met, hurried to fetters: are those whose hopes depend not on good

But force their private prey from public spoil, and you must know, if here you stay, your state foure to be the subject of his hate, s now the object.

What would you advise me? Mac, To go for Capreas presently; and there o up yourself entirely to your uncle. for any yourself entirely to your uncle. Bil Cassar tsince your mother is accus'd be fly for ancours to Augustus' statue, and to the army, with your brethren you have rather chose to place your aids in him has live suspected; or in hourly fear to be thrust out, by hold Sejanus' plots: Which you shall confidently urge to be best full of peril to the state, and Cassar, to being hid to his peculiar ends, and root to be let run with common safety. 18 being had to his pecular eme.

All which, upon the second, I 'Il make plain, to both shall love and trust with Caesar gain.

Cal. Away then, let's prepare us for our journey.

[Exeunt.] =

[SCENE V.]

[Enter] ARRUNTIUS.

Arr. Still dost thou suffer, heaven! Will no flame.

The street before Agrippina's house.

Plans, purposes,

Another part of the street.

No heat of sin, make thy just wrath to boil In thy distemp'red bosom, and o'erflow The pitchy blazes of impiety, Kindled beneath thy throne! Still canst thou

Patient, while vice doth make an antic face At thy dread power, and blow dust and smoke Into thy nostrib! Jove, will nothing wake thee? Must vile Sejanus pull thee by the beard, Ere thou wilt open thy black-lidded eye.

And look him dead? Well! snore on, dreaming

and let this last of that proud giant-race Heave mountain upon mountain 'gainst your atrate-

Be good unto me, Fortune and you powers, Whom I, expostulating, have profan'd; I see (what 's equal with a prodigy) A great, a noble Roman, and an bonest, Live an old man!

[Enter LEPIDUS.]4

O Marcus Lepidue, When is our turn to bleed? Thyself and I, Without our boast, are a most all the few Left to be honest in these impious times.

Lep. What we are left to be, we will be, Lu-

cins . Though tyranny did stare as wide as death,

Though tyronn,
To fright us from it.
Thath so on Sabinus. .Irr. 'T hath so on Sabinus. Lep. I saw him now drawn from the Gemonies,

And what increas'd the direness of the fact, His faithful dog, upbraiding all us Romans. Never forecook the corpse, but, seeing it thrown Into the stream, leap'd in, and drown'd with it. Arr. O act, to be envi'd him of us men! What are thy arts, good patriot, teach them me, That have preserv'd thy hairs to this white

dye, And kept so reverend and so dear a head Safe on his comely shoulders?

Lep. Arts, Arruntius! ... None, but the plain and passive fortitude, To suffer and be alent; never stretch These arms against the torrent; live at home, With my own thoughts and innocence about me, Not tempting the wolves' jaws: these are my

Arr. I would begin to study 'em. if I thought
They would secure me. May I pray to Jove
In secret and be safe? ay, or aloud,
With open wishes, so I do not mention
Tiberius or Sejanus? Yes, I must.
If I speak out. 'Tis hard, that, May I think,
And not be rackt? What danger is 't to dream,
Talk in one's aleep, or cough? Who knows the
law?

May I shake my head without a comment? say It rains, or it holds up, and not be thrown Upon the Gemonies? These now are things, Whereon men's fortune, yea, their fate depends.

After impims times in P.
 Steps on the Aventue Hill, down which the bodies of executed criminals were thrown into the Tiber.

Nothing hath privilege 'gainst the violent ear.
No place, no day, no hour, we see, is free,
(Not our religious and most sucred times)
From some one kind of cruelty all matter,
Nay, all occasion pleaseth. Madmen's rage, Nay, all occasion posseur. Smanten a rage, The idleness of drunkards, women's nothing, Jester's simplicity, all, all is good That can be catcht at. Nor is now th' event of any person, or for any crime, To be expected; for 't is always one: Death, with some little difference of place, Or time — What's this? Prince Nero, guarded! [Enter | LACO and NEBO | with GUARDS.]

Loc. On, lietors, keep your way. My lords, forbear.
On pain of (aesar's wrath, no man attempt Speech with the prisoner.
Ner.
Noble friends, be safe;

To lose yourselves for words, were as vain hazard,

As unto me small comfort. Fare you well, Would all Rome's suff rings in my fate did dwell!

Lac. Lictors, away.
Where goes he, Laco?

Luc.
He's banished into Pontia by the senate.
Arr. Do I see, and hear, and feel? May I

Or doth my phant'sie form it?
Where 's his brother? Luc. Drusus is prisoner in the palace.

Arr. Hal m I smell it now: 't is runk. Where's Agrippina?

Lac. The princess is confin'd to Pandatarin.

Arr. Bolts, Vulcan; bolts for Jove! Phoebus,

thy how; Mars, thy sword; and, blue-ey'd Maid,

Thy club, Alcides : all the armoury Of heaven is too little! - Ha! to guard The gods, I meant. Fine, rare dispatch! This

Was swiftly borne! Confin'd, imprison'd, ban-ish'd?

Most tripartite! The cause, sir? Treason. Luc. 01

The complement of all accusings! That Will hit, when all else fails

This turn is strange! Lep. But yesterday the people would not hear, Far less objected, but cri'd Caesar's letters Were false and forg'd; that all these plots were nulice ;

And that the ruin of the prince's house Was practis'd 'gainst his knowledge. Where are

Their voices, now that they behold his heirs Lock'd up, disgrac'd, led into exile?

Hush'd, Arr. Drown'd in their bellies, Wild Sejanus' breath Hath, like a whirlwind, scatter'd that poor dust, Awaited with uncertainty.

With his rude blast. - We'll talk no treason, sir. Tuens to LACO, and theres. If that he it you stand for. Fare you well. We have no need of horse leeches. Good spy, Now you are spi'd, be gone. [Exeunt LACO, NERO, and Guards.]

I'd sooner trust Greek Sinon than a man Our state employs. He 's gone : and being gone, I dare tell you, whom I dare better trust, That our night eey'd Tiberius doth not see His minion's drifts; or, if he do, he 's not So arrant subtile, as we fools do take him; To breed a mongrel up, in his own house, With his own blood, and, if the good gods

please At his own throat flesh him to take a leap. I do not beg it, heav'n; but if the fates Grant it these eyes, they must not wink.

L.p. They must

L.p. Not see it, Lucius.

Who should let 2 'em? Arr.

And duty; with the thought he is our prince.

Arr. He is our monster: forfeited to vice ...
So far, as no rack'd virtue can redeem him. His loathed person fouler than all crimes : An emp'ror only in his lusts. Retir'd, From all regard of his own fame, or Rome's, Into an obscure island, where he lives Acting his tragedies with a comic face, Amidsthis rout of Chaldees: spending hours, Days, weeks, and months, in the onkind abuse Of grave astrology, to the bane of men, Casting the scope of men's nativities, And having found aught worthy in their fortune,

Kill, or precipitate them in the sea, And boast he can mock fate. Nay, muse not. these

Are far from ends of evil, scarce degrees, He hath his slaughter-house at Capreae; Where he doth study murder as an art; And they are dearest in his grace that can Devise the deepest tortures. Thither, too, He hath his boys, and beauteous girls to en ap Out of our noblest houses, the best form d. Best unrtur'd, and most modest; what's their good,

Serves to provoke his bad. Some are allurid. Some threat'ned; others, by their friends detain'd.

Are ravish'd hence, like captives, and, in sight Of their most grieved parents, dealt away I'nto his spintries, sellaries, and slaves Masters of strange and new commented lusts. For which wise nature bath left not a name To this (what most strikes us, and bleeding

Rome! He is, with all his craft, become the ward To his own vassal, a stale caramite. Whom he, upon our low and suffering necks,

Unnatural.

. Male promitutes. a Lewd persons.

Hath raised from excrement to side the gods, and have his proper sacrifice in Rome: Which Jove beholds, and yet will sooner rive us

senseless oak with thunder than his trunk !

[Revater] LACO, POMPONIUS, MINUTIUS.

Lac. These letters make men doubtful what t'expect.

t'expect.
The ther his coming, or his death.
Troth, both: and which comes soonest, thank the gods for. .1rr. (.1side.) List!
Their talk is Caesar; I would hear all voices, 100

[ARRUNT, and LEPIDUS stand aside.] One day, he 's well; and will return to Rome:

The next day, sick; and knows not when to

hope it.
True; and to-day, one of Sejanus' friends Honour'd by special writ; and on the morrow

Pom By more special writ. 100 Min. This man receives his praises of Soja-22 52.5

scoud but slight mention, a third none, fourth rebukes: and thus he leaves the senate

Divided and suspended, all uncertain.

Lac. These forked tricks, I understand 'em

Would he would tell us whom he loves or hates, That we might follow, without fear or doubt.

Arr. (Ande.) Good Heliotrope | Is this your honest man?

Let him be yours so still; he is my knave.

Fum. I cannot tell, Sejanus still goes on, and mounts, we see; new statues are advanc'd,1 Presh leaves of titles, large inscriptions read, the fortune aworn by, himself new gone out Cassay's colleague in the fifth consulship;

More altars smoke to him than all the gods; in Arr. (Annie.) That the dear smoon (That would I more.

Peace, good Arruntius.) 2 What would be more? |choke him

Lep. Peace, good Arruntius.]2
Let. But there are letters come, they say,

Which do forbid that last.

Do you hear so?

Fom. By Castor that 's the worst Arr. (Ascle.) By P By Pollax, best.
Min. I did not like the sign, when Regulus,
When all we know no friend unto Sejanus,
198
1084, by Tiberius' so precise command,
198
1084 by Market and Sejanus,
198
1084 somewhat

It boded somewhat. Not a mote. His partner,

Fulcinina Trio, in his own, and sure. — Here comes Terentius.

[Enter TERRETTUS]

He can give us more.

[They whisper with Terentius.]

Lep. I'll ne'er believe but Caesar hath some adent

1 Raised.

1 F, omits.

Of bold Sejanus' footing. These cross points Of varying letters, and opposing consuls, Mingling his honours and his punishments, Feigning now ill, now well, raising Sejamus, And then depressing him, as new of late In all reports we have it, cannot be Empty of practice: 't is Tiberius' art, For, having found his favourite grown too great, And with his greatness strong; that all the soldiers

Are, with their leaders, made at his devotion; That almost all the senate are his creatures, Or hold on him their main dependencies, Either for benefit, or hope, or fear; And that himself hath lost much of his own, By parting unto him; and, by th' increase Of his rauk lusts and rages, quite disarm'd Himself of love, or other public means To dare an open contestation; His subtilty hath chose this doubling line. To hold him even in: not so to fear him, As wholly put him out, and yet give check Unto his farther boldness. In mean time, By his employments, makes him odious nto the staggering ront, whose aid, in fine, He hopes to use, as sure, who, when they sway, Bear down, o'erturn all objects in their way, no

Arr. You may be a Lyncens, Lepidus: yet I See no such cause, but that a political tyrant, Who can so well disguise it, should have ta'en A nearer way: feign'd honest, and come home To cut his throat, by law.

Lep. Ay, but his fear Would ne'er be mask'd, allbe his vices were. Pom. His lordship then is still in grace? Ter. Assure you,

Never in more, either of grace or power.

Pom. The gods are wise and just.

Arr. (Aside.)

The fiends they are,

To suffer thee belie 'em.

I have here His last and present letters, where he writes him,

"The partner of his cares," and "his Seja-

nus." — Lac. But is that true, if 't is prohibited To sacrifice unto him?

Some such thing Caesar makes scruple of, but forbids it not; No more than to himself: says he could wish It were forborne to all.

Luc. Is it no other? 221
Ter. No other, on my trust. For your more

anrety. Here is that letter too. How easily Do wretched men believe what they would have!

Looks this like plot? Noble Arruntina, stay Lep. (Aside) Lac. He names him here without his titles. Logi. (Avide.)

Arr. (.laide.) Yes, and come off your notable fool. I will.

Lac. No other than Sejanus.

That's but haste

In him that writes : here he gives large amends.

Mar. And with his own hand written?

Indeed? Lac. Believe it, gentlemen, Sejanus' breast ever receiv'd more full contentments in,

Than at this present. Takes he well th' escapo Pam. Of young Caligula, with Magro? Faith.

At the first air it somewhat troubled him. so Lep. (Aside.) Observe you?

Arr. (Aside.) Nothing; riddles. Till I see Nothing; riddles. Till I see Sejanus atruck, no sound thereof strikes me. Ereast Annuarties and Lepines.

I like it not. I muse be 'd not attempt

Somewhat against him in the consulship,
Seeing the people 'gin to favour him.

Ter. He doth repent it now; but he 's em-

Pagonianus after him: and he holds
Pagonianus after him: and he holds
That correspondence there, with all that are
Near about Caesar, as no thought can pass
Without his knowledge, thence, in act to front

Pom. I gratulate the news. But how comes Macro

So in trust and favour with Caligula?

Pom. O, sir, he has a wife; and the young

An appetite: he can look up and spy Klies in the roof, when there are fleas i bed; 200 And hath a learned nose t' assure his sleeps.
Who to be favour'd of the rising sun,

Would not lead little of his waning moon?
It is the suffer ambition. Noble Terentius!

Ter. The night grows fast upon us. At your [Exeunt.] service.

CHORUS - of Municians.

ACT V

[SCENE 1.]1

[Enter] SKJANCS.

Sci. Swell, swell, my joys; and faint not to

Yourselves as ample as your causes are. I did not live till now : this my first hour, Wherein I see my thoughts reach'd by my

But this, and gripe my wishes. Great and high,
The world knows only two, that 's Rome and I. a
My roof receives me not; 'tis air I tread i.
And, at each step, I feel my advanced head
Knock out a star in heaven! Rear'd to this

All my desires seem modest, poor, and slight,
That did before sound impudent; 't is place,
Not blood, discerns the noble and the base. Is there not something more than to be Caesar?
Must we rest there? It irks t' have come so far.
To be so near a stay. Calignia.

Would thou stood 'at stiff, and many in our way !

Winds lose their strength, when they do empty

Unmet of woods or buildings; great fires die, That want their matter to withstand them . so, That want their matter to withstand theft. so,
It is our grief, and will be our loss, to know a
Our power shall want opposites : unless
The gods, by mixing in the cause, would bless
Our fortune with their conquest. That were

Sejanus' strife, durst fates but bring it forth.

[Enter] TERRYTUS.

Ter. Safety to great Sejanus ! Now, Terentius ! sa

Sei. Hears not my lord the wonder

To view your statue; which, they say, sender

A amoke, as from a furnace, black and dread-

Some traitor hath put fire in: you, ful.

and let the head he taken off, to look That 't is. [Exil Temestics.] Some slave hat

practis'd an imposture
To stir the people. — How now! Why return

you?

TERENTIUS, with SATIRUS CA. Re-enter

The head, my lord, already is ta'e

off, and, at opening, there leapt out

A great and moustrous scripent.

Sej.

Had it a beard, and horus? no heart?

Forked as flattery ? Lank'd it of the hus To such us live in great men's besons?
The spirit of it Macro's? May it please

The most divine Sejanus, in my days, the most divine Sepands, it my days, And by his sacred fortune. I affirm it.) have not seen a more extended, grown,

Foul, spotted, venomous, ugly-O, the fates What a wild muster's here of attributes, express a worm, a snake! But how that she

Come there, my lord?

What, and you too, Terem

Sci.

I think you mean to make 't a prodicy

In your reporting. Can the wise Sejams
Ther.
Think heav'n hath meant it less? (), superst

Why, then the falling of our bed, that browning, burd ned with the po

Of our expecting clients, to salute us; Or running of the cat betweet our legs. Or running of the contract between the Capitol.

As we set forth unto the Capitol.

Were prodigies.

I think them ominous:

And would they had not happ'ued! As

The fate of some your servants: who declining 1 Their way, not able, for the throng, to follow Slipt down the Gemonies, and brake their necks!

Besides, in taking your last augury, No presperous bird appear'd; but croaking

Flagg'd up and down, and from the sacrifice Plew to the prison, where they sat all night, as Beating the air with their obstreperous beaks! I dare not counsel, but I could entreat, That great Sejanus would attempt the gods

Once more with sacrifice. What excellent fools Religion makes of men! Believes Terentius, was If these were dangers, as I shame to think

The gods could change the certain course of fate? Or, if they could they would, now in a moment, For a beave's fat, or less, be brib'd t' invert Those long decrees? Then think the gods, like

Are to be taken with the steam of flesh, Or blood, diffus'd about their alters: think Their power as cheap as I esteem it small.
Of all the throng that fill th' Olympian hall,
And, without pity, lade poor Atlas back,
I know not that one deity, but Fortune, know not that one deity, but Fortune, whom I would throw up, in hegging smoke, One grain of incense; or whose ear I'd buy With thus much oil. Her I indeed adore; and keep her grateful image in my house, sometimes belonging to a Roman king.

But now call'd mine, as by the better style:
To her I care not, if, for satisfying Year scrupulous phant'sies, I go offer. Bid Our priest prepare us honey, milk, and poppy, so this imasculine odours, and night-vestments; say our rises are instant. which perform'd you'll Our rites are instant; which perform'd, you 'll

How vain, and worthy laughter, your fears be. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II.] 2

[Enter] COTTA and POMPONIUS.

Cot. Pemponius, whither in such speed? I go.

To give my lard Sejanus notice -What?

Pom. Of Macro. Is he come?

Ent'red but now

Pun.
The house of Regulus.
The opposite consul! Pom. Some half hour since And by night too! Stay, sir;

Il hear you company. Along then. [Excunt.]

[SCENE III.]

[Enter] MACRO, REGULUS, [and Attendant.] Mac. 'T is Caesar's will to have a frequent senate ;

1 Turning out of the way.

* A room in Regulus's bouse.

And therefore must your edict lay deep mulct On such as shall be absent.

So it doth.

Bear it my fellow consul to adscribe.

Mac. And tell him it must early be proclaim'd:

The place Apollo's temple. [Exit Attendant.]
Rey. That 's rememb'red.

Mac. And at what hour? Reg.

You do forget To send one for the provest of the watch.

Reg. I have not: here he comes.

[Enter] LACO.

Mac. Gracinus Laco. You are a friend most welcome: by and by, I'll speak with you. - You must procure this list. Of the practorian cohorts, with the names Of the centurions, and their tribunes.

Mac. I bring you letters, and a health from Caesar.

Lac. Sir, both come well.

Mac. And, hear you? with your note, is Which are the eminent men, and most of action.

Reg. That shall be done you too. Goes out.
Mac. Most worthy Laco. — Mac. Caesar salutes you. - Consul! death and furies!
Gone now! - The argument will please you,

Ho! Regulus! The anger of the gods Follow your diligent legs, and overtake 'em, In likeness of the gout!

Re-enter REGULUS.

O, my good lord, We lackt you present; I would pray you send Another to Fulcinius Trio, straight, To tell him you will come and speak with

him: The matter we'll devise, to stay him there,

While I with Laco do survey the watch. REGULUS goes out again. What are your strengths, Gracians?

Seven cohorts. Mac. You see what Caesar writes; and - Gone again!

H' as sure a vein of mercury in his feet. -Know you what store of the practorian soldiers Sejanus holds about him, for his guard? Lac. I cannot the just a number; but I think

Three centuries.

Mac. Three! good.

Lac. At most not four.

Mac. And who be those centurions?

Luc. That the cousul = Can best deliver you.

Mac. When he's away!
Spite on his nimble industry! - Gracinus,
You find what place you hold, there, in the trust

Of royal Caesar? Ay, and I am -Lac.

> a Bign. a Precise.

My life,

Muc. Sir, The honours there propos'd are but beginnings

Mac. I heard him

When he did study what to add.

Lac. And all I hold -

Mac. You were his own first choice ! Which doth confirm as much as you can speak; And will, if we succeed, make more guards

Are seven cohorts, you say?

Yes. Those we must Lac. Muc. Hold still in readiness and undischarg'd.

Lac. I understand so much. But how it can

c. Be done without suspicion, you'll object? Mac.

Re-enter REGULUS.

Reg. What 's that. Lac. The keeping of the watch in arms, so

When morning comes.

Mac. The senate shall be met, and set So early in the temple, as all mark Of that shall be avoided.

If we need,

We have commission to possess the palace, Enlarge Prince Drusus, and make him our chief.

Moc. (Aside.) That secret would have burnt

his reverend month, Had he not spit it out now. -- By the gods, You carry things too — Let me borrow a man or two, to bear these — That of freeing Or two, Drusus,

Caesar projected as the last and utmost; Not else to be rememb'red.

[Enter Servants.]

Rea. Here are servants. Mac. These to Arruntius, these to Lepidus.
This bear to Cotta, this to Latiaris. If they demand you of me, say I have ta'en Fresh horse and am departed. [Excust Servants.] You, my lord. To your colleague, and be you sure to hold him

With long narration of the new fresh favours, Meant to Sejanus, his great patron; I,

With trusted Laco, here, are for the guards: Then, to divide. For night hath many eyes, Whereof, though most do sleep, yet some are [Excunt.] spies.

[SCENE IV.] 1

(Enter) Praecones, Flamen, Tubicines, Tibicines, Ministri, Nejanus, Terentius, Satrius, Natta, etc.

Prac. Be all profane far hence ; fly, fly far off : Be absent far; far hence be all profune!

Tubicines? and Tibicines! sound

while the Flamen washeth. Fla. We have been faulty, but repent us now.

A chapel in Sejanus's house.

Frumpeters Flute-players.

And bring pure hands, pure vestments, and pure minds.

Min. Pure vessels.

2 Men. 3 Men. And pure offerings Garlande pure. Fla. Bestow your garlands : and, with rever-

ence place
The vervain on the altar.
Favour your tougnes While they wound again, the Flamen takes of the honey with his pinyer and tastes, then ministers to all the rest: so of the milk in an earther vessel, he deals about ; which done he sprinkleth upon the altar, mil then imposeth the honey, and kin-dleth his gums, and after conseq about the alter, placeth his censor thereon, into which they jul sererol branches of poppy, and the music reasing, proceed.

Fla. Great mother Fortune, queen of human

state. Rectress of action, arbitress of fate, To whom all away, all power, all empire bows.

Be present, and propitious to our vows!

Prac. Favour it with your tongues.

Min. Be present, and propitious to our vows!

Accept our off ring, and be pleased, great gud dess.

Ter. See, see, the image stirs!

Sat.
Nat. Fortune averts her face! And turns away!

The prodigy. Still I still I some pious rite
We have neglected. Yet, heav'n be appear'd,
And be all tokens false or void, that speak
Thy present wanth!
So.
Be thou dumb, scrupplous priest.
And gather up thyself, with these thy warea.

Which I, in spite of thy blind mistress, or Thy juggling mystery, religion, throw Thus scorned on the earth.

Overturns the statue and the nitat. Nay, hold thy look

Averted till I woo thee turn again;
And thou shalt stand, to all posterity.
Th' eternal game and laughter, with thy neck
Writh'd to thy toil, like a ridiculous cat.
Avoid 6 these fumes, these superstitions lights. Avoid these cos ning o ceremonies; you,
Your pure and spiced oconscience!

[Ereunt all but Sejanus, Trans-

I, the slave And mock of fools, (scorn on my worthy head)
That have been titled and ador'd a god,
Yea sacrific'd unto, myself, in Rome,
No less than Jove: and I be brought to do
A peevish giglot's rites! Perhaps the thought And shame of that made Fortune turn her face. Knowing herself the lesser deity, And but my servant. - Bushful queen, if eo, Sejanus thanks thy modesty. - Who 's that?

4 Verbena, "herb of grace."

Abourdly acrupulous.

Cheating. Wench.

[Enter] Pomponius and Minutius.

Pom. His fortune auffers, till he hears my

bave waited here too long. Macro, my lord-Sej. Speak lower and withdraw.

Are these things true? Min. Thousands are gazing at it in the streets.

Soy. What 's that?
Ter. Minutius tells us here, my lord, as That a new head being set upon your statue, A cope is since found wreath'd about it! and, But now, a fiery meteor in the form

If a great hall was seen to roll along he troubled air, where yet it hangs unperfect, he amazing wonder of the multitude!

Sep. No more, than all!

Ter. Is Macro come?
I saw him.
Where? with whom?

My lord. Ter.

Send for the tribunes, we will straight have up

lore of the soldiers for our guard. [Exit TER.] Minutius.

We pray you go for Cotta, Latinris, no the consul, or what senators

You know are sure, and ours. [Exit Min.] You, my good Natta.

For Laco, provost of the watch. [Exit NAT.]

The time of proof comes on; arm all our ser-And without tumult. [Exit SAT.] You, Pom-

Hold some good correspondence with the consul:
Attempt him, noble friend. [Ext. Pomp.] These
things begin

To look like dangers, now, worthy my fates. "
Forume, I see thy worst: let doubtful states, And things uncertain hang upon thy will;

let, why is now my thought turn'd toward

death. bom fates have let go on so far in breath. To beheck'd or unreproved? I, that did help riell the lufty cedar of the world rmanious; that at one stroke cut down beaus, that unright elm; wither'd his vine; and Sabinus, two strong oaks, but on the earth; besides those other shrubs, online and Sesia, Chandin Pulchra. furning and Gallus, which I have grubb'd up;

and since, have set my are so strong and deep in the root of spreading Agrippine; ac opt off and scatter'd her proud branches, Noro.

bruun , and Caius too, although replanted. I ton will. Destinies, that after all, faint now ere I touch my period.
I'm are but cruel, and I already have done as Image great enough. All Rome hath been my slave;

The senate sate an idle looker-on, And witness of my power; when I have blush'd More to command than it to suffer: 1 all The futhers have sat ready and prepar'd To give me empire, temples, or their throats. When I would ask 'em; and, what crowns the tup,

Rome, senate, people, all the world have seen Jove but my equal; Caesar but my second. "Tis then your malice, Fates, who, but your

Envy and fear t' have any power long known.

[SCENE V.] 2

[Enter] TERENTIUS and Tribunes.

Ter. Stay here: I'll give 8 his lordship you are come.

[Enter] MINUTIUS, COTTA, LATIABIS.

Min. Marcus Terentius, pray you tell my lord Min. Marcus rest. Here's Cotta, and Latiaris. Sir, I shall. [Exit.]

Cot. My letter is the very same with yours; Only requires me to be present there,

Only requires me to be present there.

And give my voice to strengthen his design.

Lut. Names he not what it is "

No, nor to you. Lat. 'T is strange and singular doubtful So it in.

It may be all is left to lord Sejanus.

[Enter] NATTA and GRACINUS LACO.

Nat. Gentlemen, where 's my lord?
Tri.
We wait him here. to
Cot. The provest Lace! What's the news?
Lat.
My lord

[Enter] SEJANUS.

Sej. Now, my right dear, noble, and trusted friends,

How much I am a captive to your kindness! Most worthy Cotta, Latinris, Laco, Your valuant hand; and, gentlemen, your loves. I wish I could divide myself unto you; Or that it lay within our narrow powers,

To satisfy for so enlarged bounty Gracinus, we must pray you, hold your guards Unquit when morning comes. Saw you the con-

Min. Trio will presently be here, my lord.
Cot. They are but giving order for the edict,
To warn the senate?

How ! the senate ? Yes. Sej. This morning in Apollo's temple -

We Are charg'd by letter to be there, my lord.

Sej. By letter! Pray you let's see.

Lat.

Knows not his lordship? Lat. Cot. It seems so!

Sej. A senate warn'd! without my know-ledge! And on this sudden! Senators by letters Required to be there! Who brought these?

Permit. A room in the came. 3 Tell.

Cot.	Macro,
Sej. Mine enemy! And when?	
Cot. Thu	midnight
Sij.	Time
With ev'ry other circumstance, doth	give
It hath some strain of engine 1 in	'tl - Hov
now?	

[Enter] SATRIUS.

Sat. My lord, Sertorius Maero is without, Alone, and prays t' have private conference In business of high nature with your lordship, He says to me, and which regards you much.

Sat. Better, my lord, withdraw: You will betray what store and strength of friends

Are now about you; which he comes to spy. ... Sey. la he not arm'd?

Sal. We'll search him. No; but take,

And lead him to some room, where you conceal'd

May keep a guard upon us. [Exit SAT.] Noble Laco,

You are our trust; and till our own cohorts Can be brought up, your strengths must be our guard

Now, good Minutius, honour'd Latinris, He salutes them humbly. Most worthy and my most unwearied friends;

Lat. Most worthy lord!

Cot. His lordship is turn'd instant kind, methinks: [Exit.]

I have not observ'd it in him heretofore.

1 Tri. 'T is true, and it becomes him nobly.

I

Am rapt withal. 2 Tri. By Mars, he has my lives, Were they a million, for this only grace. Lac. Ay, and to name a man!

Lut. As he did me! Min. And me! | and fortunes | Lat. | Who would not spend his life | To purchase but the look of such a lord?

Lac. [Ande.] He that would nor be lord's fool, nor the world's. [Excunt.]

[Scene VI.]2

Enter SEIANUS, MACRO, and SATRIUS.

Sej. Macro! most welcome, as most coveted friend !

Let me enjoy my longings. When arriv'd you?
Mac. About the noon of night.
Sec. Sutrins, give leave. [Exit Satures.]

Muc. I have been, since I came, with both the consuls,

On a particular design from Caesar.

Sej. How fares it with our great and royal muster?

Mac. Right plentifully well; as with a prince

Element of trickery a Another room in the same.

That still holds out the great proportion Of his large favours, where his judgment had Made once divine election: like the god. That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow. Where merit meets his bounty, as it doth In you, already the most happy, and, ere The sun shall climb the south, most high Se

et not my lord be amus'd.8 For to this end Was I by Caesar sent for to the isle, With special caution to conceal my journey; And thence had my despatch as privately Again to Rome; charg'd to come here by night And only to the consuls make narration Of his great purpose : that the benefit Might come more full, and striking, by how

much It was less look'd for, or aspir'd by you,
Or least informed to the common thought.
Saj. What may this be? Part of myself
dear Macro,

If good, speak out; and share with your Sejanus Mac. If bad, I should for ever louthe myself To be the messenger to so good a lord. do exceed my instructions to acquaint

Your lordship with thus much; but venture On your retentive wisdom: and because I would no jealous scruple should molest Or rack your peace of thought. For I amure

My noble lord, no senator yet knows The business meant: though all by several let Are warned to be there, and give their voices,

Only to add unto the state and grace Of what is purpos'd. You take pleasure, Macro

ike a coy wench, in torturing your lover. What can be worth this suffering?

Mac. That which follows

The tribunitial dignity and power: Both which Sejanus is to have this day

Conferr'd upon him, and by public senate.

Sej. Fortune be trine again! [Aside.] That hast satisfied

For thy suspected loyalty. Mar. My lord,

And I must back to Caesar.

Sej.

Mac. That I forgot to tell your lordable

Muc. Why,

He lingers yonder about Capreae,
Disgrac'd; Tiberius hath not seen him yet.
Disgrac'd; Tiberius hath not seen him yet.
Against my wish or will, but I have quitted
His forward trouble, with as tardy note As my neglect or silence could afford him.
Your lordship cannot now command me aught
Because I take no knowledge that I saw you;
But I shall boast to live to serve your lordship

And so take leave. love and friendship. Exit Macro Your love and trans. Who's there? Satrius,

1 Amazed.

4 His troublesome forwardness.

Attend my honourable friend forth. - O! How win and vile a pression is this fear, What base uncomely things it makes men do! Suspect their noblest friends, as I did this, Flatter poor enemies, entrest their servants, oup, court, and catch at the benevolence Of creatures unto whom, within this hour, would not have vouchsaf'd a quarter-look, be piece of face! By you that fools call gods, Ham, all the sky with your prodigious signs. Fall earth with monsters, drop the scorpion down

Out of the adiac, or the flercer lion,

Nake off the loos ned globe from her long hinge,

Coll all the world in darkness, and let loose enraged winds to turn up groves and towns! When I do fear again, let me be struck with forked fire, and unpitied die; Who fears, is worthy of calamity.

[SCENE VII.]1

LATIANIA, and, Powernics; Regulus, Thio, [and others, on different sides.]

Pom. Is not my lord here? Tot. Sir, he will be straight.

Good, good tidings; But keep it to yourself. My lord Sejanus a to receive this day in open senate

he tribunitial dignity. In't true?

Cot.
Tri. No words, not to your thought: but, sir, Tri. No was What says the consul?

He that to-day my lord Sojanus

Iri. I must entreat you, Cotta, on your honour Not to reveal it.

On my life, sir. Say. Car le to receive the tribunitial power, But as you are an honourable man,

It me conjure you not to utter it:

For it is trusted to me with that bond.

Let. I am Harpocrates.

Can you assure it? is

Fom. The consultoid it me; but keep it close.

Min. Lord Latiaris, what's the news? I'll tell you; But you must awear to keep it secret.

[Enter | SEJANUS.

Sy. I know the Fates had on their distaff left More of our thread, than so.

Hail, great Sejanus! 10 Hail, the most honour's

Happy! High Sejanus!

Do you bring prodigies too?

May all presage Turn to those fair effects, whereof we bring har locaship news.

Reg. May't please my lord withdraw.

Another room in the same.

Sej. Yes: - I will speak with you anon. To some that stand by.

My lord, 15
What is your pleasure for the tribunes?

Sci.
et 'em be thankt and sent away.
My lord --

Min. My lord — Lac. Will't please your lordship to command

Sej. No:

You are troublesome. The mood is chang'd. Min. Tri. Not speak, Nor look!

Luc. Ay, he is wise, will make him friends.

Of such who never love but for their ends. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE VIII.]3

[Enter] ABRUNTIUS and LEPIDUS, divers other Senutors passing by them.

Arr. Ay, go, make haste; take heed you be not last

To tender your "All Hail" in the wide hall Of huge Sejanus : run a lictor's pace : Stay not to put your robes on; but away With the pale troubled ensigns of great friendship

Stampt i your face! Now, Marcus Lepidus, You still believe your former augury? Sejanus must go downward! You perceive His wane approaching fast!

Believe me, Lucius, Lep.

I wonder at this rising. Arr.

Arr.

Must give our suffrage to it. You will say,
It is to make his fall more steep and grievous.
It may be so. But think it. they that can
With idle wishes 'say's to bring back time: In cases desperate, all hope is crime.

See, see! what troops of his officious friends
Flock to salute my lord, and start before
My great proud lord! to get a lord-like nod!
Attend my lord unto the senate-house!

Bring back my lord! like servile ushers, make
Way for my lord! proclaim his idel lordship,
More than ten criper or air make. More than ten criers, or six noise of trumpets! 'Make legs, kiss hands, and take a scatter d hoir From my lord's eminent shoulder! See, San-

guinius,
With his slow helly, and his dropsy! Look, ==
What toiling haste he makes! Yet here's another

Retarded with the gout, will be afore him Get thee Liburnian porters, thou gross fool, To bear thy obsequious fatness, like thy peers. They met! The gout returns, and his great carriage.

Lictors, Consuls, [Regulus and Thio] Seja-nus, Sathius, Sanguinius, Haifrius, and many other Sonators pass over the stage.

Lict. Give way, make place, room for the consul!

A space before the Tempie of Apollo.
 Easy, try.
 Bands of trumpeters.

San. Hail, great Sejanus!

Hat, thy nonce. Arr. We shall be markt anon, for our not Hail, my honour'd lord! Hail.

Lep.

Inil.
That is already done.
It is a note. Acr. Of upstart greatness, to observe and watch For these poor trifles, which the noble mind Neglecta and scorns.

Lep. Ay, and they think themselves Deeply dishonour'd where they are omitted. As if they were necessities that helpt To the perfection of their dignities;

And hate the men that but refrain 'em.

There is a farther cause of hate. Their breasts Are guilty that we know their obscure springs And base beginnings; thence the anger grows. [Exeunt.] 45 On. Follow. (SCENE IX.)1

(Enter) MACRO and LACO.

Muc. When all are ent'red, shut the temple doors ;

And bring your guards up to the gate.

Luc. Muc. If you shall hear commotion in the sen-I will. ste.

Present yourself : and charge on any man Shall offer to come forth.

1 um instructed. [Excust.] Lac.

[SCENE X.]2

The Senate.

HATERIDS, TRIO, SANGUINIUS, COTTA, REGU-LUS, SIZIANUS, POMPONIUS, LATIANIS, LEPI-DUS, ARBUNTIUS; Praecones, Lictores.

Hat. How well his lordship looks to-day!

He had been born, or made for this hour's

state. Your fellow consul's come about, methinks? Cot.

Tri. Ay, he is wise, Sejanus trusts him well. Sun. Tri. Sejanus is a noble, bounteous lord. Hat. He is so, and most valiant.

And most wise.

Lat.
[1] Sea. He 's everything.
Lat.
Worthy of all, a
Than bounty can bestow.
This dignity Worthy of all, and more

Will make him worthy. Pum.

Above Caesar. Tut, San. Caesar is but the rector of an isle,

He of the Empire. Now he will have power

Iri. More to reward than ever. Let us look

We be not slack in giving him our voices. Lat. Not 1.

Another part of the came.
The Temple of Apollo.

Nor I. San.

The readier we w ('ol. To propagate his honours, will more bind His thoughts to ours

I think right with your lordship; It is the way to have us hold our places.

San. Ay, and get more.

Lat. More office and more title.

Pom. I will not lose the part I hope to share.

In these his fortunes, for my patrimony.

Lat. See how Arruntius sits, and Lepidus'
Tri. Let 'em alone, they will be markt and 1 Sen. I'll do with others.

So will I. 2 Sen.

3 Sen. Men grow not in the state but as they are planted Warm in his favours.

Noble Sejanus! Cot.

Hat. Honour'd Sejanus! Lat. Worthy and great Sejanus! Arr. Gods! how the sponges open and take in

And shut again! Isok, look! is not be blest That gets a sent in eye-reach of him! more That comes in ear, or tongue-reach? O but most

an claw his aubtile elbow, or with a buz

Fly-how his ears? Proclaim the senate's peace, And give last summons by the edict.

Prue.

In the name of Caesar, and the senate, silence Memmius Regulus, and Fulcinius Tris. consuls, these present kalends of June, with the first light, shall hold a senate in the temple of Apollo Palatine: all that are fathers, and are regist'red fathers, that have right of out'rag the senate, we warm or command you be free quently present, take knowledge the business is the commonwealth's whosever is absent. his fine or mulet will be taken, his excuse vil

not be taken."

Tri. Note who are absent, and record their names.

Reg. Fathers conscript, may what I am w utter

Turn good and happy for the commonwealth! And thou, Apollo, in whose holy house We here are met, inspire us all with truth, And liberty of censure to our thought! The majesty of great Tiberius Caesar

Propounds to this grave senate, the bestowing Upon the man be loves, honour'd Sejanus, The tribunitial dignity and power:

The tribunital ungury san with his signet. What pleaseth now the fathers to be done? Sen. Read, read 'em, open, publicly road Sen. Iv.

Cot. Caesar hath honour'd his own greatness much

In thinking of this act.

Tri. It was a thought Happy, and worthy Caesar.

And the lord As worthy it, on whom it is directed!

Hat. Most worthy

Rome did never boast the virtue San.

That could give envy bounds, but his: Se-

[1] Sen. Honour'd and noble!

2 en. Good and great Sejanus! of tery!

Prac. Silence!
Tiberius Cuesar to the Senate greeting (Reads.)

If you, conscript fathers, with your children, be is health, it is abundantly well: we with our friends here are so. The care of the commonbealth, howacever we are remov'd in person, [70 cannot be absent to our thought : although, oftentimes, even to princes most present, the tent of their own affairs is hid; than which othing falls out more miserable to a state, or askes the art of governing more difficult. [7] let diece it hath been our easeful happiness to thor both the aids and industry of so vigilant chate, we profess to have been the more in-algent to our pleasures, not as being careless our office, but rather secure of the necessity. of our office, but rather secure of the necessity. Neither do these common rumours of many, et and infamous libels published against our retirement, at all afflict us; being born more out of men's ignorance than their malice; and will, reglected, find their own grave quickly; is whereas, too sensibly acknowledg d, it would make their obloquy ours. Nor do we desire their authors, thought found, he coustr'd, since in a few state, as ours, all men ought to enjoy both their minds and tournes free."

their minds and tongues free.

der. (Aside). The lapwing, the lapwing!

"Yet in things which shall worthily and more ar oncern the majesty of a prince, we shall to be as unnaturally crue to our own fame, attangled them. True it is, conscript fathers, has we have raised Sejanus from obscure, [98]

that we have raised Sejands from obscure, jested almost anknown gentry,"
Sea, 1, 1406c.) How, how?
To the highest and most conspicuous point of foatness, and, we hope, deservingly; yet [no not aithout dunger: it being a most bold hazard as the severeign who, by his particular love to w, dares adventure the hatred of all his other

Arr. (Ande.) This touches; the blood turns, "But we affy! in your loves and under less stadings, and do no way suspect the merit of arr pinus, to make our favours offensive to

"Though we could have wished his zeal had can a calmer course against Agrippina and our phase howsever the openies of their ne-min declared them delinquents; and that he wild have rememb red no innocence is so [115 he, but it rejoiceth to stand in the sight of morey the use of which in us he hath so quite the use of which in us he hath so quite then away toward them, by his loyal fury, as hew our elemency would be thought but weated emelty, if we should offer to exercise it. Arr. (. sude.) I bank him; there I look'd for ': A good fox !

Sume there be that would interpret this his

public severity to be particular ambition; and that, under a protext of service to us, he doth but remove his own lets. I alleging the less atrengths he hath made to himself, by the practorian soldiers, by his faction in court and sen-ste, by the offices he holds himself, and confers on others, his popularity and dependents, his urging and almost driving us to this our un- [100 willing retirement, and, lastly, his aspiring to be our son-in-law."
Sen. (Aside.) This is strange!
Arr. (Aside.) I shall anon believe your vultures. Marcus.

"Your wisdoms, conscript fathers, are able to examine, and censure these suggestions. But were they left to our absolving voice, we durst pronounce them, as we think them, most mali-

Sen. (Aside.) O, he has restor'd all; list! "Yet are they offer'd to be averr d. and on the lives of the informers. What we should say, or rather what we should not say, lords of the senate, if this be true, our gods and goddesses confound us if we know! Only we must think, | 100 we have plac'd our benefits ill; and conclude, that in our choice, either we were wanting to the gods, or the gods to us."

The Semutors shift their places.

Arr. (Aside.) The place grows hot ; they shift. "We have not been covetous, honourable 100 fathers, to change; neither is it now any new lust that alters our affection, or old loathing: but those needful jealousies of state, that warn wiser princes hourly to provide their safety; and do teach them how learned a thing it is to beware of the humblest enemy; much more of those great ones, whom their own employ'd favours have made fit for their fears."

[1] Sen. (Aside.) Away. [2] Sen. (Aside.) Cot. (Aside.) Sit farther. Let's remove -Arr. (.1side.) Gods! how the leaves drop off.

this little wind ! "We therefore desire, that the offices he holds be first seized by the senate; and himself suspended from all exercise of place or power-

Sen. (Aside.) How! San. [Thrusting by.] By your leave. [rius? Arr. Come, porpoise. (Aside.) Where 's Hate-His gont keeps him most miserably constant! -Your dancing shows a tempest.

Read no more. Reg. Lords of the senate, hold your seats:

read on.
read on.
Sej. These letters, they are forg d.
A guard ! sit still. 170

Enter LACO, with the Guards.

Arr. There's change!

Reg. Bid silence, and read forward.
Prac. Silence! — "and himself suspended from all exercise of place or power, but till due and mature trial be made of his innocency, which yet we can faintly apprehend the necessity to [1:3

doubt. If, conscript fathers, to your more searching wisdoms, there shall appear farther cause or of farther proceeding, either to seizure of lands, goods, or more - it is not our power that shall limit your authority, or our favour 100 that must corrupt your justice; either were dis-honourable in you, and both uncharitable to ourself. We would willingly be present with your counsels in this business; but the danger of so potent a faction, if it should prove is so, forbids our attempting it; except one of the consuls would be entreated for our safety, to undertake the quard of us home; then we undertake the guard of us home; then we should most readily adventure. In the mean-time, it shall not be fit for us to importune so judicious a senate, who know how much they hart the innocent that spare the guilty; and how grateful a sacrifice to the gods is the life of an ingrateful person. We reflect not in this on Sejams. (notwithstanding, if you [16] keep an eye upon him — and there is Latiaris, a senator, and Pinnarius Natta, two of his most trusted ministers; and so profest, whom we desire not to have apprehended,) but as the necessity of the cause exacts it."

Arr. O, the spy,
The reverend spy is caught! Who pities him? Reward, sir, for your service; now, you ha'

Your property, you see what use is made ! [Eseunt LATIANIS and NATTA guarded.]

Hang up the instrument. Give leave.

Nej. Stand, stand ! sos He comes upon his death, that doth advance An inch toward my point.
Sej. Have we no friends here?

Arr. Husht! Where now are all the huils and acclamations?

[Enter] MACRO.

Mac. Hail to the consuls, and this noble senate!

Bej. [Aside.] Is Macro here? O, thou art lost, Sejanus! 210 Mac. Sit still, and unaffrighted, reverend

fathers;

Macro, by Caesar's grace the new-made pro-Vent.

And now possest of the practorian bands, An honour late belong'd to that proud man, Bids you be safe : and to your constant doom 2 as Of his deservings, offers you the surety Of all the soldiers, tribunes, and centurious,

Receiv'd in our command. Reg. Stand forth, Sejanus! Sejanus, Sejanus,

Sej. Am I call'd! Muc. Ay, thou,

Thou insolent monster, art bid stand. Why, Macro, 200

It hath been otherwise between you and I; This court, that knows us both, hath seen a difference,

Performed your office. I Firm judgment.

and can, if it be pleas'd to speak, confirm Whose insolence is most.

Come down, Typhoem. If mine be most, lo! thus I make it more; me Kick up thy heels in air, tear off thy robe. Play with thy beard and nostrils. Thus 't is 61 (And no man take compassion of thy state). To use th' ingrateful viper, trend his brains Into the earth.

Forbear. Reg. Mac. If I could lose All my humanity now, 't were well to torture So meriting a traitor. - Wherefore, fathers, So meriting a traitor. — Wherefore, fathers, Sit you annuz'd and silent; and not consure This wrotch, who, in the hoar he first rebell'd 'Gainst Caesar's bounty, did condemn himself? Phlegra, the field where all the sons of earth Muster'd against the gods, did ne'er acknowledge

So proud and huge a monster.

Take him hence:

Reg. And all the gods guard Caesat! Take him heace.

To the dungeon with him.

To the dungeon with him.

To the dungeon with him.

Sen. Crown all our doors with have And let an or With gilded horns and garlands, straight be led

Unto the Capitol. Hat. And sacrifie'd To Jove, for Cuesar's safety.

All our gods Tri.

Be present still to Caesar ! Cot. Phoebus. San.

Murs. w San. Hat. Diana. Pullas.

Juno, Mercury. Sen.

All guard him! Mac. Forth thou predict of men.

(Exil Stansin queried.)

Cot. Let all the traitor's titles be deta. 'd.

Tri. His images and statues be pull'd down.

Hat. His chariot-wheels be broken.

And the legs Of the poor horses, that deserved nought,

Let them be broken too! () violent change, Lip. And whirl of men's affections!

Like, as both 100 Their bulks and souls were bound on Fortupe's wheel,

And must act only with her motion. [Exeunt all but, LEPIDUS and ARREN-

Lep. Who would depend upon the popular

Or voice of men, that have to-day bulled That which, if all the gods had fore-diselar'd Would not have been believ'd Sojanus' fall? He that this morn rose proudly as the san. And, breath, breaking through a mist of clients

Came on as gaz'd at and admir'd as he. When superstitions Moors salute his light t That had our servile nobles waiting him

As common grooms; and hanging on his look No less than human life on destiny 1 205 That had men's knees as frequent as the gods; And ascrifices more than Rome had altars: And this man fall! fall? ny, without a look That durst appear his friend, or lend so much Of vain celief, to his chang'd state, as pity! or Arr. They that before, like guats, play'd in

And throng'd to circumscribe him, now not

Nor deign to hold a common seat with him!
Others, that waited him unto the senate,
Now inhumanely ravish him to prison,

Whom but this morn they follow'd as their ford!

tive. Instead of wreaths give fetters, strokes for

atonia:

Blind share for honours, and black taunts for

Who would trust slippery Chance?

Lep. They that would make Themselves her speil; and foolishly forget, Whom she doth flatter, that she comes to prey. Fortune, thou hadst no deity, if men flad wisdom: we have placed thee so high, as By fond belief in thy felicity.

Show within.) The gods guard Caesar! All the gods guard Caesar!

(Re-enter Macno, REGULUS, (and divers), Sensiors.

Senators.

Mac. Now, great Sejanus, you that aw'd the

And cought to bring the nobles to your whip;
That would be Caesar's tutor, and dispose of
Of dignities and offices! that had
The public head still bare to your designs,
And made the general voice to echo yours!
That book 'd for salutations twelve score off,
And would have pyramids, yea, temples, rear'd

Rome!
Liberty, liberty! Lead on,
And praise to Macro, that hath saved
Rome!
Liberty, liberty! Lead on,
And praise to Macro, that hath saved Rome!

Arr. I propinesy, out of the senate's flattery, That this new fellow, Macro, will become A greater prodigy in Rome than he That now is full'n.

[Enter TERENTIUS.]

Ter. O you, whose minds are good, and have not fore'd all mankind from your breasts;

That yet have so much stock of virtue left To piry guilty states, when they are wretched; lend your soft ears to hear, and eyes to weep leeds done by men, beyond the acts of furies.

1 Raised.

The eager multitude (who never yet Knew why to love or hate, but only pleas'd T' express their rage of power) no sooner heard The murmur of Sepanns in decline. But with that speed and heat of appetite, With which they greedily devour the way are To some great sports, or a new theatre, Thoy fill'd the Capitol, and Pompey's Cirque Where, like so many mustiffs biting atones, As if his statues now were sensitive (If their wild fury; first, they tear them down; Then fast ning ropes, drag them along the streets,

Crying in scorn, "This, this was that rich head Was crown'd with garlands, and with odours, this

That was in Rome so reverenced! Now The furnace and the bellows shall to work. The great Sejamus crack, and piece by piece Drop in the founder's pit."

Lep. O popular rage!
Ter. The whilst the senate at the temple of

Make haste to meet again, and thronging cry,
"Let us condemn him, tread him down in water,
While he doth lie upon the bank; away!" an
While some, more tardy, cry unto their bearers,
"He will be censur'dere we come; run, knaves,"
And use that furious diligence, for fear

Their bondmen should inform against their slackness,

And bring their quaking flesh unto the hook.
The rout, they follow with confused voice.
Crying they 're glad, say they could ne'er abide
him;

Inquire what man he was, what kind of face.
What beard he had, what nose, what lips?
protest

They ever did presage he 'd come to this;
They never thought him wise, nor valiant; ask
After his garments, when he dies, what death;
And not a beast of all the herd demands
What was his crime, or who were his accusers,
Under what proof or testimeny he fell.
There came, says one, a huge long-worded
letter

From Caprene against him. Did there so?

O. they are satisfied; no more.

Len. Alas!

They follow Fortune, and hate men condemn'd, Guilty or not.

Arr. But had Sejanus thriv'd in his design, and presperously opprest. The old Tiberius; then, in that same minute. These very rascals, that now rage like furies, Would have proclaim'd Sejanus emperor.

Lep. But what hath follow'd'
Ter.
Sentence by the senate,
To lose his head; which was no sconer off,
But that and th' unfortunate trunk were seiz'd
By the rude multitude; who not content
With what the forward justice of the state
Officiously had done, with violent rage
Have rent it limb from limb. A thousand heads,
A thousand hands, ten thousand tongues and

Employ'd at once in several acts of malice!

Old men not staid with age, virgins with shame, Late wives with less of husbands, mothers of

children,
Losing all grief in joy of his sad fall,
Run quite transported with their cruelty! These mounting at his head, these at his face, These digging out his eyes, those with his brain Sprinkling themselves, their houses and their friends:

Others are met, have ravish'd thence an arm, And deal small pieces of the flesh for favours; These with a thigh, this bath cut off his hands, And this his feet; these fingers, and these

That hath his liver, he his heart: there wants Nothing but room for wrath, and place for hatred!

What cannot oft be done, is now o'erdone.
The whole, and all of what was great bejanus.
And, next to Caesar, did possess the world, so
Now torn and scatter'd, as he needs no grave Each little dust covers a little part : So lies he nowhere, and yet often buried !

[Enter] NUNTIUS.

Arr. More of Sejanus Vun.

We know him dead.

Nun.

Then there begin your pity.

There is enough behind to melt ev n Rome, And Caesar into tears; since never slave Could yet so highly offend, but tyranny, In tormenting him, would make him worth lamenting.

son and daughter to the dead Sejanus, (Of whom there is not now so much remaining As would give fast'ning to the hangman's hook,)

Have they drawn forth for farther sacrifice; Whose tenderness of knowledge, unripe years, And childish silly innocence was such,

As scarce would lend them feeling of their

danger The girl so simple, as she often askt

Where they would lead her? for what cause they dragg'd her? Cried, she would do no more: that she could

take with beating. And because our Warning laws

Admit no virgin immature to die The wittily and strangely cruel Macro Deliver'd her to be deflower'd and spoil'd y the rude last of the licentious hangman,

Then to be strangled with her harmless brother.

Lep. O, act most worthy hell, and lasting night,

night.
To hide it from the world!
Their bodies thrown Into the Gemonies, (I know not how,

Or by what accident return'd,) the mother. Th' expulsed | Apicata, finds them there; Whom when she saw lie spread on the degrees, After a world of fury on herself,
Tearing her hair, defacing of her face, Beating her breasts and womb, kneeling amaz'd, Crying to heaven, then to them; at last, Her drowned voice gat up above her wors. And with such black and bitter executions As might affright the gods, and force the sun Run backward to the east; nay, make the old Deformed chaos rise again, t' o'erwhelm 4 Them, us, and all the world, she fills the sir, pbraids the heavens with their partial dooms, efies their tyrannous powers, and demands, What she, and those poor innocents have trans gress'd,

That they must suffer such a share in ven-

Whilst Livia, Lygdus, and Eudemus live, Who, as she says, and firmly yows to prove it

Lep. Confederates with her husband!

Num. Lep.

Ay. Strange act! Arr. And strangely open'd. What says now

my monster.
The multitude? They reel now, do they not?
Nun. Their gall is gone, and now they 'gi to weep

The mischief they have done.

Arr. I thank 'em, rogues. Nun. Part are so stupid, or so flexible, As they believe him innocent; all grieve:

And some, whose hands yet reek with his warm blood,

And grip the part which they did tear of him, Wish him collected and created new. How Fortune plies her sports, when she

begins
To practise 'em! pursues, continues, adds,

Confounds with varying her impassion'd moode!

Arr. Post thou hope, Fortune, to redeem thy

I'o make amend for thy ill placed favours, With these strange punishments! Forbear, you things

That stand upon the pinnacles of state, To boast your slippery height; when you de fall,

You pash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise; And he that lends you pity, is not wise

Ter. Let this example move the insolent man Not to grow proud and careless of the gods. •
It is an odious wisdom to blaspheme. Much more to slighten, or deny their powers For whom the morning saw so great and high. Thus low and little, 'fore the even doth he.

1 Divorced. # Steps. 3 Dach, bruise.

VOLPONE; OR, THE FOX

BY

BEN JONSON

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

a. his Faraste.

igaz, an Advocate.

igaz, an Advocate.

igaz, an old Gentleman.

ravo, a Merchant.

raio, a young Gentleman, [son to Corbacelo.]

Potrne Wormens, a Kinghe.

serse, a Gentleman Traveller.

a Dwarf.

aoung, an Eunuch.

soorne, an Hermaphrodite.

Grege [or Mob]. Commandadori, Officere [of Justice.] Mercatori, three Merchanta Avocatori, four Magistratea. Notario, the Register.

Fine Madame Would-sa, the Knight's Wife. Calla, [Corvino] the Merchant's Wife.

Servitore, a Servant, [two Waiting-] women, &c.

10

18

SCENE. - Venice.

THE ARGUMENT

V OLPONE, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,
O ffers his state to hopes of several heirs,
L ice languishing: his parasite receives
P resents of all, assures, deludes; then weaves
O ther cross plots, which ope themselves, are told,
N ew tricks for safety are sought; they thrive: when, bold,
E ach tempts th' other again, and all are sold.

PROLOGUE

Now, luck yet send us, and a little wit
Will serve to make our play hit;
According to the palates of the season,
Here is rhyme, not empty of reason.
This we were bid to credit from our poet,
Whose true scope, if you would know it,
In all his poems still bath been this measure,
To mix profit with your pleasure;
And not as some, whose throats their envy failing,
Cry hoarsely, "All he writes is railing:"
And when his plays come forth, think they can flout them,
With saying, he was a year about them.
To this there needs no lie, but this his creature,
Which was two months since no feature:
And though he dares give them five lives to mend it,
"T is known, five weeks fully penn'd it,
From his own hand, without a coadjutor,
Novice, journeyman, or tutor.
Yet thus much I can give you as a token
Of his play's worth, no eggs are broken,
Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted,
Wherewith your rout are so delighted;
Nor hales he in a gull, old ends reciting,
To stop gaps in his loose writing;
With such a deal of monstrous and fore'd action,
As might make Bethlem a faction:

¹ Bedlam; the madhouse.

Nor made he his play for jests stol'n from each table, But makes jests to fit his fable

And so presents quick comedy refin'd, As hest critics have design'd;

The laws of time, place, persons he observeth,
From no needful rule he swerveth.
All gall and copperas 1 from his ink he draineth,

Only a little salt remainsth, Wherewith he'll rub your cheeka, till, red with laughter, They shall look fresh a week after.

ACT I

SCENE I.2

[Enter] VOLPONE, MOSCA.

Volp. Good morning to the day; and next, my gold!

Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.

[Mosca withdrawn the curtain, and discovers piles of gold, plate jewely, etc.)

Hail the world's soul, and mine! More glad than is

The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun Peep through the horus of the colestial Ram, Am I, to view thy spleudour dark ning his; That lying here, amongst my other heards, Show at like a flame by might, or like the day Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol. But brighter than thy father, let me kins, With adoration, thee, and every relic Of sacred treasure in this blessed room, Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name, Title that age which they would have the best; Thou being the best of things, and fur tran-scending

All style of joy, in children, parents, friends, Or any other waking dream on earth: Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,

They should have given her twenty thousand Capida,

Such are thy beauties and our loves! Dear anint,

Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tangues,

That canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do all things :

The price of souls; even hell, with thee to bont,

Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtue, fame, Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee, He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise — *

Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in

fortune

A greater good than wisdom is in nature, Volp. True, my beloved Moson. Yet I glory More in the cuming purchase of my wealth, as Than in the glad possession, since I gain

Green vitriol, used in making ink.

8 A room in Volpone's house.

* Lentre of the earth.

s Gifford and others have noted that in this splendld asseth Jonson is indebted to Pindar, Euripides, and

No common way; I use no trade, no venture; I wound no earth with ploughshares, I fat n beauta

To feed the shambles; have no mills for iron, Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into powder, I blow no subtle glass, expose no ships To threat nings of the furrow-faced son; I turn no monies in the public bank, No usure private.

Mos.
Soft prodigals. You shall ha' some will swal-

A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it; Tear forth the fathers of poor families Out of their beds, and coffin them alive In some kind clasping prison, where their bone May be forthcoming, when the flesh is rotten: But your awest nature doth abbor them

You loathe the widow's or the orphan's tears Should wash your pavements, or their precou

Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for vengenuce.

Valp. Right, Mosca; I do louthe it. Mus. And, besides, sir You are not like the thresher that doth stand With a huge thill, watching a heap of corn.

And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
But feeds on mullows, and such bitter herbs. Nor like the merchant, who hath fulld his vaults

With Roungnia, rich and Candian wines, et drinks the less of Lombard's vin gar You will not lie in straw, whilst moths and Worths

Feed on your sumptuous hangings and add beds; You know the use of riches, and dare give no

From that bright heap, to me, your pour ob-

server, Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite, Your eunuch, or what other household triffe

Your pleasure allows maintenauce - Vol. Hold three, Mose Take of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in all And they are envious term thee parasite Call forth my dwarf, my cunuch, and my fork Call forth my ween the sport. (1770 And let 'em make me sport. What should I do. Erit Mos.

But cocker up my genins, and live free To all delights my fortune calls me to? have no wife, no parent, child, ally, To give my substance to; but whom I make Mast be my heir; and this makes men observe !

This draws new clients daily to my house, Women and men of every sex and age

That bring me presents, send me plate, coin,

With hope that when I die (which they expect Each groedy minute) it shall then return Tenfold upon them; whilst some, covetous Above the rest, seek to engross me whole, And counter-work the one unto the other. And counter work the one unto the other. Contend in gitts, as they would seem in love: All which I suffer, playing with their hopes, so And am content to coin em into profit, And look upon their kindness, and take more, And look on that; still bearing them in hand, letting the cherry knock against their lips, and draw it by their mouths, and back again .-How pow!

SCENE II.

[To him resenter] Moses, [with] NANO, Andrews Orthogram, and Casthone.

"Now, room for fresh gamesters, who do will you to know,

They do bring you neither play nor university

And therefore do intreat you that whatsoever they rehearse

May not fare a whit the worse, for the false pace of the verse.

If you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere

For know, here is inclosed the soul of Pytha-

That juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow; Wasch soul, fast and loose, sir, came first from Apollo,

And was breath'd into Aethalides, Mercurins his son

Where it had the gift to remember all that ever

From thence it fled forth, and made quick transmigration To goldy-bock'd Euphorbus, who was kill'd in

good fashion,

At the siege of old Troy, by the cuckold of Sparta.

Hermotimus was next (I find it in my charta).
To whom it did pass, where no mooner it was

But with one Pyrrhus of Delos it learn'd to go a fishing;

and thence did it enter the sophist of Greece. From l'ythagore, ahe went into a beautiful

Hight Aspasia, the meretrix; and the next toss of her

Whagam of a whore, she became a philosopher, trains the cynick, as itself doth relate it: 21 Sucokings, knights, and beggars, knaves, lords,

Pay obequious attention to.

Deserving by false hopes.
 The same. The acene divisions are Jonson's.
 In Androgyno.

Besides ox and ass, camel, mule, goat, and breck,

In all which it hath spoke, as in the cobbler's cock.6

But I come not here to discourse of that matter, Or his one, two, or three, or his great oath,
By QUATRH!?

His musics, his trigon, his golden thigh, Or his telling how elements shift; but I

Would ask, how of late thou hast suffer'd translation,

And shifted thy coat in these days of reforma-

And. Like one of the reform'd, a fool, as you

Counting all old doctrine heresy.

Non. But not on thine own forbid meats hast thou ventur'd? And. On fish, when first a Carthusian I on-

ter'd Why, then thy dogmatical silence hath left thee? Nan.

And. Of that an obstreperous lawyer bereft me. Nan. O wonderful change, when sir lawyer forsook thee!

For Pythagore's sake, what body then took thee?

And. A good dull mule.

Nan.

And how! by that means Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beans?

And. Yes. [thou pass? Nun. But from the mule into whom didst

And. Into a very strange beast, by some writers call'd an ass;
By others a precise, pure, illuminate brother Of those devour flesh, and sometimes one another;

And will drop you forth a libel, or a sanctifi'd lie, Betwixt every spoonful of a nativity-pie.10 Nan. Now unit thee, for heaven, of that profane nation.

Nan. A creature of delight, And, what is more than a fool, an hermaphro-

dite! Now, prithes, sweet soul, in all thy variation, Which body wouldst thou choose to keep up

thy station?
d. Troth, this I am in: even here would

And. True Nan.

m. Tause here the delight of each sex And. Alas, those pleasures be stale and for-

saken;

No, 't is your fool wherewith I am so taken, The only one creature that I can call blessed; For all other forms I have prov'd most distressed.

Nan. Spoke true, as thou wert in Pythagoras still. This learned opinion we celebrate will,

* This interlude is based on Lucian's dialogue between a cobbler and a cock.

Quite, the four in dice. * Poritanical to Christmas-pie. A triangular lyre.

Fellow eunuch, as behoves us, with all our wit and art

To dignify that whereof ourselves are so great and special a part."

Volp. Now, very, very pretty! Mosca, this
Was thy invention?

Mas. If it please my patron,

Not else. Volp. It doth, good Mosc Mos. Then it was, sir. 45

[NANO and CASTRONE sing.]

" Fools, they are the only nation Worth men's envy or admiration; Free from care or sorrow-taking. Selves and others merry making : All they speak or do is sterling. Your feel he is your great man's darling, And your ladies' sport and pleasure; Tongue and bouble are his treasure. E'en his face begetteth laughter. And he speaks truth free from slaughter; 1 He 's the grace of every feast, And sometimes the chiefest guest; Hath his trencher and his stool, When wit waits upon the fuol. O, who would not be He, he, he? "

One knocks without.

Volp. Who's that? Away! Look, Mosca.

Fool, begone ! [Exrunt Nano, Cast. and Andro.]
Mos. 'T is Signior Voltore, the advocate;

I know him by his knock. Fetch me my gown,

My furs, and night-caps; say my couch is changing

And let him entertain himself a while Without i' th' gallery. [Exit Mosca.] Now, now my clients

Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite, Raven, and gorcrow, all my birds of prey, That think me turning carcase, now they come:

[Re-enter MOSCA, with the govern, etc.]

How now | the news?

Mos. A piece of plate, sir. Volp. Of what bigness? Mos.

Massy, and antique, with your name inscrib'd,

And arms engraven.

Good! and not a fox

Stretcht on the earth, with fine delusive sleights, Mocking a gaping crow? ha, Mosca!

Mos.
Volp. Give me my furn.

[Puts on his sick dress.]

Why doet thou laugh so, man?

when I apprehen Mos. I cannot choose, sir, when I apprehend What thoughts he has without now, as he

That this might be the last gift he should give, That this would fetch you; if you died to-day,

1 With impunity.

I am not for 'em yet.

1 Carrion crow.

And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow; What large return would come of all his ven-

tures : How he should worshipp'd be, and reverenc'd; Ride with his fure, and foot clothe, wasted on By herds of fools and clients; have clear way Made for his mule, as letter'd as himself; And then concludes, there's neight impossible.

Yelp. Yes, to be learned, Mosca.

Implies it. Hood an ass with reversel purple, So you can hide his two ambitious cars.

And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.

Volp. My caps, my caps, good Mosca. Fetch him in.

Mos. Stay, sir; your ointment for your eyes. Volp. That's true; Dispatch, dispatch : I long to have possession

Of my new present.

That, and thousands more,

I hope to see you lord of.

Volp.

Thanks, kind Mosca.

Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended

And hundreds such as I am, in succession — as Volp. Nay, that were too much, Musea.

Mos. Still to delude these harpies. Loving Mosca!

'T is well: my pillow now, and let him enter. Now, my feign'd cough, my phthisic, and my

gont, My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs,

Help, with your forced functions, this my pos-Wherein, this three year, I have milk'd their

hopes, He comes; I hear him - Uh! [coughing] uh! uh!uh!O-

SCENE III

VOLPONE; [re-enter Mosca, [introducing] Vot-TORE [with a piece of plate.]

Mon, You still are what you were, sir. Only

Of all the rest, are he commands his love, And you do wisely to preserve it thus, With early visitation, and kind notes Of your good meaning to him, which, I know, Cannot but come most grateful, Patron! air! Here 'a Signior Voltore is come What say you?

Mos. Sir, Signior Voltore is come this more-

ing To visit you.

Volp. I thank him. And hath brought A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark, With which he here presents you.

1 With a reference to the etymological serms of "moving round."

At one of the goldsmith's shops beside St. Mark's.

Volp.
Pray him to come more often.
Yes.
What says he?

Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see him

Mos. Tron.

often.

Volp. Mosca.

Mus. My patron!

Bring him near, where is he?

Bring him near, where is he?

I long to feel his hand.

Mos.

The plate is here, sir, 15

Volt. How fare you, sir?

Volp. I thank you, Signior Voltore;
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.
Volt. [putting it into his hands.] I'm sorry?
To see you still thus weak.
Mos. [Aside.] That he's not weaker. Mos. [Aside.] That he's not weaker. I'dp. You are too munificent. Volt. No. sir; would to heaven

could as well give health to you, as that Polp. You give, sir, what you can; I thank

you. Your love Hath taste in this, and shall not be unanswer'd:

Volt. Yes

Yes, I shall, sir.

Do you observe that, sir? Volp. Hearken unto me still; it will concern

Mos. You are a happy man, sir; know your good.

Volp. I cannot now last long — Mos. (Axide.) You ar You are his heir, sir.

Volt. (Ande.) Am I?
Volt. (Ande.) Am I?
Volt. (Ande.) Am I?
Volp. I feel me going: Uh! uh! uh! uh!
Im seiling to my port. Uh! uh! uh! uh!
And I am glad I am so near my haven.
Mor. Alas. kind gentleman! Well, we must

Voit. But, Moses Age will conquer. Prithee, hear me;

Am I inscrib'd his heir for certain? do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsufe to write me : your family. All my hopes depend upon your worship: I am lost acept the rising sun do shine on me.

Volt. It shall both shine, and warm thee,

Mos. Sir, um a man that hath not done your love all the worst offices: here I wear your keys, so wall your coffices and your caskets look d, keep the poor inventory of your jewels, four place, and monies; am your steward, sir, linehand your goods here.

Volt. But am I sole heir? Mos. Without a partner, sir: confirm'd this

morning: The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry

From the parchment.

Volt.

Happy, happy me!
By what good chance, sweet Mosca? Your desert, sir; know no second cause,

Is loth to know it; well, we shall requite it. ... Mos. He ever lik'd your course, sir; that Mos. He ever him. first took him.

I oft have heard him say how he admir'd
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hourse again, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agility, could turn,
And return; I make knots, and undo them;
Give forked counsel; take provoking gold
the nithes heard, and out it my these men. On either hand, and put it up; these men,
He knew, would thrive with their humility. And, for his part, he thought he should be blost
To have his heir of such a suff'ring spirit.
So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And lond withal, that would not wag, nor

Lie still, without a fee; when every word Your worship but lets fall, is a chequia!—

Another knocks. Who's that? one knocks; I would not have you seen, sir.

And yet - pretend you came and went in haste; Il fashion an excuse - and, gentle sir, When you do come to swim in golden lard, Up to the arms in honey, that your chin borne up stiff with fatness of the flood, Think on your vassal; but remember me: I ha' not been your worst of clients.

Volt.

Mos. When will you have your inventory brought, air?

Anon!

Or see a copy of the will? — Anon!
I'll bring them to you, sir. Away, begone,
Put business i' your face. [Erit VOLTORE.]
Volp, [Springing up.] Excellent Mosca!
Come hither, let me kiss thee.

Mos. Keep you still, sir.

Here is Corbaccio. Set the plate away : Volp. The vulture 's gone, and the old raven 's come.

SCENE IV. 2

MOSCA, VOLPONE.

Mos. Betake you to your silence, and your sleep.

Stand there and multiply. | Putting the plate to the rest.| Now we shall see

Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop Over his grave.

[Enter CORBACCIO.]

Signior Corbaccio!

You're very welcome, sir.

Corb. How does your patron? Corb.

Mas. Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.

What! mends he? Corb.
Mos. No. sir: he's rather worse.
That's well Where is he?

Corb. That's well tracks as Mas. Upon his couch, sir newly fall'u asleep. Corb. Does he sleep well?

1 Gifford emands to re-turn; could. I The same.

Mun. No wink, sir, all this night, 10 Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

Good! he should take Corb. Some counsel of physicians: I have brought hom

n opiate here, from mine own doctor.

Mos. He will not bear of drugs.

Why? I myself Stood by while 't was made, saw all th' ingredients;

and know it cannot but most gently work : My life for his, 't is but to make hun sleep, Volp., ...laide.] Ay, his hast sleep, if he would take it.

Mos. Sir,

Mos.

He has no faith in physic.

Cich.

Say you, any you?

Mor. He has no faith in physic: he does think

Most of your doctors are the greater danger, And worse disease, t'escape. I often have Hourd him protest that your physician Should never be his beir.

Not I his heir? Mos. Not your physician, sir.

O, no, no, no, 16 Cimb.

I do not mean it. No. air, nor their feen He cannot brook : he says they flay a man Before they kill him.

Corb. Right, I do conceivo you.

Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve 'em, But gives them great reward; and he is loth at To hire his death so.

Cirb. It is true, they kill With as much licence as a judge. Nay, more;

For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns, And these can kill him too.

Ay, or me; so In that strong on him still?

His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,

His face drawn longer than 't was wont -How! how! Corb.

Stronger than he was wont? No, sir; his face .. Mus.

Drawn longer than 't was wont. Corb. O, good! Mos. His mouth

Mos. Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang. Good. Corb.

Mus. A freezing numbrees stiffens all his

joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.
'T is good. Carb.
Max. His pulse beats slow, and dull.
Good symptoms still,

Mos. And from his brain — Corb. Ha? How ! Not from his brain?

Yee, sir, and from his brain - I conceive you; good You. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual

-th the resolved corners of his eyes.

Corb. Is 't possible? Yet I am better, ha! How does he with the swimming of his head?

Mos. O, sir, 'tis past the scoromy;' he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort;

You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes, Corb. Excellent, excellent! sure I shall outlast him:

This makes me young again, a score of yours. Mos. I was a-coming for you, sir.

Has he made his will? What has he giv'n me?

Mus.

No, sir. Nothing! ha? Corb. Mos. He has not made his will, sir

heard

My master was about his testament;

As I did urge him to it for your good — Corb. He came unto bim, did he? I thought

Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate. Corb. To be his heir?

I do not know, mir Mon. Carb.

know it too. know if ton.

Mov. [Aside.] By your own scale, sir.

Well,

I shall prevent him yet, Sea, Mosca, look, Here I have brought a bag of bright chequins. Here I have brought by plate.
Will quite lay down his plate.
Yea, marry, sir

This is true physic, this your sacred medicine: No talk of opinites to this great clixic: Corb. 'T is aurum porpubale, if not potabele. Mov. It shall be manister'd to him in his bowl.

Corb. Ay, do, do, do.

Mas. Most blessed cordinl : = This will recover him.

Corb.
Mos. I think it were not beat, air.
What? Yes. do. do. do.

Mus. Mos. Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means. Why, air, this To recover Lim.

Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it. Corb. 'T is true, therefore forbear; I'll take

my venture : Give me 't again.

Mox. At no hand : pardon me : ou shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. Will so advise you, you shall have it all

Corb. How? fre man Mos. All, sir; 't is your right, your va; Can claim a part: 't is yours without a rival,

Decreed by destiny. Corb. How, how, good Mones? Mos. I'll tell you, air. This fit he shall recover. -

Corb. I do conecive you.

Mas. And on first advantage Of his gain'd sense, will I re-important him

: Imperfect eight, with goldinem Ital secretime, a sequin, a coin worth about two dollara,

Unto the making of his testament:

And show him this. [Pointing to the money.] Good, good. Corb. Mov.

If you will hear, sir.

Corb.

You, with all my heart.

Mos. Now would I counsel you, make home with speed;
There, frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole hoir.

Corb.

Mos. D, sir, the become.

Shall make it much more taking.

O, but colour? Mos. O, sir, the better: for that colour !

Corb.

Mon. This will, sir, you shall send it unto me.

Now, when I come to inforce, as I will do. Your cares, your watchings, and your many

Your more than many gifts, your this day's

present.

And hat, produce your will; where, without thought,

Or least regard, unto your proper issue,

he stream of your diverted love hath thrown

I pon my master, and made him your heir; He amost be so stupid, or stone-dead,

". He must pronounce me his? 'T is true. This plot Wire.

Corb.
Did I think on before.
I do believe it. Mot.

Let a venue.

Let a venu

Which, when he hath done, sir — Publish'd me his heir?

Von. And you so certain to survive him -

Being so lusty a man Tris true.

Yes, sir-Cwb. I thought on that too. See, how he

the very organ to express my thoughts! Mor. You have not only done yourself a

C. But multipli'd it on my son.
'T is right, sir.

Ged. Still, my invention.

"Las, sir! heaven knows, thath been all my study, all my care, to is so clow gray withol, how to work things

things Corb. I do nonceive, sweet Mosca. You are he

For whom I labour here.

Ay, do, do, do: Il straight about it.

Most juice Rook go with you, caven.

Corb. I know thee houest. You do lie, sir!

Pretence I May you be rooked, or chested.

And -- 123 Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your

Mos. Tour knowsesses curs. sir.

Corb. I do not doubt to be a father to thee.

Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.

Corb. I may ha' my youth restor'd to me,
why not?

Mos. Your worship is a precious asa!

What sayet thou?

Corb. What sayst thou? Mos. I do desire your worship to make huste,

Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done; I go. (Ertt.)
Volp. !!raping from his couch.) O, I shall
burst!

Let out my sides, let out my sides -Your flux of laughter, sir: you know this hope

Lound half it covers any hook.

Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!

I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee;

I never knew thee in so rare a humour.

Mos. Ahe, sir, I but do as I am taught;

Follow your grave instructions; give 'em

words;

Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence.

Volp. 'T is true, 't is true. What a rare punishment

Is avarice to itself!

Mos.
Volp. So many cares, so many maladies, So many fears attending on old age. Yea, so often call'd on, as no wish Can be more frequent with 'em, their limbs

faint,

Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going, All dead before them; yea, their very testh. Their instruments of enting, failing them:

Yet this is reckon'd life! Nay, here was one, Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer! Feels not his gout, nor pulsy; feigus himself Younger by scores of years, flatters his age With confident belying it, hopes he may With charms like Aeson, have his youth restor'd;

And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate

Would be as easily cheated on as he, And all turns air! Who's that there, new? a third! Another knocks. Mon. Close, to your conchagain; I hear his

Toice. It is Corvino, our sprace merchant.

Salp. Lies down as tufore.] Dead. Another hout, sir, with your eyes (Anointing them). Who is there?

SCENE V.

MOSCA, VOLPONE. [Enter] CONVING.

Signior Corvino! come most wish'd for! O. How happy were you, if you knew it, now!

Core. Why? what? wherein?

Mos.

The tardy hour is come, sir.

Core. He is not dead?

Not dead, sir, but as good ;

He knows no man.

2 The same.

Corv. How shall I do then? Mos. Why, sir? s Core. I have brought him here a pearl.

Mos. Perhaps be has

So much remembrance left as to know you,

Bir

He still calls on you; nothing but your name Is in his mouth. Is your pearl orient, is in? Corn. Vanice was never owner of the like.

ore. Vanice was never Corvino! olp. [faintly.] Signior Corvino! Hark! Mos.

Wolp.

Mos. He calls you; stop and give it him. He's here, sir.

He here, sir. Signior Corvino.

And he has brought you a rich pearl.

Core. How do you, sir?

Tell him it doubles the twelve carat.

Mos. He cannot understand, his hearing 's gone;

And yet it comforts him to see you -Core.

I have a diamond for him, too.

Best show 't, sir;

Put it into his hand: 'tis only there He apprehends: he has his feeling yet.

He appreneum.
See how he grasps it!
Las, good gentleman! How pitiful the sight is !

Tut, forget, sir. Mus. The weeping of an heir should still be laughter

Under a visor.
Core. Why, am I his heir?
Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not show the

Till he be dead; but here has been Corbaccio, Here has been Voltore, here were others too, 16 I cannot number 'em, they were so many; All gaping here for legacies: but I, Taking the vantage of his naming you, Signior Coreino, Signior Coreino, teek 20

Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I ask'd

Whom he would have his heir! Corvino. Who Should be executor? Corvino. And To any question he was silent to, still interpreted the node be made,

Through wenkness, for consent: and sent home th' others,

Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry and curse, Corv. O, my dear Mosca. (They embrace.) Does he not perceive us?

Mos. No more than a blind harper. He knows no man.

No face of friend, nor name of any servant, so Who 't was that fed him last, or gave him drink :

Not those he hath begotten, or brought up, Can he remember. Has he children?

Bastards, Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggars. Gypsies, and Jews, and black-moors, when he was drunk.

Knew you not that, sir? 't is the common fable,

The dwarf, the fool, the ennuch, are all his;

He is the true father of his family.
In all save me: —but he has giv u 'em nething.

Core. That's well, that's well! Art sure he
does not hear us?

Mos. Sure, sir! why, look you, credit your own sense. | Shouls in Vol.'s car.

The pox approach, and add to your diseases, If it would send you hence the sooner, sir. For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it

Throughly and throughly, and the plague to

You may come near, sir. - Would you would once close

Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime Like two frog-pits; and those same hanging cheeks,

Cover'd with hide instead of skin - Nay, help. Bir 2

That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end! . Corv. Or like an old smok'd wall, on which the rain

Ran down in streaks Excellent, sir! speak out: Mos.

You may be louder yet; a culverin Discharged in his ear would hardly hore it.

Core. His nose is like a common sewer, still running.

Mos. T is good ! And what his mouth? Corv. A very draught Mos. O, stop it up -

Core. By no means.

Mos. Pray you, let me
Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow

As well as any woman that should keep him Corv. Do as you will; but I'll begone Mos.

Mos.
It is your presence makes him last so long.
Core. I pray you use no violence.
Mos. No, sir! = br

Why should you be thus acrupulous, pray you. Bir '

Corp. Nay, at your discretion.

Well, good sir, he goss Corp. I will not trouble hun now to take my pearl.

Mos. Puh! nor your diamond. What a seed less care

In this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?

Am not I here, whom you have made your creature? That owe my being to you?

Grateful Mores " Corv. Thou art my friend, my follow, my companion,

My partner, and shalt share in all my fortune.

May, Excepting one.

Core.

What's that?

Mes. Your gallant wife, sir. | Exit Cons. Now is he gone : we had no other means To shoot him hence but this.

Volp. My divine Musca 'a Thou hast to-day outgone thyself Who is there dnother buch.

¹ Used for "brilliant" as well as "oriental."

² To Corvine, to join in the abuse.

³ Take from Volpone's hand, which had circuit on B

I will be troubled with no more. Prepare Mr music, dances, banquets, all delights; The Turk is not more sensual in his pleas-

Than will Volpone. [Exit Mos.] Let me see; a

A diamond! plate! chequins! Good morning's

purchase.¹
Why, this is better than rob churches, yet;
Or fat, by eating, once a month, a man

[Re-enter MOBCA.]

Who is 't ?

Mos. The beauteous Lady Would-be, sir,
Wife to the English knight, Sir Politic Would-

This is the style, sir, is directed me,)
Hath sent to know how you have alept to-night,
And if you would be visited?

Nome three hours hance.

I told the squire 2 so much.
Vop. When I am high with mirth and wine;
then then:

Not now:

Pore heaven, I wonder at the desperate valour Of the bold English, that they dare let loose Their wives to all encounters!

Sir. this knight Had not his name for nothing, he is politic, And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange

he hath not yet the face to be dishonest: But had she Signior ('orvino's wife's face -Valp. Hath she so rare a face?

O, sir, the wonder,

Mos.

O, sir, the wonder
The blazing star of Italy! a wench
of the first year, a beauty ripe as harvest!
Whase skin is whiter than a awan all over,
Than silver, snow, or likes; a soft lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
And thesh that melteth in the touch to blood!
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold!
Usp. Why had not I known this before?

Usp.

Alas, sir, 118

self but yesterday discover'd it.

O, not possible; he 's kept as warily as is your gold; Sever does come abroad, never takes air it at a windore. All her looks are sweet, no As the first grapes or cherries, and are watch'd As near as they are.

I must see her.

I must see her.

There is a guard of ten spies thick upon her, MI his whole household; each of which is set pen his fellow, and have all their charge, as her he goes out, when he comes in, examin'd, top. I will go see her, though but at her windore.

windare,

Mos. In some disguise then.

That is true; I must

we'll Ma atain mine own shape still the same: we'll [Exeunt.]

Booky. * Messenger, go-between.

ACT II

SCENE I.3

[Enter] SIR POLITIC WOULD-BE, and PERE-GRINE.

Sir P. Sir, to a wise man, all the world 'a his soil:

It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe, That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.
Yet I protest, it is no salt desire

Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,

Nor any disaffection to the state
Where I was bred, and unto which I owe My dearest plots, hath brought me out, much less That idle, antique, stale, grey-headed project Of knowing men's minds and manners, with

Ulysnes!

But a peculiar humour of my wife's Laid for this height of Venice, to observe, To quote, to learn the language, and so

forth -I hope you travel, sir, with licence?

Per. Yes Sir P. I dare the safelier converse— - How long, sir, Since you left England?

Per. Sir P. Seven weeks.

So lately!

Sir P. So lately! You have not been with my lord ambasandar? Per. Not yet, sir. (climate? Sir P. Pray you, what news, sir, vents our I heard last night a most strange thing reported By some of my lord's followers, and I long To hear how 't will be seconded. Per. Sir P. Marry, sir, of araven that should build In a ship royal of the king 's. Per. [Aside.]

Per. [Aside.]

Peas he cull me trow? or is well'd? Your

This fellow, Your

Does he gull me, trow? or is gull'd?

name, arrivation of the state o O, that speaks him. .

Your lady

Lies bere in Venice, for intelligence Of tires and fashions, and behaviour, Among the courtesaus? The fine Lady Would-

Sir P. Yes, air; the spider and the bee oft-

Suck from one flower. Per. Good Sir Politic.

I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you;
'T is true, air, of your raven.

Sir P. On your knowledge? Per. Year. Yes, and your lion's whelping in the

Sir P. Another whelp!

Another, sir.

3 St. Mark's Place; a retired corner before Corvino's house.

* To make note of.

* To make note of.

* A lion is recorded by Stow to have been born in the Tower of London, Aug. 5, 1604, the first born in captivity in England.

Sir P Now heaven! 23 What prodigies be these? The fires at Berwick! And the new star! These things concurring, strange,

And full of omen! Saw you those meteors?

Per. I did, sir.

Sir P. Featful! Pray you, sir, confirm me, Were there three perpoises seen above the bridge,

As they give out?

Six, and a sturgeon, sir.

Sir P. I am astonish'd.

Sir P. I am astomsn d. Nay, sir, be not so; I'll tall you a greater prodigy than these.

Sir P. What should these things portend?

The very day

(Let me be sure) that I put forth from London, There was a whale discover'd in the river, As high as Woolwich, that had wanted there, Few know how many mouths, for the subver-

dulk

Of the Stode fleet.

Is 't possible? Believe it, Twas either sent from Spain, or the archduke's:

Spinola's whale, upon my life, my credit! Will they not leave these projects? Worthy sir,

Some other news.
Faith, Stone the fool is dead,

And they do lack a taveth fool extremely.

Sir P. Is Mass Stone dead?

Per.

He's dead, sir; why, I hope a You thought him not immortal? - [Asde.] O,

this knight.

Were he well known, would be a precious thing
To fit our English stage: he that should write
But such a fellow, should be thought to feign Extremely, if not maliciously.

Sir P Stope dead! Per. Dend. - Lord! how deeply, sir, you ap-

prehend it!

He was no kinsman to you?

Sir P.

That I know of.

Well! that same fellow was an unknown fool.

Per. And yet you know him, it seems? I did so. Sir.

knew him one of the most dangerous heads w Living within the state, and so I held him. Per. Indeed, sir?

While he liv'd, in action, He has receiv'd weekly intelligence, Upon my knowledge, out of the Low Countries, For all parts of the world, in cubbages And those dispens'd again to ambassadors,

In oranges, musk-molens, apricots, Lemons, pome-citrons, and auch-like; sometimes

In Colchester oysters, and your Selsey cockles.

Per. You make me wonder.

Sir P. Sir, upon my knowledge, 28

Nav, I've observ'd him, at your public ordinary,

Take his advertisement 1 from a traveller.

A conceal'd statesman, in a trencher of mest; And instantly, before the meal was done, Convey an answer in a tooth-pick.

1 Information.

Strangel

How could this be, sir?

Sir P. Why, the ment was cut
So like his character, and so laid as he Must easily read the cipher.

I have heard.

He could not rend, sir, So 't was given out, In policy, by those that did employ him: But he could read, and had your languages, And to 't, as sound a noddle —

I have heard, sir, Fir. That your baboons were spies, and that they

A kind of subtle nation near to China. Sir P. Ay, ay, your Mamaluchi, Faith, they had

Their hand in a French plot or two; but they Were so extremely giv'n to women, as They made discovery of all yet I Had my advices here, on Wednesday last, From one of their own coat, they were return'd.

Made their relations, as the fashion in, And now stand fair for fresh employment.

Per. [Aside.]
This Sir Pol will be ignorant of nothing. It seems, sir, you know all. Sir P.

Not all, sir; but I have some general notions. I do love To note and to observe: though I live ont Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark The currents and the passages of things For mine own private use; and know the abba And flows of state.

Per. Believe it, sir. I hold Myself in no small tie 2 unto my fortunes. Myself in no small the *unto my fortunes, For easting me thus luckily upon you.

Whose knowledge, if your bounty equal it, May do me great assistance, in instruction For my behaviour, and my bearing, which is leyet so rude and raw.

Sir P.

Why? came you feeth Empty of rules for travel?

Faith, I had Some common ones, from out that valgar

Which he that cri'd Italian to me, taught me.

Sir P. Why, this it is that spoils all out
brave bloods,

Trusting our hopeful gentry unto podants Fellows of outside, and mere bark. You seem To be a gentleman of ingenuous race:— I not profess it, but my fate hath been To be, where I have been consulted with. In this high kind, touching some great men

Persons of blood and honour. — Who be these, at !

SCENE II.

[To them enter] MOSUA and NAMO [disquired. followed by persons with materials for erating a stage.

Mos. Una. Under that window, there 't must be 2 Obligation.

Sir P. Fellows, to mount a bank. Did your instructor

In the dear tongues, never discourse to you Of the Italian mountebanks?

Yes, sir. Why,

Here shall you see one. They are quacksalvers,

Follows that live by venting oils and drugs.
See P. Was that the character he gave you of them?

Per. As I remember.
Sie, P. Pity his ignorance. They are the only knowing men of Europe ! Great general scholars, excellent physicians, 10 Most admir'd statesmen, profest favourites And cabinet connectors to the greatest princes; The only languag'd men of all the world! Per. And, I have heard, they are most lewd!

impostors;
Made all of terms and shreds; no less beliers 14
(M great men's favours, than their own vile

medicines;
Which they will utter upon monstrous eaths;
Siling that drug for twopence, ere they part,
Which they have valu'd at twelve crowns be-

fore.
Sir P. Sir, calumnies are answer'd best with

Yourself shall judge. - Who is it mounts, my

Mos. Scoto of Mantua, 2 sir.

No. P.

Is 't he? Nay, then
I'll proudly promise, sir, you shall behold
Another man than has been phant sied 4 to you.
I wonder yet, that he should mount his bank, 10
Here in this nook, that has been wont t' appear
In twee of the Piazza! — Here he comes.

Enter VOLPONE, disguised as a mountebank Doctor, and followed by a crowd of people.

Poly. Mount, zany. [To NANO.] Med. Follow, follow, follow | Sir P. See how the people follow him! he's

A bind

May write ton thousand crowns in bank here.

[VOLFONE mounts the stage.] Mark but his gesture - I do use to observe the state be keeps in getting up. For. T is worth it, sir.

Fig. Volp. "Most noble gentlemen, and my [worthy patrons! It may seem strange that I, rour scote Mantuane, who was ever wont to fix my bank in the face of the public Pinzza, near the shelter of the Portico to the Procuratia, should now, after eight months' absence from the illustrious city of Venice, humbly retire [waster] into an obscure mock of the Pinzza."

Peace, sir. Vap. "Let me tell you: I am not, as your combard proverb saith, cold on my feet; or

I Ignoraut.

The name of an Italian juggler who was in England bout this time. (Gifford j.)

Misrepresented.

content to part with my commodities at a [46 cheaper rate than I am accustom'd: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our profusion (Alessandro Buttone, I mean), who gave out, in public, I was condemn'd a' sforzato' is to the galleys, for poisoning the Cardinal Bembo's — cook, bath at all attach'd, much less dejected me. No, no, worthy gentlemen; to tell you true, I cannot endure to see the rabble of these ground carlitum, that spread their is cloaks on the pavement, as if they meant to do feats of activity, and then come in lamely, with their monday tales out of Boccacio, like stale. Tabarin, the fabulist: some of them disavarred. Tabarin, the fabulist: some of them discoursing their travels, and of their tedious cap wivity in the Turk's galleys, when, indeed, were the truth known, they were the Christian's galleys, where very temperately they eat bread, and drunk water, as a wholesome penance, enjoin'd them by their confessors, for base pil-[a feries."

Sir P. Note but his bearing, and contempt

Sir P. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

Volp. "These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lousy-fartical rogues, with one poor groat's-worth of [wunprepar'd antimony, finely wrapt up in several scartoccios,' are able, very well, to kill their twenty a week, and play; yet these meagre, starv'd spirits, who have half stapt the organs of their minds with earthy oppliations. [1] want not their favourers among your shrivell'd want not the salad-eating artisans, who are overjoy'd that they may have their half-pe'rth of physic; though it ourge 'em into another world, 't though it purge 'em into another world, 't makes no matter.'

Sir P. Excellent | ha' you heard better lan-

guage, sir?

Volp. "Well, let 'em go. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, know, that for this time, our bank, being thus removed from the clamours of the canagira? shall be the scene of pleasure and delight, for I have nothing [so to sell, little or nothing to sell."

Sir P. I told you, sir, his end.

Per.

You did so, sir.

Sir F. I told you, a. You did so, sir. Volp. "I protest, I, and my six servants, are not able to make of this precious liquor so fast as it is fetch'd away from my lodging by segentlemen of your city; strangers of the Terrafirms; by worshipful merchants; av, and senators too; who, ever since my arrival, have detain'd me to their uses, by their splendidous liberalities. And worthily; for, what avails your [9] rich man to have his magazines stuft with moscodelli, or of the purest graps, when his physicians prescribe him, on pain of death, to drink nothing but water coeted 11 with aniseeds? O [80]

Ital. " With hard labor."

Fetty charlatana, impostora.

A French chaptatan of the early seventeenth con-tury, whose jests were published.
Folds of paper.
Charmetions.

1 Rabble

" Continental postessions of Venice. (Gifford.)

11 Boiled.

health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this world without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honourable gentlemen, as to abridge the

parties, honorators gentiemen, as to abringe the natural course of life — " 165

Per. You see his end.

Sir P. Ay, is 't not good?

Volp. "For when a humid flux, or catarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from your head into an arm or shoulder, or any other part; take you a ducket, or your chequin of gold, and he apply to the place affected: see what good effect it can work. No, no, 't is this blessed unguento, this rare extraction, that hath only power to disperse all malignant humours, that proceed either of hot, cold, moist, or windy C211883

For. 1 would be had put in dry too.

Sir P. Pray you observe.

Volp. "To fortify the most indigest and crude atomach, ay, were it of one that, through ex-treme weakness, vomited blood, applying only [120 a warm napkin to the place, after the unction and fricace; 2 - for the vertigine 2 in the head, and treace; to the certifine in the head, putting but a drop into your noetrils, likewise behind the ears; a most sovereign and ap [waprov'd remedy; the mal caduco, cramps, convulsions, paralyses, epilepsies, tremorcordia, retir'd nerves, ill vapours of the spleen, stoppings of the liver, the stone, the strangury, herma centosa, diaca passio, stops a dysenteria immediately; easeth the torsion of the small iso guts; and cures melancholia hypocondriaca, being taken and appli'd, according to my printed receipt. Pointing to his bill and his glass. For this is the physician, this the medicine; this counsels, this cures; this gives the direction, [as this works the effect; and, in sum, both together may be term'd an abstract of the theorie and practic in the Aesculapian art. 'I will cost you eight crowns. And, — Zan Fritada, prithee sine a verse extempore in honour of it.'

sing a verse extempore in honour of it.

Sir P. How do you like him, sir?

Per.

Most stran Most strangely, I!

Sir P. Is not his language rare?
Per.
But alchemy,
I never heard the like; or Broughton's books.

[NANO sings.]

Had old Hippocrates, or Galen, That to their books put medicines all in, But known this secret, they had nover (Of which they will be guilty ever) Been murderers of so much paper, Or wasted many a hurtless typer, No Indian drug had e'er been fam'd, Tobacco, assentras not nam'd No yet of guacum one small stick, sir, Nor Raymund Lully's great clinir.

1 Ointment.
1 An oil to be rubbed in.
2 Guidiness

* Epilepsy.

. Gripe

An eccentric theologian of the time. See The Alche-

. The well-known alchemist of the fourteenth cen-

Ne had been known the Danish Gonswart.

Or Paracelsus, with his long sword.

10

Per. All this, yet, will not do; eight crowns

is high. Volp. time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oil, surnum'd Oglio del Scoto; with or this my on, surnam a ogno der seen, which the countless catalogue of those I have been do the aforesaid, and many more discusses, the patents and privileges of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendom; or but the depositions of those that appear'd on my part, before the signiory of the Sanita and most belearned College of Physicians; where I was authoris'd, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own ex-cellency in matter of rare and unknown scerets. cellency in matter of rare and unknown screets, not only to disperse them publicly in this paramous city, but in all the territories, that has pily joy under the government of the most press and magnificent states of Italy. But may some other gallant fellow say, 'O, there be divers that make profession to have as good. [42] and as experimented receipts as yourse; indeed, very many have assay d, like apes, in instation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this oil; bestow'd great cost in 12 furnaces, stills, alembics, continual fires, and furnaces, stills, alembics, continual fires, and preparation of the ingredients (as indeed there goes to it six hundred several simples, besides some quantity of human fat, for the conglutinathese practitioners come to the last decor-tion, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fume: "I ha, ha, ha! Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money; for those may be re-cover'd by industry: but to be a fool boru, is a

disease incurable.

"For myself, I always from my youth have endeavour'd to get the rarest secrets, and book them, either in exchange, or for money. I spar'd nor cost nor labour, where anything low was worthy to be learned. And, gentlemen, I will undertake, by virtue of chymical art, out of the honourable rirtne of chymical art, out of the honourable hat that covers your head, to extract the four elements; that is to say, the fire, air, water, wand earth, and return you your felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the ballo, 12 I have been at my book; and am now past the cracgy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honourand reputation. Set P. I do assure you, sir, that is his sim. Volp. But to our price—"

Per. And that withal, Sir Pol.

Pir.

You all know, honourable gentlemen. And that withal, Sir Pol. I never valu'd this ampulla, or vial, at less than eight crowns; but for this time, I am content to be deprived of it for six; six crowns to the price, and less in courtesy I know you cannot offer me; take it or leave it, however,

10 In the hilt of which he carried his familier.

12 Hall, dancing.

both it and I am at your service. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for theu I should de- 103 mund of you a thousand crowns, so the Cardinals Montalto, Fernese, the great Duke of Tuscary, my gossip, with diverse other princes, have given me; but I despise money. Only to show my affection to you, honourable gentlemen, and your illustrious State here, I have neglected the messages of these princes, mine own offices, fram'd my journey hither, only to fune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and give the honourable assembly come delightful recreation."

Per. What monstrous and most painful cir-

cumstance

In here, to get some three or four gazettes,2 come to.

[NANO sings.]

You that would last long, list to my song, Make no more cost, but buy of this oil. Would you be ever fair and young? Stout of teeth, and atrong of tongue? Tart of palate? quick of war? Story of wight? of notril clear? Moust of thand? and light of foot? Or, I will come nearer to 't, Would you live free from all diseases? Tet fright all achea? from your bones? Here 's a med'cine for the nones.

l'o/p. "Well, I am in a humour at this time ruske a present of the small quantity my coffer contains; to the rich in courtesy, and | 100 the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now to the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now mark: I ask'd you six crowns; and six crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, sor two, nor one; nor half a dueat; no, nor a [260 mocing). Sixpence it will cost you, or six hundred pound — expect no lower price, for, by the bannet of my front, I will not bate a bagatine, dethat I will have, only, a pledge of your loves,

to carry something from amongst you, to less how I am not contenn d by you. Therefore, sow, toos your handkerchiefs, cheerfully, cheerfully; and be advertised, that the first heroic apart that deigns to grace me with a handker-hief, I will give it a little remembrance of [see

Per. Will you be that her window, throws down her handkerchief.

O, see I the windors has prevented 5 you.

Lit. god parent; usually, familiar friend.

A small Venntian coin, worth about three farthings.
The name was transferred to the news-sheets bought

Prom allehes

Por the purpose.
A coin used in Venice, worth about ninepence.
An italian coin worth about one third of a farthing.
A Special coin.

Vulp. " Lady, I kiss your bounty; and for [see this timely grace you have done your poor Scoto of Mantua, I will return you, over and above my oil, a secret of that high and inestimable nature, shall make you for ever enamour'd on that minute, wherein your eye first descended | 10-10 on so mean, yet not altogether to be despis d, an object. Here is a powder conceal'd in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word; [270 so short is this pilgrinage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price? Why, the whole world is but as an empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank, that bank as a private purse 1200 to the purchase of it. I will only tell you; it is the powder that made Venus a goddess (given the powder that made Venus a goddess (given her by Apollo), that kept her perpetually young, clear'd her winkles, firm'd her guma, fill'd her skin, colour'd her hair; from her deriv'd to Helen, and at the suck of Troy unfortunately lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recover'd, by a studious antiquary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a moiety of it to the court of France but much just applied to the facility of the facility of the sent and the such just applied to the facility of the fa sophisticated, wherewith the ladies there now colour their hair. The rest, at this present, remains with me; extracted to a quintessence so that, wherever it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the complexion; seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks, firm as a wall: makes them white as ivory, that were black as — "

SCENE III.10

[To them enter] CORVINO.

Cor. Spite o' the devil, and my shame! come down here; Come down! - No house but mine to make

your scene? Signior Flaminio, will you down, sir? down?

Signior Fiantinio, will you down, ar 7 down? What, is my wife your Franciscina, sir? No windows on the whole Piazza, here, To make your properties, but mine? but mine? Beats oway [Volpone, Nano, etc.] Heart! ere to-morrow I shall be new christen'd, And called the Pantalone di Besegniosi, 11 About the town

Per. What should this mean, Sir Pol? Sir P. Some trick of state, believe it; I will home.

Per. It may be some design on you. Sir P.
I'll stand upon my gnard.
It is your best, sir. I know not.

Sir P. This three weeks, all my advices, all my letters.

They have been intercepted. Indeed, sir!

Best have a care. Sir P. Nay, so I will.

* Small pieces of wood to which were attached the quille which struck the strings of the virginal
10 The same. 11 Ital. "Fool of the Beggara."

This knight, I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.

SCENE IV.1

[Enter] VOLPONE, MOSCA.

Volp. O. I am wounded !

Mus. Where, sir ? Volp. Not without : Those blows were nothing: I could bear them

But angry Cupid, bolting from her eyes, Hath shot himself into me like a flame; Where now he flings about his burning heat, As in a furnace an ambitious fire Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within

1110. I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca; My liver melts, and I, without the hope Of some soft air from her refreshing breath, Am but a heap of emders.

Mos. Would you had never seen her 'Las, good sir,

Nay, would thou Tolp. Hudst never told me of her!

Sir, 't is true ; I do confess I was unfortunate,

And you unhappy; but I'm bound in conacience.

No less than duty, to effect my best To your release of torment, and I will, sir. 1 mp. Dear Mosca, shall I hope?

Mos. Sir, more than dear, will not bid you to despair of aught

Within a human compass. O, there spoke My better angel. Mosea, take my keys, Gold, plate, and jewels, all's at thy devotion; Employ them how thou wilt ! nay, coin me 100:

So then in this but crown my longings, Moses.

Mos. Use but your patience. So I have.

Mos. I doubt not. #

To bring success to your desires. Nay, then, I not repent me of my late disguise.

Mos. If you can horn him, sir, you need not. Volp. True:

Besides, I never meant him for my heir. Is not the colour o' my beard and eyebrows To make me known ?

Mos. No jot.
Valp. I did it well.
Mos. So well, would I could follow you in mine, With half the happiness! and yet I would

Escape your epilogue.2 But were they gull'd With a belief that I was Scoto?

Sir. Mos.

Scoto himself could hardly have distinguish'd! I have not time to flatter you now; we'll part : And as I prosper, so applaud my art. [Excunt.]

A room in Volpone's house.

I. c. the beating from Corvino.

SCRNE V.

[Enter] Corvino, with his sword in his hand drugging in Criss.

Corv. Death of mine honour, with the city

juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mounte bauk

and at a public windore! where, whilst be, With his strain'd action, and his dole of face, To his drug-lecture draws your itching our. A crew of old, unmarri'd, noted lechers, Stood leering up like satyrs; and you amile Most graciously, and fan your favours forth, To give your hot spectators satisfaction! What, was your mountbank their call? their whiatle?

Or were you enamour'd on his copper rings, His saffron jewel, with the toud-stone in 't. Or his embroid'red suit, with the cope-stack, Made of a hearse cloth? or his old tilt-feather? Or his starch'd beard! Well, you shall have

him, yes! He shall come home, and minister unto you The frience for the mother.6 Or, let me see I think you'd rather mount; would you not mount?

Why, if you'll mount, you may; yea, truly, you may I

And so you may be seen, down to the foot.
Get you a cittern, Lady Vanity,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man;
Make one. I'll but protest myself a cuckold.
And save your dowry. I'm a Dutchman, I! For if you thought me an Italian, You would be damn'd ere you did this, you whore!

Thou 'dst tremble to imagine that the murder Of father, mother, brother, all thy race. Should follow, as the subject of my justice.

Cel. Good sir, have patience.
Corv. What couldst thou propost Less to thyself, than in this heat of wrath.
And stung with my dishonour, I should strike
This steel into thee, with as many stabs
As thou wert gaz'd upon with gontish eyes?
Cel. Alas, sir, be appeas'd I could not this
My being at the windore should more now

Move your impatience than at other times.

Corv. No! not to seek and entertain a parle

With a known knave, before a multitude! You were an actor with your handkerchief. Which he most sweetly kist in the receipt, And might, no doubt, return it with a letter. And point the place where you might meet your sister's,

Your mother's, or your aunt's might serve the

Cel. Why, dear sir, when do I make the excuses.

Or ever stir abroad, but to the church? And that so seldom -

Well, it shall be les And thy restraint before was liberty,

A room in Corvino's house. Grimaces.

Hystaria.

To what I now decree: and therefore mark

First, I will have this bawdy light damm'd

And till t be done, some two or three yards

I'll chalk a line; o'er which if thou but chance To set thy desp'rate foot, more hell, more horror,

More wild remorseless rage shall seize on thee, Then on a conjurer that had heedless left silis circle's safety ere his devil was laid.
Then here 's a look which I will hang upon

And, now I think on 't, I will keep thee back-

wards;
Thy lodging shall be backwards: thy walks inckwards;
Thy prespect, all be backwards; and no plea-

That thou shalt know but backwards: nay,

since you force
My honest nature, know, it is your own,
I wing too open, makes me use you thus: mee you will not contain your subtle nostrils a sweet room, but they must snuff the air so Of rank and awenty passengers. (Knock within.) One knocks.

Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life; Nor look toward the windore; if thou dost— Nay, stay, hear this—let me not prosper,

But I will make thee an anatomy, Daset thee mine own self, and tead a lecture on thee to the city, and in public. Away! -[Erit CELIA.]

[Enter SERVANT.]

Who 's there? 'T is Signior Mosca, sir.

SCREEK VI.1

CORVINO, Enter MOSCA.

Corp. Let bim come in. His master's dead; there 's yet hand to help the bad. — My Mosca, wel-

cunio ! Piese your news.

More. Is 't not his death?

Rather the contrary. Corp. Not his recovery? Yes, Rir.

I am enra'd, .

In tewitch'd, my crosses meet to vex me.

No. 2 how? how? how?

Why, sir, with Scoto's oil; lacelo and Voltore brought of it.

What I was busy in an inner room— Corp. Death! that damn'd mountebank! but

for the law

Now I could kill the rascal: it cannot be
listed should have that virtue. Ha' not I bown him a common rogue, come fiddling

2 The manie.

To the osterio,2 with a tumbling where And, when he has done all his tore'd tricks, been glad

Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies in 't?

It cannot be. All his ingredients
Are a sheep's gall, a reasted bitch's marrow,
Some few sod 5 carwigs, pounded caterpillars,
A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle: I know them to a dram. Mos.

I know not, sir; But some on 't, there, they pour'd into his sars, Some in his nostrile, and recover'd him; Applying but the frience.

Mos. And since, to seem the more officious as Pox o' that frience! And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have had, At extreme fees, the college of physicians Consulting on him, how they might restore

him; Where one would have a cataplasm of spices, Another a flay'd ape chapp'd to his breast, of A third would have it a dog, a fourth an oil, With wild cats' skins: at last, they all resolv'd That to preserve him, was no other means But some young woman must be straight sought out

Lusty, and full of juice, to sleep by him; And to this service most unhappily, And most unwillingly, am I now employ'd, Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with, For your advice, since it concerns you most; Because I would not do that thing might cross Your ends, on whom I have my whole dependence, air;

Yet, if I do it not they may delate 5 My slackness to my patron, work me out Of his opinion; and there all your hopes, Ventures, or whatsoever, are all frustrate! as I do but tell you, sir. Besides, they are all Now striving who shall first present him; therefore

could entreat you, briefly conclude somewhat; Prevent 'em if you can.

Corv. Death to my hopes,
This is my villanous fortune! Beat to hire

Some common courtesan.

Mos.

Ay. I thought on that, air; But they are all so subtle, full of art —
And age again deting and flexible.
So as — I cannot tell — we may, perchance,

Core.

Mos. No, no: it must be one that has no

tricks, sir, Some simple thing, a creature made anto it; Some weach you may command. Ha' you no

kinswoman?

Gods so — Think, think, think, think, think, think, think, sir.

One o' the doctors offer'd there his daughter.

Corv. How!
Mos. Yes. Signior Lupo, the physician. Corv. His daughter!

1 The inn.

1 Poultice. Prepared. Acction.

Bolled.

Mos. And a virgin, sir. Why, alas, He knows the state of 's body, what it is: That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a fe-Yel :

Nor any incantation raise his spirit : A long forgetfulness hath seiz'd that part. Besides, sir, who shall know it? Some one or

INO-

Corv. I pray thee give me leave. [Walks aside.] If any man
But I had had this luck — The thing in't self,
I know, is nothing. — Wherefore should not

As well command my blood and my affections As this dull doctor? In the point of honour, The cases are all one of wife and daughter.

Mos. [Aside.] I hear him coming.!
She shall do 't: 't is done.
Shight! if this doctor, who is not engag'd,
Unless 't be for his counsel, which is nothing, Offer his daughter, what should I, that am So deeply in? I will prevent him: Wretch! Covetous wretch! Mosca, I have determin'd. Mos. How, sir? wot of & Core. We'll make all sure. The party you

Shall be mine own wife, Mosca.

Mos. Sir, the thing, But that I would not seem to counsel you, I should have motion'd 2 to you, at the first : And make your count, you have cut all their

why, 't is directly taking a possession! And in his next fit, we may let him go. 'T is but to pull the pullow from his head, And he is throttled; it had been done before But for your scrupulous doubts.

My conscience fools my witl Well, I'll be

brief, And so be thou, lest they should be before us. Go home, prepare him, tell him with what

And willingness I do it : swear it was On the first hearing, as thou mayst do, truly, Mine own free motion.

Mos. Sir. I warrant you, Of his stary'd clients shall be banish'd all;
And only you receiv'd. But come not, sir,
Until I send, for I have something else

To ripen for your good, you must not know 't. Core, But do not you forget to send now.

Mos. Fear not. [Exit.] 101

[SCENE VII.] 5

CORVINO.

Corv. Where are you, wife? My Celia! wife!

[Enter CELIA.]

- What, blubb'ring? Come, dry those tears. I think thou thought'st me in carnest;

Coming into my trap.

1 Resken on it. 4 Outdone them all. Proposed. 5 The same Ha! by this light I talk'd so but to try thee! Methinks, the lightness of the occasion Should have confirm'd thee. Come, I am jealous. Cel. No?

Corv. Faith I am not, I, nor never was

Do not I know, if women have a will, They'll do 'gainst all the watches o' They'll do world.

And that the fiercest spies are tam'd with gold! Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see t. And see I 'll give thee cause too, to believe it. Come kiss me. Go, and make thee read straight,

In all thy best attire, thy choicest jewels, Fut 'em all on, and, with 'em, thy be looks:

We are invited to a solemn feast, At old Volpone's, where it shall appear How far I am free from jealousy or fear Excunt

ACT III

SCENE L.

[Enter] MOSCA.

Mos. I fear I shall begin to grow in love With my dear self, and my most prospired

They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel
A whimsy i my blood: I know not how.
Success hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my skin now, like a subtle snake. I am so limber. O! your parasite Is a most previous thing, dropt from above, Not bred mongst clods and clodpoles, here

earth. muse, the mystery was not made a science, I huse, the investigation of the liberally profest! Almost All the wise world is little else, in nature, But parasites or sub-parasites. And yet I mean not those that have your bare town as

house, No family, no care, and therefore mould Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense, or Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts To please the belly, and the grain; nor those With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn at Heer.

Make their revenue out of legs 6 and faces, Echo my lord, and lick away a moth; But your fine elegant ruscal, that can rise And stoop, almost together, like an arrow; Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star; Turn short as doth a swallow; and be here, And there, and here, and youder, all at once Present to any humour, all occusion; And change a visor swifter than a thought! This is the creature had the art born with he Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it Out of most excellent nature ; and such spart Are the true parasites, others but their anni-

4 A street.

2 Profession.

Courteous sir,

SCENE II.1

MOSCA. [Enter] BONARIO.

Tho 's this? Bonario, old Corbaccio's son? The person I was bound to seek. Fair sir,
You are happ'ly met.

That cannot be by thee.

Mos. Why, air?
Hon. Nay, pray thee know thy way, and
licearchange discourse With such a mate 2 as thou art.

Scorn not my poverty.

Not I, by heaven; But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy baseness.

Mos. Baseness!

Non. Ay; answer me, is not thy sloth afficient argument? thy flattery?

I by means of feeding? Heaven be good to me! The imputations are too common, sir,

and casily stuck on virtue when she 's poor. your sentence may be righteous, yet you are

not, That, ere you know me, thus proceed in cen-

st. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 't is inhuman, H cops. Bon. [Aside.] What! does he weep? the sign

is soft and good :

I do repent toe that I was so harsh.

Wos. 'T is true, that, sway'd by strong neces-

am suforc'd to eat my careful bread With two much obsequy; 't is true, beside, That I am fain to spin mine own poor raiment Out of my mere observance, being not born In a free fortune: but that I have done Base offices, in rending friends asunder, Dioding families, betraying counsels, Whapling fulse lies, or mining men with

Train'd their credulity with perjuries,

With mine own tender ease, but would not rather Prove the most rugged and laborious course,

hat might redeem my present estimation, let me here perish, in all hope of goodness, Boa. [Iside.] This cannot be a personated

was to blame, so to mistake thy nature; In the forgive me; and speak out thy business. Mar. Sir. it concerns you; and though I may

At first to make a main offence in manners, In the pure love which I bear all right, and hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it. To limnherit you .

How !

And thrust you forth,

1 The some. * Pallow. B Unfair.

Is a mere stranger to his blood: 't is true, sir, The work no way engageth me, but as I claim an interest in the general state. Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear T abound in you; and for which mere respect,

Without a second oim, sir, I have done it. Bun. This tale bath lost thee much of the Bon. This

Thou hadst with me; it is impossible. know not how to lend it any thought, My father should be so unnatural.

Mas. It is a confidence that well becomes
Your piety; and form'd, no doubt, it is
From your own simple innocence: which makes Your wrong more monstrous and abhorr'd. But,

sir,
I now will tell you more. This very minute,
It is, or will be doing; and if you
Shall be but pleas d to go with me, I'll bring

you, I dare not say where you shall see, but where Your ear shall be a witness of the deed; Hear yourself written bastard, and profest The common issue of the earth.

Bon. I 'm maz'd! . Mos. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just sword, And score your vengeance on my front and face;

Mark me your villain: you have too much wrong, and I do suffer for you, sir. My heart

Weeps blood in auguish

Bon. Lead; I follow thee. [Excunt.]

SCENE III.4

[Enter] VOLPONE, NANO, ANDROGYNO, CAR-TRONE.

Volp. Mosca stays long, methinks. - Bring forth your sports,

And help to make the wretched time more sweet, n, "Dwarf, fool, and eunuch, well met Nan.

here we be.

A question it were now, whether of us three, Being all the known delicates of a rich man, In pleasing him, claim the precedency can? "Cas." I claim for myself."

And. "And so doth the fool."

And. "Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to school. First for your dwarf, he 's little and witty,

And everything, as it is little, is pretty; Else why do men say to a creature of my shape, So soon as they see him, 'It's a pretty little ane'? ape

And why a pretty ape, but for pleasing imitation

Of greater men's actions, in a ridiculous fashion Beside, this feat body of mine doth not crave

Half the ment, drink, and cloth, one of your bulks will have. Admit your fool's face be the mother of laugh-

ter. A room in Volpone's house. * Neatly made.

Yet, for his brain, it must always come after: And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful case, His body is beholding to such a had face.

Volp. Who's there? My couch; away! look! Nano, see: [Exeum Are. away! look! Volp. Who 's there? My couch; away: look!
Nano, see: [Excurt AND, and CAN.]
Give me my caps first—go, inquire. [Exit
NANO.] Now, Cupid
Send it be Mosen, and with fair return!
Nan. [within.] It is the beauteous madam—
l'olp.
Nan. The same.
Volp. Now torment on me! Squire her in; w

Volp. Now torment on me! Squire her in; we for she will enter, or dwell here for over:
Nay, quickly. [Retires to his couch.] That my fit were past! I fear
A second hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expel my appetite to the other:
Would she were taking now her tedious leave.
Lord, how it threats me what I am to suffer! n

SCENE IV.

[To him enter] NANO, LADY POLITIC WOULD-BR.

Ludy P. I thank you, good sir. Pray you aignify

Unto your patron I am here. - This band Shows not my neck enough. - I trouble you, sir; Let me request you bid one of my women Come lither to me. In good faith, I am drest a Most favourably to-day! It is no matter: 'T is well enough.

[Enter 1 Waiting-woman.]

Look, see these petulant things,

How they have done this! Volp. [Aside.] Volp. [Aside.] I do feel the Ent'ring in at mine care; O, for a charm, I do feel the fever

To fright it hence!

Lady P. Come nearer: is this curl in Lady P. Come nearer: is this curl in In his right place, or this? Why is this higher Than all the rest? You ha' not wash'd your eyes yet!

Or do they not stand even i' your head! Where is your follow? call her. (Exit) Woman.) Nan. Now, St. Mark

Deliver us! anon she 'll beat her women, Because her nose is red.

[Re-enter 1 with 2 Woman.]

Lady P. I pray you view
This tire, 2 formouth: are all things apt, or no? 1 Wam. One hair a little here sticks out, for-

sooth, Lady I'. Does 't so, forsooth ! and where was

your dear sight, When it did so, forsooth! What now! bird-

And you, too? Pray you, both approach and

mend it.

Now, by that light I muse you're not asham'd! I, that have preach'd these things so oft unto

Read you the principles, argu'd all the grounds, Disputed every fitness, every grace,

1 The same. 2 Head-dress. * Short-sighted(?) Call'd you to counsel of so frequent dressings - Nan. (Aside.) More carefully than of your

fame or honour.

Lady P. Made you acquainted what an ample dowry

The knowledge of these things would be unto

Able alone to get you noble husbands At your return: and you thus to neglect it!
Besides, you seeing what a curious nation
Th' Italians are, what will they say of me?
"The English lady cannot dress herself."

Here's a fine imputation to our country!

Here is a fine inputation to our country!

Well, go your ways, and stay i' the next room.

This fucus 'was too coarse too; it 's no matter.—
Good sir, you'll give 'en entertainment?

[Exeunt Nano and Wniting, women.'

Volp. The storm comes toward me. | pome?

Lady P. [Goes to the conch.] How does my VolVolp. Troub!'d with noise, I cannot sleep, I dreamt

That a strange fury ent'red now my house, And, with the dreadful tempest of her breath, Did cleave my roof asunder.

Lady P. Believe me, and I Had the most fearful dream, could I remember 't-

Volp. [Aside.] Out on my fate! I have given her the occasion

How to torment me: she will tell me hers.

Lady P. Methought the golden mediocrity.

Polite, and delicate -Volp. O, if you do love me,
No more: I sweat, and suffer, at the mention
Of any dream; feel how I tremble yet,
Ludy P. Alas, good soul! the passion of the

heart.

Seed-pearl were good now, boil'd with syrup of apples,

Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills, Your elecampane 5 root, myrobalanes 5-

Volp. Ay me, I have ta'en a grasshopper by the wing!

Good i' the house ____ vill not drink, and part?

You will not drink, and part? not get

Some English saffron, half a dram would Serve;

Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dried minte; Bugloss, and barley-meal

l olp. (Aside.) She is in again!
Before I feign'd diseases, now I have one.
Lady P. And these appli'd with a right

scarlet cloth.
Volp. [Anide.] Another flood of words! very torrent!

Lady P. Shall I, sir, make your poultree?

Volp.

I 'm very well, you need prescribe no more.

4 Paint for the face.

A Horse-lead, a medicinal horb.
An astringent kind of plum.
The faster you hold them by the wings, the loader they scream."

Lady P. I have a little studied physic; but

I'm all for music, save, i' the forenoons.

An hour or two for painting. I would have
A hady, indeed, to have all letters and arts,
Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
But principal, as Plato holds, your music,
And so does wise Pythagoras. I take it,
Le your true rupture: when there is concent:
In face, in voice, and clothes: and is, indeed, m
Our sex a chiefest ornament.

Volp.

The poet
Says that your highest female stace is silence. I'm all for music, save, i' the forenoons,

As old in time as Plate, and as knowing.

Says that your highest female grace is silence.

Lady P. Which of your poets? Petrarch, or

Tasso, or Dante?

Guarini? Ariosto? Aretine?

Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

Volp. [Node.] Is everything a cause to my
destruction?

Lady P. I think I have two or three of 'em
about me.

about me.

Volp. [Aside.] The sun, the sea, will sooner both stand still

Than her eternal tongue! nothing can scape it.

Ludy P. Here's Pastor Fido —

Volp. [Aside.] Profess obstinate silence;
That a now my safest.

Lady P. All our English writers, I mean such as are happy in th' Italian, W.H deign to steal out of this author, mainly; Almost as much as from Montagnie; He has so modern and facile a vein, Fitting the time, and catching the court-ear!
Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he,
In days of sonnetting, trusted 'em with much:
!!ante is hard, and few can understand him. But for a desperate wit, there's Aretine;

only his pictures are a little obscene-Volp. Alas, my mind's perturb'd. Ludy P. Why, in such cases, we must cure Alas, my mind's perturb'd. Ourselves.

Make use of our philosophy -

Lady P. And as we find our passions do rebel.

Encounter them with reason, or divert 'em, By giving scope unto some other humour of leaser danger, as, in politic bodies,

There's nothing more doth overwhelm the judgment,

And cloud the understanding, than too much betting and fiving, and, as 't were, subsiding pan one object. For the incorporating (If these same outward things, into that part Which we call mental, leaves some certain

That step the organs, and, as Plato says,

Of patience help me! Lady P. Com. list you more a days; and make you well: Laugh and be lusty.

1 Harmony.

Volp. [Aside.] My good ungel save me ! 115 Lady P. There was but one sole man in all the world

With whom I e'er could sympathise; and he Would lie you, often, three, four hours together To hear me speak; and he sometime so rapt, As he would answer me quite from the pur-

Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll dis-MINIME.

An 't be but only, sir, to bring you asleep, How we did spend our time and loves together,

For some six years.

Volu.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

Lady P. For we were conetanei, and brought up -

Volp. Some power, some fate, some fortune

Scene V.ª

[To them enter] MOSCA.

Mos. God save you, madam! Good sir.

Lady P Volp. Mosca | welcome, Welcome to my redemption.

Wby, sir? Volp. Oh,

Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there; My madam with the everlasting voice: The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made ike noise, or were in that perpetual motion! The Cock-pit comes not near it. All my house, But now, steam'd like a bath with her thick

breath, A lawyer could not have been heard; nor scarce
Another woman, such a hail of words
She has let fall. For hell's sake, rid her houce.

Mos. Has she presented?

Volp.
Oh, I do not care;

With any loss. Madam 'll take her absence upon any price,

Lady P. I ha' brought your patron A tov, a cap here, of mine own work.
'T is well. 18

had forgot to tell you I saw your knight Where you would little think it .-

Lady P. Where? Marry.

Where yet, if you make haste, you may appre-

Rowing upon the water in a gondole,
With the most cunning courtesan of Venice.

**Lady P. Is't true?

**Mos. Pursue 'em, and believe your eyes:

Leave me to make your gift.

Ent LADY P. hastily.] I knew 't would take:

For, lightly, they that use themselves most licence,

Are still most jealous.

Volp. Mosen, hearty thanks For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me. Now to my hopes, what sayst thou?

t Of the same age.

. The same.

[Re-enter LADY P. WOULD-BE.]

Lady P. But do you hear, sir? -Volp. Again! I fear a paroxysm. Which way

Row'd they together ?

Toward the Rialto.

Ludy P. I pray you lend me your dwarf. So Mos. I pray you take him. Exit Lady P. Your hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms, fair, And promise timely fruit, if you will stay And profits timely fruit, it you will say
But the maturing; keep you at your conch,
Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the will;
When he is gone, I'll tell you more. [Exit.]
Volp. My blood, see

Volp.

My spirits are return'd; I am alive:

and, like your wanton gamester at primero, Whose thought had whisper'd to him, not go ! less,

Methinks I lie, and draw 2 --- for an encounter.2

SCENE VI. 2

[Enter] MOSCA, BONARIO.

Mos. Sir, here conceal'd [Opening a door] you may hear all. But, pray you, Have patience, sir; [One knocks.] the same's your father knocks:

I am compell'd to leave you. [Exit.] Do so. - Yet

Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.

SCENE VILA

[Goes in.]

[Enter] MOSCA, CORVINO, CELIA. -

Mus. Death on me! you are come too soon, what meant you?
Did not I say I would send?

Yes, but I fear'd Chen You might forget it, and then they prevent us.

Mos. Prevent! [Aside.] Did e'er man haste
so for his horns?

ourtier would not ply it so for a place. Well, now there is no helping it, stay here; I'll presently return. (Exit.)
Corv. Where are you, Celia?
You know not wherefore I have brought you hither?

hither?
Cel. Not well, except you told me.
Now I will;

Hark hither. [They retire to one side.]

[Re-enter Mosca.]

Mos. (to BONARIO) Sir, your father hath sent It will be half an hour ere be come; And therefore, if you please to walk the while

Into that gallery — at the upper end, There are some books to entertain the time: And I'll take care no man shall come unto you,

Bon. Yes, I will stay there. — [Aside.] I do doubt this fellow. [Exit.]

2 Terms in primero. Volpone is lying in the alcove at the back of the stage, and at the end of the scene the curtains close on him.

The same.

Mos. | Looking after him. | There; be is for

enough; be can hear nothing:
And for his father, I can keep him off.

Core. Nay, now, there is no starting back.

Core. Nay, now, there is no starting back and therefore, Resolve upon it: I have so decreed. It must be done. Nor would I move 't afore, Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,

That might deny me.

Sir, let me beseech you. Cel.

Sir, let me beseech you. Affect not these strange trials; if you doubt My chastity, why, lock me up for ever;

Make me the heir of darkness. Let me live Where I may please your feats, if not your trust Core. Believe it, I have no such humour, I. All that I speak I mean; yet I m not mad, Not horn-mad, you see? Go to, show yourself Obedient, and a wife.

Col.

O heaven!

Cel.

O heaven! I say it, Core. Do so.

Cel. Was this the train? Corv. I've told you reasons. What the physicians have set down: how more It may concern me; what my engagements are My means, and the necessity of those means My means, and the necessity of those means
For my recovery: wherefore, if you be
Loyal and mine, be won, respect my venture.
Cel. Before your honour?
Core. Honour! tut, a breath

There's no such thing in nature; a more termally length to awe fools. What is my gold The worse for touching, clothes for being look on?

With others' fingers : only knows to gape When you do scald his gums ; a voice, a shadow And what can this man burt you?

Core. And for your fame -That's such a jig; as if I would go tell it, Cry it on the Piazza! Who shall know it But he that cannot speak it, and this fellow. Whose lips are i'my pocket? Save yourself, (If you'll proclaim 't, you may,) I know no oth Should come to know it.

Cel. Are heaven and saints then nothing

Will they be blind or stupid?

Corv. Cel. Good si = -Be jealous still, emulate them; and thruk

What hate they burn with toward every sin-Core. I grant you: if I thought it were a sin I would not urge you. Should I effer this To some young Frenchmun, or hot Tuse an ble self. That had read Arctine, coun'd all his prints. Knew every quirk within last's labyrinth, And were profest critic in lechery And I would look upon him, and appland harry. This were a sin: but here, 't is contrary, A pious work, mere charity for physic, And honest polity, to assure mine own.

At this point, Mosea goes back and opens the car-tains, discovering Volpone on his couch.

Cel. O heaven! canst thou suffer such a

Volp. Thou art mine honour, Mosca, and my pride.

My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go bring

Mos. [Advancing.] Please you draw near, sir. ome on, what -

You will not be rebellious? By that light -Mos. Sir, Signior Corvino, here, is come to

Volp. Oh!

And hearing of the consultation had, o lately, for your health, is come to offer,

Or rather, sir, to prostitute — Thanks, sweet Mosca, " Was. Freely, mask'd, or unintreated -

Vos. As the true fervent instance of his love, His own most fair and proper wife; the beauty

'Tis well urg'd. "Tis well urg'd.

Mos. To be your comfortress, and to preserve you.
Volp. Mas, I am past, already! Pray you, thank him

For his good care and promptness; but for that, Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainst heaven; Applying fire to stone - ub, ub, uh, uh ! [Coughing.]

Making a dead leaf grow again. I take His wishes gently, though; and you may tell

What I have done for him : marry, my state is hopoless.

Will him to pray for me; and to use his fortune

With reverence when he comes to 't.

Wilt thou persist thus? Come, I pray thee,

Come.
Thou seest 't is nothing, Celia. By this hand shall grow violent, Come, do 't, I say.

Cd. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down

poison.

t hurning coals, do anything

Be damn'd! as art, I will drag theo hence home by the luir; y thee a strumpet through the streets; rip up by mouth unto thine ears; and slit thy nose,
ke a raw rochet! - Do not tempt me; come,
held, I am loth - Death! I will buy some

hom I will kill, and bind thee to him alive; Fid at my windore hang you forth, devising >me monstrous crime, which I, in capital let-

ill cat into thy flesh with aquafortia, is and hurring cot sives, 2 on this stubborn breast.

w. by the blood thou hast incens'd, I'll do it! Cel. Sir, what you please, you may; I am

YOUR IMBETYE. " A rechet or rouget, so named from its red colour, a fish of the gurnet kind, but not so large." (Whal-

Corrosives.

Corv. Be not thus obstinate, I ha' not deserv'd

Think who it is intreats you. Prithee, sweet; - Good faith, thou shalt have jewels, gowns, at-

What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss

hum. Or touch him but. For my sake. At my suit— This once. No! not! I shall remember this. Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst my

undaing?

Mos. Nay, gentle lady, be advis'd.
No, no. 115 She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this is scurvy.

'T is very scurvy; and you are -

Nay, good sir. Corv. An arrant locust - by heaven, a locust!

Whore, crocodile, that hast thy tears prepar'd, Expecting how thou 'lt bid 'em flow — Mos. Nay, pray you, air lee

Nay, pray you, sir ! 120

She will consider.

Would my life would serve

To satisfy ____ (bim, Core. 'Sdeath! if she would but spenk to And save my reputation, 't were somewhat; But spitsfully to affect my utter ruin!

Mos. Ay, now you have put your fortune in her hands. Why i' faith, it is her modesty, I must quit her. If you were absent, she would be more coming;

know it : and dare undertake for her What woman can before her husband? Pray you,

Let us depart and leave her here.

Corv. Sweet Celia, 130 Core.

Thou mayest redeem all yet; I 'll say up more:
If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay there.

[Erit with Mosca]

Cel. O God, and his good angels! whither.

whither,

Is shame fled human breasts? that with such

Men dare put off your honours, and their own? Is that, which ever was a cause of life, Now plac'd beneath the basest circumstance,

And modesty an exile made, for money? Volp. Ay, in Corvino, and such earth-fed He leaps from his couch. minds,

That never tasted the true heaven of love, 100 Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee, Only for hope of gun, and that uncertain, He would have sold his part of Paradise For ready money, had he met a cope-man, Why art thou maz'd to see me thus reviv'd?
Rather applied thy beauty's mirricle;
"I is thy great work, that hath, not now alone, 146 But sundry times rais'd me, in several shapes, And, but this morning, like a mountebank, To see thee at thy windore: ay, before I would have left my practice, for thy love, In varying figures, I would have contended With the blue Proteus, or the horned flood. Now art thou welcome,

t Chapman, merchant.

"Achelous, of whose 'contention' there is a pretty story in Ovid." (Orford.)

Nay, fly me not, Nor let thy false imagination That I was bed-rid, make thee think I am so: Thou shalt not find it. I am now as fresh, As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight As, when, in that so celebrated scene, At recitation of our comedy, 100 For entertainment of the great Valois, The eyes and ears of all the ladies present.

The eyes and ears of all the ladies present.

To admire each graceful gesture, note, and footing. [Sings.]

Bono 1

Come, my Celia, let us prove While we can, the sports of love, Time will not be ours for ever, He, at length, our good will sever; Spend not then his gifts in vain;
Suns that set may rue again;
But if once we lose this light,
'I ta with us perjetual night
Why should we defer our joya? 3.20 Pame and rumour are but toys. Cannot we delude the eyes 1.98 Cannot we describe the eyes of a few poor household spice? Or his easier ears begutle. Thus removed by our wile? "It is no sin love's fruits to steal; But the sweet thefts to reveal: To be taken, to be seen, These have crimes accounted been.

Cel. Some serene 9 blast me, or dire lightning strike

This my offending face !
Why droops my Celia? Then hast, in place of a base husband found as A worthy lover: use thy fortune well, With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold, What thou art queen of ; not in expectation, As I feed others: but possess d and crown'd. See, here, a cope of pearl; and each more orient? Then the brave Aegyptian queen carous'd: 100 Dissolve and drink 'em. See, a carbuncle, May put out both the eyes of our St. Mark; A diamond would have bought Lollia Paulina. When she came in like star-light, hid with jewels

That were the spoils of provinces; take these And wear, and lose em; yet remains an earring To purchase them again, and this whole state.

A gem but worth a private patrimony Is nothing; we will cat such at a meal. The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales, The brains of peacocks, and of estriches. Shall be our food, and, could we get the phoenix,

Though nature lost her kind, she were our dish. Good sir, these things might move a mind affected

With such delights; but I, whose innocence Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoying.

1 Imitated, in part, from Catullus.

Brilliant.

And which, once lost, I have nought to loss be-yond it, Cannot be taken with these sensual baits:

you have conscience — To the beguar's virtue; If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Ceba.

Thy baths shall be the jnice of July-flowers,
Sprit of roses, and of violets.
The milk of unicogns, and pauthers' breath no
Gather'd in bags, and mix'd with Cretan wines.

Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber Which we will take until my root whirl round With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance. With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance.
My ennuch sing, my fool make up the antic, my
Whilst we, in changed shapes, act Oyd's tales,
Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,
Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine:
So of the rest, till we have quite run through,
And wearied all the fables of the goals.
Then will I have thee in more modern formus,
Attired like some springlish dance of France. Attired like some sprightly dame of France, Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty; Sometimes unto the Persian sophy's wife; Or the grand signior's mistress; and for change, Or to grain agree or cold Russian;
Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;
And I will meet thee in as many shapes:
Where we may so transfuse our wand ring souls Out at our lips, and score up sums of pleasures

That the curious shall not know How to tell them as they flow; And the envious, when they find What their number is, be pin'd.

Cel. If you have ears that will be piere'd or eyes

That can be open'd - a heart that may be touch'd

Or any part that yet sounds man about you -If you have touch of holy saints—or heaven—Do me the grace to let me scape:—if not, Be bountiful and kill me. You do know, I am a creature, hither ill betray'd.
By one whose shame I would forget it were:
If you will deign me neither of these graces, Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your lust, (It is a vice comes nearer manliness,) And punish that unhappy crime of nature, Which you miscall my beauty: flay my face. Or poison it with ointments for seducing our blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands With what may cause an eating leprosy, E'en to my bones and marrow: anything
That may disfavour me, save in my honour—
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down
A thousand hourly yows, sir, for your health;

Report, and think you virtuous Think roo cold, Frozen, and impotent, and so report me?
That I had Nestor's hernia, thou wouldst think. I do degenerate, and alone my nation,
To play with opportunity thus long;
I should have done the act, and then have par-

ley'd. Yield, or I'll force thee [Seizes Aer.] Cel. O! just God!

In vain -Bon. deaps out from where Mose's had placed him.) Forbear, foul ravisher! libidinous

ewine!

Free the fore'd haly, or thou diest, impostor.
But that I 'm loth to snatch thy punishment
Out of the hand of justice, thou shouldst yet
Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance, we
Before this attar and this droas, thy idol.—
Ladr, let's quit the place, it is the den
Of villany; fear nought, you have a guard:
And he ere long shall meet his just reward. We

Exeunt Bon. and CRL.

Volp. Fall on me, roof, and bury me in roin l
Become my grave, that wert my shelter! O!
Latn animask d, anappirited, malone,
Betrav'd to begany, to infamy—

Betruy'd to beggary, to infamy

SCENE VIII.] 1

VOLPONE. [Enter] MORCA, [wounded and bleeding.

Mos. Where shall I run, most wretched shame of men.

To best out my unlucky brains?

What! dost thou bleed? Here, here.

Mos. O, that his well-iriv'n sword Had been so courteous to have cleft me down Unto the mayel, ere I liv'd to see

dy life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all Thus desperately engaged by my error l Valp. Woo on thy fortune!

And my follies, sir.

ofp. Thou hast made me miserable. And myself, sir. Who would have thought he would have hear-

k'ned so? I'olp. What shall we do? Mos. I know not; if my heart ald expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it out.

Will you be pleas'd to hang me, or cut my throat? 'll requite you, sir. Let's die like Romane,

Romans, Since we have hv'd like Grociams.

They knock without.

Hark! who's there? bear some footing; officers, the suffi, 3
one to apprehend us! I do feel the brand
listing already at my forchead; now
line care are boring.

To your couch, sir, you,

Make that place good, however, [Vollone lies Suspect what they deserve still. Signior Cor-

[SCENE IX.] 4

[To them enter] CORBACCIO.

Corb. Why, how now, Moses?
Mos.
O, undone, amaz'd, sir. Your son, I know not by what accident,

I The mine.

I. s. by suicide.

Bailiff's attendants.

The same.

Acquainted with your purpose to my patron, Touching your will, and making him your heir. Ent red our house with violence, his sword drawn,

Sought for you, called you wretch, unnatural, Vow'd he would kill you.

Curb.

Mos. Yes, and my patron. Curb. This act shall disinherit him indeed: Here in the will.

Mos.

'T is well, sir. Right and well: Curb. Be you as careful now for me.

[Enter VOLTORE behind.]

My life, sir, so Is not more tender'd; I am only yours.

Corb. How does he? Will be die shortly.
think'st thou? I fear

Mos. He'll outlast May. To-day?

Corb.

Mos.

To-day?

Mos.

No, last out May, sir.

Corb. Couldst thou not gi' him a dram?

Mos.

O, by no means, sir.

Mos.
O, by no means, str.
Corb. Nay, I'll not hid you.
Volt. [coming forward.] This is a knave, I

Mos. [.laide, seeing VOLT.] How ! Signior Vol-tore ! did he hear me?

Volt. Parasite I Mos. Who 's that? - O, sir, most timely welcome -

Scarce, Folt. To the discovery of your tricks, I fear-

You are his, only? And mine also, are you not?

Mos. Who? I, sir!

Volt. You, sir. What device is this **

About a will?

A plot for you, sir. Mos.

Put not your foists bupon me; I shall scent 'cm.

Mos. Did you not henr it?

Volt.

Yes, I hear Corbession

Wolf. Hath made your patron there his heir. "T is true, Mos.

By my device, drawn to it by my plot, With hope — Your patron should reciprocate? Tolt.

And you have promis'd Mos. For your good I did, sir.

Nay, more, I told his son, brought, hid him here. Where he might hear his father pass the deed;

Being persuaded to it by this thought, sir,
That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,
And then his father's oft disclaiming in him,
(Which I did mean t' help ou), would sure en-

rage him

To do some violence upon his parent, On which the law should take sufficient hold, And you be stated in a double hope. Truth be my confort, and my conscience, My only aim was to dig you a fortune Out of these two rotten sepulchres -

Volt. I cry thee mercy, Mosca.

- Worth your patience, we the change i And your great merit, sir, And see the change!

Volt. Why, what success?

Mos. Most hapless! you must help, sir.

Whilst we expected th' old raven, in comes

Corvino's wife, sent hither by her husband — Volt. What, with a present?

Mos. No, sir, on visitation; (I'll tell you how anon; and staying long, The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth, Seizeth the lady, wounds me, makes her swear (Or he would murder her, that was his vow) T' affirm my patron to have done her rape : **
Which how unlike it is, you see! and hence,
With that pretext he s gone, t' accuse his father.

Defame my patron, defeat you — Where 's her husband?

Let him be sent for straight.

Mos. Sir, I'll go fetch him.

Volt. Bring him to the Scrutineo.1

Mos.

Volt. This must be stopt.

Mos.

O you do nobly, sir.

Alas, 't was labour'd all, sir, for your good;

Alas, 't was labour'd all, sir, for your good;

ar was there want of counsel in the plot: Alas, 't was labour'd all, sir, for your goon;
Nor was there want of counsel in the plot:
But Fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow
The projects of a hundred learned clerks, sir.
Corb. [listening.] What 's that?
Volt.
Wilt please you, sir, to go along?
[Exit Corraccio, followed by Voltages]

TORE.

Mos. Patron, go in, and pray for our success, Volp. [rising from his couch.] Need makes devotion: heaven your labour bless! [Exeunt.]

ACT IV

SCENE L3

[Emer] SIR POLITIC WOULD-BE, PEREGRINE.

Sir P. I told you, sir, it was a plot; you see What observation is! You mention'd me For some instructions: I will tell you, sir, (Since we are met here in this height of Venice,) Some few particulars I have set down, Only for this meridian, fit to be known Of your crude traveller; and they are these I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes, For they are old.

Sir, I have better. Per. Sir P. Pardon,

I meant, as they are themes.

O, sir. proceed: 10 Per. I'll slander von no more of wit, good sir, Sir P. First, for your garb, it must be grave

and serious Very reserv'd and lockt; not tell a secret A fable, but with caution: make sure choice is

On any terms, not to your father; scarce Both of your company and discourse; heware You never speak a truth-How!

1 Senate House.

I A street.

Not to strangers, Sir P. For those be they you must converse with

Others I would not know, sir, but at distance o as I still might be a saver in them : You shall have tricks else past upon you hourly. And then, for your r-bigion, profess none. But wonder at the diversity of all;

And, for your part, protest, were there no other But simply the laws o' th' land, you could con-

tent you.

Nic. Machinvel and Monsieur Bodin, both
Were of this mind. Then must you learn the use

and handling of your silver fork at meals, The metal of your glass; (these are main mat-

With your Italian;) and to know the hour When you must ent your melons and your figs. Is that a point of state too?

Per. L. For your Venetian, if he see a man Preposterous in the least, he has him straight. He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you, sir. a Luow have liv'd here't is some four teen mouths: Within the first week of my landing here, All took me for a citizen of Venice,

Record the forms so well —

Per. [Aside.]

Sir P. I had read Contarene, took me = house,

Dealt with my Jews to furnish it with mor-

Well, if I could but find one man, one man To mine own heart, whom I durst trust, I would -

Per. What, what, sir?
Sir P. Make him rich; make him a fortune;
He should not think again. I would command

Per. As how? Sir P. With certain projects that I have which I may not discover.

Per. [Aside.]

But one to wager with, I would lay odds now. He tells me instantly. Sir P.

One is, and that I care not greatly who knows, to serve the state Of Venice with red herrings for three years, And at a certain rate, from Rutterdam, Where I have correspondence. There a letter Sent me from one o' th' states, and to that pu

D096 : He cannot write his name, but that's ha mark.

Per. He is a chandler?

Sir P. No, a cheesemonger. There are some others too with whom I treat

About the same negotiation;
And I will undertake it: for 't is thus.
I'll do't with ease, I have cast a it all. Your hoy 6

Carries but three men in her, and a boy; And she shall make me three returns a year:

A famous French lawyer.
Gasp. Contarint, suther of a work on Venice.
Bockound.
A sunfil passenger slow.

So if there come but one of three, I save; If two, I can defalk : 1 - but this is now, If two, I can average
If my main project fail.
Then you have others? as the mainting

Sir P. I should be loth to draw the subtle

air Of such a place, without my thousand aims. I'll not dissemble, sir; where'er I come,
I love to be considerative; and 't is true,
I have at my free hours thought upon
one certain goods ando the state of Venice, Which I do call my Cautions; and, sir, which I mean, in hope of pension, to propound
To the Great Council, then note the Forty,
So to the Ten. My means are made already
Per. By whom?
Sir, one that though his pla

be obscure, Sir P. Sir, one that though his place Yet he can sway, and they will hear him. He's

A commandadore.

What! a common serjeant? Sir P. Sir, such as they are, put it in their

What they should say, sometimes; as well as

think I have my notes to show you -[Searching his pockets.]

Sir P. But you shall swear unto me, on your gentry. lot to anticipate -

I, sir! Nor reveal Per, Sir P. circumstance - My paper is not with me. Per. O, but you can remember, sir N. N. My first is a

oncerning tinder-boxes. You must know, of family is here without its box.

orw, air, it being so portable a thing,
tat case, that you or I were ill affected rate the state, sir; with it in our pockets,

I ight not I go into the Arsenal,

you come out again, and none the wiser?

77. Except yourself, sir.

17 Go to, then. I therefore elvertise to the state, how fit it were hat none but such as were known patriots, se and lovers of their country, should be suf-

fer'd enjoy them in their houses; and even those s might not lurk in pockets.

Admirable ! Sir P. My next is, how t' inquire, and be renolv'd

present demonstration, whether a ship, my suspected part of all the Levaut e unity of the plague: and where they use the out forty, lifty days, sometimes, beat the Lazaretto, for their trial;

"Il save that charge and less unto the merchant, nd in an hour clear the doubt.

Indeed, sir! Sir P. Or -I will lose my labour. My faith, that 's much.

1 Cut off, reduce.

2 Syria.

Sir. P. Nay, sir, conceive me. It will cost me in onious.

Some thirty livres Which is one pound sterling. 1200 Sir P. Beside my waterworks: for this I do,

First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two brick walls:

But those the state shall venture. On the one I strain me a fair tarpauling, and in that I stock my onions, cut in halves; the other Is full of loopholes, out of which I thrust The noses of my bellows; and those bellows I keep, with waterworks, in perpetual motion, Which is the easiest matter of a hundred. Now, sir, your onion, which doth naturally Attract th' infection, and your believe blowing

The air upon him, will show instantly, By his chang'd colour, if there be contagion; Or else remain as fair as at the first. Now it is known, 't is nothing.

Per. Sir P. I would I had my note. Fuith, so would I:

But you ha' done well for once, sir.

Were I false, Or would be made so, I could show you reasons How I could sell this state now to the Turk, us Spite of their galleys, or their

[Examining his papers.] Pray you, Sir Pol. Per. Sir P. I have 'em not about me. That I fear'd.

They are there, sir?

No, this is my diary, Sir P. Wherein I note my actions of the day.

Per. Pray you let's see, sir. What is here?

Notandum.

Reads. [Keads.]

"A rat had gnawn my spur-leathers; notwithstanding,

I put on new, and did go forth; but first I threw three beans over the threshold. Item. I went and bought two toothpicks, whereof

I burst immediately, in a discourse 140 With a Dutch merchant, bout ragion' del stato.3 From him I went and paid a moccinigo ! For piecing my silk stockings; by the way I cheapen'd's sprats; and at St. Mark's I urin'd."

'Faith these are politic notes! Sir, I do alip we No action of my life, but thus I quote it.

Per. Believe me, it is wise Sir P. Nay, sir, read forth.

Scene II.

[Enter, at a distance, LADY POLITIC WOULD-BR, NANO, [and two Waiting]-women.

Lady P. Where should this loose knight be, trow? Sure he 's hous'd. Nan. Why, then he 's fast.

Politics

4 About ninepsuce

· Bargained for.

1 Note. The same.

Ay, he plays both 1 with me. I pray you stay. This heat will do more harm To my complexion than his heart is worth. (I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)

How it comes off! (Rubbing her cheeks.) My master 's yonder. Where?

Ludy P. Where?

Where?

Where?

Where?

Where?

Where?

Where?

Pan With a young gentleman.

Ludy P. That same 's the party:

Pray you, sir, jog my In man's apparel! knight:

will be tender to his reputation,

However he demerit,

Per. Where?
Sir P. "T is she indeed, sir; you shall know her. She is,

Were she not mine, a lady of that merit, For fashion and behaviour; and for beauty I durst compare -

Por. It seems you are not jealous,

That dare commend her.

Sir P.
Nay, and for discourse—

Per. Being your wife, she cannot miss that.

Sir. P. Introducing Pan.

Madam, Here is a gentleman, pray you, use him fairly; He seems a youth, but he is —

None. Yes one Larly P.

Has put his face as soon into the world — Lady P. You mean, as early? But to-day? Sir P. How's this? Lady P. Why, in this babit, sir; you apprehend me.
Well, Master Would-be, this doth not become

I had thought the odour, sir, of your good name Had been more precious to you; that you would

Have done this dire massacre on your honour; One of your gravity, and rank besides! But knights, I see, care little for the oath

They make to ladies; chiefly their own ladies.

Sir P. Now, by my spurs, the symbol of my knighthood—

Per. [Aside.] Lord, how his brain is humbl'd for an oath!

Sie P. I reach 2 you not.

Lady P. Right, sir, your polity

Lady P. Right. sir, your polity
May bear it through thus. Sir, a word with you.

[To Pek.]

would be loth to contest publicly With any gentlewoman, or to seem Froward, or violent, as the courtier says;

comes too near rusticity in a lady, Which I would shun by all means: and how-

I may deserve from Master Would-be, yet have one fair gentlewoman thus be made The unkind instrument to wrong another, And one she knows not, ay, and to persever; In my poor judgment, is not warranted From being a solecism in our sex, If not in manners.

3 Understand.

How in this!

Sir P. Sweet madam.

Come nearer to your aim.

Ludy P. Marry, and will, sir. Since you provoke me with your impudence, And laughter of your light land syren here,

Your Sporus, your hermaphrodite What 's bere ? Poetic fury and historic storms! Sir P. The gentleman, believe it, is of worth

And of our nation.

Lady F. Ay, your Whitefriers nation.

Come. I blush for you, Master Would-be, I;

And am asham'd you should ha no more foreboard

Than thus to be the patron, or St. George. To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice, A female devil, in a male outside.

An you be such a one, I must bid adieu

To your delights. The case appears too liquid. Ludy P. Ay, you may carry't clear, with you state-face!

But for your carnival concupiscence, Who here is fled for liberty of conscience, From furious persecution of the marshal,

Her will I disc'ple.6 Per. This is fine, i' faith!
And do you use this often? Is this part
Of your wit's exercise, 'gainst you have occa-

sion?

Madam -

Lady P. Go to, sir. Per. Do you hear me, lady? Why, if your knight have set you to beg shirts. Or to invite me home, you might have done it

A nearer way by far.

Lady P. This cannot work you

Out of my spare. Why, am I in it, then? Indeed your husband told me you were fair. And so you are; only your nose inclines, That side that's next the sun, to the queen-

apple. Lady P. This cannot be endur'd by any petience.

SCENE III.

[To them enter] MOSCA.

Mos. W. What is the matter, madam? If the senate

Right not my quest in tune.

To all the world no aristociacy.

Mos. What is the injury, lady?

Why, the callet

You told me of, here I have then disquised.

Mos. Who? this! what means your ladyship? The creature
I mention d to you is apprehended now,
Before the sonate; you shall see her—
Lady P. Where?

Whitefriars was at this time a privileged spet, in which fraudicient debtors, gamblers, presidules, and other outcome of society usually readed. (Green) Prostitute - Practiple, does before
The queen-apple is red within.

The same.

Both "fast and loose," the name of a game.

[Exit.]

Mos. I'll bring you to her. This young gen-

I saw him Land this morning at the port.

Lady P. Is 't possible! how has my judgment wander'd?

Ser, I must, blushing, say to you, I have err'd;

And plead your pardon.

Por.

What, more changes yet!

Lady P. I hope you ha' not the malice to

remember gentlewoman's passion. If you stay

A gentlewoman's passion. It you stay
In Venue here, please you to use me, sir —
Mos, Will you go, madam?
Lody P. Pray you, sir, use me; in faith.
The more you see me the more I shall conceive
You have lorget our quarrel.
Breunt Lady Wouldene, Mosca, Nano, and
Waiting-women.
Por.

Dis is rare!

Sir Politic Would-be? No, Sir Politic Bawd, 20 To bring me thus acquainted with his wife!
Well, wise Sir Pol, since you have practis'd
thus

pon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-head, What proof it is against a counter-plot.

SCENE IV 1

[Enter] VOLTOBE, CORB. MOSCA. CORBACCIO, CORVINO,

Volt. Well, now you know the carriage of the business,

Your constancy is all that is requir'd

Unto the safety of it.

Is the lie Knows every man his burden?

WF. M ... Then shrink not. . Core. But knows the advocate the truth?

O. sir. By no means; I devis'd a formal tale, That anly'd your reputation. But be valiant,

oir.
Core. I fear no one but him that this his

Should make him stand for a co-heir

Co-linker! 10 Hang him : we will but use his tongue, his noise, An we do croaker's bere

Ay, what shall be do? Mos. When we ha' done, you mean?

Circ. Why, we'll think; bell him for mummia: he's half dust already.

Do you not smile, (to VOLTORE) to see this buffalo.

How he doth sport it with his head? [Aside.] Intertile

If all were well and past, - Sir, (to CORBACCIO) only you

The Scrutipen, or Senate House.

2 Corbaccio's. A medicins, supposed to be made of the cozing from

6 Horned animal - the usual joke on cuckolds.

Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all, And these not know for whom they toil.

Mos. (turning to Convino.) But you shall eat it. [Aside.] Much! - Worshipful sir, (to Voltore)

Mercury sit upon your thund'ring tongue, Or the French Hercules, and make your language

As conquering as his club, to heat along, As with a tempest, flat, our adversaries; But much more yours, sir.

Volt, Here they come, ha' done, 25 Mos. I have another witness, if you need, sir. I can produce.

Who is it? Mun. Sir, I have her.

SCENE V.6

[Enter] 4 Avocatori, [and take their seats,] Bo-NABIO, CELIA, Notario, Commandadori, Saffi, and other Officers of Justice.]

1 Avoc. The like of this the senate never heard of. 2 Arec. "I will come most strange to them

when we report it.

A vuc. held

Of unreproved name.
So has the youth.

3 Acoc. So has the youth.
4 Acoc. The more unnatural part that of his father

.1roc. More of the husband.

Aror. I not know to give His act a name, it is so monstrous!

4 Avoc. But the impostor, he's a thing created.

T' exceed example !

1 Ausc. And all after-times!
2 Ausc. I never heard a true voluptuary to
Describ'd but him.

Appear yet those were cited?

Not. All but the old magnifice, Volpone.

1 Acc. Why is not be here?

Mos. Please your fatherhoods, Here is his advocate; himself's so weak, So feeble -

Avoc. Who are you?

His parasite, His knave, his pander. I beseech the court He may be forc'd to come, that your grave eyes May bear strong witness of his strange impost-

Volt. Upon my faith and credit with your

virtues. He is not able to endure the air.

2 .1roc. Bring him.

3 Avor. We will see him. Volt. Your fatherhoods' fit Fetch him. pleasures

[Excunt Officers.] obey'd; But sure, the sight will rather move your pities. Than indignation. May it please the court. In the mean time, he may be heard in me.

^{*} The same.

I know this place most void of prejudice, And therefore crave it, since we have no reason To fear our truth should hurt our cause,
Speak free,

3 Avec. Speak fre Volt. Then know, most honour'd fathers, must now

Discover to your strangely abus'd ears, The most prodigious and most frontless piece Of solid impudence, and treachery, That ever vicious nature yet brought forth To shame the state of Venice. This I

woman. That wants no artificial looks or tears To help the vizor she has now put on, Hath long been known a close adulterese To that lascivious youth there; not suspected, I say, but known, and taken in the act With him; and by this man, the easy husband, Pardon'd, whose timeless bounty makes him 11010

tand here, the most unhappy, innocent person, That ever man's own goodness made accus'd. For these not knowing how to owe a gift Of that dear grace, but with their shame; be-

ing plac'd o above all powers of their gratitude, Began to hate the benefit; and in place Of thanks, devise t' extirp the memory Of such an act: wherein I pray your fatherhonds

To observe the malice, yea, the rage of creatures

Discover'd in their evils : and what heart buch take, ev'n from their crimes . - but that

anon more appear. This gentleman,

father, Hearing of this foul fact, with many others, Which darly struck at his too tender ears, And griev'd in nothing more than that he could not

Preserve himself a parent his son's ills Growing to that strange flood), at last decreed To disinherit him.

These be strange turns!

1 Acoc. These be strange turns!
2 Acoc. The young man's fame was ever fair and honest.

Volt. So much more full of danger is his vice, That can beguile so, under shade of virtue. But, as I said, my honour'd sires, his father Having this settled purpose, by what means To him betray'd, we know not, and this day as Appointed for the deed; that parrieide, I cannot style him better, by confederacy Proparing this his paramour to be there. Ent red Volpone's house who was the man, Your fatherhoods must understand, design'd w For the inheritance), there sought his father : -But with what purpose sought he him, my

tremble to pronounce it, that a son I'nto a father, and to such a father, Should have so foul, felonious intent! It was to murder him: when being prevented By his more happy absence, what then did he? Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now now deeds;

(Mischief doth never end where it begins) An act of horror, fathers! He dragg d forth The aged gentleman that had there lain be

Three years and more, out of his innocent com Naked upon the floor; there left him; wound The stale 1 to his torg d practice, who was go To be so active, — (I shall here desire Your fatherhoods to note but my collections. As most remarkable, -) thought at once

His father's ends, discredit his free choice In the old gentleman, red on themselves, By laying infamy apon this man,

To whom, with blushing, they their lives.

Avoc. What proofs have you of this?

Most honour'd father Hon. I humbly crave there be no credit given To this man's mercenary tongue.

Avoc Bon. His soul moves in his fee. 3 Avoc.

Bon. This felle sols 2 more would plead against h For six Maker.

Volt

Aroc. You do forget yourself. Let him have scope: can any man imagine That he will spare his accuser, that would me

Have spar'd his parent?

1 Avoc.

Well, produce your proof.

Cel. I would I could farget I were a creatur

Volt. Signior Corbaccio!

[Connaccio comes forware What is he? The fath Volt.

2 Avoc. Has he had an oath? What must I do now? Corb.

Not. Your testimouy 's cray'd. Corb.
I'll ha' my mouth first stopt with earth; so Speak to the knave

Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in a him.

1 .iroc. But for what cause ? Corb. The mere portent of nature

He is an utter stranger to my loins
Ron. Have they made you to this? Corb. I will not hear the Mouster of men, swine, gont, wolf, parricide

Speak not, thou viper. Sir. I will sit down, Bon. and rather wish my innocence should suffer Than I resist the authority of a father.

Volt. Signior Corvino! CORVING comes forward This is stratige. 2 Avor.

. loor. Not. The husband. A Avoc. Is he sworn ?

3 Avoc. Speak the

1 Statking horse, mask to his false plot.
2 A 201 about a franc.
2 Discuss · Prepared you to do.

This woman, please your fatherhoods, ot exercise, more than a partridge, rd -

No more. Neighs like a jennet, us erve the honour of the court.

I shall,

ty of your most reverend ears. I hope that I may say, these eyes on her glu'd unto that piece of cedar, well timber'd gallant : and that here may be read, thorough the horn, 1 ms ke the story perfect.

Excellent! sir. Aside to Mosca. | There is no shame in is there?

Or if I said, I hop'd that she were onird

mnation, if there be a hell han whore and woman, a good Catho-

in the doubt.
His grief hath made bim frantic. Remove him hence.

Look to the woman. CELLA SUCCESS. Rare!

l'aign'd again! Stand from about her.

Give her the air.

What can you say? [To Mosca.]

My wound, ease your wisdoms, speaks for me, re-

my good patron, when he mist

oue giv'n her to cry out, "A rape!"
O most laid 2 impudence! Fathers— Sir, be silent;

your hearing free, so must they theirs. I do begin to doubt th' imposture This woman has too many moods. Grave fathers,

wenture of a most profest tituted lewdness. Most impetuous, 144 d. grave fathers !

May her feignings your wisdoms: but this day she baited er, a grave knight, with her loose eyes, blaseivious kis es. This man saw em on the water, in a gondola,

Here is the lady herself, that saw them

who then had in the open streets them, but for saving her knight's hon-

Produce that lady. Let her come. [Erit Mosca.]

upon the horse of the cuckold and the mtrie'd

These things. A Amor. They strike with wonder. I am turn'd a stone. 3 Avoc.

SCENE VI.

[To them re-enter] Mosca [with] LADY WOLLD-BE.

Lady P. Ay. this same is she.
Ay. this same is she.
Pointing to CELIA.
Out, thou chameleon harlot! now thine eyes
Vie tears with the hyenn. Dar'st thou look
Upon my wronged face? I cry your pardous,
I fear I have forgettingly transgrest
Against the dignity of the count. Mos. Be resolute, madam.

Against the dignity of the court -

No, madani. Avor Lady P. And been exorbitant -You have not, lady.

2 Aroc. You have 4 Avoc. These proofs are strong. Lady P. Surely, I have Surely, I had no purpose To scandalize your honours, or my sex's.

3 Aroc. We do believe it.

Lady P. Surely you may believe it.

2 Aroc. Madam, we do.

Lady P. Indeed you may; my breeding

la not so coarse -

We know it. To offend 4 Aroc. Lady P. With pertinacy -

3 Acoc. Lady -Such a presence!

No surely.

1 Avoc. We will think it.

Lady P. You may think it.

1 Avoc. Let her o'ercome. What witnesses

have you, To make good your report? Our consciences. Bon.

Cel. And beaven, that never fails the innucent.
Avoc. These are no testimonies.

Bon. Not in your courts, Where multitude and clamour overcomes. 1 Avoc. Nay, then you do wax insolent.

VOLPONE is brought in, as impotent.

Volt. Here, here, 10 The testimony comes that will convince, And put to utter dumbness their bold tongues! See here, grave fathers, here 's the ravisher, The rider on men's wives, the great impostor, The grand voluptuary! Do you not think
These limbs should affect venery? or these

Covet a concubine? Pray you mark these hands;

tre they not fit to stroke a lady's breasts? l'erhaps he doth dissemble!

So he does,

Bon. Would you ha' him tertur'd?

Ron. I would have him prov'd. so haven. Volt. Best try him then with goads, or burning irons

Put him to the strappado: I have heard

4 The came.

The rack hath cur'd the gout; faith, give it

him,
And help him of a malady; be courteous.
I'll undertake, before these honour'd fathers, He shall have yet as many left diseases, As she has known adulterers, or thou strumpets. O, my most equal hearers, if these deeds, Acts of this bold and most everbitant strain, May pass with suff rance, what one citizen But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame, To him that dares traduce him? Which of you Are safe, my honour'd fathers? I would ask, With leave of your grave futherhoods, if their plot Have any face or colour like to truth?

Or if, unto the dullest nostril here, It smell not rank, and most abhorred slander? I crave your care of this good gentleman,
Whose life is much endanger'd by their fable;
And as for them, I will conclude with this,

That vicious persons, when they're hot, and flesh'd

In impious acts, their constancy 1 abounds: Dann'd deeds are done with greatest confidence.

1 Aroc. Take 'em to custody, and sever

them.
voc. 'T is pity two such prodigies should 2 Avoc.

live, poc. Let the old gentleman be return'd 1 Avoc.

[Exeunt Officers with VOLPONE.]

I 'm sorry our credulity wrong'd him.

4 Acc. These are two creatures!

3 Acc. I 've an earthquake in me.

3 Aroc. I've an earthquake in me. 2 Aroc. Their shame, ev'n in their cradles,

fled their faces.

4 Avoc. You have done a worthy service to the state, sir,

In their discovery.

You shall hear, ere night, [To VOLT.] What punishment the court decrees upon em.

[Ercunt Avocat., Not., and Officers with Bodario and Cella.]

Volt. We thank your fatherhoods. How like

you it? Mos. Rare. I'd ha' your tongue, sir, tipt with gold for

this: I'd ha' you be the heir to the whole city; "The earth I'd have want men ere you want

living: They're bound to erect your statue in St.

Signior Corvino, I would have you go Signior Corvino, I would have conquer'd.

And show yourself that you have conquer'd.

Yes.

Core. Yes. Mos. It was much better that you should profess

Yourself a cuckold thus, than that the other Should have been prov'd

Nay, I consider'd that: CUTU.

Now it is her fault.

Then it had been yours. Corv. True : I do doubt this advocate still. 1 Boldmeas.

Mos. You need not, I dare ease you of that care. Core. I trust thee, Mosca. As your own soul, air Mon. Mosco !

Corb. Now for your business, sir.

Corb. How! ha' you businem? Mos. Yes, yours, sir,

Corb.

O, none else? None else, net I. Mos. Corb. Be careful then. Rest you with both your eyes, sir. Mos.

Corb. Dispatch it Mos.

Instantly.
And look that all, Carb. Whatever, be put in, jewels, plate, moneys, Household stuff, bedding, curtains.

Curtain-rings, cir: Mos.

Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.

Corb. I'll pay him now; you'll be see prodigal.

Mos. Sir, I must tender it.

Corb. Two chequins is well. Mos. No, six, sir. Tis too much.

He talk'd a great while :

You must consider that, sir.
Well, there 's three —

Mos. I'll give it him.
Corb. Do so, and there 's for thee. [Exit.]
Mos. [Aside.] Bountiful bones! What horrid strange offence

Did he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth, worthy this age? — You see, sir, to Vol. 1, bow

Unto your ends; take you no notice.

on.
I'll leave you.
Mos. All is yours, the devil and all.
Good advocate! — Madam, I'll bring you Good so bome.

Lady P. No, I'll go see your patron.

Mos. That you shall not: Mos.

I 'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge
My patron to reform his will, and for
The zeal you 've shown to-day, whereas before.
You were but third or fourth, you shall be

now Put in the first; which would appear as begg'd

If you were present. Therefore — Lady P. You shall sway me. [Eremt.]

ACT V

SCENE L3

[Enter] VOLPOSE.

Volp. Well, I am here, and all this brust is past.

I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise Till this fled moment : here 't was good, in pri-

But in your public, - care whilst I breaths Fore God, my left leg 'gan to have the cramp,

A room in Volpone's house.

And I apprehended straight some power had struck me

With a dead palsy. Well! I must be merry, And shake it off. A many of these fears Would put me into some villaneous disease, Should they come thick upon me: I'll prevent

MIII. Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright This humour from my heart. (Drinks,) Hum,

bum, hum!
Tis almost gone already, I shall conquer.
Any device now of mre ingenious knavery,
It That would possess me with a violent laughter, Would make me up again, (Drinks again.) So, 80, 50, 50]

This heat is life; 't is blood by this time: -Mosca!

SCENE II.1

VOLPONE. [Enter] MOSCA.

Mos. How now, sir? Does the day look clear again?

he we recover'd, and wrought out of error. has our way, to see our path before us?

Exquisite Moson! Mos. Was it not carri'd learnedly? And stoutly : .

Mos. It were folly beyond thought to trust

any grand act unto a cowardly spirit. You are not taken with it enough, methinks.

Volp. O, more than if I had enjoy'd the

wench:

The pleasure of all woman-kind 's not like it.

Mos. Why, now you speak, sir. We must
here be fix'd;
Here we must rest; this is our musterpiece;

We cannot think to go beyond this.

Thou hast play'd thy prize, my precious Mosen. Nay, sir, 18

To guil the court -And quite divert the torrent

View the innocent. Yes, and to make

to rare a music out of discords Right. That yet to me 's the atrangest, how thou 'st

horne it! That these, being so divided 'mongst there-

selves.

thould not seem side.
Or south their own side.
True, they will not see 't.

CED in possest and stuft with his own hopes That mothing unto the contrary. ever so true, or never so apparent,

Wp. Like a temptation of the devil. Right, sir, Merchants may talk of trade, and your great aigniore

1 The same.

Of land that yields well; but if Italy Have any globe more fruitful than these fellows, I am deceiv'd. Did not your advocate rare?

Volp. 0 - "My most honour'd fathers, my

grave fathers, Under correction of your fatherhoods, What face of truth is here? If these strange deeds

May pass, most honour'd fathers"-I had much ado

To for bear laughing.

It seem'd to me, you sweat, sir. Mus.
It seem to the last the last confess, sir, But confess, sir,

Were you not dannted?

Volp.

A little in a mist, but not dejected; In good faith, I was

A little in a tune, Never but still myself. I think it, sir,

Now, so truth help me, I must needs say this, Bir.

And out of conscience for your advocate, He has taken pains, in tuith, sir, and deserv'd. In my poor judgment, I speak it under favour, a Not to contrary you, sir, very richly—
Well—to be cozen'd.
Volp.
Troth, and I think so too,
By that I heard him in the latter end.

Mos. O, but before, sir: had you heard him first

Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate. Then use his vehement figures - I look d still When he would shift a shirt; and doing this

Out of pure love, no hope of gain -'T is right. I cannot answer him, Mosea, as I would, Not yet; but for thy sake, at the entreaty, I will begin, even now—to vex 'em all,

This very instant.

Mos. Good sir. Call the dwarf

And canach forth. Castrone, Nano! Mos.

[Enter Casthone and Nano.]

Nano. Valp. Shall we have a jig now? What you please, sir. Volp.
Straight give out about the streets, you two, straight give out about the streets, you two,

That I am dead; do it with constancy, addy,2 do you hear? Impute it to the grief Of this late slander.

[Ercunt Cast. and Nano.] What do you mean, sir? Volp. I shall have instantly my Vulture, Crow,

Raven, come flying hither, on the news To peck for carrion, my she-wolf, and all, Greedy, and full of expectation -

Mos. And then to have it ravish'd from their

mouthsl Volp. 'Tis true. I will ha' thee put on a gown, And take upon thee, as thou wert mine heir;

2 Seriously.

Show 'em a will. Open that chest, and reach Forth one of those that has the blanks; I'll straight Pot in thy name.

It will be rare, sir.

[Gives him a paper.]

Volp. Av When they e'en gape, and find themselves deluded -[patch,

Mos. Yes. Valp. And thou use them scurvily! Dis-

Get on thy gown,

Mos. [putting on a gown.] But what, sir, if

After the body? Say, it was corrupted.

Mos. I'll say it stunk, sir; and was fain to have it

Coffin'd up instantly, and sent away.

Volp. Anything : here's my will. what thou wilt. Hold, Get thee a cap, a count-book, pen and ink, Papers afore thee; sit as thou wert taking An inventory of parcels. I'll get up Behind the curtain, on a stool, and hearken: ometime peep over, see how they do look, With what degrees their blood doth leave their

't will afford me a rare meal of laughter ! Mos. [putting on a cap, and setting out the table, &c.] Your advocate will turn stark

dull upon it. Volp. It will take off his oratory a cure. Mos. But your chanseimo, old roundback, he

Will comp you like a hog-louse, with the touch.
Volp. And what Corvino? Mus. O. sir, look for him, Co-morrow morning, with a rope and dagger,

To visit all the streets; he must run mad, My lady too, that came into the court, To hear false witness for your worship

Yes, Volp. and kiss'd me 'fore the fathers, when my face Flow'd all with oils

Man. And sweat, sir. Why, your gold is such another med'cine, it dries up All those offensive savours: it transforms 100 The most deformed, and restores them lovely, As 't were the strange poetical girdle. I Jove Could not invent t' himself a shroud more subtle To pass Acrisius' 2 guards. It is the thing

Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her beauty.

Volp. 1 think she loves me.
Who? The lady, sir?

She jealous of you. Dost thou say so? [Enocking within.]

Mos.
There's some already.
Look.
Volp.

It is the Vulture:

He has the quickest scent. I'll to my place, Thou to thy posture. [Goes behind the curtain.]

Cestus. (Journa.) The father of Danas.

I am set. Volp. But, Mot Play the artificer now, torture 'em rarely But, Mati

SCENE III.ª

MOSCA. [Enter] VOLTORE.

Volt. How now, my Mosea?

Mos. [writing]. "Turkey carpets, nineVolt. Taking an inventory! that is wel

Mos. "Two suits of bedding, tissue—
Where is the

Let me read that the while.

Enter Servants with Conbaccio in a che

Corb. So, set me da And get you home. [Excust Serva Volt. Is he come now, to trouble Mos. "Of cloth of gold, two more— Corb. Mos. "Of several velvets, eight Is it done, M I like his

Volt. Corb. Dost thou not hear?

[Enter CORVINO.]

Ha! is the hour come, Ma

Volp. Ay, now they muster.
Peops from behind a tree What does the advocate Or this Corbaccio ? Curb. What do these here?

[Enter LADY POL. WOULD-BE.]

Lady P.

Is his thread apun? "Eight chests of lines Mos. Volp.

My fine Dame Would-be, too!

Core. hat I may show it these, and rid Mosen, the That I may show hence.

Mos. "Six chests of diaper, four of the control of the co

his shoulder.]

Corb. Is that the will?

Mos. "Down-beds, and bolaters Voln.

Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter: They never think of me. Look, see, see, How their swift eyes run over the long de nto the name, and to the legucies, What is bequeath'd them there — Mos. "Ten suits of hangings

Mos. Ten suits of hangings. Volp. Ay, in their garters, Mosca. No. hopes

Are at the gaup.

Volt.

Corb. Volp. My advocate is dumb; look merchant,

He's heard of some strange storm, a

He faints; my lady will swoon. Old glaze He hath not reach'd his despair yet.

3 The mme.

Are out of hope; I am, sure, the man. All those Mos. "Two cabinets ____! [Tukes the will.] But, Moses Corv. le this in earnest? CH chony -

Mos. "The other, mother of pearl," - I'm " One

Mos. "The other, mother of pears, very busy.

and faith, it is a fortune thrown upon me—
Lady P. Do you hear, sir?

Mos. "A perfum'd box"—Prny you for, and see I m toub! d—"made of an onyx—"
How! s

Mus. To-morrow or next day, I shall be at

talk with you all.

Lady P. Sir, I must have a fairer answer. Is this my large hope's issue?

Marry, and shall: pray you, fairly quit my

sy, raise no tempest with your looks; but

hark you, hark your ladyship of red me to put you in an heir; go to, think on it:

or maintenance; and why not you? Enough.
home, and use the poor Sir Pol, your knight.

Fear I tell some riddles; go, be melancholic.

Mosca, pray you a word.

Lord! will not you take your dispatch

hunks, of all, you should have been th' ex-

sahuuld you atay here? With what thought,

you; do you not know, I know you an

that you would most fain have been a wit-

tune would have let you? that you are on good terms? This

say, was yours? right; this diamond? as deny't, but thank you. Much here

be so. Why, think that these good works in to hide your bad, I'll not betray h you be but extraordinary, re it only in title, it sufficeth:

be melancholy too, or mad. Rare Mosca ! how his villany becomes [Erie CORVINO.]

ertain he doth delude all these for loses the heir!

O, his four eyes have found it.

Corb. I am cozen'd, cheated, by a para-Harlot, th' hast gull'd me.

Mos. Yes, sir. Stop your month of L shall draw the only tooth is left. Are not you he, that fifthy covetous wretch, With the three legs, that here, in hope of pre-Have, any time this three years, and d about your most grov'hug nose, and won

have hir'd Me to the pois'ming of my patron, sir?
Are not you he that have to-day in court
Profess'd the disinferiting of your son?
Stink:

Stink:

If you but croak a syllable, all comes out:
A way, and call your porters! Lett Corbaccio.

Volp. Excellent variet!

Now, my faithful Mosca. I find thy constancy -Mos.

Volt.

Mos. [writing.]
Of porphyry"—I marle 2 you'll be thus
volt. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.

What! who did send for you? O, cry you mercy,
Reverend sir! Good faith, I am griev'd for

That any chance of mine should thus defeat Your (I must needs say) most deserving trav-

But I protest, sir, it was cast upon me.
And I could almost wish to be without it.
But that the will of the dead must be observ'd. Marry, my joy is that you need it not;

on have a gift, sir (thank your education), so And malice, to breed causes, Would I had And mance, to broad causes for tune, sir!

If I have any suits, as I do hope.

Things being so easy and direct, I shall not, Things being so easy and direct, I shan not, I will make bold with your obstreperous aid. Onceive me - for your fee, sir. In mean time, You that have so much law, I know ha' the

Not to be covetous of what is mine, Good sir, I thank you for my plate; 't will To set up a young man, Good faith, you look

As you were contive; best go home and purge.

Volp. [comes from behind the curtain.] Bid him eat lettuce well. My with mischief, Transform thee to a Venns! — Mosea, go, 100 Straight take my habit of clariasino.

And walk the streets; be seen, torment 'em

We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would Have lost this feast?

Fellow: formerly used of both seres. I doubt it will lose them.

I Law-suits.

4 To make him sleep.

Volp. O, my recovery shall recover all.
That I could now but think on some disguise
To meet 'em in, and ask 'em questions:
How I would vex 'em still at every turn I

Mov. Sir, I can fit you. Volp. Canst thou? Mos.

Yes, I know
One o' the commandadori, sir, so like you;
Him will I stronght make drunk, and bring Yes, I know you his habit.

Volp. A rare disguise, and answering thy brain! I will be a sharp disease unto 'em.

O, I will be a sharp opened.

Mos. Sir, you must look for curse.

Till Till they burst; The Fox fares ever best when he is curst. [Ereunt.]

SCENE IV.1 [Enter] PEREGRINE [diaguised and] three Morentori.

Per. Am I enough disguis'd ?

1 Mer.

I warrant you.

Per. All my ambition is to fright him only.

2 Mer. If you could ship him away, 't were excellent.

Mer. To Zant, or to Aleppo!

Per. Yes, and ha' his Adventures put i' th' Book of Voyages, a And his guil'd story regist'red for truth. Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while, And that you think us warm in our discourse.

Know your approaches. Trust it to our care. [Exeunt Merchants.] 1 Mer.

[Enter Waiting-woman.]

Per. Save you, tar.
Wom. I do not know, sir.
Pray you say unto him

Here is a merchant, upon earnest business, Here is a merchan.

Desires to speak with him.

I will see, sir. [Erit.]

Pray you. I see the family is all female here.

[Reenter Waiting-woman.]

Wom. He says, sir, he has weighty affairs of state. That now require him whole; some other time

You may possess him. Pray you say again, Per.

If those require him whole, these will exact him, Whereof I bring him tidings. [Exit Woman.]
What might be
His grave affair of state now! How to make we Bolognian sausages here in Venice, sparing One o' th' ingredients?

[Re-enter Waiting-woman.]

By your word "tidings," that you are no stutesman.

And therefore wills you stay.

Sweet, pray you return him ; I have not read so many proclamations,

A hall in Bir Politic's house.

And studied them for words, as he has done -But - here he deigns to come. Exit Woman

[Enter SIR POLITIC.]

Sir P. Sir, I must crut Your courteous pardon. There buth chane'd

duy Unkind disaster 'twist my lady and me;

And I was penning my apology.
To give her satisfaction, as you came now. Per. Sir, I am griev'd I bring you worse di aster :

The gentleman you met at th' port to-day, That told you he was newly arriv'd - Sir P.

A fugitive punk?

Per. No. sir, a spy set on you:
And he has made relation to the senate,

That you profest to him to have a plot
To sell the Nate of Venice to the Turk.

Sir P. O me!

Per. For which warrants are sign'd by the To apprehend you, and to search your study

For papers -Alas, sir, I have none, but not Drawn out of play-books -

Per. All the better, a Sir P. And some essays. What shall I do? Per.

Convey yourself into a sugar-chest; Or, if you could lie round, a frail wore rare: And I could send you abourd.

Sir P. Sir, I but talk'd For discourse sake merely. They knock without Per.

Sir P. I am a wretch, a wretch!
What will you do, su Have you ne'er a currant butt to leap into? They'll put you to the rack; you must !

sudden.
Sir P. Sir, I have an engine 8.

3 Mer. [within] Sir Politic Would-be 2 Mer. [within.] Where is he? Sir P. That I we thought upon before time. Per. What is it?

I shall ne'er endure the tortes

Marry, it is, sir, of a tortoise-shell, Fitted for these extremities: pray you, sir, be

Here I've a place, sir, to put back my lega,
Please you to lay it on, sir, [Lies down with
PER, places the shell upon him.] — wi

this cap, And my black gloves. I'll lie, sir, like tortoise,

Till they are gone.

Per. And can you the Sir P. Mine own device. — Good sir, bid wife's women (Exit Par To burn my papers.

The three Merchants rush in.

Where is he hid? Mer. 3 Mer

And will sure find him. Which is his study ? 2 Mer.

2 Rush-backet. 1 Contrivence.

[Ke-enter PEREGRINE.]

1 Mer.

Are you, sir?
Per. I'm a merchant, that came here
To hook upon this tortoise?

8 Mer. How ! St. Mark!

What beast is this?

Per. Come out here:
2 Mer.
Per. Nay, you may strike him, sir, and tread upon him:
upon him:

He 'Il hear a cart.

Yes, sir.

Mer. Let's jump upon him. Mer. Can be not go?

He creops, sir.

Mer. Let's see him creep.

Per. No, good sir, you will hurt him. a

Mer. Heart, I will see him creep, or prick

Mer. Come out hero!

Pray you, sir, creep a little.

Mer. Forth.

Forth.

Good sir! — Creep.

We'll see his legs.

They pull off the shell and discover

3 Mer. Gods so, he has garters !

Ay, and gloves ! Mer. Is this

Your fearful tortoise?

Per. [discovering himself.] Now, Six Pol,

I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, sir.

I Mor. Twere a rare motion to be seen in

Floot-street,

Mer. Ay, in the Term. Mer. Or Smithfield, in the rail. 3 Mer. night. -

Par Parewell, most politic tortoise! [Event Per, and Merchants.]

[Re-enter Waiting-woman.]

Where 's my lady ? ** Knows she of this?

I know not, sir. Enquire. -I doll be the fable of all fensts, The freight of the gazetti, 1 ship-boys' tale;

which is worst, even talk for ordinaries Wom. My lady's come most melancholic home.

And any sir, she will straight to sen, for Str P. And I, to shun this place and clime

Creeping with house on back, and think it well to thrink my poor head in my politic shell. [Ereunt.]

1 Show, * The theme of the newspapers.

SCHNE V.

[Enter] MORCA In the habit of a clarissimo, and VOLPONE in that of a commandadore.

Voip. Am I then like him?

Mox. U, sir, you are he; No man can sever you.

But what am I? Mus. Volp. 'Fore heaven, a brave clarissimo; thou becom'st it!

Pity thou wert not born one. If I hold

Mos. [Aside.]
My made one, 't will be well.
L'olp. I'll go and see

What news first at the court.

Do so. My Fox [Est.] Is out of his hole, and ere he shall re-enter,

'Il make him languish in his borrow'd case, Except he come to composition with me. - Androgyno, Castrone, Nano!

[Enter Androgyno, Castrone, and Nano.]

Here. Mos. Go, recreate yourselves abroad; go. sport. - [Excunt.]

So, now I have the keys, and am possent. Since he will needs be dead afore his time, I'll bury him, or gain by 'm: I'm his heir, And so will keep me, till he share at least. To cozen him of all, were but a cheat.

Well plac'd; no man would construe it a sin: Let his sport pay for 't. This is call'd the Foxtrap.

SCENE VI.5

[Enter] Conbaccio, Convino.

Corb. They say the court is set.

Our first tale good, for both our reputations. Corb. Why, mine 'a no tale: my son would

there have kill'd me.
Core. That's true, I had forgot: - mine is,
I'm sure.

But for your will, air.

Av. I'll come upon him For that hereafter, now his putron's dead.

[Enter VOLPONK.]

Volp. Signior Corvino ! and Corbaccio! sir.

Much joy unto you. Corr.

Of what? The sudden good Valp.

Dropt down upon you Where?

Valp. And none knows how. From old Volpone, sir.
Out, arrant knave 1 to

Volp. Let not your too much wealth, sir.

make you turnoo.

Corb. Away, thou variet.

Why, sir **

Corb. Dost thou mock me?

A 2nom in Volpoue's house

4 Dieguise. A street. Volp. You muck the world, sir; did you not change wills?

Corb. Out, harlot! Volp. O! belike you are the man, Signior Corvino? Faith, you carry it well; it You grow not mad withal; I love your spirit: You are not over-leaven'd with your fortune. You should ha' some would swell now, like a wine-fat,

With such an autumn. - Did he gi' you all,

Corb. Avoid, you rascal!
Valp. Troth, your wife has shown to
Herself a very woman; but you are well, You need not care, you have a good estate, To bear it out, sir, better by this chance: Except Corbaccio have a share.

Curb. Hence, variet. t is wise.

Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dissemble :

No man will seem to win. [Excunt Convino and Convinceno.] Here comes my vulture, Heaving his book up i' the air, and snuffing.

SCENE VII. 1

VOLPONE. [Enter] VOLTORE.

Volt. Ontstript thus, by a parasite! a slave, Would run on errands, and make lega for

crumbs !

Well, what I 'll do —

The court stays for your worship.

Life The court stays for your worship. l e'en rejoice, air, at your worship's happi-

And that it fell into so learned hands,

Volp. I mean to be a suitor to your wor-

ship, For the small tenement, out of reparations,² That, at the end of your long row of houses, By the Piscaria: it was, in Volpone's time, Your predecessor, ere he grow diseas'd.

A handsome, pretty, custom'd a bawdy-house
As any was in Venice, none disprais'd;
But fell with him: his body and that house

Decay'd together.
Volt.
Come, sir, leave your prating. 18
Volp. Why, if your worship give me but your
hand

That I may ha' the refusal, I have done.
"T is a mere toy to you, sir; candle-renta;
As your learn'd worship knows
Volt.
What do I know?

Volp. Marry, no end of your wealth, sir; God

Volt. Mistaking knave! what, mock'st thou Exit. my misfortune? Volt. His blessing on your heart, sir; would

Now to my first again, at the next corner.

[Exit.]

1 Out of repair.

1 Wail-frequented.

SCENE VIII.4

[Enter] CORRACCIO and CORVINO: - (MORCA passant.)

Corb. See, in our habit! 6 see the impude warlet!
Corv. That I could shoot mine eyes at him

like gun-stones!

[Enter VOLPONE.]

Volp. But is this true, sir, of the parasite Corb. Again, t'afflict us! monster! In good faith, si

Volp. In good faith, si I'm heartily griev'd, a beard of your gralength

hould be so over-reach'd. I never brook'd That parasite's hair; methought his nose shou cozen: 6

There still was somewhat in his look, did po mise

The bane of a clarissimo. Knave-Corb.

Volp. Methin Yet you, that are so traded i' the world, A witty merchant, the fine bird, Corvino, That have such moral emblems on your name. Should not have sung your shame, and dre

your cheese.
To let the Fox laugh at your emptiness. Corn. Sirrah, you think the privilege of

And your red saucy cap, that seems to me Nail'd to your job-head with those two cl-

quins, Can warrant your abuses; come you hither: You shall perceive, sir, I dure beat you;

proach. Volp. No haste, sir, I do know your value well.

well.
Since you durst publish what you are, sir.
Tarry

I'd speak with you, Volp. Sir, sir, another time-

Core. Nay, now.

Volp. Olord, sir! I were a wise man,
Would stand the fury of a distracted cardoli

Mosca walks by the

Corb. What, come again!

Loop. Corb. The air's infected where he breather

Let's fit hard. Ereunt Conv. and Com

Volp. Excellent basilisk! turn upon the ture. SCENE IX.

MOSCA, VOLPONE. [Enter] VOLTORE.

Volt. Well, flesh-fly, it is summer with now; Your winter will come on.

Mon. Good advocate Prithee not rail, nor threaten out of place Thou 'It make a solocism, as madam says

The Scrutineo, or Senate House

b Dreamid like a clarisatino, or gentleman

a biggin¹ more; your brain breaks [Erit.] 6 Well sir.
Would you ha' me beat the insolent lirt upon his first good clother?
This same

less some familiar.

Sir, the court, stays for you. I am mad, a mule an advocate. Had you no quirk gullage, sir, by such a creature? on do but jest; he has not done 't: at confederacy to blind the rest.

A strange, officious, ome knave ! thou dost torment me. Iknow t be, sir, that you should be cozen'd; within the wit of man to do it; so wise, so prudent; and 't is fit alth and wisdom still should go to-ther. [Exeunt.] thor.

SCENE X.2

Avocatori, Notario, BONARIO, CELIA, CCIO, CORVINO, Commandadori, Saffi,

. Are all the parties here? All but th' advocate.

And here he comes.

Knier VOLTORE and VOLPONE.]

Then bring them forth to sentence.

O, my most honour'd fathers, let your

upon your justice, to forgive tracted

(Aside.) What will be do now?

0, 1 not which t' address myself to first; your fatherhoods, or these innocents (Aside.) Will be betray himself?
Whom equally

ow'd, out of most covetous ends-The man is mad !

What's that?

He is possest, to For which, now struck in conscience, re I prostrate your offended feet, for pardon.

O heaven, how just thou art!
I'm caught

wn noose — [to Corbaccio.] Be constant, sir; ght now but impudence.

Speak forward. Silence! It is not passion in me, reverend

conscience, conscience, my good sires,

hat makes me now tell truth. That parasite. That knave, hath been the instrument of all, was 1 Appr. Where is that knave? Fetch him. Volp. I go. Erath

Curr. Grave fathers,

This man 's distracted; he confest it now: For, hoping to be old Volpone's heir, Who now is dead—

3 Avoc. How! Is Vo 2 Avoc. Dead since, grave fathers. Is Volpone dead?

Bon. O sure vangeance! 1 Alvoc. Stay,

Then he was no deceiver?
O no, none:

This parasite, grave fathers. Corn.

He does speak Out of mere envy, 'cause the servant 's made The thing he gap'd for. Please your fatherhoods,

This is the truth, though I 'll not justify The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.

Volt. Ay, to your hopes, as well as mine, Cor-

vino:
But 1 'll use modesty.' Pleaseth your wisdoms,
To view these certain notes, and but confer' them:

And as I hope favour, they shall speak clear truth.

Corv. The devil has ent'red him!

Bon. Or bides in you. Bon.
4 Avoc. We have done ill, by a public officer
To send for him, if he be heir.
2 100.
For whom?

4 Avoc. Him that they call the parasite.
"T is true, 3 Avuc. He is a man of great estate, now left.

4 Avoc. Go you, and learn his name, and say the court

Entreats his presence here, but to the clearing Of some few doubts.

2 Avec.

This same a a labycinth

Exit Notary. Avoc. Stand you unto your first report?
My state,

My life, my fame -

Bon. Where is 't ? Are at the stake.

1 Avoc. Is yours so too?

Corb. The advocate's a knave.

And has a forked tongue Speak to the point.

2 Acce.
Corb. So is the parasite too.
This is confusion. A voc.

This is confusion.

Yolt. I do beseech your fatherhoods, read but. those -Giving them papers

Corv. And credit nothing the false spirit hath It cannot be but he 's possest, grave fathers. ...

The scene closes.

SCENE XI.5

[Enter] VOLPONE.

Volp. To make a snare for mine own neck ! and ron

* Moderation. * Compare. * A street.

Barrister's cap.

Exeunt.

My head into it, wilfully! with laughter! When I had newly scap d, was free and clear, Out of mere wantonness! O, the dull devil Was in this brain of mine when I devis d it, and Mosea gave it second ; he must now Help to sear up this vein, or we bleed dead.

[Enter NANO, ANDROGYNO, and CASTRONE.]

How now! Who let you loose? Whither go you now?

What, to to buy gingerbread, or to drown kit-

Nun. Sir. Master Mosca call'd us out of doors, Nan. Sir, Master Mosca tan u and And bid us all go play, and took the keys.
[Why, so

Volp. Did Master Mosca take the keys? I'm farther in. These are my fine conceits! must be merry, with a mischief to me! What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear My fortune soberly? I must ha' my crocheta, And my conundrums! Well, go you, and seek him :

His meaning may be truer than my fear. Bid him, he straight come to me to the court; Thither will I, and, if 't be possible, nserew my advocate, upon new hopes When I provok'd him, then I lost myself.

SCENE XII.1

Avocatori, [BONARIO, CELIA, CORBACCIO, COR-VINO, Commandadori, Saffi, etc., [as before.]

He here ishowing the papers [showing the papers] Professeth that the gentleman was wrong'd, And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,

Forc'd by her husband, and there left.

Volt.

Cel. How ready is heaven to those that

pray! But that Arnc. Volpone would have ravish'd her, he holds

Utterly false, knowing his impotence. Corv. Grave fathers, he's possest; again, I

яау, Possession, he has both.

Here comes our officer. 3 Avoc.

[Enter VOLPONE.]

Volp. The parasite will straight be here, grave fathers.

4 Acoc. You might invent some other name,

sir varlet.

3 Acoc. Did not the notary meet him? Volp. Not that I Not that I know.

Volp.
4. tvoc. His coming will clear all.
2. 4voc.
Yet it is misty.

2 Avoc.

Yet it is

Volt. May't please your fatherhoods—
Lolp. (whispers Volt.)

Sir, the parl olp. (whispers VOLT.) Sir, the parasite is Will'd me to tell you that his master lives; That you are still the man; your hopes the

MELANDE : And this was only a jest -

Volt. How?

I The Scrutingo, or Senate House.

Sir, to try If you were firm, and how you stood affected.

Do I live, air ? Volt.

I was too violent. Volp. Sir, you may redeem it. They said you were possest; fall down, and

I'll help to make it good. (VOLTORE fulls.)
God bless the man!

Stop your wind hard, and swell - See, see, see, Beet !

He vomits crooked pins! His eyes are set,
Like a dead hare's hung in a ponter's shop!
His mouth 's running away! Do you see, sigmor? Now it is in his belly.

orv. Ay, the devil!

Volp. Now in his throat.

Core. Volp. 'T will out, 'to See where it flies, hous toad, Ay. I perceive it plain. 't will out! stand clear.

In shape of a blue toad, with a bat's wings ! Do you not see it, sir? Corb.

What? I think I do. Corn. 'T is too manifest

Volp. Look! he comes t' himself!
Volp. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir.

Volp.

You're dispossest.
What accident is this! Aroc. Sudden and full of wonder ! 3 Avoc.

Possest, as it appears, all this is nothing.

Corv. He has been often subject to these fits. 1 Aroc. Show him that writing : - do you

know it, sir? Volp. (whispers VOLT.) Dany it, sir, forwent

it; know it not.

Yes. I do know it well, it is my hand; Volt. Yes, I do know it wen, it is an But all that it contains is false.

O practice!

2 Avoc. What maze is this!

le he not guilty theo, Acoc. Whom you there name the parsite

Valt. Grave fathers, No more than his good patron, old Volpone.

4 Avoc. Why, he is dead.
Volt. O no, my honour'd fathers,

He lives -How I lives? Volt.

Lives. This is subtler yet! 2 Avoc.

3 Avoc. You said be was dead. Never. 3 .1voc. You said so.

Corv. I heard so 4 Avoc. Here comes the gentleman; make him way.

[Enter Mosca.]

3 Acce. A stool, 4 Acce. [Aside.] A proper man; and were Volpone dend.

A fit match for my daughter.

1 Completely.

No. [Aside to Mos.] Mosca, I was a most last; the advocate

ad betray'd all; but now it is recover'd;
It's on the hinge again — Say I am living.

Mos. What busy knave is this! — Most rev-

erond fathers, at that my order for the funeral

Type dear patron did require me — Mosca!

Volp. [.tride.]

Mos. Whom I intend to bury like a gentle-

Volp. [Axide.] Ay, quick, and cozen me of all. 2 Avoc. Still stranger! ** Ture intricate!

1 Avec. And come about again !
4 Avec. [Ande.] It is a match, my daughter

A Aroc. [Anne.] is bestow'd.

Mos. [Aside to Vol.P.] Will you gi' me half?

First I'll be hang'd.

I know our voice is good, cry not so loud.

Demand he advocate. - Sir, did you not affirm

olpone was alive? I'dji. Yes, and he is;

Thou shalt have half.

Mos. Whose drunkard is this same? Speak,

some that know bim :

mover saw his face. - [Aside to VOLP.] I cannot now

ford it you so cheap. Volp. No I

What say you? 10

Volp. The officer told me.

Volp. I did, grave fathers,
and will maintain he lives, with mine own life, and that this creature [points to Mos.] told me. [Acide.] - I was born

ith all good stars my enemies. Most grave fathers,

the must pass this must pass you me, I am silent: 't was not this for which you sent, I hope.

2 droc.

Take him away.

Volp. Mosca!

l'dec.

Let him be whipt.
Wilt thou betray me? Cozen me?

3 Acor. And taught to bear himself loward a person of his rank.

Max. I humbly thank your fatherhoods.

Volp.

Soft, soft: [Aside.] Whipt!

And lose all that I have! If I confess,

And fose all that I have:
It cannot be much more.

4 Are:
Volp., They'll be alli'd anon; I must be resolute;
solute;
Puts off his disguise.
Puts off his disguise.

Patron! Nay, now My ruin shall not come alone; your match

I'll hinder sure: my substance shall not give

you, Nor serew you into a family. Why, patron! Volp. I am Volpone, and this is my knave; [Pointing to Mosca.]

This [to VOLT.], his own knave; this [to CORN.], avarice's fool;
This [to CORV.], a chimera of wittel, fool, and

knave:

And, reverend fathers, since we all can hope Nought but a sentence, let's not now despair it. You hear me brief.

Core. May it please your fatherhoods—

Com. Silence, w 1 Acoc. The knot is now undone by muracle. 2 Acoc. Nothing can be more clear.

3 .1 enc.

Or can more prove These innocent.

Give 'em their liberty.

1 Avoc. Give 'em their liberty.

Bon. Heaven could not long let such gross

crimes be hid. 2 Avoc. If this be held the highway to get

2 Accc. And riches,
May I be poor!

May I be poor!

This's not the gain, but torment.

Succ. This's not the gain, but torment.

3 Acc. This s not the gain, but torment 1 Acc. These peasess wealth, as sick men

possess fevers,
Which trulier may be said to possess them.

Disrobe that parasite.

for. Most honour'd fathers — 2 Avoc. Dist Corc. Mos. 1 Avoc. Can you plead aught to stay the course of justice?

If you can, speak.

you can, speak. Corv. Volt. We beg favour. And mercy. 1 Acoc. You hurt your innocence, sning for the guilty. Stand forth; and first the parasite. You appear

T' have been the chiefest minister, if not plot-

In all these lewd impostures, and now, lastly, Have with your impudence abus'd the court, And habit of a gentleman of Venice, us Being a fellow of no birth or blood: For which our sentence is, first, thou be whipt;

Then live perpetual prisoner in our galleys. Walp. I thank you for him.

Mos. Bane to thy wolfish nature!

1 Acc. Deliver him to the safti.2 [Mosca is curried out.] Thou, Volpone,
By blood and rank a gentleman, canat not fall
Under like censure; but our judgment on thee Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate To the hospital of the Incurabili:

And since the most was gotten by imposture, By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such diseases.

Thou art to lie in prison, cramp'd with irons, Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed. Remove

him. He is taken from the Bar.]
Volp. This is called mortifying of a Fox. 125
1 Avec. Thou, Voltore, to take away the scandal

Thou hast giv'n all worthy men of thy profes-Rion.

Deceived. 2 Under-builliff. Art banish'd from their fellowship, and our state. Corbaccio! — bring him near. We here possess Thy son of all thy state, and confine thee To the monastery of San Spirito; Where, since thou knew'st not how to live well

here.

Thou shalt be learn'd to die well.

Ha! what said he?

Corb. You shall know anon, sir.

1 Avoc. Thou, Corvino, shalt
Be straight embark'd from thine own house, and row'd

Round about Venice, through the Grand Canal, Wearing a cap, with fair long ass's ears, Instead of horns! and so to mount, a paper Pinn'd on thy breast, to the Berlina.

Corv. And have mine eyes beat out with stinking fish, Bruis'd fruit, and rotten eggs — 't is well. I 'm

glad I shall not see my shame yet.

And to expiate 1 Avoc. Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her

1 Pillory.

Home to her father, with her dowry trebled:

And these are all your judgments.

All. Honour'd fathers 1 Avoc. Which may not be revok'd. No you begin,

When crimes are done and past, and to be

punish'd,
To think what your crimes are. Away wit them!

Let all that see these vices thus rewarded, Take heart, and love to study 'em. Mischie

feed
Like beasts, till they be fat, and then th Erena

VOLPONE [comes forward].

"The seasoning of a play is the applause.

Now, though the Fox be punish'd by the laws.

He yet doth hope, there is no suff'ring due,

For any fact 2 which he hath done 'gainst yours.'

If there be, censure him; here he doubties a

If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands."

2 Deed.

[Er at]

THE ALCHEMIST

BEN JONSON

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

of the House mon, a Knight. [PRETINAX] SURLY, a Gamester.
TRIBULATION [WHOLUSOME], a Pastor of Amsterdam,
ANANIAS, a Descon there.
KASTRILL, the angry boy.
DAME PLIANY, his sister, a Widow. Neighbours. Officers, Mutes.

SCENE. - London.

TO THE READER

more, thou art an understander, and then I trust thee. If then art one that tak'st retender, beware at what hands then receiv'st the commodity; for then wert never a way to be coz'ned than in this age in poetry, especially in plays: wherein now the of jigs and dances 2 so reigneth, as to run a way from nature and be afraid of her is fart that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose and place do I name art, sors are grown so obstinate contemners of it, and presumers on their own naturals, idders of all diligence that way, and, by simple mocking at the terms when they use things, think to get off wittily with their ignorance! Nay, they are esteem'd the and sufficient for this by the multitude, through their excellent vice 5 of judg-commend writers as they do fencers or wrastlers; who, if they come in robustionsly with a great deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows; when many times ness is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their adversary gives all that the foil. I deny not but that these men who always seek to do more than enough happen on some thing that is good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes. the fail. I deny not but that these men who always seek to do more than enough happen on some thing that is good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes, appence the rest of their ill. It sticks out, perhaps, and is more emisent, because all its about it; as lights are more discern'd in a thick darkness than a faint shadow, out of a hope to do good on any man against his will; for I know, if it were put to theirs and mine, the worse would find more suffrages, because the most favour But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between these that nion of copie "lutter" all they can, however unfitly, and those that use election and is only the disease of the unskillful to think rude things greater than polish'd, or numerous than compos'd.]

ARGUMENT

THE sickness hot, a master quit, for fear. HE sickness not," a master quit, for fear,
H is house in town, and left one servant there.
E are him corrupted, and gave means to know
A Cheater and his punk; 10 who now brought low,
L eaving their narrow practice, were become
C oz ners 11 at large; and only wanting some
H ouse to set up, and with him they here contract, Mouse to set up, and with him they here contributed to act, and all begin to act.

Much company they draw, and much abuse, 12
In casting figures, 13 telling fortunes, news, Selling of flies, 14 flat bawdry, with the stone, 15
T ill it, and they, and all in fume 16 are gone.

the Q. rends Dannes, and Antikes for jigs and dances.

. Defrat. D The plague raging.

Publish. copiouanem.

a swindlers.

B Deceive.
B Calculating the future.

14 Fundiar spirits.
15 Philosophers' stone.

PROLOGUE

FORTUNE, that favours fools, these two short hours We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,
Judging spectators; and desire in place,
To th' author justice, to ourselves but grace.
Our scene is Loudon, cause we would make known,
No country's mirth is better than our own. No clime breeds better matter for your whore, Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,
Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;
And which have still been subject for the rage
Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen
Ilid never aim to grieve, but better men;
Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure The vices that she breeds, above their cure. But when the wholesome remedies are sweet, And, in their working gain and profit meet, He hopes to find no spirit so much diseas'd, But will with such fair correctives be pleas'd. For here he doth not fear who can apply. If there be any that will sit so nigh Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
They shall find things, they 'd think, or wish, were done; They are so natural follies, but so shown, As even the doors may see, and yet not own.

ACT I

SCENE I.

[Enter] FACE, [in a captain's uniform, with his sword drawn, and, SCUILE [with a vial, quarrelling, and followed by] DOL COMMON.

Face. Believe't, I will.

Thy worst. I fart at thee, wits? Why, gentlemen! Dol. Ha' you your wits? for love -

Face. Sirrah, I'll strip you — What to do? Lick figs 2 [sleights.8 Out at my Rogue, rogue! - out of all your Face. Rogne, rogue! — out of all your Dol. Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you madmen?

Sub. (), let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks

With good strong water, an you come. Dol

Will you have The neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?

Hark! I hear somebody. Fare.

Sirrah I shall mar Such All that the tailor has made, if you approach, 10 Face. You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,

Dare you do this?

Yes, faith ; yes, faith. Sub. Fuce. Why, who

Am I, my mongrel, who am I? I'll tell you.

Since you know not yourself. Face. Speak lower, rogue.

1 A room in Lovewit's house.
2 Rabeiaus, Bk. IV. ch. 45.
3 Drop your tricks.

Sub. Yes. You were once (time's not low past) the good, Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum, that

kept

Your master's worship's house here is the

For the vacations -Face. Sub. Since, by my means, translated submb-

Face. By your means, doctor dog!
Sub. Within man's memory, "

All this I speak of. Face. Why, I pray you, have I

Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me? Do but collect, sir, where I met you first. o but collect, sir, sub. Not of this, I think it.

Not of this, I think it.

But I shall put you in mind, sir; - ut Pie-cot ner,

Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls. Where, like the father of hunger, you did water Piteously costive, with your purch d-horneuss. And your complexion of the Roman wash. Stuck full of black and melancholic worms. Like powder-corns a shot at the netallers-yard.

I wish you could advance your voice b little.

Face. When you went plun'd up in the several rage

You had rak'd and pick'd from dunghilla, before day ;

Your feet in monldy slippers, for your kibes:
A felt of rug, and a thin threaden clock,
That scarce would cover your no-buttocks

4 Poorly paid servant.
5 The precinct of Blackfriars.
6 I. e. sallow.
Chilblains

7 Grains of powder. * A hat of coarse materia

So, sir! Face. When all your alchemy, and your algebra,

Your minerals, vegetals, and animals, Your conjuring, coz'ning; 1 and your dozen of trades,

Could not relieve your corpse with so much linen Would make you tinder, but to see a fire

I ga' you count nance, credit for your coals, Your stills, your glasses, your materials; Built you a furnace, drew you customers, sa Advanc'd all your black arts; lent you, beside, A house to practise in -

Sub. Your master's house! Face. Where you have studied the more thriving skill

Seb.

Yes, in your master's house.
You and the rats here kept possession.

Make it not strange. I know you were one could keep
The bettern here.

The buttery-hatch still look'd, and save the chippings.
Sell the dole beer to squa-vitae men,⁸
The which, together with your Christmas vails ⁴
At post-and-pair,⁵ your letting out of counters,6

Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks. And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs, Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up house.

Face. You might talk softlier, rascal.
Sub.
No, you scarab,

I'll thunder you in pieces. I will teach you blow to beware to tempt a Fury again That earries tempest in his hand and voice. Face. The place has made you valiant. Sub. No, your clothes.

Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung, So poor, so wretched, when no living thing as Would keep thee company, but a spider or worse?

Rais'd thee from brooms, and dust, and wat'r-

ing-pots,
Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
In the third region, call'd our state of grace?
Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with

Would twice have won me the philosopher's work?

Put thee in words and fashion? made thee fit For more than ordinary fellowships? Giv'n thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimen-

sions? Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cards, Dice, or whatever gallant tincture " else? Made thee a second in mine own great art?

And have I this for thanks! Do you rebel?

Do you fly out i' the projection?

Would you be gone now?

1 Swindling.
2 Don't present as a series.
3 Sell the beer intended for the poor to liquor-dealers.
4 Thea.
5 A game of cards.

7 Technical jargon of alchemy. Accomplishment.
At the moment when success is near.

Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you? **

Will you mar all?

Sub. Slave, thou hadst had no name —

Dol. Will you undo yourselves with civil

war? Sub. Never been known, past equi clibanum The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in celleve

Or an ale-house darker than deaf John 's : been lost

o all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters, Had not I been

Dol. Do you know who hears you, sovereign?

Face. Sirrah — [were civil. Dol. Nay, general, I thought you Face. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus

loud, Sub. And hang thyself, I care not.
Hang thee, collier, And all thy pots and pane, in picture I will, as Since thou hast mov'd me

Dol. [Aside] O, this 'll o'erthrow all. ce. Write thee up bawd in Paul's; have all thy tricks Face.

Of coz'ning with a hollow coal, dust, scrapings. Searching for things lost, with a sieve and shears,

Erecting figures in your rows of houses, 10 And taking in of shadows with a glass, Told in red letters; and a face cut for thee, Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's. 11

Ha' you your senses, masters? Face. I will have 100 A book, but rarely reckoning thy impostures. Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to

printers. Sub. Away, you trencher-rascal! Face. Out, you dog-leech!

The vomit of all prisons

Doi. Will you be Your own destructions, gentlemen? For lying too heavy o' the basket. E

Face. Bawd!

Cow-herd! Sub.

Conjurer! Face. Sub.

Cutpurse! Witch! Face. O me ! Dol.

We are ruin'd, lost! Ha' you no more regard To your reputations? Where 's your judgment?
'Slight,

Have yet some care of me, o' your republic—
Face. Away, this brach! 12 I'll bring thee,
rogue, within

The statute of sorcery, tricesimo tertio Of Harry the Eighth: ¹⁴ ay, and perhaps thy neck Within a noose, for laund'ring gold and barbing

16 Astrological tricks. 11 A notorious highwayman.

12 Eating more than his share of rations.

11 Ritch 14 33 Henry VIII, the first act against witchcraft in

15 "Sweeting" and clipping the coinage.

Dol. You'll bring your head within a cockscomb, will you? 1 110
She catcheth out FACE his sword, and

And you, sir, with your menstrue! 2 - Gather it up.

Scheath, you abominable pair of stinkards, Leave off your barking, and grow one again, Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats. Or, by the tight that kinds, I it cut your care it. I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt so' you both. Ha' you together cozen'd all this while, And all the world, and shall it now be said, You've made most courteous shift to cozen

yourselves?
[To Face.] You will accuse him! You will bring him in

Within the statute!" Who shall take your word?

A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain, Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars will trust Somuch as for a feather: and you, too,
[to NUBTLE]

Will give the cause, forsooth! You will insult, And claim a primacy in the divisions! In You must be chief! As if you, only, had The powder to project with, and the work

Were not begin out of equality!

The venture tripartite! All things in common!
Without priority! 'Sdeath! you perpetual curs, Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly, And heartily, and lovingly, as you should, And less not the beginning of a term, Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too,

Or, by this natur, a said quit you.

And take my part, and quit you.

"T is his fault;

He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,

And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

Sub. Why, so it does.

Dol.

How does it? Do not we Sustain our parts?

Yes, but they are not equal. 145 Dol. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope Ours may to-morrow match it.

Ay, they may.

Nay, murmuring mastiff! Ay, and do.

Death on me! Suh. Dol.

Help me to throttle him.

| Sub. | Seizes Sun. by the throat. | Sub. | Dorothy! Mistress Dorothy | Ods precious, I'll do anything. What do you mean ?

Dol. Because o' your fermentation and ciba-tion "4"

- help me. [To FACE.] Sub. Would I were hang'd then I I'll conform

Will you, sir? Do so then, and quickly: SWHIT.

What should I swear?
To leave your faction, sir, And labour kindly in the common work.

1 Balter. 2 A liquid which dissolves solids.
2 A contemptible fellow. 1 Transmute metal Fransmute metals.

Quarreling. Alchemical terms.

Sub. Let me not breathe if I meant aught be-

I only us'd those speeches as a spur
To him.

Dol. I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we?

Face. 'Slid, prove to-day who shall shark Densit.

Sub. Agreed.

Dol. Yes, and work close and friendly.

'Shight, the 'Slight, the knot

Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me. [They shake hands.] Dol. Why, so, my good babuons! Shall we go

A sort? of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours, That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the king came in.8

feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals, Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,

Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your heads in. For which you should pay ear-rent ?10 No. agree And may Don Provent ride a feasting long. In his old velvet jerkin and stain'd scurfs, My noble sovereign, and worthy general, Ere we contribute a new crewel ¹¹ garter To his most worsted worship.

Royal Dul! Sub. Spoken like Claridiana, 12 and thyself. Face. For which at supper, thou shalt sit in

triumph, And not be styl'd Dol Common, but Dol Pro-

per, Dol Singular: the longest cut at night,

Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.

[Bell rings without.]

Sub. Who 'a that? One rings. To the window.
Dol: [Exit Dot.] - Pray heav'n.

The master do not trouble us this quarter.
Face. O. fear not him. While there dies one a week

O' the plague, he 's safe from thinking toward London.

Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now; I had a letter from him. If he do, He'll send such word, for airing o' the house. As you shall have sufficient time to quit it. Though we break up a fortnight, 't is no mat-

ter.

Re-enter DoL

Sub. Who is it, Dol?

Dol. A fine young quodling. 23 Face. My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night, In Holborn, at the Dagger. He would have told you of him) a familiar,

To rifle with at horses, and win cupa. Dol. O, let him in.

Sub. Face. Stay, Who shall do't? Get you m Your robes on; I will meet him, as going out.

7 Group.
9 In the pillory. Seven years before. 10 Have your care cut of.

13 The herome of the " Mirror of Knighthood."

13 Green apple, a youth.

Dol. And what shall I do?

Fice. Not be seen; away! [Exit Dot.] Seem you very reserv'd.

Enough. [Exit.] Face. [aloud and retiring.] God be wi' you, sir,

pray you let him know that I was here: His name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid,

SCENE II.1

FACE.

Dap. [within.] Captain, I am here. [doctor. Face. Who's that? - He's come, I think,

[Enter DAPPER.]

Good faith, sir, I was going away.

Dap. Dap.
I am very sorry, captain.
But I thought

Sure I should meet you.

Ay, I am very glad.

And I had a scurvy writ or two to make,
And I had lent my watch last night to one
That dines to-day at the sheriff's, and so was
robb'd

Of my pass-time.2

[Re-enter Subtle in his velvet cap and gown.]

Is this the cunning-man?

Face. This is his worship. Dap. Is he a doctor ?

Dap. And ha' you broke with him, captain? Face.

And how? 10 Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so Fuce.

duinty, duinty Face. Would I were fairly rid on 't, believe

me.
Dop. Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why
should you wish so?
I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful. us
Face. I cannot think you will, sir. But the INW

to such a thing - and then he says, Read's 5 matter

Falling so lately -

Dap. A clerk!
Face. Nay, hear me, sir. You know the law
Batter, I think—

lap. I should, air, and the You know, I show'd the statute to you. I should, sir, and the danger:

You did so Dop. And will I tell then! By this hand of flesh,

Would it might never write good courthand more,

The same. The scene-divisions are Jonson's.

Watch

Opened the matter.

A magician recently convicted.

If I discover. What do you think of me, That I am a chiaus? 7

What 's that ?

Dap. The Turk was here, As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?

Face. I'll tell the doctor so.

Do, good sweet captain. Face. Come, noble doctor, pray thee let's

prevail;
This is the gentleman, and he is no chinus.
Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my au-I would do much, sir, for your love -

this

I neither may, nor can.
Face.
Tut, do not say so.
You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,
One that will thank you richly; and he's no

chiaus: Let that, sir, move you. Pray you, forbear-He Facr. He has

Four angels here.
Sub.
You do me wrong, good sir.
Face. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with these spirits?

Sub. To tempt my art and love, sir, to my

peril.
'Fore heav'n, I scarce can think you are my

friend,

That so would draw me to apparent danger.

Face. I draw you! A horse draw you, and a

halter, You, and your flies together Nay, good captain. Face. That know no difference of men. Good words, sir.

Face. Good deeds, sir, doctor dogs meat.

'Night. I bring you

No cheating Clim o' the Cloughs or Claribels.

That look as big as five-and-fifty, and thush; 'Il

And spit out secrets like hot custard -Dap. Captain!

Face. Nor any melancholic underscribe, Shall tell the vicar; but a special gentle, That is the heir to forty marks a year. Consorts with the small poets of the time, Is the sole hope of his old grandmother; That knows the law, and writes you six fair

hands, Is a fine clerk, and has his ciph'ring perfect. ** Will take his oath o' the Greek Xenophon, 12 Will take his oath of the Greek Actionation,
If need he, in his pocket; and can court
His mistress out of Ovid.

Dap.

Nay, dear captain—
Face. Did you not tell me so?

Dap.

Yes; but I'd ha' you

Use master doctor with some more respect. ...

6 Reveal

7 A Turkish Interpreter, like the one who had re-cently cheated some merchants.

6 Earnillar spirits.

9 An outlaw hero.

10 Probably a hero of romance. The name occurs in

Spenser.

1 Five-and-fifty was the highest number to stand on at the old game of Primero. If a flush accompanied this, the hand swept the table. (Gifford.)

Sub. He's a fortunate fellow, that I am sure

Face. Already, air, ha' you found it? Lo thee, Abel!

Sub. And in right way toward riches -Face. Sir!

Sul. This summer. 45

He will be of the clothing of his company, 1 And next spring call'd to the scarlet; 2 spend what he can.

Face. What, and so little beard?

Sub. Sir, you must think, He may have a receipt to make hair come:
But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine
for 't;

His fortune looks for him another way.

Face. 'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this
so soon?

I am amus'd' at that.

Sub.

By a rule, captain,
In metoposcopy, which I do work by;

A certain star i'the forehead, which you see

not. Your chestnut or your olive-colour'd face Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise. I knew 't, by certain spots, too, in his teeth, And on the nail of his mercurial finger. Face. Which finger's that?

His little finger. Look. so Sub. You were born upon a Wednesday?

Drug. Sub. The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Sub. The Venus;

The forefinger to Jove ; the midst to Saturn ; The ring to Sol; the least to Mercury, Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope,

His house of life being Libra; which forshow'd He should be a merchant, and should trade with

balance. Face. Wh Why, this is strange! Is it not, honest

Sub. There is a ship now coming from Ormus, That shall yield him such a commodity

Of drugs - This is the west, and this the south? [Pointing to the pian.] south?

Drug. Yes, sir.

And those are your two sides?

Av. sir. Drug.
Sub. Make me your door then, south; your broad side, west;

And on the east side of your shop, aloft, Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat; Upon the north part, Rasl, Velel, Thiel. They are the names of those Mercurial spirits That do fright flies from boxes.

Yes, sir. Thrug. And Sub.

Beneath your threshold, bury me a loadstone w To draw in gallants that wear spurs: the rest, 'll seem to follow.

That 's a secret, Nab!

Phey 'll seem 5 to tollow.

That 's a secret, Nan:
Face.
Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a

Wear the livery.

⁴ A branch of physiognomy. ⁵ Be seen.

8 Resubmertf.

8 Amazed.

And a court-fueua, to call city-damen; You shall deal much with minerals.

Drug. Sir, I bave. At home, already -

Sab. Ay, I know, you 've arsenic, w Vitriol, sal-tartar, argaile, 7 alkali, Cinoper: 8 I know all. — This fellow, captain,

Will come, in time, to be a great distiller, And give a say? — I will not say directly, But very fair — at the philosopher's stone.

Face. Why, how now, Abel! is this true?

Drug. [Aside to FACE.]

Good capts

Good captuin, What must I give?

Face. Nay, I'll not counsel thee. Thou hear'st what wealth the says, spend what thou canst .

Thou 'rt like to come to.

I would gi' him a crown Fuce. A crown! and toward such a fortune

Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold

about thee?

Wes, I have a portague, 10 I ha' hept g. Yes, I have this half-year. Drug.

Face. Out on thee, Nab! 'Slight, there was

such an offer -Shalt keep 't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee. Ductor,

Nah prays your worship to drink this, and

He will appear more grateful, as your skill Does raise him in the world.

Drug. I would entrest

Drug. Another favour of his worship. What is 't, Nab?

Pace.
Drug. But to look over, sir, my almanac,
And cross out my ill-days, 11 that I may neither
Burgain, nor trust upon them.
Face:
That he shall, Nab. =
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.
Sub. And a direction for his shelves.

Face. Now, Nab, Art thou well pleas'd, Nab?

Drug. 'Thunk, sir, both your worships."

Drug. "Th Fice. Away. Exit Ditt core.
Why, now, you smoaky persecutor of nature.
Now do you see, that something 's to be done, Beside your beech-coal, and your cur'aire 12 waters,

Your crosslets, 18 crucibles, and cucurbites ? 11 You must have stuff brought home to you, to work on:

And yet you think, I am at no expense In searching out these veins, then following

Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my intelligence Costs me more money than my share oft comto,

In these rare works.

You're pleasant, sir. - How now! " Sub.

Paint for the face. 7 Tartar deposited by wise 6 Connabar, mercuric sulphid.

ARMAY

15 A gold coin worth about three pounds, twolve shill

ings.

11 Unincky days.

12 Corresive
14 Glass retort, shaped like a gourd. 43 Crucible

SCENE IV.1

FACE, SUBTLE. [Enter] DOL.

Sub. What says my dainty Dolkin? Dol. Youder fish-wife Will not away. And there 's your guntees,

The bawd of Lambeth.

Sub. Ileart. I cannot speak with 'em.

Dol. Not afore night, I have told 'em in a

But I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon -

Dol. Coming along, at far end of the lane, Slow of his feet, but carnest of his tongue To one that 's with him.

Face, go you and shift. Dol. you must presently make ready too. 10 [Exit Face.]

Dol. Why, what 's the matter? O, I did look for him With the sun's rising : marvel he could sleep! This is the day I am to perfect for him The magisterium, our great work, the stone;
And yield it, made, into his hands; of which is
He has, this month, talk d as he were possess'd.
And now he 's dealing pieces on 't away.
Methinks I see him ent 'ring ordinaries,
Dispensing for the pox, and plagny houses,
Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for

And off ring citizens' wives pomander 2-brace-

And off ring solves.

As his preservative, made of the clixir;

carching the 'spital, to make old bawds young;

And the highways, for beggars to make rich.

I see no end of his labours. He will make

Nature asham'd of her long sleep; when art,

Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,

In her best love to mankind, ever could.

If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE 1.8

(Enter) Sir EFICURE MAMMON and SURLY.

Man. Come on, sir. Now you set your foot

In Novo Orbe; here 's the rich Peru: An I there within, sir, are the golden mines, Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to 't Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.

This is the day wherein, to all my friends, I will processoe the bappy word, BE RICE; This pay for shall be spectatissime. You shall no more deal with the hollow die, or the fraileard; no more be at charge of keeping The livery-pank 6 for the young heir, that must

A hall of perfume carried against infection.
An outer room in Lovewit's house.
The New World.
Most gazed st. · Female accomplice in swindling heirs out of pro-

Seal, at all hours, in his shirt: no more, If he deny, ha' him beaten to't, as he is That brings him the commodity; no more Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger 15 Of velvet entrails for a rude-span cloak. To be display d at Madam Augusta's, make The sons of Sword and Hazard full before The golden calf, and on their knees, whole

Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets: Or go a feasting after drum and ensign.
No more of thus. You shall start up young vice-

And have your punks and punkettees, my Surly. And unto thee I speak it first, BE BICH. Where is my Subtle there? Within, ho! [FACE. within.] Sir. =

He'll come to you by and by.

Mum.

That is his fire-drake. His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that putts his coals, Till he firk ⁹ nature up, in her own centre. You are not faithful, ¹⁰ sir. This night I 'll change All that is metal in my house to gold: And, early in the morning, will I send To all the plumbers and the pewterers, And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury For all the copper. Sur. What, and turn that, too

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,

And make them perfect Indies! You admire now?
Sur. No, faith.

Man. But when you see th' effects of the Great Med'cine.

Of which one part projected on a hundred Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon, Shall turn it to as many of the Sun; 11 Nay, to a thousand, so ad infinitum: You will believe me.

Sur. Yes, when I see 't, I will. But if my eyes do cozen me so, and I Giving 'em no occasion, sure I 'll have Giving 'em no occasion, such that day.

A whore, shall piss 'em out next day.

Ha! why? Do you think I fable with you? I assure you, He that has once the flower of the sun, The perfect ruby, which we call elixir, Not only can do that, but by its virtue, Can confer honour, love, respect, long life; (live safety, valour, yea, and victory, To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,

Il make an old man of fourscore, a child.
Sur. No doubt; he s that already.
Mam. Nay, I mean. Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle. To the fifth age; make him get sons and dangbters.

Young giants; as our philosophers have done, The ancient patriarche, afore the flood, But taking, once a week, on a knife's point, a The quantity of a grain of mustard of it; Become stout Marsus, and beget young Cupids.

Dragon.

Dragon.

Dragon.

Dragon.

Dragon.

Dragon.

Dragon.

Dragon.

Sur. The decay'd vestals of Pickt-hatch 1 would thank you.

That keep the fire alive there. 'T is the secret

Of nature naturiz'd 'gainst all infections, Cures all diseases coming of all causes; A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve;

And, of what age soever, in a month.

Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.

I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague Out o' the kingdom in three months.

And I'll Be bound, the players shall sing your praises then

Without their poets.2

Sir, I'll do 't. Meantime, Mam.

I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve th' whole city with preservative n
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate

Sur. As he that built the Water-work does with water?

Mam. You are incredulous.
Sur. Faith, I have a humour,
would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone

Cannot transmute me. Mam. Pertinax Surly, ac Will you believe antiquity? Records?
I'll show you a book where Moses, and his

sister,

And Solomon have written of the art;

Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam -

How! Mam. Of the philosopher's stone, and in High Dutch.

Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch? Mam. He did;

Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
What paper?

Sur.
Mam. On cedar board.
O that, indeed, they may.

Will last 'gainst worms.
'T is like your Irish wood

'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece ton,

Which was no other than a book of alchemy. Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram-vellum. Such was Pythagoras' thigh. Pandora's tub, And all that fable of Medea's charms,

The manner of our work ; the bulls, our furnace, Still breathing fire; our argent-vive, dragon:

The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate, That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the hiting;

And they are gather'd into Jason's helm. Th' alembic, and then sow'd in Mars his field, And thence sublim'd so often, till they're fix'd. Both this, th' Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story, Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes, Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more, 104 All abstract riddles of our stone. — How now!

1 A disreputable locality.
2 The theatres were closed when the plague was pre-

valent.

Fooled. · Quicksliver.

According to Boccaccio, the ancestor of all the gods.

SCENE II.6

MAMMON, SURLY. [Enter] FACE, [as a Servant.]

Mam. Do we succeed? Is our day come?
And holds it?

Face. The evening will set red upon you, sir; You have colour for it, crimson: the red fer ment

Has done his office; three hours hence prepare you

To see projection.

Mam. Pertinax, my Surly.

Again I say to thee, aloud. BE RICH.

This day thou shalt have ingots; and to-morrow Give lords th' affront.—Is it, my Zephyrus, right?

Blushes the bolt's-head?7

Face. Like a wench with child, slr.
That were but now discover'd to her master.

Mam. Excellent witty Lungs! — My only care

Where to get stuff enough now, to project on;

This town will not half serve me. No. sir? Buy

Face.
The covering off o' churches.
That 's true.
Yea

Let 'em stand bare, as do their auditory; or cap 'em new with shingles.

Mum. No, good thatch: Thatch will lie light upo' the rafters, Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace; will restore thee thy complexion, Puff

Lost in the embers; and repair this brain, Hurt wi' the fume o' the metals. Face, I have blown, sir, Hard, for your worship; thrown by many a

coal, When't was not beech; weigh'd those I put in.

just To keep your heat still even. These blear'd

Have wak'd to read your several colours, eir, = Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow, The peacock's tail, the plumed swan,

Mam. And lastly, Thou hast descried the flower, the sanguis ugni?

Face. Yes, sir.
Mam. Where's master?

Face. At 's prayers, sir, he; Good man, he's doing his devotions

For the success.

Lungs, I will set a period To all thy inbours; thou shalt be the master Of my seraglio.

Good, sir. Face.

Mam.
I'll geld you, Lungs. Yes, sir.
For I do mem To have a list of wives and concubines

Afike with me; and I will make me a back With the clizir, that shall be as tough

! A kind of flask,

· Congregation.

As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night .-

Thou 'rt sure thou saw 'st it blood?

Fine.

Both blood and spirit, sir. 46

Mam. I will have all my beds blown up, not stuft :

Down is too hard: and then, mine oval room Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took From Elephantis, and dull Arctine But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse And multiply the figures, as I walk Naked between my succubae. My mista

To lose our selves in; and my baths, like pits to To fall into; from whence we will come forth, And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.—

To it arrived at ruby?—Where I spy

I arrived at runy . Where I spy

A wealthy citizen, or [a] rich lawyer,

I are a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow so
I'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.

Face. And I shall carry it?

Mam.

No. I'll ha' no bawds

Mom. No. 1'II ha' no bawds
But fathers and mothers: they will do it best,
Best of all others. And my flatterers
Shall be the pure and gravest of divines.
That I can get for money. My more fools,
Eloqueut burgesses, and then my poets
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
Whom I will entertain still for that subject. The few that would give out themselves to be .

Court and town-stallions, and, each-where, bely Ladies who are known most innocent, for Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of: And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails

A-piece, made in a plume to gather wind. We will be brave, Puff, now we ha' the med'eine

My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells, Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and ru-

The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels'

huels, Boil'd i' the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl (Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy): And I will eat these broths with spoons of am-

Headed with diamond and carbuncle.

My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,²

Knots,⁸ godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbel serv'd, instead of salads;
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous

Of a fat pregnant sow, newly out off,
Dreat with an exquisite and poignant sance;
For which, I'll say unto my cook, There's gold;
Go forth, and be a knight.

Sir, I'll go look [Exit.] A little, how it heightens. Do .- My shirts I'll bave of taffeta-saranet, soft and light

As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment,

Salmon ciaborately prepared.
Bobin-enipee.

A fish.

Boft silk.

It shall be such as might provoke the Persian.

Were he to teach the world riot anew.

My gloves of fishes and birds' skins, perfum'd
With gums of paradise, and Eastern air

Sur. And do you think to have the stone with

this ? Mum. No. I do think t' have all this with

the stone.

Sur. Why, I have heard he must be homo frugi.

pious, hely, and religious man,

One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

Man. That makes it, sir; he is so. But I buy

My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch, A notable, superstitions, good soul. Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald, With prayer and fasting for it: and, sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes. ...
Not a profune word afore him; 't is poison.—

SCENE III.7

MAMMON, SURLY. [Enter] SCRTLE.

Mam. Good morrow, father.
Sub.
Gentle son, good morrow,
And to your friend there. What is he is with you ?

Mam. An heretic, that I did bring along, In hope, sir, to convert him.

Son, I doubt Sub. You're covetous, that thus you meet your time I' the just b point, prevent' your day at morn-ing.

This argues something worthy of a fear Of importune and carnal appetite.

Take heed you do not cause the blessing leave

you, With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry To see my labours, now e'en at perfection, usefut by long watching and large patience.

Not prosper where my love and zeal hath plac'd

Which theaven I call to witness, with your self, To whom I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my ends, Have look'd no way, but unto public good,

To pions uses, and dear charity. Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein Now grown a prodigy with men: whereas
If you, my son, should now prevarients,
And to your own particular lusts employ
So great and catholic a bliss, be sure
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle and most secret ways.

I know, sir;

You shall not need to fear me; I but come

To ha' you confute this gentleman. Who is, 25 Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief

Toward your stone ; would not be gull'd. Well, son, Sub. All that I can convince him in, is this, The work is done, bright Sol is in his robe.

We have a med'cine of the triple soul,

A virtuous man.

[·] Exact. · Anticipate.

The glorified spirit. Thanks be to heaven, And make us worthy of it! - Ulen Spiegel! 1

Face. [within.] Auon, sir. Look well to the register. And let your heat still lessen by degrees, To the aludels.²

Face. [within.] Yes, sir.

Did you look O' the bolt's head yet?
Face. [within.] Which? On D, sir?

What 's the complexion?
Face. [within.] Whitish.

Infuse vinegar, To draw his volatile substance and his tincture: And let the water in glass E be filt red, And put into the gripe's egg. Lute 4 him well; And leave him clos'd in balneo.

Face, within, I will, sir.
Sur. What a brave language here is 1 next to
canting. Sub. I have another work you never saw,

That three days since past the philosopher's

wheel,
In the lent heat of Athanor;
Sulphur o' Nature.

But 't is for me?

Sub. What need you? You have enough, in that is, perfect.

Mam. Suh. Why, this is covetise! (), but --- so No, I assure you,

I shall employ it all in pious uses, Founding of colleges and grammar schools, Marrying young virgins, building hospitals, Aud, now and then, a church.

[Re-enter FACE]

Sub. How now! Sir, please you, # Shall I not change the filter? Sub.

And bring me the complexion of glass B.

[Exit FACE.] Mais. Ha' you another? Sub.

Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorify it: but I hope the best. **
I mean to tinet C in sand-heat to-morrow,

And give him imbibition.

Mam.
Sub. No, sir, of red. F is come over the helm

I thank my maker, in S. Mary's bath. And shows lac virginis. Blessed be heaven! I sent you of his facces there calcin'd :

Out of that calz, I ha' won the salt of mercury.

Mam. By pouring on your rectified water?

Sub. Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

The hero of a well-known German jest-book.
 A pear shaped vessel, open at both ends.
 An egg-shaped vessel. Gripe is griffin.

· Seal with clay.

1 An alchemical furnace. A dish of warm water.

4 Rogues' slang. Absorption.

[Re-enter FACE.]

How now! what colour says it?

Face. The ground black, eir. w. Mam. That's your crow's head?
Sur. Your cock's comb's, is it not?
Sub. No, 't is not perfect. Would it were the crow!

That work wants something. Sur. [Aside.]
The hay 's a pitching.

Sub. Are you sure you loos'd 'em In their own menstrue? 'b'
Face. Yes, sir, and then married 'em. a
And put 'em in a bolt's-head uipp 'd to digestion.' According as you bade me, when I set. The liquor of Mars to circulation

The liquor of mans to common the same heat.

Sub.

The process then was right.

Face. Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake.

And what was sav'd was put into the pellican,

And aign'd with Hermes' seal.

I think 't was so.

We should have a new amalgama.

Sur. [Aside.] Is rank as any polecat. O, this ferret

But I care not Sub. Let him e'en die; we have enough beside. In embrion. H has his white shirt on?

Face. He's ripe for inceration, he stands warm,

In his ash-fire. I would not you should let Any die now, if I might counsel, sir, For luck's sake to the rest: it is not good. Man. He says right.

Sur. (Aside.) Ay, are you belted? Say, I know 't. sir. Face. I 've seen th' ill fortune. What is some three

Of fresh materials?

Is 't no more ? Mam. Face. Of gold, t' amalgam with some six of mercury Mam. Away, here smoney. What will serve Face. Ask him, sir. "

Nam. How much?

Sub. Give him nine pound: you may gi' him
Sur. Yes, twenty, and he cozen'd, do.

Mam. There 't is. Grees Face the money.

Mam. There 't is. (Gives rate of the Sub. This needs not; but that you will have Sub. it so,

To see conclusions of all: for two Of our inferior works are at fixation, third is in ascension. Go your ways a' you set the oil of Luna in kemia?

Face. Yes, sir.

Sub.

And the philosopher's a

And the philosopher's vinegar?
Ay. [Exi.]

Sur. We shall have a salad!
Sur. We shall have a salad!
Mam. When do you make projection?
Sub. Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med'cine. By hanging him in balneo raporoso,

And giving him solution; then congeal him; And then dissolve him; then again congeal him.

* A net for catching rabbits.

Dissolving fluids.

how oft I iterate the work, times I add unto his virtue. 110 first one ounce convert a hundred, second loose, he'll turn a thousand; solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred; fifth, a thousand thousand ounces inperfect metal, into pure gold, in all examinations, as any of the natural mine. your stuff here against afternoon. a, your pewter, and your andirons. Not those of iron? Yes, you may bring them too; 130

lange all metals.

I believe you in that.
Then I may send my spits?
Yes, and your racks. And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, d hooks?

mot?

If he please. - To be an ass. 124

llow, sir!
This gent'man you must bear withal.

he had no faith, And little hope, sir; a less charity, should I gull myself. Why, what have you observ'd, sir, in impossible?

But your whole work, no more. should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,

do eggs in Egypt!

Sir, do you

that eggs are hatch'd so? If I should? Why, I think that the greater miracle. not differs from a chicken more

tals in themselves.
That cannot be.

s ordain'd by nature to that end, ghicken in potentia. he same we say of lead and other

ould be gold if they had time.

And that

loth further. Ay, for 't were absurd 100 that nature in the earth bred gold the instant: something went before. nat be remote matter

Ay, what is that?

larry, we say Ay, now it heats: stand, father, im to dust.

It is, of the one part, exhalation, which we call her part, a certain crass and viscous f earth; both which, concorporate, the elementary matter of gold; not yet propria materia. re it is forsaken of that moisture, more dryness, it becomes a stone; retains more of the humid fatness, 185 p sulphur, or to quicksilver,

Who are the parents of all other metals. Nor can this remote matter suddenly Progress so from extreme unto extreme, As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means. Nature doth first beget th' imperfect, then Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy And oily water, mercury is engend red;
Sulphur o' the fat and earthy part; the one, is
Which is the last, supplying the place of male,
The other of the female, in all metals.
Some do believe hermaphrodeity. That both do act and suffer. But these two Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive. And even in gold they are; for we do find And even in gold they are; for we do and seeds of them by our fire, and gold in them; And can produce the species of each metal More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth. Beside, who doth not see in daily practice Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, waspa, Out of the carcases and dung of creatures Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly plac'd? And these are living creatures, far more perfect And these are nyme. And excellent than metals.

Well said, father! Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,

He 'll bray you in a mortar.
Sur.
Rather than I 'll be bray'd, sir, I 'll believe
That Alchemy is a pretty kind of game,
Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a

With charming.

Sir?

Sub. Sur. What else are all your terms, in Whereon no one o' your writers 'grees with other?

Of your clixir, your lac virginis, Your stone, your med'cine, and your chryso-

Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury, 100 Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood, Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia. Your tond, your crow, your dragon, and your panther;

Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop,

Your late, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit, 194 nd then your red man, and your white woman, With all your broths, your menstrues, and materials

Of pies and egg-shells, women's terms, man's

blood, Hair o' the head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds,

and clay, Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass, And worlds of other strange ingredients, Would burst a man to name?

And all these, nam'd, Such

Intending but one thing; which art our writers Un'd to obscure their art. Mam. Sir, so I told him -

Because 1 the simple idiot should not learn it. And make it vulgar.

Was not all the knowledge see

I in order that.

Of the Aegyptians writ in mystic symbols? Speak not the scriptures oft in parables? Are not the choicest fables of the poets, That were the fountains and tirst springs of

wisdom,
Wrapt in perplexed allegories?
Mam. I urg'd that, no

And clear'd to him, that Sisyphus was damn'd To roll the censeless stone, only because He would have made ours common. (DoL is seen at the door.) - Who is this?

Sub. God's precious! - What do you mean?

Go in, good lady, Let me entreat you. [Doz. retires.] — Where 's this variet?

[Re-enter FACE.]

Face. Sir. Sub. You very knave! do you use me thus?
Wherein, sir? Face. Wherein, sir?

Sub. Go in and see, you traitor. Go! [Exit Face. Who is it, sir?

Mam.
Sub. Nothing, sir; nothing.
Mam.
What's the matter, good sir?
I have not seen you thus distemp'red; who is 't?
Sub. All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries :

But ours the most ignorant. -

FACE returns.

What now? Face. 'T was not my fault, sir; she would

speak with you.
Sub. Would she, sir! Follow me. [Exit.]
Mam. [stopping him.] Stay, Lungs. I dare not, sir. Face.

Mam. How! pray thee, stay.
Face. She's mad, sir, and sent hither - ss Face. She's mad, sir, and sen Mom. Stay, man; what is she!

A lord's sister, sir. He 'll be mad too. -

Main. I warrant thee. - W Face, Sir, to be cur'd. Sub. [within.] Why, rascal? I warrant thee. - Why sent hither?

Lo you! - Here, sir! Exit. Face. Lo you! - Here, sir! Exit. Mam. 'Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave

piece. Sur. Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I'll be burnt else.

Mam. (), by this light, no: do not wrong him. He's

Too serupulous that way : it is his vice. No, he 's a rare physician, do him right, An excellent Paracelsian, and has done Strange cures with mineral physic. He deals all With spirits, he; he will not hear a word so Of Galen; or his tedious recipes. -

ГАСВ адаіл.

How now, Lungs! Face, Softly, sir; speak softly. I meant To ha' told your worship all. This must not hear.

Mam. No, he will not be gull'd; let him alone. Face. You're very right, air; she is a most rare scholar,

And is gone mad with studying Broughton's 1

If you but name a word touching the Hebrew, She fulls into her fit, and will discourse

So learnedly of genealogies.

As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir.

Mam. How might one do t' have conference with her, Lungs?

Face. O, divers have run mad upon the con-ference.

I do not know, sir: I am sent in haste To fetch a vial.

Be not gull'd, Sir Mammon. = Mum. Wherein? Pray ye, be patient. Sur. Yes, as you are,

And trust confederate knaves and bawds and whores.

Mum. You are too foul, believe it. - Come here, Ulm,

One word. Face. I dare not, in good faith. [Going.] Mum.

Ntay, knave.

Fuce. He 's extreme angry that you saw her.

Mam. Drink that. [Gives him money.] What is she when she a out of her fit?

Face. (), the most affablest creature, cir ! so merry

So pleasant! She'll mount you up, like quicksilver.

Over the helm; and circulate like oil.

A very vegetal : discourse of state.

Of mathematics, bawdry, anything —
Mam. Is she no way accessible? no means, No trick to give a man a taste of her --- wit -Or 80 ?

Face. I'll come to you again, sir. [Ent.]
Ham. Surly, I did not think one o you breeding

breeding
Would traduce personages of worth.
Sir Epicore. Your friend to use; yet still loth to be gull'd. I do not like your punosopmen.
Their stone is lechery enough to pay for,

Without this bait. Main. Heart, you ahuse yourelf I know the lady, and her friends, and mean, The original of this disaster. Her brother Has told me all.

Sur. And yet you ne'er saw her Till now !

Mam. O yes, but I forgot. I have, believe One o' the treacherous'st memories, I do think,

Of all mankind. Sur.

What call you her brother? He wi' not have his name known, now I think on't.

Sur. A very treacherous memory!

Mom. (O' my faith ---Mars. Sur. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, pass it

Till we meet next.

1 A learned eccentric of the time.

He's one I honour, and my noble friend;

And I respect his house. Heart ! can it be That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus,
With his own caths, and arguments, make hard ments

To gall himself? An this be your elixir, Your lapis mineralis, and your lunary, Give me your honest trick yet at primero, Or gleek, and take your lutum sapientis, Your menstruum simplex ! I'll have gold before

And with less danger of the quicksilver, Or the hot sulphur.

[Re-enter FACE.]

Face. Here 's one from Captain Face, sir. *** (To Surly.)

Desires you meet him i' the Temple-church, Some half-hour hence, and upon carnest busi-

Sir. (whi-pers Mammon) if you please to quit us

now, and come
Again within two hours, you shall have
My master husy examining o' the works;
And I will steal you in onto the party,
That you may see her converse. — Sir, shall I

You'll neet the captain's worship?

Nor. Sir, I will.— Walks aside.]

But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.

Now, I am sure it is a bawdy-house;

1'll awear it, were the marshal here to thank

The numing this commander doth confirm it. Don Face! why, he is the most authentic dealer I' these commodities, the superintendent

To all the quainter traffickers in town! etc. He is the visitor, and does appoint. Who lies with whom, and at what hour; what

price; Which gown, and in what smock; what fall; 2 what tire.3

Him will I prove, by a third person, to find The subtleties of this dark labyrinth: Which if I do discover, dear Sir Mammon,

You'll give your poor friend leave, though no philosopher,

To laugh; for you that are, 't is thought, shall

Face. Sir, he does pray you'll not forget. I will not Sir Epicure, I shall leave you.

I follow you straight.

Mam. I follow you straight. Be Face. But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion. This gent'man has a parlous head.

Mom. But wi

But wilt thou, Ulm, By cocstant to thy promise?

As my life, sir.
And wilt thou insinuate what I am, . 3 IL. Mism. and praise me,

And say I am a noble fellow? O, what else, sir? ms

Gamm at cards.

A collar, or a rell. A head-dress. And that you'll make her royal with the stone, An empress; and yourself King of Bantam. Mam. Wilt thou do this?

Fuce. Will I, sir !

Mam Lunga, my Lunga!

I love thee. Face. Send your stuff, sir, that my master May busy himself about projection.

Mam. Thou 'st witch'd me, rogue: take, go.

[Gives him money.]

Face.

Your jack, and all, sir.

Face. Your jack, and all, sir.

jack,

And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine RESERVE

Away, thou dost not care for me.

Not I, sir! Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my

good weasel.
Set thee on a bench, and ha' thee twirl a chain With the best lord's vermin of 'em all.

Fuce.
Mam. A count, nay, a count palatine
Good Good sir, go. Facr.

Mam. Shall not advance thee better : no, nor faster.

SCENE IV.4

FACE. [Re-enter] SUBTLE and DOL.

Sub. Has he bit? has he bit? And swallow'd, too, my Subtle,

I ha' given him line, and now he plays, i' faith, Sub. And shall we twitch him? Facc.

Therough both the gills.

A weach is a rare bait, with which a man
No sconer's taken, but he straight firks mad.⁵ 5

Sub. Dol, my Lord What's-hum's aister, you

Bear yourself statelick.

Dol.

I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.
I'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud;
Have all the trucks of a proud scurvy lady. And he as rude 's her woman.

Face. Well said, sanguine ! 0

Sub. But will be send his andiron-?

Face.

And 's iron shoeing-horn; I ha' spoke to him.

Well.

I must not lose my wary gamester yonder.

Sub. O. Monsieur Caution, that will not be gull'd?

Face. Ay, If I can strike a fine hook into him, now!—
The Temple-church, there I have cast mine an-

Well, pray for me. I'll about it.

(One knocks.) Sub. What, more gudgeous!? Dol, scout, scout! [Dol goes to the window.)
Stay, Face, you must go to the door;
'Pray God it be my anabaptist — Who is 't, Dol?

> 4 The same. 8 Runs mad.

Red cheeks.

Dol. I know him not: he looks like a gold-

Sub. Gods so! 't is he, he said he would send

- what call you him?
The sanctified elder, that should deal For Mammon's jack and audirons. Let him in. Stay, help me off, first, with my gown. [Exit FACE with the gown.] Away.

Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. Now

Exit DOL. In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.—
This fellow is sent from one negotiates with me
About the stone too, for the holy brethren Of Amsterdam, the exil'd saints, that hope To raise their discipline 2 by it. I must use him In some strange fashion now, to make him admire me.

SCENE V.

SUBTLE. [Enter] ANANIAS.

Where is my drudge? [Aloud.]

[Enter] FACE.

Take away the recipient, Face. Sub. And rectify your mensitue from the phlegma. Then pour it on the Sol, in the cucurbite, Ami let 'em macerate together.

Yes, sir. Face. And save the ground? Sub. No: terra damnata

Must not have entrance in the work. are you?

Ana. A faithful brother, if it please you.

What a that? Nub. What 's that A Lullianist? a Ripley? Filius artis? Can you sublime and dulcify? Calcine? Know you the sapor pontic? Sapor stiptic?

Or what is homogene, or heterogene?

Ana. I understand no heathen language,

truly. Sub. Heathen! You Knipperdoling ? 6 Is Ars

sacra, Or chrysopoeia, or spagyrica Or the pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge, 18 A heathen language?

Heathen Greek, I take it. Ina,

Sub. How ! Heathen Greek?

Ana. All's heathen out the sub. Sub. Sirrah my variet, stand you forth and speak to him Like a philosopher: answer i' the language. Name the vexations, and the martyrizations

Of metals in the work.

Sir, putrefaction, Solution, ablution, sublimation,

Cohebation, calcination, ceration, and

Firstion.
Sub. This is heathen (freek, to you, now! — And when comes vivification?

A man who buys broken remnants of gold. Puritan form of church government.

A Puritan. Subtle wilfully minunderstands.
A follower of Raymond Lully (1235-1315) or George
Ripley (d. cir. 1430), well-known alchemical writers.
An Anabaptist leader.

Face.
Sub. What 's cohobation? 'T is the pouring on

To the trine circle of the seven spheres.

Sub. What's the proper passion of metals?

Face.

Mallestion. Face.
Sub. What 's your ultimum supplicium auri' Antimonium. Face.
Sub. This 's heathen Greek to you! — And what 's your mercury?
what 's your mercury?

A very fugitive, he will be gone, air. Face. A very fugitive, he v Sub. How know you him?

Face. By his viscosity.

His oleosity, and his suscitability,
Sub. How do you sublime him?
Face. With the calce of egg-shells,

White marble, tale. Your magisterium pov.

Sub. What 's that? Shifting, sir, your elements, Face.

Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot,

Hot into dry.

This is heathen Greek to you still! Your lapis philosophicus?
Tis a stone.

And not a stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body. Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolv'd; If you coagulate, it is coagulated; If you make it to fly, it flieth.

Enough. [Erit FACE.]
you! What are you. Sub. This 's heathen Greek to you! sir?

Ana. Please you, a servant of the exil'd brethren,

That deal with widows' and with orphane goods, And make a just account unto the sainta:

A deacon.

Sub. O. you are sent from Master Wholesoms. Your teacher?

From Tribulation Wholesome, a Our very zealous pastor.

Good! I have

Sub. Some orphans' goods to come here. Of what kind. sir? Ana. Sub. Pewter and brass, andirons and kitchen

Metals, that we must use our med'cine on: Wherein the brethren may have a penn'orth For ready money.

Were the orphans' parents Ana. Sincere professors?

Sub Why do you ask? Ana. We then are to deal justly, and give, in truth,

Their utmost value. 'Slid, you'd cozen else, " An if their parents were not of the faithful! — I will not trust you, now I think on it.

Till I ha' talk'd with your pastor. Ha' you

brought money

To buy more coals? Ana. Suh.

No, surely. And. The brethren bid me eay unto you,

Surely, they will not venture any more Till they may see projection.

How! You've had Ana. For the instruments, as bricks, and lowe, and

glasses, Already thirty pound; and for materials, They say, some ninety more: and they have heard since,

That one, at Heidelberg, made it of an egg, And a small paper of pin-dust.

What 's your name?

Ana. My name is Ananias.

Sub Out, the variet That cozen'd the apostles! Hence, away!
Flee, mischief! had your holy consistory
No name to send me, of another sound
Than wicked Ananias? Send your elders
Hither, to make atonement for yon, quickly,
And gi' me satisfaction; or out goes
The fire; and down th' alembics, and the fur-

Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch!
Both sericon and bufo shall be lost,
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the bishops,
Or th' anti-Christian hierarchy shall perish, If they stay threescore minutes : the aqueity, Terreity, and sulphureity

Shall run together again, and all be annull'd.
Thou wicked Ananias! [Exit ANANIAS.] This will fetch 'em,

And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.

A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright Those that are froward, to an appetite.

SCHNE VI.1

SUBTLE. [Enter] FACE [in his uniform, followed by DRUGGER.

Face. He's busy with his spirits, but we'll sub. How now! What mates, what Bayards?

ha' we here?

. I told you be would be furious. - Sir, here's Nab

Has brought you another piece of gold to look

We must appeare him. Give it me, - and

You would devise - what is it, Nab?

Drug.
Face. Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving sign, doctor.

Sub. I was devising now. Face. [Aside to SUBTLE.] 'Slight, do not say

He will repent he ga' you any more. — What say you to his constellation, doctor, to The Balance?

No, that way is stale and common.

A townsman born in Thurus, gives the ball, Or the bull's head: in Aries, the ram, — A poor-device! No, I will have his name Form'd in some mystic character; whose radii,

2 The same.

3 Blind horses.

Striking the senses of the passers-by, Shall, by a virtual * influence, breed affections, That may result upon the party owns it: As thus

Face, Nab! Sub. He first shall have a bell, that's Abel;

And by it standing one whose name is Dec. In a ruy 5 gown, there 's D, and Rug, that 's drug

And right anenst him a dog snarling er; There's Drugger, Abel Drugger. That's his

And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic!

Face. Abel, thou art made.

Drug. Sir, I do thank his worship. Face. Six o' thy lega nore will not do it,

He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor. Drug. Yes, air;

I have another thing I would impart - Face. Out with it, Nab.

Drug. Sir. there is lodg'd, hard by me, A rich young widow -

Good! a bona roba ? 1 Face. Drug. But nineteen at the most.

Face. Very good, Abel. Drug. Marry, she's not in fashion yet; she

A hood, but 't stands a cop.8

No matter, Abel. Face. Drug. And I do now and then give her a fu-

CHIEF Face, What! don't thou deal, Nab? Sub. I did tell you, captain.

g. And physic too, sometime, sir; for which she trusts me Drug.

With all her mind. She's come up here of pur-

To learn the fashion,

Face. Good (his match too!) - On, Nab. Drug. And she does strangely long to know her fortune.

Face. God's lid, Nub, send her to the doctor, hither.

Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship Drug. already :

But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,

And hurt her a marriage.

Hurt it! 't is the way

Force. Hurt it! 't is the way
To heal it, if 't were hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and sought. Nab, thou shalt tell her this.

She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your widows

Are ne'er of any price till they be famous; Their honour is their multitude of suitors. Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What!
Thou dost not know?
No, sir, she 'll never marry

Under a knight: her brother has made a vow.

Due to the virtue or power of the device.

4 A reference to Dr. Dee, the famous magician and astrologer, who died in 1840s.

5 Of coarse frieze.

5 Bows.

7 Handsome weech.

9 Peaked (?) or straight on the top of her head, in-

stead of tilted (?).

Paint for her face.

Face. W. What! and dost thou despair, my little

Knowing what the doctor has set down for thee, And seeing so many o' the city dubb'd? 60 One glass o' thy water, with a madam I know, Will have it done, Nab. What's her brother? a

knight?
Drug. No. sir, a gentleman newly warm in 'a land, sir,

Scarce gold in his one and twenty, that does govern

His sister here; and is a man himself Of some three thousand a year, and is come up To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits, And will go down again, and die i' the country.

Face. How! to quarrel?

1 brug.

Yes. sir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do; to manage 'em by line.

Face. 'Stid, Nub, the doctor is the only

In Christendom for him. He has made a table, With mathematical demonstrations,

Touching the art of quarrels: he will give him
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both.

Him and his sister. And, for thee, with her The doctor happ'ly may persuade. Go to: Shalt give his worship a new damask suit Upon the premises.

O, good captain! Sub.

He shall: He is the honestest fellow, doctor. Stay not, is No offers; bring the damask, and the parties. Drug. I'll try my power, sir.

Face. And thy will too, Nab. Sub. 'T is good tobacco, this What is 't an ounce

Fare. He'll send you a pound, doctor.

Sub. Fore. He will do 't. is the goodest soul ! - Abel, about it. Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.
[Exit Abet..]

A miserable rogue, and lives with choose, And has the worms. That was the cause, indeed.

Why he came now: he dealth with me in priwater.

To get a med'oine for 'em. Sub. And shall, sir. This works. Face. A wife, a wife for one on 's, my dear

Subtle I We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, shall have

The more in goods, the other has in tail.

Sub. Rather the less; for she may be so light She may want grains.

Pace. Ay; or be such a burden, so A man would scarce endure her for the whole. Sub. Faith, best let 'a see her first, and then

determine. Face. Content: but Dol must ha' no breath on 't,

Mum.

Away you, to your Surly yonder, eatch him, Sub.

ACT III

SCENE I.1

[Enter] TRIBULATION [WHOLESOME] and AFA-NIAS.

Tri. These chastisements are common to the mints.

And such rebukes we of the separation Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

In pure seal. Ana. I do not like the man; he is a heathen, And speaks the language of Canana, truly, Tri. I think him a profane person indeed.

Ana. He bears The visible mark of the beast in his forehead.

And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,

And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man. to

Tri. Good brother, we must bend unto all

That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

Ana. Which his cannot: the sanctified cause Ana. Which his cannot Should have a sanctified course. Not always necessary

The children of perdition are oft times Made instruments even of the greatest works. Beside, we should give somewhat to man's

nature, The place he lives in, still about the fire, And fume of metals, that intoxicate

The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.

Where have you greater atheists than your Or more profane, or choleric, than your glasmen ?

More anti-Christian than your hell-founders? What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask YUM.

Sathan, our common enemy, but his being . Perpetually about the fire, and boiling Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I ay, nto the motives, and the stirrers up Of humours in the blood. It may be so, When as the work is done, the stone is made, ...
This heat of his may turn into a zeal,

And stand up for the beauteous disciplin Against the menstruous cloth and rag of Roma. e must await his calling, and the coming Of the good spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid

him With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg, weighing

What need we have to hasten on the work, For the restoring of the silenc'd saints, 2 Which ne'er will be but by the philosopher's

stone, And so a learned older, one of Scotland, Assur'd me; aurum patabile being The only med'cine for the civil magistrate, T' incline him to a feeling of the cause;

And must be daily us'd in the disease. Ang. I have not edified more, truly, by man;

1 The lane before Lovewit's house.
2 Non-conformist ministers not allowed to preach.

beautiful light first shone on

ay zeal hath so offended. wall on him then.

The motion 's good, it; I will knock first. (Knocks.) within! [The door is opened, mter.]

SCENE H.3

. [followed by] TRIBULATION and ANANIAS.

'T was time. Your e minutes thread, you see; and down had

head, retort, and pelican laders. Wicked Ananias! orn'd? Nuy, then it goes down

appeased; he is come to humble , and to ask your patience, I hath carried him aside ath.

Why, this doth qualify! to three had no purpose, verily, least grievance; but are ready illing hands to any project you direct.

This qualifies more!

dful else to the holy work, b'red; here, by me, the saints beir purse before you. This qualifies most!

hould be, now you understand. d so unto you of our stone, A that it shall bring your cause? ide the main of hiring forces the Hollanders, your friends, to sorve you, with all their fleet) med'cinal use shall make you a

be realm? As, put the case, at man in state, he have the

end three drops of your elixir, braight: there you have made a

pulsy or the dropsy or incombustible stuff. min: there you have made a

est the feat of hody, mind, and hath her face decay'd of paintings, you restore tale: there you have made a

ends. A lord that is a leper, has the bone-ache, or a squire h these, you make 'em smooth

reom in Lovewit's house.

With a bare fricace 2 of your med eine; still so You increase your friends.

Av, 't is very pregnant. Sub. And then the turning of this lawyer's pewte

To plate at Christmas Christ-tide, I pray you. Ana.

Sub. Yet, Ansnias! I have done Ana.

Or changing But raise you friends. Withal, to be of power To pay an army in the field, to buy The King of France out of his realms, or Spain Out of his Indies. What can you not do

Against lords spiritual or temporal, That shall oppone 'you? Verily, 't is true.

Tri. We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it. Sub. You may be anything, and leave off to make

Long-winded exercises; or suck up Your ha! and hum! in a tune. I not deny. But such as are not graced in a state, May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,

And get a tune to call the flock together: For, to say sooth, a tune does much with women And other phlegmatic people; it is your bell. "

Ana. Bells are profane; a tune may be religious.

Sub. No warning with you? Then farewell

my patience. Slight, it shall down; I will not be thus tortur'd.

Tri. I pray you, sir.
Sub. All shall perish. I have spoke it. Tri. Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the

He stands corrected : neither did his zeal, But as your self, allow a tune somewhere, Which now, being tow'rd 5 the stone, we shall

not need. Sub. No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows To give you legacies; or make zealons wives to To rob their husbands for the common cause: Nor take the start of bonds broke but one day, And say they were forfeited by providence. Norshall you need o'er night to eat huge meals, To celebrate your next day's fast the better ; " The whilst the brethren and the sisters hum-

bled. Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Norcast Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones; As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt, Or whether matrons of the holy assembly May lay their hair out, or wear doublets, Or have that idol, starch, about their linen.

Ann. It is indeed an idol. Mind him not, wir. I do command thee, spirit of zeal, but troublet.
To peace within him ! Pray you, sir, go on. 45
Sub. Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the

prelates, And shorten so your ears against the hearing

Rubbing.

Near possession of.

Ret expression of the dry bones of discussion on such scruples.

Have your care cut off in the pillory. Partly 4 Oppose.

Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity Rail against plays, to please the alderman Whose daily custard you devour; nor lie with zealous rage till you are hoarse. Not one Of these so singular arts. Nor call yourselves By names of Tribulation, Persecution, Restraint, Long-patience, and such like, affected

By the whole family or wood 1 of you, Only for glory, and to catch the ear

Of the disciple. Of the disciple.

Tri.

Tril,

Truly, sir, they are
Ways that the godly brethren have invented,
For propagation of the glorious cause, a very notable means, and whereby also Themselves grow soon, and profitably, famous. Sub. O, but the stone, all's idle to't! Nothing!

The art of angels, nature's miracle, The divine secret that doth fly in clouds From east to west: and whose tradition Is not from men, but spirits.

I hate traditions; Anu. I do not trust them -

Pence! Tri. They are popish all. Ana.

I will not peace : I will not-Ananias!

Ana. Please the profane, to grieve the godly; I may not.
Sub. Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome. 110
Tri. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir:

But truly else a very faithful brother, A botcher, and a man by revelation That hath a competent knowledge of the truth. Sub. Has he a competent sum there i' the

bag To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,
And must, for charity and conscience' sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor orphan;
Though I desire the brethren, too, good gainers:
There they are within. When you have view'd

and bought 'em, And taken the inventory of what they are, They are ready for projection; there is no more To do: cast on the medicine, so much silver As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,

I'll gi' it you in by weight.

Tri.

But how long time, 188

Sir, must the saints expect yet? Let me see, How's the moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence,

He will be silver potate; then three days Before he citronise. Some fifteen days, The magisterium will be perfected. .1na. About the second day of the third week,

In the ninth month? Sub. Yes, my good Ananias. Tri. What will the orphans' goods arise to, think you?

Assembly.

Tailor. But the term was used generally of Puri-

* Become the color of citron—a stage in the pro-

· Full accomplishment.

Sub. Some hundred marks, as much as fill'd

three cars, Unladed now: you'll make six millions of 'em -

But I must ha' more coals laid in. How?

Seels. Another load, And then we ha' finish'd. We must now in-CPERMS

Our fire to ignis ardens; 8 we are past

Finus equinus, bainci, cineris,6
And all those lenter? heats. If the holy purse Should with this draught fall low, and that the saints

Do need a present sum, I have a trick To melt the pewter, you shall buy now instantly,

And with a tincture make you as good Dutch dollars

As any are in Holland.

Tri. Can you so? Sub. Ay, and shall bide the third examination.

Alaa. It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.

Sub. But you must carry it secret.

This act of coining, is it lawful?

Ana. Lawfi We know no magistrate : or, if we did. Lawful! This 's foreign coin.

Suh. It is no coining, mr.

It is but casting.

Tri.

Ha! you distinguish well:
Casting of money may be lawful.

Ana. Tri. Truly, I take it so. 'Tie, sir.

There is no scruple. Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias;

This case of conscience he is studied in Tri. I'll make a question of it to the bre-

thren.

a. The brethren shall approve it lawfal.

Ana. The brethren shall approve it lawfel.
doubt not.
Where shall 't be done?
Sub. For that we'll talk anon. Knock without There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray

And view the parcels. That is the inventory.

I'll come to you straight. [Excust True, and
Ana.] Who is it? — Face! appear.

SCENE III.

SUBTLE. [Enter] FACE (in his uniform).

Sub. How now! good prize?

Good pox! Youd' costive chesis Fuce. Never came on.

Suh. How then?

I ha' walk'd the round Face. Till now, and no such thing

Sub. And ha' you quit him' Face. Quit him | An hell would quit him to.

he were happy.
'Slight! would you have me stalk like a miljade,

Fiery heat.

Heat from horse-dung, warm bath, selection horse-dung

1 Milder. The mane. All day, for one that will not yield us grains? I know him of old.

O. but to ha' cull'd him.

Had been a mastery. Face. Let him go, black boy!

acsa thee. A noble count, a don of Spain (my dear leticious compeer, and my party 1-hawd), Who is come hither private for his conscience

And brought munition with him, aix great alops,2

Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks,4

urnish'd with pistolets,6 and pieces of eight,6 Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy

bath,
That is the colour, 7) and to make his butt'ry our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is any

She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen, 19. The buth in chief, a banquet, and her wit, Where is the doxy?

I'll send her to thee: And but desputch my brace of little John Ley-Harris &

And come again myself.

Face. Sub. Numb'ring the sum. Are they within then?

Face. How much ?

Face. How much?
Sub. A hundred marks, boy. [Exit.]
Face. Why, this is a lucky day. Ten pounds
of Mammon!
Three o' my clerk! A portague o' my grocer!
This o' the brethren! Beside reversions
And states to come, i' the widow, and my count!
My share to-day will not be bought for forty—

[Enter DOL.]

What? m Face, Pounds, dainty Dorothy! Art thou so

near?
Dol. Yes; say, lord general, how fares our camp?

Face. As with the few that had entrench'd thenwelves

We, by their discipline, against a world, Dol, had laugh'd within those trenches, and grew

With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in buly by their small parties. This dear hour, A doughty don is taken with my Dol;

and then mayet make his ransom what thou

by Doumbel; he shall be brought here, fet-With thy fair looks, before he sees thee; and

thrown a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon;

Passenger sloops,

Large breeches.

4 Spanish gold coin worth about 1ds. 8d.
A coin worth about 4s. 6d.
Protest

Furnisms, from the name of the Anabaptist leader.

I. a. douce at belle; sweetheart.

Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy drum :

Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; till he be tame. As the poor blackbirds were i' the great frost, Or bees are with a bason; and so hive him I' the swan-skin coverlid and cambric sheets

Till he work honey and wax, my little God'sgift.10 Dol. What is he, general?

Face. An adalantado, 11 40 A grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?

Dol. No.

Face. Nor my Drugger?

Dol. Neither. A pox on 'em. They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards Would not be seen upon these festival days. —

[Re-enter Subtle.]

How now | ha' you done?

Sub.

Done, They are gone: the sum
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew 's
Another chapman who would buy 'em outright.

Face. 'Slid, Nab shall do't against he ha' the

widow, To furnish bousehold.

Excellent, well thought on:

Pray God he come.

I pray he keep away

Till our new business be o'erpast. But, Face, .. Sub. How camst thou by this secret don?

Fare Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here, As I was conjuring youder in my circle For Surly; I ha' my flies 12 abroad. Your bath Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol, so

You must go tune your virginal, no losing O' the least time. And — do you hear? — good action ! Firk like a flounder; kiss like a scallop, close

And tickle him with thy mother-tongue. His

general (Verdugoship ¹⁸ has not a jot of language; So much the enzier to be cezen'd, my Polly, He will come here in a hir'd coach, obscure, And our own coachman, whom I have sent as

guide, No creature else. (One knocks.) Who 's that? Exit Don It is not he?

Face. Ono, not yet this hour.

Re-enter DOL.

Sub. Who is 't? Del. Dapper, 13

Your clerk.

Face. God's will then, Queen of Fairy, On with your tire ; [Exit Dot.] and, doctor, with

your robes.

Let 's despatch him for God's sake.

'T will be long.

Referring to the literal meaning of Decolhes.

11 A Spanish governor.

12 Familiars.

11 A Spanish governor. 12 Familiara.
12 Verdugo is a Spanish name, but the precise allusion is uncertain.

Face. I warrant you, take but the cues I give

It shall be brief enough. [Goes to the window.] 'Slight, here are more!

Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir,

That fain would quarrel.

Sub. And the widow? Not that I see. Away! Exit Sub.

SCENE IV.1

FACE. [Enter] DAPPER. O, sir, you are welcome. Face. The doctor is within a moving for you; I have had the most ado to win him to it!— He swears you'll be the darling o' the dice: He never heard her highness dote till now.2 . Your aunt has giv'n you the most gracious words

That can be thought on.
Shall I see her grace? Face. See her, and kiss her too. -

[Enter ABEL, followed by KASTRIL.]

What, honest Nab!

Hast brought the damask?

No, sir; here's tobacco.
"T is well done, Nab; thou'lt bring Vah. Face. the damask too?

Drug, Yes. Here's the gentleman, captain,
Master Kastril,

Master Kasters,
I have brought to see the doctor.
Where 's the widow? Drug. Sir, as he likes, his sister, he says, shall come.

Face. O, is it so? Good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?

Kas. Ay, and the best o' the Kastrils, I'd be sorry esse,

By fifteen hundred a year." Where is this doctor?

My mad tobacco-boy here tells me of one That can do things. Has he any skill? Fuer. Wherein, sir?

Kas. To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,

Upon fit terms

Face. It seems, sir, you're but young so About the town, that can make that a question, Kas. Sir, not so young but I have heard some speech

of the angry boys, and seen 'em take tobacco;
And in his shop, and I can take it too.
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practise i' the country.
Face.

The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you, To the least shadow of a hair; and show you An instrument he has of his own making. Wherewith, no sooner shall you make report Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on 't Most instantly, and tell in what degree

1 The same. Folio adda (he saus). I. c he is £1500 a year richer than any other of the Kastrila.
 Roysterers, young bloods.

Of sufety it lies in, or mortality. And how it may be borne, whether in a right

Or a half circle; or may else be cast
Into an angle blunt, if not scute:
And this he will demonstrate. And then, rules
To give and take the lie by.

How ! to take it? Kas. Face. Yes, in oblique he 'll show you, or in circle; b

But ue'er in diameter.6 The whole town Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily At the eating academies.

Kus. But does he teach Living by the wita too?

Face Anything whatever You cannot think that subtlety but he reads it. He made me a captain. I was a stark pinp.

Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him;

It 's not two months since. I'll tell you his method:

First, he will enter you at some ordinary.

Kas. No. I'll not come there: you shall par-

don me.

Face. For why, an :
Kas. There's gaming there, and tricks.
Why, would you be "

A gallant, and not game?

Kas. Ay, 't will spend a man. Face. Spend you! It will repair you what

you are spent. How do they live by their wits there, that have vented

Six times your fortunes?

Kas. What, three thousand a year Kas. What, three Face. Ay, forty thousand.

Are there such? And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman Is born to nothing. - [Points to DAPPER.] furty

marks a year Which I count nothing: — he 's to be initiated.
And have a fly o' the doctor. He will wie you
By unresistible luck, within this fortnight.
Emough to buy a barony. They will see hom
Upmost, at the groom porter's, I all the Christ-

mas:

And for the whole year through at every place. Where there is play, present him with the chair,

The best attendance, the best drink, sometime Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing; The purest linen and the sharpest knife, The partridge next his trencher: and somewhere The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty. You shall ha' your ordinaries bid for birn. As playhouses for a poet; and the master Pray him aloud to name what dish be affects. Which must be butter'd shrimps: and those that drink

To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being. The goodly president mouth of all the board. Kas. Do you not gull one?

The lie circumstantial. * The lie direct. 7 An officer of the royal household, having charge of the cards, dice, etc. He had the privilege of heeped open table at Christman.

'Ods my life! Do you think it? You shall have a cust commander, (can but get In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,
For some two pair of either's ware aforehand,)
Will, by most swift posts, dealing [but] with
him,

Arrive at competent means to keep himself, His punk, and naked boy, in excellent fashion, And be admir'd for 't.

Kas. Will the doctor teach this?

Face. He will do more, sir: when your land

As men of spirit hate to keep earth long), in a vacation, when small money is stirring, And ordinaries suspended till the term, He 'll show a perspective,2 where on one side You shall behold the faces and the persons of all sufficient young heirs in town,
Whose bonds are current for commodity;
On th' other side, the merchants' forms, and

others.

That without help of any second broker, Who would expect a share, will trust such par-

To be deliver'd, be it pepper, scap,
Hops, or tobacco, ostmeal, woad, or cheeses.
All which you may so handle, to enjoy
To your own use, and never stand oblig'd. 100
Kas. 1' faith l is he such a fellow?
Face.
Why, Nab here knows him.

And then for making matches for rich widows, foung gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat at man!

He's sent to, far and near, all over England, 104 To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.

Kas. God 's will, my suster shall see him.

I'll tell you, sir, What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing -

By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy,

And that same melancholy breeds worms) but

nass it: He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern But once in 's life. Urug. Truth, and no more I was not.

Drug.

Truth, and sick

Fuce. And then he was so sick

Could be tell you that too?

Face. How should I know it? In troth, we had been a shooting, and had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper, That lay so heavy o' my stumach -

Finer. And he has no head 118 To bear any wine; for what with the noise o' the fieldlers,

And care of his shop, for he dares keep no ser-

Drug. My head did so ache-

The reference is to the "commodity" fraud, in with a bornouser was obliged to take part of a loan in acceptanties, which the lender frequently bought back by agents for much less than it represented in the loan.

A plant used for a dye.

As he was fain to be brought home. The doctor told me: and then a good old woman -

Yes, faith, she dwells in Seacoal-lane, Drug. - did care me,

With sodden ale, and pellitory 5 o' the wall; ost me but twopence. I had another sickness Was worse than that.

Face. Ay, that was with the grief Thou took'st for being cess'd at eighteen-

Thou took so pence, pence, For the waterwork.

In truth, and it was like as the second second

T have cost me almost my life.
Face. Thy hair went off?

Drug. Yes, sir; 't was done for spite.
Face. Nay, so says the doctor. Face. Kas. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my

I'll see this learned boy before I go;

And so shall she.

Face.

Sir, he is busy now:
But if you have a sister to fetch hither, Perhaps your own pains may command her

sooner;

And he by that time will be free.

Kas.
Face. Drugger, she 's thine: the damask! —

[Exit Anel.] Subtle and I

Must wrastle for her. [Aside.] Come on, Master

Must when the property of the common terms of

Dap.
And the clean shirt.

T is well: that shirt may do you think. Your aunt is afirm.

But that she will not show it, t' have a sight of you.

Ha' you provided for her grace's servants?

Dap. Yes, here are six score Edward shillings. Good!

Face.

Face. Good : Dap. And an old Harry's sovereign. Very good !

Face.
Dan. And three James shillings, and an Dap. And the Elizabeth gront, Just twenty nobles.

O, you are too just. Face. I would you had had the other noble in Maries.

Dap. I have some Philip and Maries.

Face. Ay, those same Are best of all: where are they? Hark, the

doctor. SCENE V.

FACE, DAPPER. [Enter] SUBTLE, disquis-like a priest of Fairy [with a strip of cloth]. [Enter] SURTLE, disquised

Sub. [in a feigned voice.] Is yet ber grace's consin come?

Face. He is come. Sub. And is he fasting?

4 A berh.

7 A noble was worth 6s. 8d.

Assessed, taxed.

6 The same.

And hath cried "hum"? Sub. Face, Thrice, you must answer. Dap.

Face. If you have, say.

I have.

Then, to her cuz, Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,

As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticost of Fortune;
Which that he straight put on, she doth impor-\$ 32.8364

And though to Fortune near be her petticost, of Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note:

And therefore, even of that a piece she hath

sent.

Which, being a child, to wrap him in was reut; And prays him for a searf he now will wear it, With as much love as then her grace did tear it, About his eyes, (They blind him with the ray.) to show he is fortunate.

And, trusting unto her to make his state, He 'll throw away all worldly pelf about him; Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt

him. Face. She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, be has nothing

But what he will part withal as willingly, wo Upon her grace's word — throw away your

purse As she would ask it: - handkerchiefs and all - She cannot bid that thing but he 'll obey. -If you have a ring about you, cast it off,

Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will send (He throws away, as they bid him.) w

Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal Directly 1 with her highness: if they find That you conceal a mite, you are undone.

Dap. Truly, there 's all.

Face. All what?

Dap. My money; truly. Face. Keep nothing that is transitory about

[Aside to SUBTLE.] Bid Dol play music. - Look, the elves are come

Doz. enters with a cittern. To pinch you, if you tell not the truth. Advise you.

They pinch him.

Dap. O! I have a paper with a spur-ryal?

in 't.

Ti, ti. Face.

They knew 't, they say.

Sub.

Ti, ti, ti, ti. He has more yet.

Face. Ti, ti-ti-ti. I' the other pocket?

Nub. Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi, sa. They must pinch him or he will never confess,

they say. (They pinch him again.)
Dap. (1, 0)
Face. Nay, pray you, hold: he is her grace's

nephew What care you? Good faith, you shall care. -

Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Show You are innocent.

1 Uprightly.

2 A gold coin worth 15a.

Dap. By this good light, I ha' nothing. Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta. He does equivocate ahe says:

Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and swears by the light when he is blinded.

Dap. By this good dark, I ha' nothing but a half-crown

Of gold about my wrist, that my love gave me; And a leaden heart I wore sin' she forsook

Face. I thought 't was something. And would you incur

Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come. I had rather you had thrown away twenty half crowns. [Takes it off.] You may wear your leaden heart still. - How

now!

Sub. What news, Dol? Dol. Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon Face. God's lid, we never thought of him till now 1

Where is he?

Not. Here hard by. He's at the door.
Sub. And you are not ready now! Dol. get
his suit. [Exit Dol.]

his suit. He must not be sent back. What shall we do with Now he's o' the spit?
Why, lay him back awhile,

[Re-enter Doz with FACE's clothes.]

- Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti. Would her grace speak with me?
I come. Help, Dol! Knocking without.

come. Help, Dol! Knocking without. Face. (speaks through the keyhole.) - Who's

there? Sir Epicure.

My master 's i' the way. Please you to walk. Three or four turns, but till his back be tara'd. And I am for you. - Quickly, Dol!

Sub. Commends her kindly to you, Master Dapper. Dap. I long to see her grace.

She now is set At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you From her own private trencher, a dead mouse And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting:

Yet if you could hold out till she saw you, she

It would be better for you.

Face. Sir, he shall Hold out, an 't were this two hours, for her highness;

can assure you that. We will not lose

All we ha' done. -He must not see, nor speak To anybody, till then.

Face. A stay in 's mouth. For that we 'll put, air,

Suh. Face. Of what? Of gingerbread, "

Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her grace A sort of sea-bird; used contemptuously of a puffedup person.

Thus far, shall not now crinkle I for a little. -Gape, sir, and let him fit you.

They thrust a gag of gingerbread into his mouth.]

Where shall we now

Suh. Bestow him?

Tool.

I' the privy. —
Sub.

Come along, sir, we must now show you Fortune's privy lodgings.
Figs. Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready? All.

Only the funigation 's somewhat strong.

Face. (speaking through the kephole.) Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.

[Excent with DAPPER.]

ACT IV

SCENE L2

[Enter] FACE and MAMMON.

Face. O. sir, you're come i' the only finest

Mam. Where 's master?
Face. Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuff will be all chang'd shortly.
Into gold?

Face. To gold and silver, sir.

Mam. Silver I care not for.

Mam.

Mam.

Yes, sir, a little to give beggers.

Mam.

Where 's the lady? a

Face. At hand here. I ha' told her such brave

things o' you,

Touching your bounty and your noble spirit —

Hast thou? Fucy. As she is almost in her fit to see you.

But, good vir, no divinity i' your conference,
For fear of putting her in rage.

Mam.

I warrant thee. Fuce. Six men [sir] will not hold her down.

And then, If the old man should hear or see you

Mam. Face. The very house, sir, would run mad.
You know it.
How serupulous he is, and violent,
Gainst the least act of sin. Physic or mathema-

ties.

Poetry, state, or bawdry, as I told you, the will endure, and never startle; but

No word of controversy.

I am school'd, good uirs. Fuce. And you must praise her house, remem-

And her nobility. Let me alone:

Shall do it better. Go.

Face. [Aside.] Why, this is yet
A kind of modern happiness, 4 to have

[Exit.] Dol Common for a great lady. Now, Epicure, Haighten thyself, talk to her all in gold;

Turn acide from his purpose.

A mean in Lovewit's house.

Politics.

4 Up-to-4 Up-to-date appropriateness.

Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops Unto his Danaë; show the god a miser, Compar'd with Mammon. What! the stone will

She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep

gold; Nay, we will concumbere gold: I will be puissant,

And mighty in my talk to her. -[Re-enter FAOE with DOL richly dressed.]

Face. To him, Dol, suckle him. This is the noble knight

I told your ladyship Mam. Madam, with your pardon,

I kiss your vesture. Dol. Sir, I were uncivil

If I would suffer that ; my lip to you, sir. Mam. I hope my lord your brother be in health, lady.

Dol. My lord my brother is, though I no lady, sir

Face. [Aside.] Well said, my Guinen bird. Mam. Right noble madam -

Face. [Aside.] O, we shall have most fierce idelatry.

Man. 'T is your prerogative.

Dol. Rather your courtesy. Mam. Were there nought else t'enlarge your

virtues to me,
These answers speak your breeding and your blood.

Blood we boast none, sir; a poor baron's

daughter.
Mam. Poor! and gat you? Profane not. Had

your father
Slept all the happy remnant of his life
After that act, lien but there still, and panted, He 'd done enough to make himself, his issue, And his posterity noble.

Dal. Sir, although We may be said to want the gilt and trappings, The dress of honour, yet we strive to keep The seeds and the materials.

Mam.

The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost. Nor the drug money us'd to make your compound.

There is a strange nobility i' your eye, This lip, that chin! Methinks you do resemble

This lip, that come.
One o' the Austriac princes.
Very like!

Her father was an Irish costermonger.

Mam. The house of Valois just had such a

nose. And such a forehead yet the Medici

Of Florence bonst.

Dol. Troth, and I have been lik'ned

To all these princes.

Face. [Aside.] I'll be sworn, I heard it.

Mam. I know not how! it is not any one.

But e'en the very choice of all their features.

Face. [Aside.] I'll in, and laugh.

Exit.

[Exit.] Mam. A certain touch, or air,

That sparkles a divinity beyond An earthly beauty!

O, you play the courtier.

Mom. Good lady, gi' me leave

In faith, I may not,

To hook me, sir.

To burn i' this sweet flame;

The phoenix never knew a nobler death.

Dol. Nay, now you court the courtier, and destroy

What you would build. This art, sir, i' your words.

Calls your whole faith in question.

Mom.

Dol. Nay, oaths are made o' the same air, sir.

Nature

Never bestow'd upon mortality A more uublam'd, a more harmonious feature ; She play'd the step-dame in all faces else:
Sweet madam, le' me be particular —

Dol. Particular, sir! I pray you, know your

distance.

Mam. In no ill sense, sweet lady: but to ask How your fair graces pass the hours? I see we You're lodg dhere, i' the house of a rare man, An excellent artist: but what's that to you?

Dol. Yes, sir; I study here the mathematics, And distillation.

Mam.

O, I cry your pardon. He is a divine instructor | can extract The souls of all things by his art; call all The virtues, and the miracles of the sun, Into a temperate furnace; teach dull nature What her own forces are. A man, the emp'ror Has courted above Kelly; 1 sent his medals And obains, t' invite him.

Dol. Ay, and for his physic, sir-Mam. Above the art of Aesculapius, That drew the envy of the thunderer!

That drew the sand more.
I know all this, and more.
Troth, I am taken, sir, Whole with these studies that contemplate na-

ture. Mam. It is a noble humour; but this form

Was not intended to so dark a use. Had you been crucked, foul, of some coarse

mould, cloister had done well; but such a feature, That might stand up the glory of a kingdom,

To live recluse is a mere solecism,
Though in a numery. It must not be.
I muse, my lord your brother will permit it:
You should spend half my land first, were I be. bees not this diamond better on my finger

Than i' the quarry? Yes. Ind.

Mam.

You were created, lady, for the light.

Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.

Dol. In chains of adamant?

Mam.

Yes, the strongest bands.

and take a secret too. - Here, by your side, Doth stand this hour the happiest man in Europe.

th stand this hour the happens of hard this hour the happens of hard true being, Nay, in true being, The envy of princes and the fear of states.

¹ The partner of Dee, the astrologer. He and Dee visited the emperor, Rodolph II, at Prague in 1584.

Dol. Say you so, Sir Epicure?

Mam. Yes, and thou shalt prove it, module by the bound of the bou

You mean no treason, air ? Mam. No. I will take away that jealousy.
I am the lord of the philosopher's stone.

And thou the lady.

Dol. How, sir! ha' you that?

Mam. I am the master of the mastery. This day the good old wretch here of the house Has made it for us: now he's at projection. Think therefore thy first wish now, let me hear

it: And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower. But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,

But floods or good, To get a nation on thee. You are pleas'd, sir.

To work on the ambition of our sex.

Mam. I am pleas'd the glory of her sex should knov

This nook here of the Friars is no climate For her to live obscurely in, to learn Physic and surgery, for the countable's wife Of some odd hundred in Easex; but come forth, And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink
The toils of empirics, and their boasted prac-

tice ; Tincture of pearl, and coral, gold, and amter. Be seen at feasts and triumphs; have it ask'd, What miracle she is; set all the eyes Of court a-fire, like a burning glass,

And work 'em into cinders, when the jewels Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light Strikes out the stars that, when thy name is mention'd,

Queens may look pale; and, we but showing our love,

Nero's Poppaea may be lost in story! Thus will we have it. Dol. I could well consent, cir.

But in a monarchy, how will this be The prince will soon take notice, and both exist You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit For any private subject.

Mam.
Dul. Yourself do boast it, sir.
To thee, my life. If he knew it.

Dol. O, but beware, sir! You may come to

The remnant of your days in a loath'd prison,

The remains of it.

By speaking of it.

T is no idle fear. We'll therefore go with all, my girl, and live In a free state, where we will eat our mullets, Soun'd in high-country wines, sup phenants'

And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells; Our shrimps to swim again, as when the lie'd In a rare butter made of dolphins milk, Whose cream does look like opals; and with

these Delicate meats set ourselves high for pleasure. And take us down again, and then renew

I The art of transmutation.

Our youth and strength with drinking the elixir,

And so enjoy a perpetuity
Of life and lust! And thou shalt ha' thy ward-

Richer than Nature's, still to change thyself, And vary oft'nor, for thy pride, than she, Or Art, her wise and almost-equal servant.

[Re-enter FACE.]

Face. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you every word

late the laboratory. Some fitter place; The garden, or great chamber above. How like

You her?

Mum. Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee. Gives him money.] But do you hear?

Good air, beware, no mention of the rabbins.

Mum. We think not on em.

[Exeunt Mam. and Dot.] O, it is well, sir. - Subtle! 178 Face.

SCENE II.1

FACE. [Enter] SUBTLE.

Dont thou not laugh? Salt.

Yes; are they gone?
All's clear. Face.
Sub. The widow is come.
And your

And your quarreling disciple? Face. I must to my captainship again then.
Sub. Stay, bring 'em in first.
So I meant. What is she?

bonnibel?

I know not. We 'll draw lota: 'Il stand to that?

What else?

O, for a suit, To fall now like a curtain, flap!
To th' door, man. Fuce. You'll ha' the first kiss, 'cause I am

Not ready. Exit.] the nestrils,

Face. [within.] Who would you speak with?
Kas. [within.] Where a the captain?
Face. 'within.] Gone, sir.

Ahout some busines Kas. [within.] Pane. [within.]

Gone! He'll return straight. But, master doctor, his lieutenant, is here,

Enter KASTRIL, followed by Dame PLIANT.]

Sub. Come near, my worshipful boy, my terrae fili,

That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches: Welcome; I know thy lusts and thy desires, is and I will serve and satisfy 'em. Begin, harge me from thence, or thence, or in this

line;

" Put your sees out of joint." I The more.

Sub. How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie?

For what, my sudden boy?

Nay, that look you to, 10

l am aforehand.

Sub.

O, this is no true grammar,
And as ill logic! You must render caus You must render causes.

child. Your first and second intentions, know your canons

And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differences.

Your predicaments, substance, and accident. eries extern and intern, with their causes, Efficient, material, formal, final,

And ha' your elements perfect? Kus. What is this?

The angry s tongue he talks in?

That false precept. Of being aforehand, has deceiv'd a number, we And made 'em euter quarrels oftentimes Before they were aware; and afterward, Against their wills.

Kos. How must I do then, sir?

Sub. I cry this lady mercy; she should first
Have been saluted. (Kisses her.) I do call you

Because you are to be one ere 't be long,

Because you are to be day.
My soft and buxom widow.
Is she, i' faith?

Kos. Is she, i' faith
Sub. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.
has. How know you?

Sub. By inspection on her forehead, And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted Often to make a judgment. (Kisses her again.) 'Slight, she melts

Like a myrobolane. Here is yet a line, In rivo frontis, tells me he is no knight. Dame P. What is he then, sir?

Sub. Let me see your hand. O, your linea fortunae makes it plain; And stella here in monte Venerix.

But, most of all, juncture annularis. He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady, But shall have some great honour shortly.

Brother, He 's a rare man, believe me !

[Re-enter FACE, in his uniform.]

Kas. Hold your peace. so Here comes t' other rare man. - 'Save you, captain.

Face. Good Master Kastril! Is this your sister?

Ay, sir. Please you to kuss her, and be proud to know her.

Fuce. I shall be proud to know you, lady [Bisses her.] Dame P. Brother,

He calls me lady, too. Ay, peace : I heard it. 4 Kas. [Takes her anide.]

8 Bwaggering.
 A kind of dried plum, esteemed as a sweetmost.

Frontal vein. These are the cant phrases of palmistry.

Face. The count is come. Where is he? Sub. Face. Sub. Why, you must entertain him. What w At the door. What will you do

With these the while?
Sub. Why, have 'em up, and show 'em Sub. Why, nave on ap. Some fustian book, or the dark glass. 'Fore God,

She is a delicate dabchick ! I must have her. [Exit.]

Sub. [Aside.] Must you! Ay, if your fortune

will, you must. — 61 Come, air, the captain will come to us presently : I 'll ha' you to my chamber of demonstrations, Where I'll show you both the grammar and

logic,
And rhetoric of quarreling; my whole method
Drawn out in tables; and my instrument,
That hath the several scales upon 't shall make

Able to quarrel at a straw's-breadth by moon-light.

And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass,

Some half an hour, but to clear your eyesight.

Against you see 'your fortune; which is greater Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.2

[Enter] FACE.

Face. Where are you, doctor?
Sub. [within.] I'll come to you presently.
Face. I will ha' this same widow, now I ha' seen her, On any composition.

[Enter SUBTLE]

What do you say? Face. Ha' you dispos'd of them? Face. Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow.

Sub. Is that the matter? Nay, but hear me. Face.

Sub. Gu to. If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all:

Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance Face. Nay, thou art so violent now. Do but

conceive, Thou art old, and canst not serve — Who cannot? 1? 10

Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a -Face. But understand: I'll gi' you composition.

Sub. I will not treat with thee. What! sell my fortune?

'Tis better than my birthright. Do not murmnr:

Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol 18

Knows it directly.
Face.
Well, sir, I am silent.
Will you go help to fetch in Don in state? [Exit.]

In preparation for seeing. 1 The same.

1 Recompense.

Sub. I follow you, sir. We must keep Fare in awe,

Or he will overlook us like a tyrant.

[Re-enter FACE, introducing] SUBLY like a Span-

Brain of a tailor! who comes here? Don John! Sur. Senores, beso las manos a cuestras merer-

Would you had stoop'd a little, and kist our ones.

Face. Peace, Subtle! Sub. Stab me; I shall never hold, mas. He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a plat-

ter, Serv'd in by a short cloak upon two treatles. Face. Or what do you say to a collar of brawn, to cut down

Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife. Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Sparjard.

Face. Perhaps some Fleming or some Hollander got him

In d'Alva's time ; Count Egmont's bastard. Sub. Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

Sur. Gratia.

Sub. He speaks out of a fortification.

Pray God he ha' no squibs in those deep sets Sur. Per dios, senores, b muy linda casa !
Sub. What says he?
Face.
Praises the house, I think;

Face. I know no more but's action.

Such Yes, the case, My precious Diego, will prove fair enough To cozen you in. Do you mark? You shall Be cozened, Diego.

Cozened, do you see, My worthy Donzel, 10 cozened.

Entirado,11

Sur.
Sub. Do you intend it? So do we, dear Don.
Have you brought pixtolets 12 or portugues,
Mysolemn Don? [To Face.] Dost thou feel any
Face. (Feels his pockets.)
Sub. You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and

drawn

Dry, as they say.

Milked, in troth, sweet Don. Face. Milked, in troth, sweet Don. Sub, See all the monsters; the great lion of

all, Don.
Sur. Con licencia, se puede ver a com sonora y 13
Sub. What talks he now?

Of the senora. Face. Sub.

This is the lioness, which you shall soo Also, my Don.

- 4 Spanish. "Gentlemen, I kiss your handa."

 Neck of a boar, or boar's flesh rolled.

- 7 The deep plaits of his ruff.
 7 The deep plaits of his ruff.
 8 "Flad, sirs, a very pretty house."
 8 Spaniard Strictly, Spanish for James,
 10 Diminuitive of Dom.
 11 "I understand."
- 17 Spanish gold coin, worth about 1fa. 8d. " If you please, may I see the lady ? "

Slid, Subtle, how shall we do? so Why, Dol's employ'd, you know. That 's true. know not: he must stay, that 's all, that he must not by no means. No! why? you'll mar all. 'Slight, he'll

ill not pay, not half so well. ll'd punk-master, and does know a notable hot rascal,

ady rampant. Sdeath, and Mammon

Mammon I in no case. hall we do then?

Think: you must be sudden. 1 to one la senora es tan hermosa, a verla como la hien aventuranza

da! 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in the widow.

a say to draw her to 't, ha! t. It is but one man more, ance to have her: and beside, adenhead to be fear'd or lost. who, I? why -- 10

credit of our house too is en-

ade me an offer for my share ere-

gi' me, i' faith? O, by that light w. You know your doom 4 to me. lot, obey your chance, sir; win

out for me. Slight, I'll not work her then. he common cause ; therefore be-

know it, as you said. I care not.

porque se tarda tanto 98 I am not fit, I am old. That 's now no resson, sir,

de hazer burla de mi ear the Dontoo? By this air I call,

A plague of hell-

You're a terrible roque! ds. Will you, sir, call the widow? and I'll take her too with all her

k on 't better. With all my heart, sir; d o' the lut?

of that the lady is so handsome that I her as the good fortune of my life."

Agreement.

long delay?" make sport of my love? "

Face. As you please.
Sub. Hands. [They shake hands.]
Face. Remember now, that upon any change

You never claim her.

Sub. Much good joy and health to you, sir, ...
Marry a whore! Fate, let me wed a witch first.

Sur. For estas honradas harbas?

He swears by his beard. Sub. How, issue on? Yes, praesto, senor.

Please you

Enthratha the chambratha, worthy don: Where if you please the fates, in your bathada, You shall be sonk'd, and strok'd, and tubb'd,

and rubb'd, And scrubb'd, and fubb'd, dear don, before

you go.
You shall in faith, my scurvy baboon don,
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, band taw'd, u

indeed. I will the hearther go about it now, And make the widow a punk so much the

To be reveng'd on this impetuous Face:

The quickly doing of it is the grace.

[Exeunt Sun. and Sunty.]

SCENE IV.19

[Enter] FACE, KASTRIL, and Dame PLIANT.

[Face.] Come, lady: I knew the doctor would not leave

Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

Kas. To be a countess, say you?

[Face.] 18
A Spanish countess, sir.

Dame P. Why, is that better than an English countess?

lish countess?
Face. Better! 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?

Kas, Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.

Face. Ask from your courtier to your inneof-court-man,

To your mere milliner; they will tell you all, Your Spanish jennet is the best horse; your Spanish

Stoop is the best garb; 14 your Spanish beard 10 Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best

Wear; your Spanish pavin the best dance; Your Spanish titillation in a glove The best perfume: and for your Spanish pike, And Spanish blade, let your poor captain

speak .-Here comes the doctor.

[Enter Subtle with a paper.]

Sub. My most honour'd lady, For so I am now to style you, having found

7 " By this honored beard -

Wil lear, sire, that you are playing me some trick."
Cheated.
Sonked, like a hide being tanned.

22 Another room in the same.

12 Polio gives this line also to Kastril.

14 Bodily carriage.

By this my scheme, you are to undergo An honourable fortune very shortly, What will you say now, if some

I ha' told her all, sir. And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be

A countess, do not delay 'em, sir; a Spanish countess.

Sub. Still, my scarce-worshipful captain, you can keep No secret! Well, since he has told you, madam,

Do you forgive him, and I do.

She shall do that, sir; 25 I'll hok to it; 'tis my charge.

Neb. Well then; nought rests

But that she fit her love now to her fortune.

Dame P. Truly I shall never brook a Span-

iacd.
Sab. No?
Dame P. Never sin' eighty-eight? could I

abide 'em,

And that was some three years afore I was born, in truth.

Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserwhite ; Choose which you will.

Face. By this good rush, persuade ber, She will cry 8 strawberries else within this

twelve month. Sub. Nay, shads and mackerel, which is worse. Indeed, sir!

Face. Indeed, sir! Kas. God's lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick.

Dame P. Why,
I'll do as you will ha' me, brother.
Do,

Or by this hand I'll maul you.

Facr. Nay, good sir,

Be not so fieroe.

No, my enraged child;

Sub.

No, my enraged child;

Sub.

Sub.

What, when she comes to

The pleasures of a countess! to be courted --- **
Face. And kiss'd and ruffled!

Ay, behind the bangings. Face. And then come forth in pomp ! And know her state!

Fuce. Of keeping all th' idolators o' the chamber

Barer to ber, than at their prayers! Sul.

Upon the knee! And has her pages, ushers, 44 Footmen, and coaches-

Her six mares . Face, Sub. To hurry her through London, to the Ex-

But Tem, the China-houses 6 -Face. Yes, and have

1 Horoscope

fe, since 1588, the year of the "Invincible Armada." Sell on the sireet

There were alope in the Royal Exchange, . The madhouse was often visited for entertainment. Shope with merchandiae from China.

The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires. And my bird's goose-turd bands,' that rides with her!

Kas. Most brave! By this hand, you are not Inv suster

If you refuse, Dame I'.

I will not refuse, brother,

[Enter SURLY.]

Sur. Que es esto, senores, que non se venga?
Esta tardanza me mata!

It is the count come: The doctor knew he would be here, by his art. Sub. En gallanta, madama, Don! yadaste-

Sur. Par todos los droses, la mas aenhada

Hermosura, que la visto en ma vida 110
Face. Is 't not a gallant language that they speuk?

Kas. An admirable language! Is't not

Face. No. Spanish, sir.

has. It goes like law French. And that, they say, is the court-heat language

Sur. El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el Resplandor que tracesta dana! Valga medios! Face. Il admires your sister.

Kux. Must not she make cart'ar. Sub. Ods will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him!

It is the Spanish fashion, for the women

To make first court.

'Tis true he tells you, sir His art knows all.

Purique no se acude 712 SHT.

Kas. He speaks to her, I think. Fuer.

Kas. Nay, see: she will not understand him.
Gull, Norday.

Dame I. What say you, brother?

Kus. Ass, my sustar. Go kuss him, as the cunung man would ha yea. I'll thrust a pin i' your buttocks else.

Face O no, sir. 5

Sur. Senora mia, mi persona muy indigna els Allegar a tanta hermosura, 11

Face. Does he not use her bravely? Ken. Benvely, i' faith!

Face. Nay, he will use her better.

Kas. Do you think m' Sur. Senora, si sera servida, entremas." Exit with Dame PLANT

1 Head-dresses.

A In greenish vellow liverios.

Why does n't she come, sira? This delay to hilling.

me."
to "By all the gods, the most perfect boardy I have seen in my life."
It "The sun has last his light with the splender the

lady brings, so help me God "
B" Why don't you draw near?"

is "For the love of God, who this delay ""

It "Madain, my person to unworthy to approach such beauty " Madam, at your service, let us go in.".

Has. Where does he carry her?

luto the garden, sir; Take you no thought: I must interpret for

Sub. Give Dol the word.

[Adde to FACE, who goes out.]

— Come, my fierce child, advance,
We'll to our quarreling lesson again.

Kus. Agreed.

l lave a Spanish boy with all my heart. Sub. Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall be Sub. Nasy

To a great count. Kas. Ay, I knew that at first. This match will advance the house of the Kas-

trils.
Sut. 'Pray God your sister prove but pliant!
Whe Why,

Kas. Her name is so, by her other husband.

Nab.

Knew you not that?

No. faith. sir;
Yet, by the erection of her figure, I guess'd

Come, let's go practise.

Kas. Yes, but do you think, doctor, er shall quarrel well? I warrant you. [Excunt.]

SCENE V.2

[Enter] Dot [followed by MAMMON.

Dot. (in her fit of talking). For after Alex-

Mam. That Perdiceas and Antigonus were stain, The two that stood, Seleuc' and Ptolomy - Madam -

Main.

1 Noke up the two legs, and the fourth beast,
That were Gog-north and Epopt-south: which

Was called Gog-iron-leg and South-iron-leg -Lady --And then Gog-horned. So wan Egypt,

Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg -

Main. Sweet madam - Dol. And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which

In the last link of the fourth chain, And these to the stars in story, which name see, or look at — Moon. What shall I do?

hold the publins, and the heathen Greeks -For, as he says, except

Mam. Dear indy - tod. To come from Salem, and from Athens, And teach the people of Great Britain -

Hater FACK huntily, in his servant's dress]

What a too notice and Ja-

By her berracope, with a pun on her bearing.
A tractier room in the same.

| bid e ravings are taken almost at random from
the irrelings of columns, preface, etc., of the Concent
of Scripture, by Hugh Broughton.

0, Mam.

She's in her fit. We shall know nothing Irel. Fare. Deuth, sir.

We are undone! Where then a learned linguist

Shall see the ancient sa'd communion vowels and consonants

Face. My master will hear! "Dol. A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most Fare. high -

high — Mam. Sweet honourable lady! To comprise

All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters.

Face. Nay, you must never hope to lay her
now.

Dol. And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,

Did. And is to be may arrive by Lamud and profone Greek, to raise the building up Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite, King of Thogarma, and his habergions Brimstony, blue, and fivey; and the force Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim:

Which rubbi David Kumhi, Onketon, And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome. Face. How did you put her into 't?

Mun. Alas, I talkt Of a fifth monarchy I would erect With the philosopher's stone, by chance, and she Falls on the other four straight.

Face.
I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.
Is't best? Out of Broughton!

Main.
Face. She'll never leave else. If the old man hear her.

We are but facces, ashes.
Sub. within. What's to do there?
Face. O, we are lost! Now she hears him. she is quiet.

[Enter SUBTLE;] upon SUBTLE's entry they disperse.

Mam. Where shall I hide me! Sub. How! What sight is here? Close 6 deeds of darkness, and that shun the

light! Bring him again. Who is he? What, my sou!

O, I have liv'd too long. Mam. Nay, good, dear futher,

Mam.
There was no unchaste purpose.
Not? and flee me &

Sub. When I come in? That was my error. Mam.

Sul. Guilt, guilt, my son; give it the right name.

If I found check in our great work within,
When such affairs as these were managing!

Mam. Why, have you so?
Sub.

It has stood still this half hour:

And all the rest of our less works gone back. Where is the instrument of wickedness, My lewd false drudge?

In the early editions this speech is printed in par-allel columns with the dislogue tomediately following, to indicate simultaneous utterance.

s Secret.

Nay, good sir, blame not him; Believe me, 't was against his will or knowledge:

I saw her by chance.
Will you commit more sin, T' excuse a varlet ?

Mam. By my hope, 't is true, sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom

The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt heaven,
And lose your fortunes.
Why, sir?
This will retard

Sub.

The work a month at least.

Why, if it do,

What remedy? But think it not, good father: Our purposes were honest.1

Sub. As they were, So the reward will prove. (A great crack and noise within.) - How now | ay me! God and all saints be good to us. -

[Re-enter FACE.]

What's that? " Face. O, sir, we are defeated! All the works Are flown in fumo, every glass is burst; Furnace and all rent down, as if a bolt Of thunder had been driven through the house. Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt heads, 4 All struck in shivers!

(SUBTLE falls down as in a swoon.)
Help, good sir! alsa,
Coldness and death invades him. Nay, Sir

Mammon, Do the fair offices of a man! You stand,

As you were rendier to depart than he. (One knocks.)

Who's there? My lord her brother is come.

Mam.

Ha, Lungs!

Fuce. His cosch is at the door. Avoid his

sight, For he's as furious as his sister 's mad.

Mam. Alas!

My brain is quite undone with Face. the fame, sir,

I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

Mam. Is all lost, Lungs? Will nothing be preserv'd

Of all our cost?

Faith, very little, sir; Fare. A peek of coals or so, which is cold comfort,

Mam. O, my voluptuous mind! I am justly punish'd.

Face. And so am I. sir.

Mam. Cast from all my hopes — Mam. Face. Nay, cartainties, sir. By mine ov

By mine own base affections. (seeming to come to himself.) O, the curst

fruits of vice and lust ! Mam. Good father, as

It was my sin. Forgive it. Hangs my roof Sub.

1 Chaste. Into amoke.

An alembic of a particular shape.

A globular flask.

Over us still, and will not fall, O justice,

Upon us, for this wicked man!

Face. Nay, look, cir, Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take And that may breed a tragedy.

I'll go. you.

Mam.

Fuce. Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be.
For some good penance you may ha' it get;
A hundred pound to the box at Bet'lem'

Mam. Face. For the restoring such as - ha' their

wits. I'll do't.

Mam. I'll do't,
Face. I'll send one to you to receive it. Mam.

ls no projection left?

Face. All flown, or atinks, els.

Mam. Will nought be sav'd that 's good for med'eine, think 'st thou?

Face. I cannot tell, sir. There will be pur-

omething about the scraping of the shards, w Will cure the itch, - though not your steb of mind, sir. [.1side.]
It shall be sav'd for you, and sent home. Good

This way, for fear the lord shall meet you. [Exit Mannus.]

Sub. [raising his head.]

Sub. Face. Ay.
Sub. Is he gone?
Face.
Yes, and as heavily
Face.
As all the gold he hop'd for were in 'a blood. in
Let us be light though.
Sub. [leaping up.] Ay, as balls, and bound
his our heads against the roof for joy

There 's so much of our care now cast away. Face. Now to our don.

Sub. Yes, your young widow by this time Is made a countess, Face; she's been in travail

Of a young heir for you. Face.

Good, sir. Off with your case, And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should. After these common hazards.

Very well, sir. Will you go fetch Don Diego off the while

Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, sir.
Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pock-

ets now!

Face. Why, you can do't as well, if you would set to't.

I pray you prove your virtue, sub. [Ercant.]

SCENE VL.

[Enter] SURLY and Dame PLIANT.

Sur. Lady, you see into what hands you are fall'n;

The lunatic saylum. " His costume as Lunga 1 Capacity. Another room in the came. Mongst what a nest of villains! and how near four honour was t'have eatch'd a certain clap, Through your credulity, had I but been so punctually forward, as place, time. And other circumstance would ha' made a man;

For you're a handsome woman: would you were wise too!

I am a gentleman come here disguis'd, Only to find the knaveries of this citadel; And where I might have wrong'd your honour,

and have not, I claim some interest in your love. You are, They say, a widow, rich; and I'm a bachelor, Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a

man, As mine ha' preserv'd you a woman, Think

upon it,
And whether I have deserv'd you or no.
Dame P. I will, sir. 16 Sur. And for these household-rogues, let me alone

To treat with them.

[Enter SUBTLE.]

Sub. How doth my noble Diego, And my dear madam countess? Hath the count Been courteous, lady? liberal and open? Dearel, methinks you look melancholic,

Denzel, I methinks you look melancholic, so I do not like the dulness of your eye; It hath a heavy cast, 't is upsee Durch,' And says you are a lumpish whore-muster, Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.

"He falls to picking of them.' Sur. (throws open his clook.) Will you, don hawd and pick-purse? (Strikes him down.) How now! Reel you?

Stand up, sir, you shall find, since I am so heavy, I'll si' van equal weight.

'll gi' you equal weight.

Help! murder! No. sir,
There's no such thing intended. A good cart a
And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear,
I am the Spanish don that should be cozened. Do you see? Cozened? Where 's your Captain

That parcel broker, and whole-bawd, all rac-

[Enter FACE in his uniform.]

Face, How, Surly!

O, make your approach, good captain. ve found from whence your copper rings and

Come now, wherewith you cheat abroad in tav-

T was here you learn'd t' anoint your boot with brimstone,

Then rub men's gold on't for a kind of touch, And my, 't was naught, when you had chang'd the colour.

That you might ha't for nothing. And this doc-

tor.

Your enty, snoky-bearded compeer, he

Diminutive of Don.

As if you had been drinking heavy Dutch beer.

Referring to the punishment inflicted on bawds.

Will close you so much gold, in a bolt's-head, And, on a turn, convey i' the stend another With sublim'd mercury, that shall burst i' the

And fly out all in fumo! Then weeps Mammon: Then swoons his worship. Or, [FACE slips out.] he is the Faustus.

That casteth figures and can conjure, cures Plagues, piles, and pox, by the ephemerides.⁶
And holds intelligence with all the bawds
And midwives of three shires: while you send

in-Captain! - what! is he gone? - damsels with child,

Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid With the green sickness. [Seizes SUBTLE as he is retiring.] - Nay, sir, you must tarry, Though he be scap'd; and answer by the curs,

Scene VII.

[Re-enter] FACE [with] KASTRIL [to] SURLY [and] SUBTLE.

Face. Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel

Well, as they say, and be a true-born child. The doctor and your sister both are abus'd. *

Kas. Where is he? Which is he? He is a

Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore. - Are YOU

The man, sir, I would know? Sur.

I should be loth, sir.

To confess so much.

Then you lie i' your throst.

How Sur. Face. [To KASTRIL.] A very arrant rogue, sir. and a cheater,

Employ'd here by another conjurer

That does not love the doctor, and would gross him

If he knew how. Sir, you are abus'd. Sur. You lie: Kus.

And 't is no matter.

Well said, air! He is

The impudent'st rascal—
Sur. You are indeed. Will you hear me, sir?
Face. By no means: bid him be gone.

Kas.
Sur. This is strange! - Lady, do you inform

Face. There is not such a foist o in all the

town.
The doctor had him presently; and finds yet
The Spanish count will come here. — Bear up,
Subtle.
[Aside.] Yes, sir, he must appear within this

hour. Face. And yet this rogue would come in a

By the temptation of another spirit, To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it! Ay, Kas.

s Horoscopes. * Astrological almanaca. 0 Chrated. P Rescal.

7 The mine.

I know - Away, [To his sister.] you talk like a foolish manther. 1 Sur. Sir, all is truth she says.

Face. Do not believe him, sir, so He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir. Sur. You are valiant out of company! Yes, how then, sir? Kas.

[Enter DRUGGER with a piece of dumusk.]

Face. Nay, here's an honest fellow too that knows him,

And all his tricks. (Make good what I say, Abel.

This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the Aside to Driver.) widow. -

He owes this honest Drugger here seven pound, He has had on him in twopenny orths of tobacco.

Drug. Yes, sir. And he has damn'd himself three terms to pay me,

Face. And what does he owe for lotium? 2 Drug. Thirty shillings, sir;

And for six syringes,
Hydra of villainy! Face. Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o'

the house. I will: Kus.

Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie;

And you are a pimp. Why, this is madness, sir, Not valour in you; I must laugh at this.

Kas. It is my humour; you are a pimp and a trig "

And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote, 60 Drug. Or a knight of the curious coxcomb, do you see?

[Enter ANANIAS.]

Ana. Peace to the household! Kan. 'Il keep peace for no man.

Ana. Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.
Kas. Is he the constable?

Peace, Annnias.

Face.

Kus. Then you are an otter, and a shad, a

A very tim.4 Sur.

You'll hear me, sir? I will not. K119. Ana. What is the motive?

Zeal in the young gentleman,

Against his Spanish slops. They are profane,

Lewd, superstitions, and idolatrons breeches.
Sur. New rascals! Kus. Will you be gone, sir?

Ana. Avoid, Sathan ! so Thou art not of the light! That ruff of pride bout thy neck, betrays thee; and is the same With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-Neven.

Were seen to prank it with on divers consta: Then look'st like antichrist, in that lewd hat.

Girl. A lotion. I Itemly.

Kastril's terms of abuse are not meant to be approprinte.

The allusion here has not been explained.

Sur. I must give way. Be gone, sir. But I'll take

A course with you. — Depart, proud Spanish fiend! Sur. Captain and doctor.

.lna.

Child of perdition! Hence, sir! - [Exit Surr.] Did I not quarrel bravely?

ice. Nay, an I give my mind to t, I shall

Face. O, you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame:

He 'll turn again else. Enti Fuce. Drugger, this rogue prevented us, for thee:

We had determin'd that thou should'et ha'

In a Spanish suit, and ha' carried her so; and he,

brokerly slave, goes, puts it on himself. A brokerty stave, damask? Hast brought the damask? Yes, sir.

Thou must berrow A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the

players?

Drug, Yes, sir; did you never see me play
the Fool?

Face. I know not, Nab; - thou shale, if I

can help it.

Hieronimo's 'old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve;
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em.

[Erit Durangn.] Starth both

whisper'd with ANAN. this white. Sir. I know.

Ana. The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath

Upon their actions: and that this was one make no scruple. - But the holy symod Have been in prayer and meditation for it; And 't is reveal'd no less to them than me, And 't is reven' a noney is most lawful.

That easting of money is most lawful.

True.

But here I cannot do it: if the house Should chance to be suspected, all would out, And we be lock'd up in the Tower for ever.

To make gold there for th' state, nover come

And then are you defeated.

I will tell This to the elders and the weaker brothron. That the whole company of the separation May join in humble prayer again.

And fasting of mind 1 2003.

Rest with these walls! Sul. Thanks, courteous Ananus Face. What did he come for?

Suh, About casting dollars, Presently out of hand, And so I teld him. A Spanish minister came here to apy, Against the faithful -

1 In Kyd's Spanish Tragedy.

I conceive. Come, Subtle, Fince. Thou art so down upon the least disaster! How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not helpt

thee out Sub. I thunk thee, Face, for the angry boy, i' faith.

Who would ha' lookt 1 it should ha' been that rascal

Surly? He had dy'd his beard and all. Well.

Here's damask come to make you a suit. Sub. Where's Drugger? Face. He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit;

I 'll he the count now.

But where's the widow? Face. Within, with my lord's sister; Madam Itol

Le entertaining her.
Sub.
Now she is honest, I will stand again.
Fine. You will not offer it?

Why? Stand to your word, Finer. Or here comes Dol. She knows — You're tyrunnous still, 103

[Enter Don hastily.]

Face. - Strict for my right. - How now, Dol! Bust told her.

The Spanish count will come?

Yes; but another is come,

You little lookt for !

Who 's that ? Your master; The master of the house.

How, Dol! She lies, This is some trick. Come, leave your quiblins, 2
Docuthy.

Dol. Look out and see.

[FACE goes to the window.] Art thou in earnest? 'Slight, 10.4.

Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking.
Face. 'T is he, by this good day.
Day.
'T will prove ill day

For some on us. We are undone, and taken.

Dol, Lost, I'm afraid.

You said he would not come, to While there died one a week within the liber-

Fire. No: 't was within the walls.
Sub. Was 't so? Cry you mercy.
I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, Face

Fuce. Be eilent: not a word, if he call or knowk.

I'll into mine old shape again and meet him, Of Jeremy, the butler. I' the meantime,

Do you two pack up all the goods and pur-

Repeated. Quibbles,
The district motalde the walls subject to the city
siberties.

stolen goods, booty.

That we can carry i' the two trunks. I'll keep

Off for to-day, if I cannot longer: and then 114 At night, I'll ship you both away to Unteliff, Where we will meet to-morrow, and there we'll share.

Let Mammon's brass and newter keep the cel-

We'll have another time for that. But, Dol, Prithee go heat a little water quickly; im Subtle must shave me. All my captain's board Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy. You'll do it?

Sub. Yes, I'll shave you as well as I can.
Face. And not out my threat, but trim me?
Sub. You shall see, sir. [Execut.]

ACT V

SCENE I.5

[Enter] LOVEWIT, [with several of the Neighbours.

Love. Has there been such resort, say you? Daily, Sir.

1 Nei. 2 Nei. And nightly, too, 3 Nei. Ay, son Ay, some as brave as lords. 4 Nei. Ladies and gentlewomen.

5 Nei. 1 Nei. And knights. 6 Nei. In Citizens' wives.

In coaches. Yes, and oyster-women. Nei. Beside other gallants.

3 Nei. Sailors' wives. Tobacco men. .

Nei. Another Pimlico. Love. What should my knave advance, To draw this company? He hung out no ban-

ASSTACKS NO. Of a strange calf with five legs to be seen,

Or a huge lobster with six claws?

6 Not.
3 Not. We had gone in then, air.
He has no gift to Lorr.
Of teaching i' the nose ' that e'er I knew of.
You saw no bills set up that promis'd curo

Of agues or the tooth-sche? Z Nei.

Love. Nor heard a drum struck for bahoons

Nei. Neither, sir.

What device should be bring forth Love. now?

I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment: 'Pray God he ha' not kept such open house, That he hath sold my haugings, and my bedding

I left him nothing else. If he have est 'em, to A plague o' the moth, say I! Sure he has got Some bawdy pictures to call all this ging : 1

Before Lovewit's door.

A summer resort, where the citizens had cakes and

Like a Puritan preacher.

. Gang.

The Friar and the Nun; or the new motion 1 Of the knight's course covering the parson's

The boy of six year old, with the great thing: * Or 't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt Upon a table, or some dog to dance. When saw you him?

Who, sir, Jeremy? 1 Net. 2 Nei. Jeremy butler?

We saw him not this month. Love. How!

Not these five weeks, sir. [6] Nei. These six weeks, at the least.

5 Nei. Sure, if your worship know not where he is,

He's slipt away.

6 Net. Pray God he be not made away.

11 Re knocks. Love. Ha! it's no time to question, then.

About

Some three weeks since I heard a doleful cry,
As I sat up a-mending my wife's stockings.

Love. This 's strange that none will answer!
Did'st thou hear

A cry, sayst thou?

6 Nei. Yes, sir, like unto a man That had been strangled an Bour, and could not

2 Net. I heard it, too, just this day three weeks, at two o'clock

Next morning.

Love. These be miracles, or you make 'em so! A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,

And both you heard him cry?

3 Net.

Yes, downward, sir, st
Love. Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy hand, I pray thee.

What trade art theu on?

3 Nel. A smith, an't please your worship.

Love. A smith! Then lead me thy help to

get this door open.

Nei. That I will presently, sir, but fetch my tools — [Exit.] as 1 Nei. Sir, best to knock again afore you break it.

SCENE II.2

LOVEWIT, Neighbours.

[LOVE. Knocks again.] I will.

[Enter FACE in his butler's livery.]

What mean you, oir?
O, here's Jeremy! Face. 2, 4 Nei. 1, 2, 4 Net.
Face. Good sir, come from the door.
Why, what is the matter? Face. Yet farther, you are too near yet.

the name of wonder, Lane.

What means the fellow!
Face. The house, sir, has been visited. Face. The house, str. mas have Love. What, with the plague? Stand thou

then farther. Face. No, sir,

I had it not.

1 Puppet show.

? The same.

Love. Who had it then? I left None clae but thee 'i the house,

Face. Yes, sir, my fellow. The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her A week before I spied it; but I got her Convey'd away i' the night: and so I shut

The house for a mouth

How! Love. Face. Purposing then, sir, To have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar, And ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' known it;

Because I knew the news would but afflict you.

Bir Love. Breathe less, and further off! Why this is stranger :

The neighbours ten man.
Have still been open
Face. How, sir!
Gallants, men and worsen.
Gallants, men to flock here And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here. In threaves, a these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden.

In days of l'imlico and Eye-bright.4

Face.

Their wisdoms will not say so.

Love. To-day they speak
Of coaches and gallants; one in a French head Went in, they tell me; and another was seen In a velvet gown at the window: divers more

Pass in and out.

Face. They did pass through the doors Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles;

For here, sir, are the keys, and here have been. In this my pocket, now above twenty days! And for before, I kept the fort alone there. But that 't is yet not deep i' the afternoon, I should believe my neighbours had seen double Through the black pot, 5 and made these apparitions!

For, on my faith to your worship, for them

three weeks And upwards, the door has not been open'd.

Love. Strange!

Nei. Good faith, I think I saw a couch. Nei. And I too And I too, " I'd ha' been sworn. Do you but think it now?

And but one coach? 4 Nei We cannot tell, sir : Jeremy

ls a very honest fellow.

Did you see me at all?

1 No; that we are sure on.
2 Nei. I'll be sworn of that.
Love. Fine reques to have your testimonebuilt on !

Re-enter third Neighbour, with Air tools."

3 Nei, Is Jeremy come! 1 Nei, O yes; you m

1 Nei. () yes; you may leave your tools. We were deceived, he says.

He 's had the keys; And the door has been shut these three weeks

* Lit , two dozen sheaves ; droves

4 A suburban tag.
5 With drinking. anburban tavern, eclipsed as a resort by Pimlice

Like enough. Love. Peace, and get honce, you changelings. [Enter SUBLY and MAMMON.]

Face, (Aside.) Surly come, And Mammon made acquainted! They'll tell all.

How shall I beat them off? What shall I do? Nothing's more wretched than a guilty con-

SCENE III.1

SCRLY, MAMMON, LOVEWIT, FACE, Neighbours.

Sur. No, sir, he was a great physician. This, it was no bawdy-house, but a mere chancel I You knew the lord and his sister.

Mam.
Nay, good Surly.

Sur. The happy word, BE HITH
Play not the tyrant.

Mam.
Should be to-day pronounc'd to all your Sur. Sne friends.

And where he your andirons now? And your

That should ha' been golden flagons, and great wedges?

Mam. Let me but breathe. What, they ha' shut their doors, Methinks!

He and SURLY knock. Ay, now 'tis holiday with them.

Mum. Rogues, Mum.
Coseners, impostors, bawds!
What mean you, sir?

Vim. To enter if we can. Another man's house!

Here is the owner, sir; turn you to him, And speak your business.

Main. Low. Yes, sir. Are you, sir, the owner? [cheaters ! And are those knaves within, your

Loce. What knaves, what cheaters?

Subtle and his Lungs. Mam. Subtle and his Lungs. is Face. The gentleman is distracted, sir! No

Nor lights ha' been seen here these three weeks,

Within these doors upon my word.

Your word,

Green arrogant!
Face. Yes, sir, I am the housekeeper,
And know the keys ha not been out o my

hands.

Sur. This 's a new Face.

Face.

You do mistake the house, sir:

What sign was 't at?

You rescal! This is one of the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,

And force the door. Pray you stay, gentlemen.

Mam.
We shall ha' your doors open.

[Exeunt Mam. and Sur.]

What means this?

1 The mame.

Face. I cannot tell, sir.

1 Nei. These are two o' the gallants 1 Net. That we do think we saw. Two o' the fools!

You talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir, I think the moon has craz'd 'em all, - [Aside,] O me,

[Enter KASTRIL.]

The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise. And ne er away till he have betray'd us all.

Kas. (knocking.) What, rogues, bawds, slaves.

you'll open the door anon!

Punk, cockatrice, my suster! By this light

I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore

To keep your castle—

Face. Who would you speak with, sir?

Kas. The bawdy doctor, and the cozening

captain,

And pues my suster.

This is something, sure.

Face. Upon my trust, the doors were never open, sir.

Kos. I have heard all their tricks told me twice over, By the fat knight and the lean gentleman.

Love. Here comes another,

[Enter Ananias and Tribulation.]

Face. Ananias too! And his pastor!

The doors are shut against us. Tri. They beat too, at the door. Ana. Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons

of fire ! Your stench it is broke forth; abomination Is in the house.

Ay, my suster's there Kas. Ana. The place,

It is become a cage of unclean birds.

Kas. Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the

constable.

Tri. You shall do well.

Ana. We'll join to weed them out.

Kas. You will not come then, punk devise, s

my suster!

Ana. Call her not sister; she 's a harlot verily.

Kas. I'll raise the street.

Love. Good gentleman, a word.

Ana. Satan avoid, and hinder not our zeal!

[Exenut Ana., Tuts., and Kast.]

Love. The world 's turn'd Bet'lem.

Face.

These are all broke loose,

Out of St. Katherine's, where they use to keep The better sort of mad-folks All these persons as

We saw go in and out here. 3 Nei. Yes, indeed, sir,

3 Nei. These were the parties Face. Peace, you drunkards! Sir, I wonder at it. Please you to give me leave To touch the door; I'll try an the lock be

chang'd.

Love. It mazes me!
Face. [gues to the door.] Good faith, sir. I
believe

3 Perfect | ariot.

There 's no such thing: 't is all deceptio visus,2-[Aside.] Would I could get him away.

Dap. [within.] Master captain! Master doc-

tor!

Low. Who's that?

Fuee. [Aside.] Our clerk within, that I forgot! - I know not. sir.

os.

Dap. [within.] For God's sake, when will her

Ha!

grace be at leisure?

[llusions, some spirit o' the sir! - [Aside.] His

Illusions, some spirite
gag is melted,
And now he sets out the throat.

Dap. (within.)
Face. [Aside.] Would you were together.
T is i' the house.

Ha! list.
Fuer. Believe it, sir, i' the air.
Lave.
Peace, you. 70 Day. [within.] Mine aunt's grace does not use me well.

Sub. [within.] You fool,

Peace, you'll mar all. Face. [speaks through (speaks through the keyhole, while LOVE-WIT advances to the door unobserved. Or

you will else, you regue.

Love. O, is it so? Then you converse with

spirits!
Come, sir. No more o' your tricks, good Jeremy.

The truth, the shortest way.

Face. Dismiss this rabble, sir. — 18 [Aside.] What shall I do? I am eatch d. Love. Good neighbours.

I thank you all. You may depart. [Excunt Neighbours.] - Come, sir,

You know that I am an indulgent master; And therefore conceal nothing. What's your medicine,

To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl? 100 Face. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth

and wit -But here 's no place to talk on 't i' the street. Give me but leave to make the best of my for-

tune,

And only pardon me th' abuse of your house: It 's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow, ss In recompense, that you shall gi' me thanks for, Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.

'T is but your putting on a Spanish cloak: I have her within. You need not fear the house; It was not visited.

But by me, who came Love. Sconer than you expected.

It is true, sir.

Pray you forgive mo.

Love. Well. let's see your widow. [Excust.]

SCENE IV.2

[Enter] SUBTLE [leading in DAPPER, [with his eyes bound as before].

Sub. How! ha' you eaten your gag?

Dap. Yes, faith, it crumbled Dap. Away i' my mouth.

Optical Illusion. A room in the same.

You ha' spoil'd all then Dap.

I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.
Sub. Your aunt's a gracious lady; but in troth

You were to blame.
The fume did overcome me, Dap. The fume did overcome me, And I did do't to stay my stomach. 'Pray you So satisfy her grace.

[Enter FACE in his uniform.]

Here comes the captain.

Face. How now! Is his month down?
Sub. Ay, he has spoken! Face. A pox, I heard him, and you too. He's

undone then. -[Aside to SUBTLE.] I have been fain to say, the house is haunted

With spirits, to keep churl back.

And hast thou done it? Sul. Face. Sure, for this night.

Why, then triumph and sing Of Face so famous, the precious king

Of present wita. Fiser. Did you not hear the conl "

About the door?

Sub.

Yes, and I dwindled with it

Face. Show him his aunt, and let him be die

patch'd:

I'll send her to you, Well, sir, your aunt her grace Will give you audience presently, on my and, And the captain's word that you did not est

And the en-your gag In any contempt of her highness, [Unbinds his eyes. Not I, in troth, str.

[Enter] DOL like the Queen of Fairy,

Sub. Here she is come. Down o' your knes and wriggle:

She has a stately presence, [DAPPER kneel, and shuffles towards her.] Good! Yet nears. And bid, God save you!

Madam ! Dap.

Sub. And your aunt. Dap. And my most gracious aunt, Gud 6316 Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been and

with you;

But that sweet face of yours hath turn'd the

tide, And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of love. Arise, and touch our velvet gown.

The skirts.

And kiss 'em. So! Let me now stroke that head Dol. Much, nephew, shalt thou win, much shalt to "

Such Salt then give away, much shall then had Suh, [Aside] Ay, much andeed. — Why do you not thank her grace?

Dap. I cannot speak for joy.

See, the kind wretch! Your grace's kinsman right.

1 Shrank with fear.

Give me the bird. Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck,

Wear it, and feed it about this day ser'n-night, On your right wrist -

Open a vein with a pin And let it suck but once a week ; till then,

You must not look on 't. Dul. No: and, kinsman, Bear yourself worthy of the blood you came on. Sub. Her grace would ha' you eat no more Woolsack 1 pies,
Nor Dagger 1 frumety.2

Nor break his fast

in Heaven 1 and Hell.1

She 's with you everywhere! Nor play with costermongers, at mumchance,8 tray trip.

God-make-you-rich 8 (when as your aunt has done it); but keep gallant'st company, and the

games -

Yes, sir. Sab. Gleek and primero, and what you

get, he true to us.

Dop. By this hand, I will.

Sub. You may bring 's a thousand pound

Before to-morrow night, if but three thousand Ke stirring, an you will.

Nob. Your fly will learn you all games, Sub. Your grace will command him no more duties?

No:

But come and see me often. I may chance To leave him three or four hundred chests of

And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land, If he game well and comely with good game-

Sad, There's a kind aunt: kiss her departing

But you must sell your forty mark a year now.

Dap. Ay, sir, I mean.

Or, give 't away; pox on 't! Dap. I'll gi''t mine aunt. I'll go and fetch the writings.

Sub. T is well; away.

Re-enter FACE.]

Where's Subtle? Here: what news? Face. Drugger is at the door; go take his

And bid him fetch a parson presently

by he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt pend

A hundred pound by the service ! [Erit Subtle.] Now, Queen Dol,

Have you pack'd up all? Dal.

Names of taverna 2 Wheat 1 Games of chance. 2 Wheat boiled in milk.

Face. And how do you like The Lady Pliant? A good dull innocent. Dol.

[Re-enter SUBTLE.]

Sub. Here's your Hieronimo's cloak and hat, Give me 'em.

Face, Sub, And the ruff too? Yes; I'll come to you presently. Face.

Sub. Now he is gone about his project, Dol, a Sub. Now he is kind to be a long of the widow.

T is direct

Against our articles.

Well, we will fit him, wench. Hast thon gull'd her of her jewels or her bruce-lets?

Dol. No; but I will do 't.

Sul. Soon at night, my Dolly, When we are shipt, and all our goods aboard, " Eastward for Ratcliff, we will turn our course To Brainford, westward, if thou sayst the word.

And take our leaves of this o'erweening rancal. This peremptory Face.

Sub. Thou 'st cause, when the slave will run at wiving, Dol.

Against the instrument that was drawn between as

Dol. I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can. Sub. Yes, tell her She must by any means address some present To th' cunning man, make him amends for

wronging His art with her suspicion; send a ring. Or chain of pearl; she will be tortur'd else

Extremely in her sleep, say, and ha' strange things

Come to her. Wilt thou? Dol.

Dol. Yes. My fine flitter-mouse, My bird o' the night! We'll tickle it at the Pigeons,5

When we have all, and may unlock the trunks, And say, this 's mine, and thine; and thine, and mine. They kiss.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. What now! a billing? In the good passage of our stock-affairs.

Face. Drugger has brought his parson; take him in, Subrle.

And send Nab back again to wash his face. Sub. I will: and shave himself? Face. . If you can get him. Dol. You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it

is ! Face. A trick that Dol shall spend ton pound

[Re-enter Subtle.]

a month by.

Is he gone? Sub. The chaplain waits you i' the hall, air.

> 6 Bat. 8 An inn at Brentford.

Sabele, Dol, and Face, All I can do * Ends.

· h-lp you over the wall, o' the back-side. end you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol. will be officers presently, bethink you is some course suddenly to scape the dock; For thither you'll come else. (Some knock) Hark you, thunder. Sub. You are a precious fiend! Offi. [without.] Offi. [without.] Open the door, Face. Dol. I am sorry for thee i faith; but hear'st thou? It shall go hard but I will place thee somewhere: Thou shalt ha' my letter to Mistress Amo -Hang you. Dol. Face, Or Madam Caesarcan. Dol. Pox upon you, rogue, Would I had but time to beat thee! Subtle. Let's know where you'll set up next; I will send you customer now and then, for old acquaintance. What new course have you? Rogue, I'll hang myself; Sul That I may walk a greater devil than thou And haunt thee i' the flock-bed and the buttery. Exeunt. Scene V.4 Enter LOVEWIT (in the Spanish dress, with the Parson. Loud knocking at the door. Love. What do you mean, my masters? Mam. without. Open your door. Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

Offi. [without.] Or we'll break it open.

Love. What warrant have you?

Offi. [without.] Warrant enough, in. doubt not, If you'll not open it. Is there an officer there? Lore. Offi. without.] Yes, two or three for failing.

Love. Have but patience. And I will open it straight. [Enter FACE, as butler.] Face. Sir, ha' you done? Is it a marriage? Perfect? Yes, my brain. Face. Off with your ruff and cloak then; be yourself, sir.
Sur. [without.] Down with the door.
Kas. [without.] Slight, ding it open.
Law. [opening the door.] Hold. Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence" • Mammon, Surly, Kastril, Ananias, Trib CLATION and Officers rush in. Mam. Where is this collier? And my Captain Face? Sur. Mam. These day-owls.

Sur. That are birding? in men's purse. Main. Madam Suppository. Kas.Doxy, my suster. An outer room in the same. Break. For fear of tailing. 7 Stealing

C. T.A. of water and . snow ceraccedance of her .gs. I think, Is't not, Dol? to the sailor's Sand were with ...w; and our silver the French petti-Here, i' the trunk, Yogger's damask there, Give me the keys. No matter, Dol; because , as before he comes , you shall not open them, in-.. th. do you see? Not forth, samek-rampant. The right is, ... pardon'd me, and he will keep you look - for all your figa m indeed. Wherefore, good partout she, he satisfied: for here do indenture tripartite

2 A famous pirate.

and the state of

Ing.

Locusts.

Of the foul pit.

Profane as Bel and the Dragon. Ana. Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice

of Egypt.

Love. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,

And cannot stay this violence?

Love. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do you seek?

Mum. The chemical cozener.

Nas. The nun my suster.

Madam Rabbi. Inct. Scorpions, 10

And caterpillars, Fewer at once, I pray you. Fewer at once, I pray you. charge you,

Charge you, By virtue of my staff. They are the vessels Of pride, lust, and the cart.

Good zeal, lie still

A little while. Peace, Deacon Annnias. Love. The house is mine here, and the doors are open;

If there be any such persons as you seek for, l'se your authority, search on o' God's name, I am but newly come to town, and finding
This turnult 'bent my door, to tell you true, so
It somewhat maz'd me; till my man here, fear-

ing My more displeasure, told me he had done omewhat an insolent part, let out my house

Belike presuming on my known aversion From any air o' the town while there was sick-

ness.,
To a doctor and a captain: who, what they are
Or where they be, he knows not.
Mom.
Are they gone?
Love. You may go in and search, sir. (ManMon, Ana., and Trills, go in.) Here, I find
The empty walls worse than I left 'em, smok'd,
A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a furnace:
The ceiling fill'd with possies of the candle, a
And "Madam with a dildo"! writ o' the walls.

Caly one gentlewoman I met here
That is within, that said she was a widow—
Kas. Ay, that 's my suster; I'll go thump
her. Where is she? [Goes in.] 46 Love. And should ha' married a Spanish count,

but he,

When he came to 't, neglected her so grossly, That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

Sur. How! have I hat her then? Lone. Were you the don, sir? Good fuith, now she does blame you extremely,

Fon swore, and told her you had ta'en the pains To dye your beard, and umber o'er your face, Borrowed a suit, and ruff, all for her love: And then did nothing. What an oversight And want of putting forward, sir, was this! =

Probably a fragment of a song.

Well fare an old harquebusier 2 yet.

Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit, All in a fwinkling! MANMON comes forth. Mam. The whole nest are fied!

Love. What sort of birds were they ? Mam. A kind of choughs,"

Or thievish daws, sir, that have pickt my

Of eight score and ten pounds within these five

weeks.

Beside my first materials; and my goods.

That lie i' the cellur, which I am glad they ha' left,

I may have home yet.

Think you so, sir?

Love. Think you so, sir?

Mam.
Love. By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.

Mam. Not mine own stuff!
Love. Sir, I can take no knowledge at the control of law.

That they are yours, but by public means.

If you can bring certificate that you were gull'd.

If you can bring of ten,

of ten,

Or any formal writ out of a court,

That you did cozen yourself, I will not hold them.

Mam. I'll rather lose tem.

That you shall not, sir,

That you shall not, sir, By me, in troth; upon these terms, they 're

What, should they ha' been, sir, turn'd into gold, all?

Mam. No.

I cannot tell. - It may be they should. - What

then?
Love. What a great loss in hope have you sustain'd!

Mam. Not I; the commonwealth has.

Face. Ay, he would ha' built. The city new; and made a ditch about it Of silver, should have run with cream from Hogsden;

That every Sunday in Moorsfields the younk-

And tite and tom-boys should have fed on,

Mam. I will go mount a turnip-cart, and The end o' the world within these two mouths.

Surly.

What! in a dream?

Must I needs cheat myself Sur. With that same foolish vice of honesty!

Come, let us go and hearken out the regues: W That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him. Face. If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you word

Unto your lodging; for in troth, they were strancers To me; I thought 'em honest as myself, sir.

They come forth.

[Re-enter Ananias and Tribulation.]

Tri. 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet. Go

And get some carts --

3 Musketeer. I Crow. 4 Wenches

For what, my zealous friends? Love. For what, my zealous friends?

Out of this den of thieves.

What is that portion? Lore. The goods sometimes the orphans', that

Bought with their silver pence.

What, those i' the cellar, The knight Sir Mammon claims?

I do defy The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren, Thou profane man! I ask thee with what con-

science

Thou caust advance that idol against us.
That have the seal? Were not the shillings
numb'red

That made the pounds; were not the pounds told out

Upon the second day of the fourth week. In the eighth month, upon the table dermant, The year of the last patience of the saints, Six hundred and ten?

Love. Mine earmest vehement botcher, to And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you: But if you get you not away the sooner, I shall confute you with a cudgel.

Ina. Tre. Be patient, Ananias.

Ina. I am strong.

And will stand up, well girt, against an host 110 That threaten Gad in exile.

I shall send you

Love.
To Amsterdam, to your cellar.
I will pray there, Against thy house. May dogs defile thy walls, And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof, This seat of falsehood, and this cave of coz'-nage! [Excunt Ana. and TRIB.] nagei

Enter DRUGGER.

Love. Another too?
Drug.
Love. (heats him.) Away. you Harry Nicholas! do you talk?
[Exit Drug.]
Face. No, this was Abel Drugger. Good sir,

And satisfy him; tell him all is done:

He staid too long a washing of his face.
The doctor, he shall hear of him at Westches-

And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or And of the enpum, ten ham.

Some good port-town else, lying for a wind.

[Exit Parson.]

If you can get off the angry child now, sir -

[Enter Karrust, dragging in] his sinter.

Kas. Come on, you ewe, you have match'd most sweetly, ha' you not? is Did not I say, I would never ha' you tupt But by a dubb'd boy, s to make you a lady-

1 That are sealed as God's people.
1 The founder of the fanatical sect called "The Family of Love."

haight.

'Slight, you are a mammet! O, I could touse you now.

Death, mun byou marry with a pox! Love.

You lie, boy : As sound as you; and I 'm aforehand with you.
Anon! to Love. Come, will you quarrel? I will felle?

you, sirrah; Why do you not buckle to your tools? God's light, KOR.

This is a fine old boy as e'er I saw!

Love. What, do you change your copy now?

Proceed;

Here stands my dove: stoop at her if you

An I should be hang'd for 't! Suster, I protest, I honour thee for this match.

O, do you so, sir?

Lore.

Has. Yes, an thou canst take tobacco and drink, old boy,

I'll give her five hundred pound more to her marriage.

Than her own state.

Love. Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.
Face. Yes; but go in and take it, sir. We will

I will be rul'd by thee in anything, Jeremy.

Kas. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound, thou art a jovy' boy!

Come, let us in, I pray thee, and take our whiffa.

Love, Whiff in with your sister, brother boy [Exeunt Kas. and Dame P.] That master

That had receiv'd such happiness by a sersant.

In such a widow, and with so much wealth, Were very ungrateful, if he would not be A little indulgent to that servant's wit, And help his fortune, though were some small

strain Of his own candour. [Advancing.] Therefore.

gentlemen, And kind spectators, if I have outstript An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think we What a young wife and a good brain man do. Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it 100.

Speak for thyself, knave.

Face. So I will. sir. [Advancing to the front of
the stage.] Gentlemen.

My part a little fell in this last scene,
Yet 't was desorum." And though I am clean
Got off from Subtle. Surly. Manmon, Dol. =
Hot Annins, Dapper. Drugger, all
With whom I traded; yet I put myself
On you, that are my country: " and this pall
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests,
To feast you often, and invite new gnests. "
Exems.

4 Puppet.

7 A term of falcoury: used in punning allusion to the name of Kaatril, which means hawk

8 Downatic property.

Fair reputation. u Jury.

THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY

BY

THOMAS DEKKER

IDRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE KING.
THE EARL OF CORNWALL.
SIN HEEGE LACY, Earl of Lincoln.
ROWLAND LACY,
otherwise HARRY,
His Nephewa.
ASREW
BIR REGER OATELY, LOY Mayor of London.
Master HARRON,
Master HARRON,
Master Style,
Master Style, the Shocmaker.

ROBER, commonly called House, Fire, Ralfe, Lovell, a Courtier, Donoger, a Servant to the Earl of Lincoln. A Boy. Rese, Faughter of Sir Rosen. Symit, her Maid. Manoger, Wife of Simor Errs.

Jape, Wife of Ralfe.

Courtiers, Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, Hunters, Shoemakers, Apprentices, Servants.

SCENE. - London and Old Ford.]

THE PROLOGUE

As it was pronounced before the Queen's Majesty

As wretches in a storm, expecting day, With troubling hands and eyes cast up to heaven, Make prayers the anchor of their conquer'd hopes, So we, dear goddese, wonder of all eyes, Your meanest vassals, through mistrust and fear To sink into the bottom of disgrace By our imperfect pastimee, prostrate thus On bended knees, our sails of hope do strike, Dreading the bitter storms of your dislike. Since then, unhappy men, our hap is such That to ourselves ourselves no help can bring, But needs must perish, if your saint-like ears, Locking the temple where all mercy sits, Refuse the tribute of all begging tongues; Oh, grant, bright mirror of true chastity, From those life-breathing stars, your sun-like eyes, Ome gracious smile; for your celestial breath Must send us life, or seatence us to death.

ACT I

SCENE I.1

Enter the LORD MAYOR and the EARL OF LINCOLN.

Linc. My lord mayor, you have sundry times Peated myself and many courtiess more; Seldom or never can we be so kind To make requital of your courtesy. But leaving this, I hear my cousin Lacy Is much affected to 2 your daughter Rose.

A street in London.

In love with.

L. Mayor. True, my good lord, and she loves

him so well

That I mislike her boldness in the chase.

Linc. Why, my lord mayor, think you it then
a shame.

To join a Lacy with an Oateley's name?

L. Mayor. Too mean is my poor girl for his high birth;

Poor citizens must not with courtiers wed, Who will in silks and gay apparel spend More in one year than I am worth, by far: Therefore your honour need not doubt my girl.

Foar.

Linc. Take heed, my lord, advise you what

you do! A verier unthrift lives not in the world, Than is my cousin; for I'll tell you what; 'T is now almost a year since he requested To travel countries for experience. I furnisht him with coin, bills of exchange, Letters of credit, nien to wait on him, Solicited my friends in Italy
Well to respect him. But, to see the end,
Seant had he journey'd through half Germany, But all his coin was spent, his men cast off, His bills embezzl'd. and my jolly coz. 2 Asham'd to show his bankrupt presence here, Became a shoemaker in Wittenberg, A goodly science for a gentleman
Of such descent! Now judge the rest by this:
Suppose your daughter have a thousand pound,
He did consume me more in one half year:
And make him heir to all the wealth you have One twelvementh's rioting will waste it all. Then seek, my lord, some honest citizen

To wed your daughter to.

L. Mayor.

I thank your lordship.

[Aside.] Well, fox. I understand your subtil-

14. -As for your nephew, let your lordship's eye But watch his actions, and you need not fear, For I have seen my daughter far enough. And yet your consin Rowland might do well, Now he hath learn'd an occupation: And yet I scorn to call him son-in-law.

Line. Ay, but I have a better trade for him.
I thank his grace, he hath appointed him 60
Chief colonel of all those companies Must'red in London and the shires about, To serve his highness in those wars of France. See where he comes!

Enter LOVELL, LACY, and ASKEW.

Lovell, what news with you?

Lovell. My Lord of Lincoln, 't is his highness' will,

That presently syour cousin ship for France With all his powers; he would not for a million,

But they should land at Dieppe within four days.
Linc. Go certify his grace, it shall be done.

Exit LOVELL Now, consin Lacy, in what forwardness

Are all your companies? Lacy.
All well prepar'd,
The men of Hertfordshire lie at Milesend,
Suffolk and Essex train in Tothill-fields, The Landoners and those of Middlesex, All gallantly prepar'd in Finsbury,

With fredie spirits long for their parting hour,
L. Mayor. They have their imprest, coats,
and forniture; 5

And, if it please your cousin Lacy come To the Guildhall, he shall receive his pay; And twenty pounds besides my brethren

1 Course; used of any relative not of one's immediate family.

3 At once.

1 Equipment. 4 Advance-pay.

Will freely give him, to approve our loves We bear unto my lord, your uncle here.

Lacy. I thank your honour.

Line. Thanks, my good lord mayor.

L. Mayor. At the Guildhall we will expect

Ent.

your coming.

Ent.

To approve your loves to me? No sub-Line.

tilty Nephew, that twenty pound he doth bestow For joy to rid you from his daughter Rose. But, consins both, now here are none but

friends, would not have you east an amorous eye Upon so mean a project as the love Of a gay, wanton, painted citizen. I know, this churl even in the height of score Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine. I pray thee, do thou so! Remember, coz, What honourable fortunes wait on thee. Increase the king's love, which so brightly

shines, And gilds thy hopes. I have no heir but thee, -And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit Thou start from the true bias of my love.

Lacy. My lord, I will for honour, not desire Of land or livings, or to be your heir. So guide my actions in pursuit of France,

As shall add glory to the Lacies' name.

Linc. Coz. for those words here 's thirty Por tuguese, And, nephew Askew, there 's a few for you. Fair Honour, in her loftiest eminence.

Stays in France for you, till you fetch her

thence. Then, nephews, clap swift wings on your designs.

Begone, begone, make haste to the Guildholi; There presently I'll meet you. Do not stay Where honour [beckons] shame attends delat.

Askew. How gladly would your uncle have you gone!
Lacy. True, coz. but I 'llo'erreach his policies.

have some serious business for three days, " Which nothing but my presence can dispate You, therefore, cousin, with the companies. Shall haste to Dover; there I 'Il meet with

or, if I stay past my prefixed time,
Away for France; we'll meet in Normandy.
The twenty pounds my lord mayor gives to see You shall receive, and these ten Portuguese, Part of mine uncle's thirty. Gentle coz, Have care to our great charge; I know, your windom

Hath tried itself in higher consequence.

Askew. Coz. all myself am yours: yet have

this care. To lodge in Landon with all secrecy; Our nucle Lincoln hath, besides his own, Many a jealous eve, that in your face Staros only to watch means for your disgrace. Lacy. Stay, cousin, who be these?

1 Inclination

A gold coin, worth about three pounds twelve abillings

. Qq. become Malone emend.

Enter SIMON EVRE, [MARGERT] his unfe, Home, Fier, Jane, and Ralph with a

Eyre. Leave whining, leave whining! Away with this whimp'ring, this puling, these blubbring tears, and these wet eyes! I'll get thy husband discharg'd, I warrant thee, sweet Jane ; go to!

Hodge. Master, here be the captains. Eyre. Peace, Hodge; husht, ye knave, husht! Firk. Here be the cavaliers and the colonels,

Eyre. Peace, Firk; peace, my fine Firk! Stand by with your pishery-pashery, away! I am a man of the best presence; I'll speak to them, an a they were Popes. — Gentlemen, captains, colonels, commanders! Brave men, lim brave leaders, may it please you to give me audience. I am Simon Eyre, the mad shoemaker of Tower Street; this wench with the mealy mouth Tower Street; this wench with the mealy mouth that will never tire, is my wife, I can tell you; here 's Hudge, my man and my foreman; [12] here is Firk, my fine firking 'journeyman, and this is blubbered Jane. All we come to be suitors for this honest Rahht. Keep him at home, and as I am a true shoemaker and a gentlemm of the gentle cruft, buy spurs yourself, and I'll [10] and we boots these seven years.

Marg. Seven years, husband?

Eyr. Peace, midriff, peace! I know what I do. Peace!

Eyre. Peace, midriff, peace! I know what I do. Peace! Firk. Truly, master cormorant, you shall do food service to let Ralph and his wife any together. She is a young new-married woman; if you take her husband away from her and the man beg in the daya night, you undo her; she may beg in the day-timo; for he's as good a workman at a prick and an awl as any is in our trade.

Jane. O let him stay, else I shall be undone.

Firk. Ay, truly, she shall be laid at one side
like a pair of old shoes else, and be occupied

lur no use.

Lucy, Truly, my friends it lies not in my

The Londoners are press'd, paid, and set

By the lord mayor; I cannot change a man.

Hodge. Why, then you were as good be a corporal as a colonel, if you cannot discharge is one good fellow; and I tell you true, I think you do more than you can answer, to press a man within a year and a day of his marriage.

Eure. Well said, melancholy Hodge; gra-

Eure. Well said, melancholy Hodge; gramerev, my fine foreman.

Marg. Tenly, gentlemen, it were ill done for such as you, to stand so stiffly against a poor young wife, considering her case, she is new-married; but let that pass. I pray, deal not coughly with her; her husband is a young man, and but newly ent'red; but let that pass.

Eyre. Away with your pishery-pashery, your pols and your edipols! 3 Peace, midriff; si-

Piece of leather.
Twiddle-twaddle.

4 Used as a term of contempt.

· Fricky, tricky.

4 Quibbling on colonel.

† Impressed into service.

s Bolemn declarations.

lence, Cicely Bumtrinket! Let your head speak.

Firk. Yes, and the horns too, master.

Eyre. Too soon, my fine Firk, too soon!

Peace, scoundrels! See you this man? Captains, you will not release him? Well, let him tains, you will not release him? Well, let him go; he's a proper shot; let him vanish! bee Peace, Jane, dry up thy tears, they'll muke his powder dankish. Take him, brave men; Hector of Troy was an luckney to him, Hercules and Termagant 10 scoundrels. Prince Arthur's Round-table by the Lord of Ludgate—122 ne'er fed such a tall. I such a dapper swordman; by the life of Pharach, a brave sesolute swordman! Peace, Jane! I say no more, and knaves.

First. See, see, Hodge, how my master raves in commendation of Ralph!

in commendation of Ralph!

Hodge, Ralph, th' art a gull, 18 by this hand, an thou goest not

Askew. I am glad, good Master Eyre, it is my hap

To meet so resolute a soldier.
Trust me, for your report and love to him,
A common slight regard shall not respect him. Lucy. Is thy name Kalph?

Kulph. Yes, sir.

Lacy. Give me thine hand; Thou shalt not want, as I am a gentleman.
Woman, be patient; God, no doubt, will send
Thy husband safe again; but he must go,

His country's quarrel says it shall be so.

Hodge. Th' art a gull, by my stirrup, if thou
dost not go. I will not have thee strike thy
gimlet into these weak vessels; prick thine

enemies, Ralph.

Enter Dodger.

Dodger. My lord, your uncle on the Tower-hill

Stays with the lord-mayor and the aldermen. And doth request you, with all speed you may,
To hasten thither.

Askew.

Cousin, let 's go.

Lacy. Dodger, run you before, tell them we

come,

This Dodger is mine uncle's parasite,

Erit Dongen. The arrant'st variet that e'er breath'd on earth; He sets more discord in a noble house
By one day's broaching of his pick thank tales, 19
Than can be salv'd dagain in twenty years, 10 and he, I fear, shall go with us to France, To pry into our actions.

Asken. Therefore, coz,

It shall behove you to be circumspect,

Lacy. Fear not, good consin. - Ralph, hie to
your colours. [Erit Lacy and Assew.] Ralph. I must, because there's no remedy; But, gentle master and my loving dame, As you have always been a friend to me,

So in mine absence think upon my wife.

Jane. Alas, my Ralph.

Marg. She cannot speak for weeping. Marg.

Damp. 11 Brave. B Fool.

10 An imaginary Saracen god.
13 Tales told to curry favor.

Eyre. Peace, you crack'd groats, you mustard tokens. disquiet not the brave soldier. Go thy ways, Ralph !

June. Ay, ay, you bid him go; what shall I do

When he is gone?

Fick, Why, he doing with me or my fellow

Hodge; be not idle.

Eyre. Let me see thy hand, Jane. This fine hand, this white hand, these pretty fingers must spin, must eard, must work; work, you bombast cotton-eandle-quean; work for your living, [as with a pox to you. — Hold thee, Ralph, here's five sixpences for thee; fight for the homour of five sixpences for the coutlemen abounders. the gentle craft, for the gentlemen shoemakers, the courageous cordwainers, the flower of St.
Martin's, the mad knaves of Bedlam, Fleet [100
Street, Tower Street and Whitechapel; crack
me the crowns of the French knaves; a pox on
them, crack them; fight, by the Lord of Ludgate; fight, my fine boy!

Firk. Here, Ralph, here's three twopences; two carry into France, the third shall

wash our souls at parting, for sorrow is dry. For

my sake, firk the Basa mon cues.

Hodge, Ralph, I am heavy at parting; but here is a shilling for thee. God send these to loo cram thy stops with French crowns, and thy enemies bellies with bullets.

Rulph. I thank you, master, and I thank

you all.

Now, gentle wife, my loving lovely Jane, Rich men, at parting, give their wives rich gifts.

Jewels and rings, to grace their lily hands.

Thou know'st our trade makes rings for women's heels:

Here take this pair of shoes, cut out by Hodge, Stitch'd by my fellow Firk, seam'd by myself, Made up and pink'd's with letters for thy

Wear them, my dear Jane, for thy husband's anke,

And every morning when thou pull'st them on, Remember me, and pray for my return. Make much of them; for I have made them so

That I can know them from a thousand mo. sos

Drum sounds. Enter the LORD MAYOR, the EARL of Lincoln, Lacy, Askew, Dodger, and Soldiers. They pass over the stage; Ralph falls in amongst them; Firk and the rest cry "Farewell," etc., and so exeunt.

ACT II

SCENE I.

Enter Rose, alone, making a garland.

Rose. Here sit thou down upon this flow'ry Frank

1 Four-pentry piece.

Yellow spots on the body denoting the infection of the plague. * Grant

Brocches (-pockets).

a Perforated A garden at Old Ford.

And make a garland for thy Lacy's head. These pinks, these roses, and these violets, These blushing gilliflowers, these marigolds, The fair embrodery of his coronet, Carry not half such beauty in their checks, As the sweet count nance of my Lacy doth. O my most unkind father! O my stars, Why lower'd you so at my nativity,
To make me love, yet live robb'd of my love?
Here as a thief am I imprisoned
For my dear Lacy's sake within those walls, Which by my father's cost were builded up For better purposes. Here must I languish For him that doth as much lament, I know, u

Enter Sybil.

Mine absence, as for him I pine in woe.

Sybil. Good morrow, young mistress. I am sure you make that gurland for me, against? I shall be Lady of the Harvest.

Ruse. Sybil, what news at London?

Sybil. None but good; my lord mayor, your father, and master Philpot, your uncle. and Master Scot, your cousin, and Mistress Frigbottom by Doctors' Commons, do all, by my troth and you most hearty commendations. troth, send you most hearty commendations. Pid Lacy send kind greetings to his

love?

Subil. O yes, out of cry, by my troth. I scant knew him; here 'a wore a scarf; and here a scarf, here a bunch of feathers, and here precious stones and jewels, and a pair of garters, -O, monstrous! like one of our yellow silk curtains at home here in Old Ford House here, in Master Helly-mount's chamber. I stood at our door in Cornhill, look'd at him, he at me indeed, spake to him, but he not is with a wanion! He pass d by me as proud

Marry foh! are you grown humorous, thought

I; and so shut the door, and in I came.

Rose. () Sybil, how dost thou my Lacy wrong!

My Rowland is as gentle as a lamb, No dove was ever half so mild as he. Sybil. Mild? yea, as a bushel of stamp crabs. 19 He lookt upon me as sour as verjoice. Go thy ways, thought I, thou may at he much is in my gaskins, 13 but nothing in my neder-stocks, 18 This is your fault, mistress, to love him that loves not you; he thinks scoru to do as he's done to; but if I were as you, I'd cry, "Go by, Jeronimo, go by!" 14

I'd set mine old debts against my new driblots, And the hare's foot against the goose giblets. For if ever I sigh, when sleep I should take, Pray God I may lose my maidenhead when I wake.

Rose. Will my love leave me then, and go to France?
Sybil. I know not that, but I am sure I see

7 In preparation. 8 With a vengeance.

M Crushed crab-apples.
If June of green fruits.
If Wide transcra-

Capriciona. U Stockings. The meaning seems to be that though a may be acquainted, we are not intimate friends.

MA phrase from Kyd's Symmesh Trugedy.

him stalk before the soldiers. By my troth, he is a proper man; but he is proper that proper doth. Let him go snick-up,2 young

Rose. Get thee to London, and learn perfeetly

Whether my Lacy go to France, or no. Do this, and I will give thee for thy pains. My cambric apron and my Romish gloves,

My cambric apron and my Romish gloves,
My purple stockings and a stomacher.

Say, will thou do this, "whil, for my sake?

Sybil. Will I, quoth a? At whose suit? By
my troth, yes, I 'll go. A cambric apron, gloves,
a pair of purple stockings, and a stomacher!
Ill sweat in purple, mistress, for yon; [m
I'll take anything that comes a' God's name.
O rich! a catobric apron! Faith, then have at
up tails all.' I 'll go jiggy-joggy to London,
and be here in a trice, young mistress.

Exit.

Rose, Po so, good Sybil, Meantime wretched I
Will sit and sigh for his lost company. Exit. [7]

SCENE II.3

Enter LACY, like a Dutch Shoemaker.

Lacy. How many shapes have gods and kings

devis'd. Thereby to compass their desired loves! It is no shame for Rowland Lacy, then, To clothe his cuming with the gentle craft,
That, thus disguis'd, I may unknown possess a
The only happy presence of my Rose.
For her have I forsook my charge in France,
Incurr'd the king's displeasure, and stirc'd up Rough hatred in mine uncle Lincoln's breast.

Olove, how powerful art thou, that canst change High hirth to baseness, and a noble mind To the mean semblance of a shoemaker! Having the single union of our souls,
Having the single union of our souls,
Has secretly convey'd my Rose from London,
To har me of her presence; but I trust, Fortune and this disguise will further me mee more to view her beauty, gain her sight. Here in Tower Street with Eyre the shoemaker Mean I a while to work; I know the trade, 20 I learnt it when I was in Wittenberg. Then cheer thy hoping spirits, be not dismay'd, Then caust not want: do Fortune what she can, The gentle craft is living for a man.

SCENE III.4

Enter ExRE, making himself ready.6

Eyre. Where he these loys, these girls, these drabs, these scoundrels? They wallow in the fat brewiss? of my bounty, and lick up the crumbs of my table, yet will not rise to see my walks cleaned. Come out, you powder-heef queaus! What, Mady Mumble-crust, is Come out, you fat midriff-awag-belly-whores, and sweep me these kennels" that the noisome stench offend not the noses of my neighbours.

Go and be hanged '
A street in Lamian,
Balora Egre's house.

Baltad beef. . Guttern

Dressing himself.
Beef broth.

What, Firk, I say; what, Hodge! Open my [10 shop windows! What, Firk, I say!

Enter FIRK.

Firk. O master, is 't you that speak bandog' and Bedlam 16 this morning? I was in a dream, and mused what madman was got into the street so early. Have you drunk this morning that [15

your throat is so clear?

Eyre. Ah, well said, Firk; well said, Firk. To work, my fine knave, to work! Wash thy face, and thou't be more blest.

Firk. Let them wash my face that will eat [: it. Good master, send for a souse-wife, 11 if you'll have my face cleaner.

Enter Houge.

Eyre. Away, sloven! avaunt, scoundrel!-Good-morrow, Hodge; good-morrow, my fine foreman.

Hodge. O master, good-morrow; y'are an early stirrer. Here's a fair morning.—(iood-morrow, Firk, I could have slept this hour. Here's a brave day towards. 12

Eyer. Oh, haste to work, my fine foreman, 100

haste to work.

Firk. Master, I am dry as dust to hear my fellow Roger talk of fair weather; let us pray for good leather, and let clowns and ploughboys and those that work in the fields pray [25] for brave days. We work in a dry shop; what care I if it rain?

Enter EYRE's wife [MARGERY].

Eure. How now, Dame Margery, can you see to rise? Trip and go, call up the drubs, your

Marg. See to rise? I hope 't is time enough, 't is early enough for any woman to be seen abroad. I marvel how many wives in Tower

Firk. Yet, that 's but a dry beating; here 's still a sign of drought.

Enter LACY [disguised], singing.

Lacy. Der was een bore van Gelderland Frolick sie buen; He was als drouek he cold nyet stand, I peolee sie byen.

Tan cens de canne ken, Drincke, schone mannekin.14

Watch dog.
 A woman who washed said pickles pur' faces.
 Coming.
 Coming.

W The language is, of course, meant for Dutch.

There was a hour from Gelderland,
July they be:
He was in dean't be could not dand,
Drunken I they be:
Clink then the commissin,
Drink, pretty mannistin I

Firk. Master, for my life, youder 's a bro-ther of the gentle craft; if he bear not Saint Hugh's hones, 'I'll forfeit my bones; he 's some uplandish workman; hire him, good master, that I may learn some gibble-gabble; 't will make us work the faster.

Eyre. Peace, Fick! A hard world! Let him

Peace, ny fine Firk! A nard world! Let him pass, let him vanish, we have journeymen enow. Peace, my fine Firk!

Marg. Nay, nay, y are best follow your man's counsel; you shall see what will come on 't. We every butter-box; 2 but let that pass.

Hodge, Dame, fore God, if my muster follow your counsel, he 'll consume little beef. He shall

be glad of men an he can catch them.

Firk. Av, that he shall,
Hodge. Fore God, a proper man, and I warrant, a fine workman. Master, farewell; dame, adien; if such a man as he cannot find work, Hodge is not for you.

**Epre. Stay, my fine Hodge,

Firk. Faith, an your foreman go, dame, you

must take a journey to seek a new journeyman; if Roger remove, Firk follows. If Saint Hugh's bones shall not be set a-work, I may prick mine all in the walls, and go play. Fare ye well,

mine all in the walls, and go play. Fare ye well, master; good-bye, dame.

Eyre. Tarry, my fine Hodge, my brisk foreman. Stay, Firk! Peace, pudding-broth! By the Lord of Ludgate, I love my men as my life. Peace, you gallimanfry! Hodge, if he want work, I'll hire him. One of you to him; stay, —he comes to us.

Lacy. Gooden dach, messler, ende u vro oak. Firk, Nails, h if I should speak ofter him without drinking, I should choke. And you, [so friend Oalte, are you of the gentle craft! Lacy. You, yaw, ik bin den skomuwker. Firk. Den skomuker, quoth 'a! And bark you, komaker, have you all your tools, a good rubbing-pin, a good stopper, a good dreaser, your [so

skamaker, have you all your tools, a good rubbing-pin, a good stopper, a good dresser, your four four sorts of awls, and your two halls of wax, your paring knife, your hund-and-thumbleathers, and good St. Hugh's bones to smooth up your work?

Laex, You, you; be niet covered. Ik had all dedingen coour mack skoors good and cleans.!

Firk, Ha, ha! Good master, hire him; he 'll make me laugh so that I shall work more in mirth than I can in coursest.

mirth than I can in earnest.

Eyr. Hear ye, friend, have ye any skill in [110

Lacy. Ik weet niet wat yow sey; ich verstar you

¹ The hones of St. Hugh were supposed to have been made into shoemaker's tools.

† Dutchman.

A dish of different hashed meats. The word is contemptuously of a versalite person, contemptuously of a versalite person.

but is applied to Margery without much appropriatoness.

Claud day, master, and your wafe too.

A rooth.

Yes, yes, I am a shoemaker.
Yes, yes, be not oftend. I have everything to make boots ing and little.

I don't know what you say; I don't understand you.

Firk. Why, thus, man: [Imitating by ges- [ne 'ture a shoemaker at work.] Ich verste u mist, quoth 'a.

Lacy. Yaw, yaw; jak can dat wel doen. I Firk. Yaw, yaw! He speaks yawing like a jackdaw that gares to be fed with cheese curds. Oh, he'll give a villanous pull at a we can of double-beer; but Hudge and I have the vantage, we must drink first, because we are the allest internetion.

the eldest journeymen.

Eyre. What is thy name?

Lacy. Hans — Hans Meulter.

Eyre. Give me thy hand; th'art welcome;—
Hodge, entertain him; Firk, bid him welcome;
come. Hans. Run, wife, bid your maids, your traditionbs. It make ready my fine men's break-

fraits. To him, Hodge!

Hodge. Hans, th'art welcome; use this of friendly, for we are good fellows; if zot, thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger

than a ginnt.

Firk. Yea, and drunk with, wert then Gar-gantua. My master keeps no cowards. I tell thee. - Ho, boy, bring him an heel-block, here's a new journeyman.

[Enter Boy.]

Lacy. O, ich wersto you; ich most een halve doseen cans betaelen; here, boy, nempt die ekaiing, top eens freelick. If Exit Roy in Eyre, Quick, snipper-snapper, away; frie seour thy throat; thou shalt wash it with Casti-

lian liquor.

[Enter Boy.]

Come, my last of the fives, give me s can. Have to thee, Hans; here, Hodge; here, Firk; and drink, you mad Greeks, and work like true Trajans, and pray for Smoon Eyre, the aboemaker.

Hore, Hans, and th'art welcomes.

Firk. Lo, dame, you would have lost a good fellow that will teach us to laugh. This and the second property in well.

beer came hopping in well.

Mary. Simon, it is almost seven. Eyre. Is 't so, Dame Clapper-dudgeon? 15 la't seven a clock, and my men's breakfast ret ready? Trip and go, you sould conger, to away! Come, you mad hyperboreans; follow me, Hans; come after, my fine Firk; to work, to work a while, and the

to breakfast,
Firk, Soft! Yaw, yow, good Hans, though my master have no more wit but to call you afore me, I am not so foolish to go behind vol I being the elder journeyman.

SCENE IV.18

[Halloaing within.] Enter WARKER and HATMON, like Hunters,

Ham. Cousin, beat every brake, the game not far,

2 Yes, yes, I can do that well.
2 O, I understand you; I must pay for helf-doted cans; here, lam, take this shilling, tap once freely 2 Slang for beggar.

14 Conger-eel.

10 A field near Old Ford

This way with winged feet he fled from death. Whilst the pursuing hounds, scenting his steps, Find out his highway to destruction. Besides, the miller's boy told me even now, He saw him take soil, and he halloaed him,

firming him to have been so embost 2 That long he could not hold,

B'arn. If it be so, T is best we trace these mendows by Old Ford.

[A noise of Hunters within. Enter a Boy.]

Ham. How now, boy? Where's the deer?

peak, saw'st thou him?

Boy. O yea; I saw him leap through a hedge,

and then over a ditch, then at my lord mayor's pale, over he skipt me, and in he went me, and "holla" the hunters cried, and "there, [bboy, there, boy!" But there he is, a mine

Ham, Boy, Godamercy, Cousin, let's away; I hope we shall find better sport to-day. Exeunt.

SCENE V. .

[Hunting within.] Enter ROSE and SYBIL.

Rose. Why, Sybil, wilt thou prove a forester? Sybil. Upon some, no. Forester? Go by; no, faith, mistross. The deer came running into faith, mistross. The deer came running into the barn through the orchard and over the pale; I wot well, I lookt as pale as a new cheese to see him. But whip, says (foodman Pin- 'o'close, up with his flail, and our Nick with a prong, and down he fell, and they upon him, and I upon them. By my troth, we had such aport; and in the end we ended him; his throat we cut, flay'd him, unborn'd him, and my [u lord mayor shall eat of him anon, when he onness. Horns sound within.

Rose. Hark, hark, the hunters come; y' are best take heed,

They'll have a saying to you for this deed. Enter HAMMON, WARNER, Huntsmen, and Boy.

Ham. God save you, fair ladies. Warn. Came not a buck this way?

No, but two does,

Ham. And which way went they? Faith, we'll hunt at those.

Sybit. At those? Upon some, no. When, can you tell?

Warn. Upon some, ay.

Soul. Good Lord!

Warn. Wounds! 5 Then farewell!

Swal.

Good Lord!

Warn.

Wounds!⁵ Then farewell!

Mam. Boy, which way went he?

Boy.

This way, sir, he ran.

Hom. This way he ran indeed, fair Mistress Rose;

Our game was lately in your orchard seen.

Wern. Can you advise, which way he took
his flight?

Sybil. Follow your nose; his horns will guide you right.

Corer Ethansted. The garden at Old Ford.

· Stupid. & An oath.

Warn. Th' art a mad wench. Sybil.

Kuse. Trust me, not I. It is not like that the wild forest-deer

Would come so near to places of resort; You are deceived, he fled some other way. Warn. Which way, my sugar-candy,

way, my sugar-candy, can you shew?

Sybil. Come up, good honeysops, upon some,

no. Rose. Why do you stay, and not pursue your game? Sybil. I'll hold my life, their hunting-uaga

be lame.

Ham. A deer more dear is found within this place.

Rose. But not the deer, sir, which you had in chase. Ham. I chas'd the deer, but this dear chaseth

33345

Rose. The strangest hunting that ever I see. But where s your park? Sheuffers to go away, Ham. 'T is here: O stay !

Ruse. Impale me, and then I will not stray.

Warn. They wrangle, weuch; we are more kind than they.

Sybil. What kind of hart is that dear heart you seek?

Warn. A hart, dear heart.

Sylul. Who ever saw the like? Rose. To lose your heart, is't possible you can?

Ham. My heart is lost.

Rive. Alack, good gentleman! Hum. This poor lost heart would I wish you might find.

Ross. You, by such luck, might prove your hart a hind.

Ham. Why Luck had horns, so have I heard

some say.

Rose. Now. God, an 't be his will, send Luck into your way.

Enter the LOHD MAYOR and Servants.

L. Mayor. What, Master Hammon? Welcome to Old Ford!

Sybil. Gods pittikins, 6 hands off, sir! Here's my lord.
L. Mayor. I hear you had ill luck, and lost

your game.
m. 'T is true, my lord. Ham.

L. Mayor. I am sorry for the same. What gentleman is this?

My brother-in-law. Ham Y' are welcome both; with For-L. Mayor. tune offers you

Into my hands, you shall not part from hence, I ntil you have refresht your wearied limbs. 660, Sybil, cover the board! You shall be guest

To no good cheer, but even a hunter's feast. Ham. I thank your lordship.—Consin, on my life,

For our lost venison I shall find a wife.

Examt [all but MAYOR].

L. Mayor. In, gentlemen; I'll not be absent

long. -By God's pity. This Hammon is a proper gentleman, A citizen by birth, fairly allied; How fit an husband were he for my girl! Well, I will in, and no the one a real real To match my daughter to this gentleman.

Exit. Well, I will in, and do the best I can.

ACT III

SCENE I.1

Enter LACY [as HANS], Skipper, HODGE, and

Skip. Ick sal you wat seggen, Hunn; dis ekip dat comen from Candy, is all vol. by bist's sacrament, van sugar, civet, atmonds, cambrick, end alle dingen, towsand towsand ding. Nempt it, Hans, nempt it vor v meester Durb be de labe fe van laden. Your meester Simon Eyre sul hae good copen. Wat seggen yow, Hans y 2

Firk. Wat suggen de reggen de copen, slopen hungh, Hodge, laugh!

Hans, Mine hever broder Firk, bringt Meester Eyre tot det signe vn Swannikin; darr sal yow finde dits skinper end me. Wat seggen yow, broder

finde dis skipper end me. Wat seggen yow, broder Firk & Doot at, Hodge. Come, skipper.

Firk. Bring him, quoth you? Here 'a no [14 knavery, to bring my muster to buy a ship worth the liding of two or three hundred thousand pounds. Alas, that's nothing; a trifle, a builde, Hodge. Hodge. The truth is, Firk, that the merchant

owner of the ship dares not shew his head, [ro and therefore this skipper that deals for him, for the love he bears to Hans, offers my master Eyre a bargain in the commodities. He shall have a reasonable day of payment; he may sell [24] the wares by that time, and be an huge gainer

himself.

Firk. Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twenty perpentines as an earnest penny Holge, Portuguese, thou wouldst say; here (we they be, Firk; hark, they jingle in my pocket like St. Mary Overy's bells.

Enter EYRE and his Wife [MARGERY].

Firk, Mum, here comes my dame and my master. She'll scold, on my life, for loitering this Monday; but all's one, let them all say what they can, Monday 's our holiday.

Marg. You sing, Sir Sauce, but I beshrew your beart.

1 fear, for this your singing we shall smart.

Firk. Smart for me, dame; why, dame, why? Hodge. Master, I hope you'll not suffer my dame to take down your journeymen.

A room in Eyre's house.

I I'll tell you what, Mans, this ship that is come from I wall is good to be a superment, of any series of almost a state of any of the superment, of any of the superment things. Take 0, Hans, take it as your master. There are the tills of ladang. Your master, Summ Eyre, shall have a good because. What may you, Hanse!

Mu stear brother Fick, brain Muster Eyre to the sign of the Suan, there shall man had be depicted the sign of the Suan, there shall man had be depicted me. What say you, brother Fick. Do ut, Hodge.

Firk. If she take me down, I 'll take her up? Pirk. If she take me down, I I take her up ryes, and take her down too, a button-hole lower.

Eyre, Peace, Fink; not I. Hodge; by the life of Pharaoh, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, every hair whereof I value at a sking's ransom, she shall not meddle with you. Peace, you bombast-cotton-candle-quean, away, queen of clubs; quarrel not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firk; I'll firk you,

men, with me and my fine Firk; I'll firk you, if you do.

Marg. Yea, yea, man, you may use me as you please; but let that pass.

Eyre. Let it pass, let it vanish away; peace! Am I not Simon Eyre? Are not these my les brave men, brave shoemakers, all gentlement the gentle craft? Prince am I none, yet am I nobly born, as being the sole son of a shoemaker. Away, rubbish! vanish, melt; melt; like kitchen-stuff.

Marg. Yea, yea, 'tis well; I must be call'd rubbish, kitchen-stuff, for a sort 'of knaves.

Firk. Nuy, dame, you shall not weep and wail in woe for me. Master, I'll stay no longer; here 's an inventory of my shop-tools. Adieu, master; Hodge, farewell.

Hodge. Nay, stay, Firk; thou shalt not go alone.

Marg. I pray, let them go; there be more maids than Mawkin, more men than Hodge, and more fools than Firk.

Firk. Fools? Nails! if I tarry now. I would my guts might be turn'd to shoe-thread.

Hodge. And if I stay. I pray God I may be turn'd to a Turk, and set in Finsbury? for boys to shoot at.—Come. Firk.

to shoot at. - Come, rick.

Eyre. Stay, my fine knaves, you arms of my trade, you pillars of my profession. What, shall a tittle-tattle's words make you forsake Simon Eyre? - Avanut. kitchen-stuff! Rip, you brown-bread Tannikin; out of my sight! Move me no!! Have not I ta'en you from sellanove me not! Have not! ta'en you from selling tripes in Easteheap, and set you in my chep,
and made you hall-fellow with Simon Eyre,
the shoemaker? And now do you deal thus 's
with my journeymen? Look, you powder-hesquean, on the face of Hodge, here's a face
for a lord.

Firk. And here's a face for any lady in Christendom.

Eyre. Rip, you chitterling, avaunt! Boy, hid the tapster of the Boar's Hand fill me a dozen cans of beer for my journeymen. Firk. A dozen caus? U, brave! Hodge, now

Firk. A dozen cans? U, brave! Hodge, now I'll stay.

Eyes. [in a low voice to the Boy.] An the [4] knave fills any more than two, he pays for them. [Exit Foy. Aloud.]—A dozen cans of beer for my journeymen. [Re-enter Roy. Here, you mad Mesopotamians, wash your livers be with this liquor. Where be the odd ten?—No more, Madge, no more.—Well said.* Deak and to work!—What work dost thou, Hodge? What work?

1 Finabury was a famous practising ground for arch

Hodge. I am a making a pair of shoes for my lord mayor's daughter, Mistress Itose.

Firk. And I a pair of shoes for Sybil, my lord's maid. I deal with her.

Eyre. Sybil? Fire, defile not thy fine workmanly fingers with the feet of kitchenstuff 100 and basting-ladles. Ladies of the court, fine ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our apparelling; put gross work to Hans. Yark 1 and seam, yark and soam!

Firk. For yarking and seaming let me alone, an I come to t.

Fork. For yarking and seaming let me alone, an I come to it.

Hadige. Well, master, all this is from the histor. Do you remember the ship my fellow Hens told you of? The skipper and he are both dranking at the Swan. Here be the Portugiuse to give earnest. If you go through with it, you cannot choose but he a lord at least.

Fork. For, Nay, dame, if my master prove not a lord, and you a lady, hang me.

Marg. Yea, like enough, if you may loiter and tirole thus.

and tipple thus.

Firk, Fipple, dame? No, we have been bar-mining with Skellinn Skanderbag: 3 can you barch spreaken for a ship of silk Cyprus, laden with sugar-candy.

Enter Boy with a velvet coat and an Alderman's gown, Exuz puts them on.

Eyre. Peace, Firk; silence, Tittle-tattle! Hodge, I'll go through with it. Here's a scaling, and I have sent for a guarded gown and a damask cassock. See where it comes; look here, Maggy; help me, Firk; appared me, Hodge; silk and satin, you mad Philistines, [126]

ailk and satin.

Fire. Ha, ha, my master will be as proud as a dog in a doublet, all in besten damask

Fire. Softly, Firk, for rearing of the nap, and wearing threadbare my garments. How out thou like me, Firk? How do I look, my hadden

do-t thou like me, Firk? How do I look, my fine Hodge? Why, now you look like yourself, master. I warrant you, there's few in the (issetty but will give you the wall,' and come upon with' the right worshipfol.

Firk. Nails, my master looks like a thread-bare cleak new turn'd and drest. Lord, Lord, not usee what good rainent doth! Dame, dame, are you not enaumoured?

Lore. How say'st thou, Maggy, am I not brisk? Am I not fine?

Marg. Fine? By my troth, aweetheart, very fine! By my troth, I never likt thee so well 'iss my life, sweetheart; but let that pass, I war-

in my life, sweetheart; but let that pass. I war-cant, there he many women in the city have not such hand-one husbands, but only for their apparel; but let that pass too.

2 Beside the point. 1 Frence.

1 German Rehelm, a accounted. Skanderbag, or Scander Reg to the Lord Alexander), a Turkish name for John Kastidos, the Albaman hern, who freed his country from the yoke of the Turks (1433-1467).

Warnka and Prosschold)

A role offining to differentially a Riamped.

Riamped.

Rassing.

2 Address you as.

Re-enter HANS and SEIPPER.

Hans. Godden day, mester. Dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van marchandice; de commodity

ben good; nempt it, master, nempt it.

Eyre. Godamerey. Hans; welcome, skipper.
Where lies this ship of merchandise?

Skip. De skip ben in revere; der he van sugar,
civet, almonds, cambrick, and a towsand, tow-

sand tings, gots sucrament; nempt it, mester: ye sut heb good copen. F
Firk. To him. master! O sweet master! so
O sweet wares! Prunes, almonds, sugar-camb,
carrot-roots, turnips. O brave fatting meat!

Let not a man buy a nutmeg but yourself.

Eyre, Peace, Firk! Come, skipper, I'll go aboard with you.—Hans, have you made him drink?

Skip. Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale gedrunck,11 Eyre. Come, Hans, follow me. Skipper, thon shalt have my countenance in the city.

Firk. Yow heb weale gedrunck, quoth 'a. They may well be called butter-boxes, when he they drink fat weal and thick beer too. But come, dame, I hope you'll chide us no more. Many. No, faith, Firk; no, perdy. 12 Hodge, I do feel honour creep upon me, and which is more, a certain rising in my flesh; but let that

pass.

Firk. Rising in your flesh do you feel, say you? Ay, you may be with child, but why should not my master feel a rising in his flesh, having a gown and a gold ring on? But you are such a shrew, you'll soon pull him down. on Marg. Ha, ha! prithee, peace! Thou mak'st my worship laugh; but let that pass. Come, I'll go in; Hodge, prithee, go before me; Firk, follow me.

follow me.

Firk. Firk doth follow: Hodge, pass out in state. Exeunt.

SCENE II.18

Enter the EARL OF LINCOLN and DODGER.

Linc. How now, good Dodger, what a the news in France? Dodger. My lord, upon the eighteenth day of May The French and English were prepar'd to fight;

Each side with eager fury gave the sign Of a most hot encounter. Five long hours Both armies fought together; at the length The lot of victory fell on our side. Twelve thousand of the Frenchmen that day

died.

Four thousand English, and no man of name But Captain Hyam and young Ardington, Two gallant gentlemen, I knew them well.

v Good day, master. This is the shipper that has the ship of merchander; the commodity is good, take it,

this is muster, take it.

The shap lies in the ever; there are sugar, evet, at mante, camera, and a thousand thousand through. By God's sacrament, take it, master; you shall have a good.

borgom. 11 Yes, yes, I have drunk well.

" London . a room in Lincoln's house.

Line. But Dodger, prithee, tell me, in this

How did my cousin Lucy bear himself? Dodger. My lord, your cousin Lacy was not

there. Line, Not there?

Dodger. No, my good lord.

Sure, thou mistakest, 18 I saw him shipp'd, and a thousand eyes beside Were witnesses of the farewells which he gave, When I, with weeping eyes, bid him adien. Dodger, take heed.

My lord, I am advis'd 1 That what I spake is true: to prove it so, His cousin Askew, that suppli d his place Sent me for him from France, that secretly Sent me for him trom 1 tank. He might convey himself thither. Is 't even so?

Pares he so carelessly venture his life I pon the indignation of a king?

Has he despis'd my love, and spurn'd those

favours Which I with prodigal hand pour'd on his head? He shall repent his rashness with his soul; Since of my love he makes no estimate, I'll make him wish he had not known my

hute.

Thou hast no other news?

Dodger. None worse I know than hast. - Pro-None else, my lord,

cure the king To crown his giddy brows with ample honours, Send him chief colonel, and all my hope
Thus to be dash'd! But 't is in vain to grieve,

One evil cannot a worse relieve.
Upon my life, I have found out his plot;
That old dog, Love, that fawn'd upon him so,
Love to that puling girl, his fair-cheek'd Rose,
The lord mayor's daughter, hath distracted

And in the fire of that love's lunacy Hath he burnt up himself, consum'd his credit, Lost the king's love, yea, and I fear, his life, Only to get a wanton to his wife, Dodger, it is so.

Dodger I fear so, my good lord. Line, It is so - my, sure it cannot be! I am at my wits' end, Dodger!

Dunlyer Yea, my lord. c. Then art acquainted with my neph-

Spend this gold for thy pains; go seek him out. Watch at my lord mayor's - there if he live, so Dodger, thou shalt be sure to meet with him. Prithee, be diligent.— Lacy, thy name Liv'd once in honour, now't is dead in shame.— Be circumspect.

Dodger. I warrant you, my lord. SCENE III.2

Enter the L. MAYOR and MASTER SCOTT.

L. Mayor. Good Muster Scott, I have been bold with you,

Erit.

Exit.

* Certainly informed.

* London: a room in the Lord Mayor's house.

To be a witness to a wedding-knot

Betwixt young Master Hammon and my daugh-

O, stand aside; see where the lovers come.

Enter MASTER HAMMON und Ross.

Rose. Can it be possible you love me so? No, no, within those eyeballs I capy Apparent likelihoods of flattery.

Apparent fixemens, hand. Pray now, let go my hand. Sweet Mistree Rose, Misconstrue not my words, nor misconcerve Of my affection, whose devoted soul

Swears that I love thee dearer than my heart.
Rose. As dear as your own heart? I judge it right,

Men love their hearts best when th' are out of sight.

Ham, I love you, by this hand.

Yet hands off nov! Rose. If flesh be frail, how weak and frail 's your vow!

Ham. Then by my life! swear.

Rose.

Then do not brawl;

One quarrel loseth wife and life and all,

Is not your meaning thus?

In faith, you jest. Ham. Rose. Love loves to sport; therefore leave

love, y' are best.

Mayor. What? square they, Master L. Mayor. Scutt?

Sir, never doubt, Scott.

Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out.

Ham. Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fancying me.

Nay, never turn aside, shun not my sight: I am not grown so fond, to fond my love On any that shall quit it with disdain;

On any that shall quit it with disdam;
If you will love me, so; - if not, farewell.

L. Mayor. Why, how now, lovers, are you both agreed?

Ham. Yes, faith, my lord.

L. Mayor. 'T is well, give me your hand.

Give me yours, daughter. - How now, both pull banels !

What means this, girl?

I mean to live a maid . Hose. Ham. (Aside.) But not to die one; pause, etc. that be said.

L. Mayer. Will you still cross me, still be obstinate?

Ham. Nay, chide her not, my lord, for doing well

If she can live an happy virgin's life. The far more blessed than to be a wife.

To far more blessed than to be a wife.

Rose. Say, sir, I cannot I have made a vov.

Whoever be my husband, 't is not you.

L. Moner. Your torgue is quick; but Master

Hammon, know,

I hade you welcome to another end.

Ham. What, would you have me pule and With "lovely lady." mistress of my hear!"
"Pardon your servant," and the rhymer play.
Railing on Cupid and his tyrant's dart;

Or shall I undertake some martial spoil,

P Quarral. Found, set; a pun upon fond.

Wearing your glove at tourney and at tilt, of And tell how many gullants I unhors'd — Sweet, will this pleasure you?

Hore.
Yea, when wilt begin?
What, love rhymes, man? Fie on that deadly

L. Mayor. If you will have her, I'll make

her agree.

Ham, Enforced love is worse than hate to me.

Aside. There is a weach keeps shop in the Old Change.

To her will I -it is not wealth I seek.
I have enough - and will prefer her love
Before the world. -[...loud.] My good lord old love for me, I have no luck with new.

Exit.

L. Mayor. Now, mammet, 1 you have well behav'd yourself.

But you shall curse your coyness if I live. —
Who's within there? See you convey your mis-

Straight to th' Old Ford ! 1'll keep you

straight enough,

Fore God, I would have sworn the puling girl
Would willingly accepted Hammon's love : But banish him, my thoughts ! - Go, minion, Esit Rose.

Now tell me, Master Scott, would you have thought

That Master Simon Eyre, the shoemaker, Had been of wealth to buy such merchandise? Scott. "I was well, my lord, your honour and

myself frew partners with him; for your bills of lading how that Eyre's gains in one commodity lise at the least to full three thousand pound

Leades like gain in other merchandise. 10
L. Mayor. Well, he shall spend some of his thousands now,

For I have sent for him to the Guildhall.

Enter EYRE.

See, where he comes. - Good morrow, Master

Eyre. Poor Simon Eyre, my lord, your shos-

ninker. L. Mayer. Well, well, it likes 2 yourself to term you so.

Enter Dodgen.

Now Master Dodger, what's the news with you?

Dolger. I'd gladly speak in private to your honour.

L. Mayor. You shall, you shall. - Master Eyre and Master Scott.

have some business with this gentleman;

Pray, let me entreat you to walk before the Guiddhall; I'll follow presently.

Lyre, I would not care, my lord, if you might call me

Ring of Spain. — Come, Master Scott.

[Excust Even and Scott.]

Fuppet, doll.

3 Picases.

L. Mayor. Now, Master Dodger, what 's the news you bring?

Dodger. The Earl of Lincoln by me greets

your lordship,

And earnestly requests you, if you can, Inform him where his nephew Lacy keeps,

L. Mayor. Is not his nephew Lacy now in France? Dodger. No, I assure your Lordahip, but dis-guis'd Lurks here in London, L. Mayor. London? Is't even so?

Lundon? Is't even so?

It may be; but upon my faith and soul,
I know not where he lives, or whether he lives:
So tell my Lord of Lincoln. — Lurk in Lordon?
Well, Master Dodger, you perhaps may start
him;

Be but the means to rid him into France, I'll give you a dozen angels for your pains: So much I love his honour, hate his nephew. And, prithee, so inform thy lord from me.

And, prithee, so inform thy lord from me.

Dodger. I take my leave. Exit DODGER.

L. Mayor. Farewell, good Master Dodger.
Lacy in London? I dure pawn my life,
My daughter knows thereof, and for that cause
Dom'd young Master Hammon in his love.

Well, I am glad I sent her to Old Ford.

Gods Lord, 't is late! to Guildhall I must hie;

I know my brethren stay ' my company. Eztl. 104

SCENE IV.

Enter FIRE, Eyre's wife [MARGERY, LACY as]
HANS, and ROGER.

Marg. Thou goest too fast for me, Roger. O.

Firk.

Firk. Ay, forsooth,

Marg. I pray thee, run — do you hear? — run
to Guildhall, and learn if my husband, Mass-[9
ter Eyre, will take that worshipful vocation of
Master Sheriff upon him. Hie thee, good Firk.

Firk. Take it? Well. I go; an he should not
take it, Firk swears to forswear him. Yes, forsooth, I go to Guildhall.

Marg. Nay, when? Thou art too compendi-

ous and tedjous.

Firk. O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence; how like a new cart-wheel my dame speaks, and she looks like an old musty alo-12 bottle going to scalding.

Marg. Nay, when? Thou wilt make me mel-

Ancholy.

Firk. God forbid your worship should fall into that humour; — I run.

Ent. [50]

Many. Let me see now, Roger and Hans.

Are foreouth. dame — mistress, I

Hodge. Ay, forsooth, dame—mistress, I should say, but the old term so sticks to the roof of my mouth, I can hardly lick it off.

Mary. Even what then wilt, good Reger; [a dame is a fair name for any honest Christian;

but let that pass. How dost thou, Hans?
Hans. Mee touck you, vro.

Mrg. Well, Hans and Roger, you see, God hath blest your master, and, perdy, if ever [so

Coins worth about 10s. each. . Walt for.

London: a room in Eyre's house.

Ale-kegs made of wood.

I thank you, mistress!

he comes to be Muster Sheriff of Lundon as we are all mortal - you shall see, I will have some odd thing or other in a corner for your: I will not be your back-friend; I but let that pass. Hans, pray thee, tie my shoe.

Hans. Yaw, ic sal, oro.

Marg. Roger, thou know'st the length of my

foot, as it is none of the biggest, so I thank Cod, it is handsome enough; prithee, let me have a pair of shoes made, cork, good Roger, let worden heel too. Hodge, You shall.

Hodge. You shall.
Mary. Art thou acquainted with never farthingale-maker, nor a French hood-maker? I must enlarge my bum, ha, ha! How shall [4] I look in a hood, I wonder! Perdy, oddly I think.

Hodge. [Aside.] As a cat out of a pillory.— Very well, I warrant you, mistress. Marg. Indeed, all flesh is grass; and, [80 Roger, caust thou tell where I may buy a good

Hodge, Yes, forsooth, at the poulterer's in Gracious Street.

Marg. Thou art an ungracious wag: perdy, (se

Hodge. Why, mistress, the next time I cut my beard, you shall have the shavings of it; but they are all true hairs.

Mary. It is very hot, I must get me a fan [10]

or else a mask.

Hodge. [Ande.] So you had need, to hide

your wicked face.

Many, Fig. upon it, how costly this world's calling is; perdy, but that it is one of the won-less deful works of God, I would not deal with it.

—Is not Firk come yet? Hame, he not so sad, let it pass and vanish, as my husband's worship Huns. Ick bin prolicke, lot see your sou. Though. Mustress, will you drink a pipe of toluceo?

Mary. Oh, fie upon it, Roger, perdy! These filthy tobacco-pipes are the most idle slavering barbles that ever I felt. Out upon it! God [75 bless us, men look not like men that use them.

Enter RALPH, being lame.

Holge. What, fellow Ralph? Mistress, look here, Jane's husband! Why, how now, lame? Hans, make much of him, he's a brother of our trade, a good workman, and a tall b soldier. [so Hone, You be welcome, broder.

Marg. Perdy, I knew him not. How dost thon, good Ralph? I am glad to see thee well.

Ralph. I would to God you saw me, dame, as well

As when I went from London into France.

Mary, Trust me, I am sorry, Ralph, to see thee impotent. Lord, how the wars have made him aunburnt! The left leg is not well; 't was a tau gift of God the infirmity took not hold a

little higher, considering thou camest from [... France; but let that pass.

Parthless friend.

Yes, I shall, matress!

I am merry; let's we you so!

4 Smoke, Brave.

Ralph. I am glad to see you well, and I rejoice To hear that God hath blest my master so

Since my departure.

Macey, Yea, truly, Ralph, I thank my is
Maker; but let that pass.

Hodge, And, sirrah Ralph, what news, what
news in France?

Ralph. Tell me, good Roger, first, what news in England?

How does my Jane? When didst thou see my

Where lives my poor heart? She 'll be poor in-

deed,
Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed,
Hodge, Limbs? Hast thou not hands, man?
Thou shalt nover see a shoemaker want breach,
has the best throughout a hand of though he have but three fingers on a hand. A Ralph. Yet all this while I hear not of my Jane

Marg. O Ralph, your wife, - perdy, we know not what's become of her. She was how a not what's become of her. She was here a while, and because she was married, grew nore stately than because her; I checkt her, and so so forth; away she flung, never returned, nor said bye nor bah; and, Kalph, you know. "ka me, ka thee." And, so as I tell ye —— Roger, is not Firk come yet?

Hodge, No, foresoth.

Marg, And so, indeed, we heard nor of her, but I hear she lives in London; but let that pass. If she had wanted, she might have opened

her case to me or my husband, or to any of my her case to me or my hinsband, or to any of my men; I am sure, there's not any of them, or perdy, but would have done her good to he power. Hans, look if Firk be come.

Hans, Yaw, ik sal, cro. Hans, Frit Hans, Marg, And so, as I said — but, liniph, why dost thou weep? Thou knowest that mixed are anneally of any mathematical and of the company.

we came out of our mother's womb, and naked we must return; and, therefore, thank God for

All things.

Hody. No faith, Jane is a stranger here; but, Ralph, pull up a good heart, I know thou hastone. Thy wife, man, is in London; one told me, he saw her a while ago very brave and neat; we'll ferret her out, an London hold. her

Marg. Alas, poor soul, he 's overcome with sorrow; he does but as I do, map for the loss of any good thing. But, Ralph, get the in, call for some meat and drink, thou shall

find me worshipful towards thee.

Ralph. I thank you, dame; since I wunder thank you, dame;

I'll trust to God, my good friends, and "? hands.

Enter HANR and FIRK running.

Firk. Run, good Hans! O Hodge, Omistrett Hodge, heave up thine cars; mistress amor up your looks; on with your best appared; my master is chosen, my master is called, nas. condemn'd by the cay of the country to be sheriff of the city for this famous year now to

Scratch are, and I'll scratch then. Pina
7 Yes, I shall, dame.

come. And, time now being, a great many men in black gowns were askt for their voices and fists about his ears presently, and they ried 'Ay, ay, ay, ay, '- and so I came away -- Wherefore without all other grieve I do sultte you, Mistress Shrieve.'

Hans. Yaw, my mester is de groot wan, de [168]

Hodge. Did not I tell you, mistress? Now I may buildly say: Good-morrow to your wor-

Marg. Good-morrow, good Roger. I thank [100]
you, my good people all. — Firk, hold up thy
hand: here's a three-penny piece for thy tid-

Firk, 'T is but three-half-pence, I think.

Firk. 'T is but three-half-pence, I think.
Yes, 't is three-pence, I smell the rose.' 100
Hodge. But, mistress, be rul'd by me, and
do not speak so pulingly.
Firk. 'T is her worship speaks so, and not
he. No. faith, mistress, speak me in the old
key: "To it, Firk;" "there, good Firk;" have
july your business. Hodge; ""Hodge, with a
full mouth;" "I'll fill your bellies with good beer, till they cry twang."

Enter EYRR wearing a gold chain.

Hams. See, myn liever broder, heer compt my

Marg. Welcome home, Muster Shrieve; I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

Eyrs. See here, my Maggy, a chain, a gold chain for Simon Eyre. I shall make thee a lady; here sa French hond for thee; on with 100 it, on with it! dress thy brows with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee look lovely. Where he may fine men? Roger, I'll make over my shop and tools to thee; Firk, thou

make over my shop and tools to thee; Firk, thou shalt be the foreman; Hans, thou shalt have jos an hundred for twenty. Be as mad knaves as your master Sim Eyre hath been, and you shall live to be sheriffs of London. — How dost thou like me, Margery? Prince am I none, yet had an I nonely born. Firk, Hodge, and Hans!

All Three. Ay, forsooth, what says your worship, Master Sheriff?

Eyre, Worship and honour, you Bubylonian knaves, for the gentle craft. But I forgot my-self. I am budden by my lord mayor to dim the master of the ford; he some before. I must after. Come, Madge, on with your trinkets! Now, my true Trojans, my fine Firk, my dapper Hodge, my homest Hans, some device, some odd cratchets, some morris, or such like, for the isohomour of the gentlemen shoemakers. Meet me it tild Ford, you know my mind. Come, Madge, away. Shut up the shop, knaves, and make holiday.

Exeunt. make holiday.

* Shortff . . The three-farthing ailver places of Queen Elizath had the profile of the sovereign with a rose at the

See, my dear leathers, here comes my master,

The flap of a hood trimmed with fur or sheep's

ool. (Rhya.)

1. c. for the twenty Portuguese previously lent.

Firk. O rare! O brave! Come, Hodge; follow me, Hans; Wo'll be with them for a morris-dance.

SCENE V.6

Excupt.

Enter the LORD MAYOR, [ROSE,] EYRE, his wife MARGERY] in a French hood, SYBIL, and other Servants.

L. Mayor, Trust me, you are as welcome to Old Ford

As I myself.

Marg. Truly, I thank your lordship.

L. Mayor. Would our bad cheer were worth the thanks you give.

A fine house, fine walls, all fine and neat.

L. Mayor. Now, by my troth, I'll tell thee,
Master Eyre,
It does no good, and all my brethren,
That such a madeap fellow as thyself

ls ent'red into our society.

Marg. Ay, but, my lord, he must learn now to

put on gravity.

Epre. Peace, Maggy, a fig for gravity! When I go to Guildhall in my searlet gown, I'll look I go to Gnildhall in my scarlet gown, I'll look as demurely as a saint, and speak as gravely as a justice of peace; but now I am here at Old Ford, at my good lord mayor's house, let it pushed, which may be not be not seen as the flip-flap, these fooleries, these gulleries. What, thoney? Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. What says my lord mayor?

L. Mayor. Ha, ha, ha! I had rather than [so a thousand pound, I had an heart but half so light as yours.

light as yours.

Eyre. Why, what should I do, my lord? A pound of care pays not a dram of debt. Hum, let's be merry, whiles we are young; old age, is sack and sugar will steal upon us, ere we be AWHTB.

THE FLAST THERE MEN's BONG?

O the month of May, the merry month of May, Bo frollek, so gay, and so goven, so green, so green! O, and then do! I unto my true love say "Bweet Peg, thou shalt be my snumer's queen!

"Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale, The sweetest singer in all the forest's cheir, Entreate thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale: Lo, youder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

"But 0, I say the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo; Bee where she sitesth; come away, my my. Come away, I prithee: I do not like the cuckoo Should sing where my Peggy and I kies and toy,"

O the month of May, the merry month of May, So frolick, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
And then did I unto my true love say.
"Sweet Pog, thou shalt be my summer's queen!"

L. Mayor, It 's well done. Mistreas Eyre, pray, give good counsel To my daughter.

A room at Old Ford.
A catch for three voices. It is by no means certain at what point in the play the songs were introduced.

Marg. I hope, Mistress Rose will have the grace to take nothing that 's bad.

L. Mayor. Pray God she do; for i' faith,

Mistress Eyre, I would be stow upon that peevish girl A thousand marks more than I mean to give her Upon condition she'd be rul'd by me.

The ape still crosseth me. There came of late A proper gentleman of fair revenues, Whom gladly I would call son-in-law: But my fine cockney would have none of him.

You'll prove a coxcomb for it, ere you die: ...

A courtier, or no man, must please your eye.

Eyr. Be rul'd, sweet Kose: th'art ripe
for a man. Marry not with a boy that has no
more hair on his face than thou hast on thy [** cheeks. A courtier, wash, go by, stand not upon pishery-pashery: those silken fellows are but painted images, outsides, outsides, Rose; their uner linings are torn. No, my fine mouse, marry me with a gentleman grocer like my lord [66 mayor, your father; a grocer is a sweet trade; plums, plums. Had I a son or daughter should marry out of the generation and blood of the shoemakers, he should pack. What, the gentle trade is a living for a man through Europe, through the world.

A noise within of a tabor and a pipe, L. Mayor. What noise is this?

Eyec. O my lord mayor, a crew of good fellows that for love to your honour are come hither with a morris-dance. Come in, my Mesopotamians, cheerily.

Enter Hodon, HANS, RALPH, FIRK, and other Shoemakers, in a morris; after a little dancing, the LOHD MAYOR speaks.

L. Mayor. Master Eyre, are all these shoemakers?

Eyre, All cordwainers, my good lord mayor, Rose, [Aside.] How like my Lacy looks youd shoemaker!

Huns. [Aside.] O that I durst but speak unto my love!

L. Mayor. Sybil, go fetch some wine to make these drink. You are all welcome. All. We thank your lordship.

Rose takes a cup of wine and goes

to HANS.

Rose. For his sake whose fair shape thou re-Good friend I drink to thee.

Mans. It bedancke, good frister. Marg. I see, Mistress Rose, you do not want indgment; you have drunk to the propercest man I keep.

Firk. Here he some have done their parts to

be as proper as he.

L. Mayor. Well, urgent business calls me back to London.

Good fellows, first go in and taste our cheer;

And to make merry as you homeward go, Spend these two angels in beer at Stratford-

Eyre. To these two, my mad lads, Sim Eyre

adds another; then cheerily, Firk; tickle it, Hans, and all for the honour of shoemakers.

All go dancing out.

L. Mayor. Come. Master Eyre, let's have your company.

Rose. Sybil, what shall I do?
Sybil, Why, what 's the matter?
Kose, That Hans the shoemaker is my love

Diaguis'd in that attire to find me out. How should I find the means to speak with him

Sybil. What, mistress, never fear; I day venture my maidenhead to nothing, and that venture my maidenhead to nothing, and that a great odds, that Hans the Dutchman, when we come to London, shall not only see and speak with you, but in spite of all your father a policies steal you away and marry you. Will not this please you?

**Row. Do this, and ever be assured of my love.

Sybil. Away, then, and follow your father to London, lest your absence cause him to suspect

something:

To-morrow, if my counsel be obey'd, I'll bind you prentice to the gentle trade.

ACT IV

SCENE I.º

JANE in a Seamster's shop, working; enter Mu-ter Hammon, muffled: he stands aloof.

Ham. Yonder's the shop, and there my far love sits.

She's fair and lovely, but she is not mine.

O, would she were! Thrice have I courted her. Thrice hath my hand been moist ned with ber

Whilst my poor famisht eyes do feed on that 'Which made them famish. I am unfortunate a till love one, yet nobody loves me.

I muse in other men what women see That I so want! Fine Mistress Rose was coy, And this too curious! Oh. no. she is chaste. And for she thinks me wanton, she denies To cheer my cold heart with her sunny ex-How prettily she works! Oh pretty hand! Oh happy work! It doth me good to stand Unseen to see her. Thus I oft have stood In frosty evenings, a light burning by her, Enduring biting cold, only to eve her.
One only look hath seem d as rich to me
As a king's crown; such is love's lunsey.
Muffled I'll pass along, and by that try

Whether she know me.
Sir. what is 't you buy?

What is 't you lack, sir, calico, or lawn, Fine cambric shirts, or bands, what will you

buy?

Ham. [Aside.] That which thou wilt not sell
Faith, yet I 'll try: -

How do you sell this handkerchief? Good cheap. u Jane.

¹ I thank you, good maid!

A street in London.

¹ Fastidions.

Ham. And how these ruffs?

Jane. Ham.

Cheap too.
And how this band? hand? Jane. Cheap too. June. My hands are not to be sold.

Ham. To be given then!

Nay, faith, I come to buy.
But none knows when. Ham. Good sweet, leave work a little while;

let's play.

Jane. I cannot live by keeping holiday.

Ham. I'll pay you for the time which shall

be last With me you shall not be at so much

Ham. Look, how you wound this cloth, so you

wound me.

Jans. It may be so. "T is so.

What remedy? **

Let go my hand. I will do any task at your command,

lane. So, now part. 40 Ham. With hands I may, but never with my hear

In faith, I love you. I believe you do.

Jone. I believe you do. Hom. Shall a true love in me breed hate in you?

Jone. I hate you not.

Then you must love? Ham. I do.

What are you better now? I love not you. 44
Hum. All this, I hope, is but a woman's fray,
That means, "Come to me," when she cries, Away!"

Away!"
In earnest, mistress, I do not jest,
A true charte love hath ent'red in my breast.
I love you dearly, as I love my life,
I love you as a husband loves n wife;
That, and no other love, my love requires.
Thy wealth, I know, is little; my desires
Thirst not for gold. Sweet, beautoous Jane,
what's mine

hall, if thou make myself thine, all be thine,
as indue, what is thy soutance, life or death?

ay, judge, what is thy sentence, life or death?

Mercy or cruelty has in thy breath.

Jane. Gund sir, I do believe you love me

well; For 't is a silly conquest, silly pride For one like you - I mean a gentleman -To buset that by his love-tricks he hath brought uch and such women to his amorous lure;

think you do not so, yet many do, and make it even a very trade to woo. could be coy, as many women be,

But I detest witcheraft; say that I
Do constantly believe, you constant have—

II :m. Why dost thou not believe me?

I believe you; ..

But yet, good sir, because I will not grieve you With hopes to taste fruit which will never fall, In simple truth this is the sum of all:

My husband lives, at least, I hope he lives. Prest was he to these bitter wars in France; Bitter they are to me by wanting him.

have but one heart, and that heart 's his due. How can I then bestow the same on you? Wifelst he lives, his I live, be it ne'er so poor, And rather be his wife than a king's whore.

Hum. Chaste and dear woman, I will not ibuse thee,

Altho igh it cost my life, if thou refuse me. Thy E shand, prest for France, what was his maine?

Jans. Ralph Damport.

Ham. Damport? - Here's a letter sent From Trance to me, from a dear friend of mine,

geatleman of place; here he doth write Their names that have been slain in overy

fight.

Jane. I hope death's scroll contains not my love's name.

Ham. Caupot you read?

I can Jane.

Pernse the same. Ham. To my remembrance such a name I read

Amongst the rest. See here. Jane. Ay me, he 's dead ! ...

He's dead! If this be true, my dear heart's

slain! Ham. Have patience, dear love. Hence, hence!

Ham. Nay, sweet Jane, Make not poor sorrow proud with these rich teurs

I mourn thy husband's death, because thou mourn'st

Jane. That bill is forg'd; 't is sign'd by for-

Ham. I'll bring thee letters sent besides to many, Carrying the like report: Jane, 't is too true.

Come, weep not: mourning, though it rise from love,

Helps not the mourned, yet hurts them that mourn.

Jone, For God's sake, leave me, Ham, Whither don't thou turn? Forget the dead, love them that are alive; His love is faded, try how mine will thrive. Jane. 'T is now no time for me to think on

love. Ham. 'T is now best time for you to think on

love,

Because your love lives not.

June. Though he be dead, 100

My love to him shall not be buried;
For God's sake, leave me to myself alone.

Ham. 'T would kill my soul, to leave thee drown'd in moan.

Answer me tu my
Say to me yea or no.
No.
Then farewell! 110 One farewell will not serve, I come again;

Come, dry those wet cheeks; tell me, faith, sweet Jane.

Yea or no, once more.

Ane. Once more I say no;
Once more I say no;
Once more be gone, I pray; else will I go.
Ham. Nay, then I will grow rude, by this

white hand. Until you change that cold "no"; here I'll Btunel

Till by your hard heart -Nay, for God's love, peace! June. My sorrows by your presence more increase.

Not that you thus are present, but all grist
Desires to be alone; therefore in brief
Thus much I say, and saying bid adien;
If ever I wed man, it shall be you.

Ham. O blessed voice! Dear Jane, I I urge

no more,

Thy breath hath made me rich. Jane. Death makes me poor.

SCENE II.1

HODGE, at his shop-board, RALPH, FIRK, HANS,

and a Boy at work.

All. Hey, down a down, down derry.

Hodge. Well said, my hearts; ply your work to-day, we loit red yesterday, to it pell-mell, that we may live to be lord mayors, or aldermen

at least.

Firk. Hey, down a down, derry.

Hodge, Well said, i' faith! How say'st thou,
Hans, doth not Firk tickle it?

Hans. Four mester.

Firk. Not so neither, my organ-pipe to spirake this morning for want of liquoring.
Hey, down a down, derry!

Hans. Forward, Firk, tow best un jolly young-

ster. Hart, I, moster, w bid yo, cut me un pair vampres var Mester deffre choots,2 15 Hodge. Thou shalt, Hans.

Hodge. Thou man. Firk, Muster! Hodge. How now, boy? Hodge. How now, boy? Pirk. Pray, now you are in the cutting vein, cut me out a pair of counterfeits,8 or else por my work will not pass current; hey, down a down!

down!

Hodge. Tell me, sirs, are my cousin Mrs.

Priscilla's sloses dome?

Firk. Your cousin? No, master; one of your aunts, hang her; let them alone.

Rilph. I am in bond with them; she gave charge that none but I should do them for her.

Firk. Thou do for her? Then 't will be a [2] lame doing, and that she loves not. Ralph, then might'st have sent her to me, in faith. I would have yarked and firked your Priscilla. Hey, down a down, derry. This gear will not hold.

Hodge. How say'st thou, Firk, were we not merry at Old Ford?

Firk. How, merry! Why, our buttocks went

London: a street before Hodge's shop.

**Proceeding Fort, then art a poly gamester, Hork,

**Any, moster, I for to an estima a poin of camps for Mister Jefrey's hots, Vamps are the upper leathers of a

De Counterfeits cometimes means vampe.

jiggy-joggy like a quagmire. Well, Sir Roger Catmost, if I thought all need of that nature. I would eat nothing but bagpuddings.

Ralph. Of all good fortunes my fellow Hans had the best.

Firk. 'T is true, because Mistress Rose drank

to him.

Hodge. Well, well, work apace. They say.

seen of the aldermen he dead, or very sick.

Firk. I care not, I 'll be none.

Ralph. No, nor 1; but then my Master Eyre.

will come quickly to be lord mayor.

Enter Sybil.

Firk. Whoop, yonder comes Sybil.

Hodge, Sybil, welcome, i' faith; and how dost thon, mad wench?

Firk, Sib-whore, welcome to London.

Sybil. Godamercy, sweet Firk; good lord, Hodge, what a deheious shop you have got' You tickle it, i' faith.

Escunt.

You takke it, i' faith.
Ralph. Godamercy, Sybil, for our good obser
at Old Ford.
Sybil. That you shall have, Ralph.
Firk. Nay, by the mass, we had tickling
cheer, Sybil; and how the plague dear than a
and Mistress Rose and my lord mayor? I put and Mistress Rose and my fold mayor? I put the women in first.

Sphil. Well, Godnmercy; but God's me, I for-get myself, where's Hans the Flen in g?

Firk. Hark, butter-box, now you must [s

yelp out some spreken.
Hans, Watteguie your Vat vod you, Frister:
Sybil. Marry, you must come to my youn
mistress, to pull on her shoes you made last.
Hans. Vare bes your egle fro, vare less you Hans.

Subil. Marry, here at our London house to

Comball.

Firk. Will nobody serve her turn but Hens'

Haus, I stand upon Firk, Will nobody serve nor turn our Sybil. No, sir. Come, Hans, I stand upon the stand of the s

needles. Hodge. Why then, Sybil, take heed of prick-

Sphil. For that let me alone, I have a trick is my budget. Come. Hans.
Hans. Yaw, yaw, is sall meete yo game?

Exit Hans and Syan.

Hodge, Go, Hans, make haste again, Com-who lacks work? Firk, I, master, for I lack my breakfast; 'tis

munching-time, and past.

Ilodge, Is't so? Why, then leave work.

Ralph. To breakfast! Boy, look to the tools.

Come, Ralph; come, Firk.

SCHOOL III.7

Enter a Serving-man.

Serv. Let me see now, the sign of the Last in Tower Street. Muss, yonder 's the house, What, haw! Who 's within?'

What do you want, what send you, and t
 Where is now made lang, where a your madrant
 Yes, we, I shall go with you.

7 The same.

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. Who calls there? What want you,

Marry, I would have a pair of shoes

Serv. Marry, I would have a pair of shoes made for a gentlowoman against to-murrow morning. What, can you do them?

Rulph. Yes, sir, you shall have them. But shat length's her foot?

Serv. Why you must make them in all parts take this shoe; but, at any hand, fail not to do them, for the gentlewoman is to be married very early in the morning.

Rulph. How? by this shoe must it be made?

By this? Are you sure, sir, by this?

Serv. How, by this? Am I sure, by this? Art thourn thy wits? I tell thee, I must have a pair of shoes dost thou mark me? A pair of shoes, this same [so two shoes, made by this very shoe, this same [20 does, against to-morrow morning by four a clock.

bost understand me? Canst thou do't?

Raiph. Yes, sir, yes - I - I - I can do't. By
this slice, you say? I should know this shoe.
Yes, sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do't. Four is
a clock, well. Whither shall I bring thou?

Serv. To the sign of the Golden Ball in Watling Street; enquire for one Master Hammon, a

ling Street; enquire for one Master Hammon, a gentleman, my master.

Rolph Yea, sir; by this shoe, you say? **

**Str.* I say, Master Hammon at the Golden Ball; he's the bridegroom, and those shoes are for his bride.

Ralph They shall be done by this shoe. Well, **Il Master Hammon at the Golden Shoe - I would say, the Golden Ball; very well, very well are the Golden Ball; very well, very well but I pray you, sir, where must Master Hammon be married?

Street At Saint Faith's Church, under Paul's. But what's that to thee? Pruthee, dispatch those shoes, and so farewell.

Rulph By this shoe, said he, How am I amma" dat this strange accident! Upon my life,

At this strange accident! Upon my life, This was the very shoe I gave my wife, When I was prest for France, since when,

alas! I never could hear of her. It is the same, And Hammon's bride me other but my Jane.

Enter FIRK.

Firk. 'Snails,1 Kalph, thou hast lost thy part of three pots, a countryman of mine gave me to

Ralph. I care not; I have found a better

Firk. A thing? Away! Is it a man's thing, or a woman's thing?

Holph Firk, dost thou know this aboe?

Firk. No, by my troth: neither doth that [saknow me! I have no acquaintance with it, 'tie

mere stranger to me.
Ralph. Why, then I do; this shoe, I durst be

Once covered the instep of my Jane. This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my love;

A corruption of "God's nails."

These true-love knots I prickt. I hold my life, By this old shoe I shall find out my wife. Firk. Ha, ha! Old shoe, that wert new! How

murram came this agne-fit of foolishness [co upon thee "Ralph. Thus, Firk : even now here came a

serving-man

By this shoe would be have a new pair made Against to-morrow morning for his mistress, That is to be married to a gentleman. And why may not this be my sweet Jane?

Firk. And why may at not thou be my sweet

200 2

Ha, ha!

Rulph. Well, laugh and spare not! But the truth is this :

Against to-morrow morning I'll provide A lusty crew of honest shoemakers.

To watch the going of the bride to church,
If she prove Jane, I 'll take her in despite
From Hammon and the devil, were he by. If it be not my Jane, what remeds !! Hereof I am sure, I shall live till I die,

Although I never with a woman he. Exit.

Firk. Thou lie with a woman to build nothing but Cripplegates! Well. God sends fools fortune, and it may be, he may light upon a his matrimony by such a device; for wedding and hanging goes by destiny.

SCENE IV.3

Enter [LACY as] HANS and ROSE, arm in arm.

Hans. How happy am I by embracing thee! Oh, I did fear such cross mishaps did reign That I should never see my Rose again.

Rose. Sweet Lacy, since fair opportunity Offers herself to further our escape, Let not too over-fond esteem of me Hinder that happy bour. Invent the means, And Rose will follow thee through all the world.

World.

Hans. Oh, how I surfeit with excess of joy, Made happy by thy rich perfection!
But since thou pay'st sweet interest to my

hopes, Redoubling love on love, let me once more Like to a bold-fac'd debtor crave of thee This night to steal abroad, and at Eyre's house, Who now by death of certain aldermen Is mayor of London, and my master once, Meet thou thy Lacy, where in spite of change, Your father's anger, and mine uncle's hate. Our happy nuptials will we consummate.

Enter SYBIL.

Sybil. Oh God, what will you do, mistress? [20] Shift for yourself, your father is at hand! He's coming, he's coming! Master Lacy hide yourself in my mistress! For God's sake, shift for yournelves!

Hans. Your father come! Sweet Rose, what shall I do? Where shall I hide me? How shall I escape?

Rose. A man, and want wit in extremity?

² London : a room in the Lot-I Mayor's house.

Come, come, be Hans still, play the shoemaker, Pull on my shoe.

Enter the LORD MAYOR.

Hans. Mass, and that 's well rememb'red. Sybil. Here comes your father. Hans. Forware, metresse, 't is an good skow, it Mass, and that 's well rememb'red.

l vel dute, or ye sal neit betallen.1 Rose. Oh God, it pincheth me; what will you

do

Hans. [Aside.] Your father's presence pinch-

eth, not the shoe.

Lord Mayor. Well done; fit my daughter well, and she shall please thee well.

Hans. Yaw, you, ick west dot well: forware, 't is un good skoo, 't is gimast van neitz leither: se euer, mine here.2

Enter a Prentice.

L. Mayor. I do believe it. - What 's the news

with you?

Prentice. Please you, the Earl of Lincoln at the gate

Is newly lighted, and would speak with you.

L. Mayor. The Earl of Lincoln come to speak
with me?

Well, well, I know his errand. Daughter Rose, Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, have done!

Syb, make things handsome! Sir boy, follow

Hans. Mine uncle come! Oh, what may this portend?

Sweet Rose, this of our love threatens an end. Be not dismay'd at this; whate'er befall.

Rose is thine own. To witness I speak truth, to Where thou appoint'st the place, I'll meet with thee

I will not fix a day to follow thee, But presently a steal hence. Do not reply: Love which gave strength to bear my father's

hate. Shall now add wings to further our escape. Exeunt.

SCENE V.4

Enter the LORD MAYOR and the EARL OF LIN-COLN.

L. Mayor. Believe me, on my credit, I speak

truth: Since first your nephew Lacy went to France. I have not seen him. It seem'd strange to me, When Dodger told me that he stay'd behind,

Neglecting the high charge the king imposed. Lincoln. Trust me, Sir Roger Oateley, I did think

Your counsel had given head to this attempt, Drawn to it by the love he hears your child, Here I did hope to find him in your house; But now I see mine error, and confess, My judgment wrong'd you by conceiving so.

1 Indeed, mixtress, 't is a good shoe, it shall fit well, or

you shall not pay.

1 Yes, yes, I know that well, Indred, Vis a good shoe,

1 Yes, yes, I know that well, Indred, Vis a good shoe,

14 muster of neat's leather, see here, good rie.

2 At once.

L. Muyor. Lodge in my house, say you? Trust me, my lord,

I love your nephew Lacy too too dearly, So much to wrong his honour; and he hath done so.

That first gave him advice to stay from France. To witness I speak truth, I let you know How careful I have been to keep my daughter Free from all conference or speech of him; Not that I scorn your nephew, but in love

Should by my mean worth be dishonoured.

Lincoln. [Aside.] How far the churk's tongue wanders from his heart!

Well, well, Sir Roger Oateley. I believe you, With more than many thunks for the kind love So much you seem to bear me. But, my lord. Let me request your help to seek my nephew. Whom if I find, I'll straight embark for France. So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest. And much care die which now hes in my breast

Enter SykiL.

Sybil. Oh Lord! Help, for God's sake! [" My mistress; oh, my young mistress!

L. Moyor. Where is thy mistress? What's

become of her?

Sybil. She's gone, she's fled! L. Mayor. Gone! Whither is she fled? Sybil. I know not, forsouth, she's fled out of doors with Hans the shoemaker; I saw them

L. Mayor. Which way? What, John! Wherebe my men? Which way? What, John! Wherebe my men? Which way?

L. Mayor. Pled with a shoemaker? Can the be true?

Sybil. Oh Lord, sir, as true as God's in Heaven. Lincoln. Her love turn'd shoemaker? I am

glad of this.

L. Mayor. A Fleming butter-box, a the-maker!

Will she forget her birth, requite my care
With such ingratitude? Scorn'd she young
Hammon

To love a honniken, a needy knave?
Well, let her fly, I 'll not fly after her,
Let her starve, if she will; she 's none of miss. Lincoln. Be not so eruel, sir.

Enter FIRK with shoes.

Sybil. I am glad, she 's scapt. L. Mayor. I'll not account of her as of my child.

Was there no better object for her eyes,

But a foul drunken lubber, awill-belly,
A shoemaker? That's brave!

Firk. Yen, forscoth; 't is a very brave abor,
and as fit as a pudding.

L. Mayor. How now, what knave is this?

From whenes comest thou?

Firk. No knave, sir. I am Firk the cheemaker, lusty Roger's chief lusty journeyman. and I have come hither to take up the mutty

* Simpleton (?).

leg of sweet Mistress Rose, and thus hoping our worship is in as good health, as I was at the making hereof, I bad you farewell, yours, [6]

L. Mayor. Stay, stay, Sir Knave! Lincoln. Come hither, shoemaker! Firl. T is happy the knave is put before the shoemaker, or else I would not have vouch-afed to come back to you. I am moved, for I

Mayor. My lord, this villain calls us

haves by craft.

Firk. Then 'tis by the gentle craft, and [a to call one knave gently, is no hurm. Sit your worship merry! Syb, your young mistress—I'll so bob! them, now my Master Eyre is lord. mayor of London.

L. Mayor. Tell me, sirrah, whose man are [50 you?]

Fuk. I am glad to see your worship so merry. I have no many to this gear, no stomuch as yet to a rod petticent.

Pointing to Sybil. Lincula. He means not, sir, to woo you to his

maid.

But only doth demand whose man you are.

Firk. I sing now to the tune of Rogero.

Roger. my fellow, is now my master.

Lancia. Sirrah, know'st thou one Hans, a

Firk. Hans, shoemaker? Oh yes, stay, yes, have him. I tell you what. I speak it in secret: Mestress Rose and he are by this time - no, not

he is,
And thou shalt see what I 'll bestow on thee.
Firk. Honest fellow? No, sir; not so, sir;
my profession is the gentle craft; I care not les
for seeing, I love feeling; let me feel it here;
carium tenus, ten pieces of gold; genuum tenus,
en pieces of silver; and then Firk is your man

— Ande. in a new pair of stretchers.

L. Mayor. Here is an angel, part of thy re-

ward,
ward,
Which I will give thee; tell me where he is.
Firk. No point. Shall I betray my brother?
No! Shall I prove Judas to Hans? No! Shall ory tressen to my corporation? No, I shall be firkt and yerkt then. But give me your [us angel; your angel shall tell you.
Lincoln. Do so, good fellow; 't is no hurt to

thee.
Firt. Send simpering Syb away.
L. Mayor. Huswife, get you in.

Erit SYRIL. Fick. Pitchers have ears, and maids have wide mouths; but for Hans Pranus, upon my

Free diggers for information, Biretchers of the truth, lies. s Bertously.

word, to-morrow morning he and young Mistress Rose go to this gear, they shall be married

tress twee go to this gear, tree shall be married together, by this rush, or else turn Firk to a firkin of butter, to tan leather withal.

L. Mayor. But art thou sure of this?

Firk. Am I sure that Paul's steeple is a handful higher than London Stone, or that the Pissing-Conduit leaks nothing but pure less Mother Bunch? Am I sure I am lusty Firk?

Mother Bunch? Am I sure I am lusty Firk? God's nails, do you think I am so base to gull you?

Lincoln. Where are they married? Doet thou know the church?

Firk. I never go to church, but I know the Firk. I never go to chirch, but I know the name of it; it is a swearing church—stay a while, 't is ay, by the mass, no. no. —'t is—ay, by my troth, no, nor that; 't is—ay, by my faith, that, 't is, ay, by my Faith's Church under Paul's Cross. There they shall inche they 'll be inconie.' Eincoln. Upon my life, my nephew Lacy walks

walks

In the disguise of this Dutch shoemaker,

Lincoln. Doth he not, honest fellow?

Figs. No, forsooth; I think Hans is nobody

but Haus, no spirit,
L. Mayor. My mind misgives me now, 't is so, indeed.

Lincoln. My cousin speaks the language, knows the trade.

L. Muyor. Let me request your company,

Your honourable presence may, no doubt, Refrain their headstrong rashness, when myself Going alone perchance may be o'erborne.

Shall I request this favour?

Lincoln. This, or what else, us

Firk. Then you must rise betimes, for they
mean to fall to their bey-pass and repres,?

pindy-pandy, which hand will you have, very early.

L. Mayor. My care shall every way equal

their haste.

This night accept your lodging in my house.
The earlier shall we stir, and at Saint Faith's
Prevent this giddy hare-brain'd nuptial.
This traffic of hot love shall yield cold gains:
They ban 10 our loves, and we'll forbid their banns.

Lincoln. At Saint Faith's Church thou say'at?

Firk. Yes, by their troth.

Lincoln. Be secret, on thy life.

Firk. Yes, when I kiss your wife! Ha, ha, here's no craft in the gentle craft. I came [imhither of purpose with shows to Sir Roger's worship, whilst Rose, his daughter, be conveated by Hans, Soft now; these two gulls will be at Saint Faith's Church to-morrow less morning, to take Master Bridegroom and Mis-

* A stone which marked the centre from which the

A stone which husewed old Roman roads radiated.
A small conduct near the Royal Exchange.
Mother Bunch was a well-known ale-wife.

Curso.

tress Bride napping, and they, in the mean time, shall chop up the matter at the Savoy. But the best sport is, Sir Roger Oateley will find my fellow lame Ralph's wife going to immerry a gentleman, and then he 'll stop her instead of his daughter. Oh brave! there will be fine tickling sport. Soft now, what have I to do? Oh, I know; now a meas of shoemakers meet at the Woolaack in lvy Lane, to cozen my gentleman of lame Ralph's wife, that's [188] true. \$271144.

> Alack, alack! Girls, hold out tack! For now smocks for this jumbling Shall go to wrack.

Exit.

ACT V

SCENE I.2

Enter EYRE, his wife [MARGERY], HANS, and ROSE.

Evre. This is the morning, then; stay, my

bully, my honest Hans, is it not?

Hans. This is the morning that must make us two happy or miserable; therefore, if you -

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ans, Hans,

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ans, Hans, and these et caeteras! By mine honour, Rowland Lacy, none but the king shall wrong thee. Come, fear nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre lord mayor of London? Fear no [10 thing, Rose: let them all say what they can; dainty, come thou to me—laughest thon?

Marg. Good my lord, stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why, my sweet Lady Madgy, think [15 you Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch journeyman? No, wah! Fie, I scorn it, it shall nover be cast in my teeth, that I was unthaukful. Lady Madgy, thou had'st never cover'd thy Saracen's head with this French flap, nor [16 londen thy burn with this farthingale, ('t is londen thy burn with this farthingale, (this trash, trumpery, vanity); Simon Eyre had never walk'd in a red pettheoat, nor wore a chain of gold, but for my fine journeyman's Portuguese.

— And shall I leave him? No! Prince am I [24] Hans. My lord, 't is time for us to part from

Eyre. Lady Madgy, Lady Madgy, take two or three of my pie-crust-eaters, my buff-jerkin variets, that do walk in black gowns at [22] Simon Eyre's heels; take them, good Lady Madgy; trip and go, my brown queen of periwigs, with my delicate Rose and my jolly Rowwigs, with my delicate Rose and my jolly how-land to the Savoy; see them linkt, countenance the marriage; and when it is done, cling. [seling together, you Hamborow turtle-doves. I'll bear you out, come to Simon Eyre; come, dwell with me. Hana, thou shalt ent mine'd-pies and marchpane, 5 Rose, away, cricket; trip and go, my Lady Madgy, to the Savoy; Hane, wed, and to bed; kiss, and away! Go, vanish! Mary. Farewell, my lord.
Rose. Make haste, sweet love.
Mary. She'd fain the deed were done. Huns. Come, my sweet Rose; faster than deer we'll run.

deer we'll run,

Execut Hans, Rose, and Marcher.

Eyre. Go, vanish, vanish! Avaunt, I way!

By the Lord of Ludgate, it is a unad life to be a lord mayor; it is a sturing life, a fine life, a velvet life, a careful life. Well, Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honour of Samt will hugh. Soft, the king this day comes to dinwith me, to see my new buildings; his mapset is welcome, he shall have good cheer, delicate cheer, princely cheer. This day, my fellow prentices of London come to dine with me too, is they shall have fine cheer, gentlemanlike cheer. I promised the mad Cappadocians, when we all I promised the mad Cappadociana, when we all served at the Conduit together, that if ever I came to be mayor of London, I would fear them all, and I 'll do 't, I 'll do 't, by the life of Pharaoh; by this beard, Sim Eyre will be so flincher. Besides, I have procur'd that upon every Shrove-Tuesday, at the sound of the paneake bell, my fine dapper Assyrian lade shall clap up their shop windows, and mean. This is the day, and this day they shall do 't. I promised the mad Cappadocians, when we all

Boys, that day are you free, let mosters care. And prentices shall pray for Simon Eyro.

SCENE II.

Enter Honge, Firk, RALPH, and five or we Shoemakers, all with cudgels or such weapons.

Hodge. Come, Ralph; stand to it. Firk My masters, as we are the brave bloods of the shoemakers, heirs apparent to Saint Hugh, and perpetual benefactors to all good follows, then shalt have no wrong: were Hammon a king !! of spades, he should not delve in the cless without the sufferance. But tell me, Ralph, art then sure 't is the wife?

Ralph. Am I sure this is Firk? This morning, when I strokt on her shoes, I lookt upon when I strokt on her shoes, I lookt upon her, and she upon me, and sighed, askt me if ever I knew one Ralph. Yes, said I. For his aske, said she—tears standing in her eyes and for thou art somewhat like him, spend the piece of gold. I took it; my lame leg and my travel beyond sea made me unknown. All is one for that: I know she's mine.

Firk. Did she give thee this gold? O glorious glittering gold! She's thine own, 't is the wife, and she loves thee; for I'll stand to't. In there's no woman will give gold to any man, but she thinks better of him than she thinks of them she gives silver to. And for Hammen.

them she gives silver to. And for Hammon. thee in London! Is not our old master Byre, in lord mayor? Speak, my hearts.

All. Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his

Cheat. 3 A room in Eyre's house.
3 A sweetmest made of sugar and almonds.

⁴ A street near St. Faith's Church.
5 Fitted.

Bater HAMMON, his man, JANE, and Others.

Hodge. Peace, my bullies; yonder they

Rulph. Stand to't, my hearts. Firk, let me speak first.

Hodge. No. Ralph, let me. - Hammon, whither away so early?

Hum. I'mmannerly, rude slave, what's that

to thee?

Firk. To him, sir? Yes, sir, and to me, and others. Good-morrow, Jane, how dost thou? Good Lord, how the world is changed with you! God be thanked!

God be thanked!

Ham. Villains, hands off! How dare you touch my love?

All. Villains? Down with them! Cry clube for prentices!!

Hedge. Hold, my hearts! Touch her, Hammon? Yea, and more than that: we'll carry her away with us. My masters and gentlemen, never draw your bird-spits; shocmakers are steel to the back, men every inch of them, [48]

all spirit. All of Hummon's side. Well, and what of all

Hodge. I'll show you. — Jane, dost thou [so know this man? 'Tis Ralph, I can tell thee; may, 't is he in faith, though he be lam'd by the wars Yet look not strange, but run to him, fold him about the neck and kiss him. Jane. Lives then my bushand? Oh God, let

me go,

Let me embrace my Ralph.

Hom. What means my Jane?

June. Nay, what meant you, to tell me, he was shin?

Mam. Pardon me, dear love, for being misled.
[To KALER] 'T was rumour'd here in London,

thou wert dead.

Firk. Thou seest he lives. Lass, go, pack home with him.

Now, Master Hammon, where's your mistress,

your wife?

Serv. 'Swounds, master, fight for her! Will

.1//. Down with that creature! Clubs! Down

Hodge, Hold, hold!
Ham. Hold, fool! Sirs, he shall do no wrong.
Will my Jane leave me thus, and break her
faith?

Firk. You, sir! She must, sir! She shall, sir! What then? Mend it! naffeelge. Hark, fellow Ralph, follow my coun-

I set the weach in the midst, and let her

June, Whom shall I choose? Whom should my thoughts affect.

But him whom Heaven hath made to be my

Thou art my husband, and those humble weeds Make thee more beautiful than all his wealth. Therefore, I will but put off his attire,

1 " Clube" was the rallying cry of the London apprestices.

Returning it into the owner's hand.

And after ever be thy constant wife.

Hodge. Not a rag, Jane! The law's on our Hodge. Not a rag, dane! The law's on our side: he that sows in another man's ground, forfeits his harvest. Get thee home, Kalph; follow him, Jane; he shall not have so much as a busk-point from thee.

Firk. Stand to that, Ralph; the appurtenances are thine own. Hammon, lock not at

her!

Serv. O, swounds, no!

Firk. Blue coat, be quiet, we'll give you a
new livery else; we'll make Shrove Tuesday
Saint George's Day for you, Look not, Hammon, leer not! I'll firk you! For thy head now,
one glance, one sheep's eye, anything, at her!
Touch not a rag, lest I and my brethren beat you to clouts.

Serv. Come, Master Hammon, there's no atriving here. Ham. Good fellows, hear me speak; and,

honest Ralph,
Whom I have injured most by loving Jane,

Mark what I offer thee: here in fair gold to la twenty pound, I'll give it for thy Jane; If this content thee not, thou shalt have more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wife, Ralph; make her

not a whore.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claim in her.
And let her be my wife?

Ad. No, do not, Ralph. w. Ralph. Sirrah Hammon, Hammon, dost thou think a shoemaker is so base to be a bawd to his own wife for commodity? Take thy gold, choke with it! Were I not lame, I would make thee eat thy words.

Firk. A shoemaker sell his flesh and blood? Oh indignity!

Hodge. Sirrah, take up your pelf, and be

packing.

Ham. I will not touch one penny, but in lieu
Of that great wrong I offered thy Jane,
To Jane and thee I give that twenty pound.

Since I have fail'd of her, during my life, I vow, no woman else shall be my wife.

Farewell, good fellows of the gentle trade: Your morning mirth my mourning day hath

Erit. made. Firk. [to the Serving-man.] Touch the gold creature, if you dare! Y' are best be trudging. Here, Jane, take then it. Now let's home, my

Hodge. Stay! Who comes here? Jane, on again with thy mask !

Enter the EARL OF LINCOLN, the LORD MAYOR, and Servants.

Lincoln. Yonder's the lying varlet mockt us

Firk. I, sir? I am sirrah? You mean me, do you not?

Lincoln. Where is my nephew married?

I A lace with a tag, which fastened the busk, or plece of wood or whalebone used to keep the stays in posiFirk. Is he married? God give him joy, I am glad of it. They have a fuir day, and the sign is in a good planet, Mars in Venus.

L. Mapor. Villain, thou toldst me that my

daughter Rose This morning should be married at Saint

Faith's: We have watch'd there these three hours at the least,

Yet see we no such thing.

Firk. Truly, I am sorry for 't; a bride's a

Pretty thing.

Hodge. Come to the purpose. Yonder's the bride and bridegroom you look for, I hope. Though you be lords, you are not to bar by your authority men from women, are you?

L. Mayor. See, see, my daughter's maskt. Lincoln. True, and my nephew, 148

The hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.

Firk, Yea, truly; God help the poor couple,
they are lame and blind.

L. Mayor. I'll ease her blindness.

I'll his lameness cure, 169 Lincoln.

Firk, Lie down, sirs, and laugh! My fellow Ralph is taken for Rowland Lacy, and Jane for Mistress Danusk Rose. This is all my knavery.

L. Mayor. What, have I found you, minion?
Lincoln.

Obase wretch!

Nay, hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt Can hardly be washt off. Where are thy pow-

What battles have you made? O yes, I see, Thou fought'st with Shame, and Shame bath conquer'd thee.

This lameness will not serve.

Unmask yourself.

L. Mouor. Can home your daughter.
L. Mayor. Take your nephew hence. 120 Ralph. Hence! Swounds, what mean you? Are you mad? I hope you cannot enforce my wife from me. Where 's Hammon?
L. Mayor. Your wife?

L. Mayor, Your wife?
Lincoln. What, Hammon?
Raiph. Yea, my wife; and, therefore, the proudest of you that lav hands on her first, I'll

lay my crutch 'cross his pate.

Fick. To him, lame Ralph! Here 'a brave

Rulph. Rose call you her? Why, her name is Jane. Look here else; do you know her now? [Unmasking JANE.]

Lincoln. Is this your daughter?
L. Mayor. No, nor this your nephew. L. Mayor. No, nor this your no My Lord of Lincoln, we are both abus'd

By this base, crafty varlet.

Firk. Yea, forsooth, no varlet; forsooth, no base; for sooth, I am but mean; no crafty nei-

ther, but of the gentle craft.

L. Mayar. Where is my daughter Rose?
Where is my child?
Lincoln. Where is my nephew Lacy married?
Firk. Why, here is good lac'd mutton, as I

Lincoln. Villain, I'll have thee punisht for this wrong.

Firk. Punish the journeyman villam, but not the journeyman shoenmker.

Enter Dodger.

Dodger. My lord, I come to bring unwelcome news.

Your nephew Lucy and your daughter Rose Early this morning wedded at the Savoy. None being present but the lady mayoress.
Besides, I learnt among the officers.
The lord mayor your to stand in their defence

'Gninst any that shall seek to cross the match.

Lincoln. Dares Eyre the shoemaker uphold the deed?

Firk. Yes, sir, shoemakers dare stand in a woman's quarrel, I warrant you, as deep as another, and deeper too.

Dodger. Besides, his grace to-day dines with

the mayor;

Who on his knees humbly intends to fall And beg a parden for your nephew's fault.

Lincoln, But I'll prevent him! Come, Sir

Howev'er their hands have made them man and wife,

I will disjoin the match, or lose my life.

Firk, Adieu, Monsieur Dodger! Farevell, fools! Ha, ha! Oh, if they had stay d. l. would have so lamb'd 2 them with flours! O heart, my codpiece-point is ready to fly in pieces every time I think upon Mistress Rose. But let that pass, as my lady mayoress says.

Hodge. This matter is answer'd. Come, Ralph; home with thy wife. Come, my fine in

shoemakers, let's to our master's the new lord mayor, and there swagger this Shroye Tuesday. I'll promise you wine enough, for Madge keeps

the cellar.

the collar.

All. O rare! Madge is a good wench.

Firk. And I'll promise you meat enough, for simp'ring Susan keeps the larder. I'll lead you to victuals, my brave soldiers; follow your captain. O brave! Hark, hark! Bell rings in All. The paneake-hell! rings, the paneake-hell! Tribil, my hearts!

Firk. Oh brave! Ob sweet bell! O delicate rangakes! Open the doors my beauts, and abut

pancakes! Open the doors, my hearts, and abut up the windows! keep in the house, let out the pancakes! Oh rare, my hearts! Let 'e march together for the honour of Saint Hugh to the great new hall 'in Gracious Street corner, which our master, the new lord mayor, hath built.

Ralph. Othe crew of good fellows that will

Hodge. By the Lord, my lord navor is a most brave man. Howshall prentices be bound to pray for him and the honour of the gentlemen shoemakers! Let's feed and be fat with my lord's bounty.

Firk. O musical bell, still! O Hodge, O my brethren! There's cheer for the heavens and ison-pastics walk up and down piping hot, like

Whipped.

A bell rung on the morning of filtrove Tuesday.

Leadenhall.

¹ A slang term for a woman.

sergeants; beef and brewess 1 comes march-ing in dry-rats, 2 fritters and pancakes comes trowling in in wheel-barrows; hens and oranges hopping in porters'-basket, collops and eggs in scuttles, 3 and tarts and custards comes quavering in in malt-shovels.

Enter more Preutices.

All. Whoop, look here, look here! Hodge. How now, mad lads, whither away so

I Prentice. Whither? Why, to the great new hall, know you not why? The lord is mayor bath bidden all the prentices in London

to breakfast this morning.

All. Oh brave shoemakers, oh brave lord of incomprehensible good-fellowship! Whoo!

Hark you! The paneake-bell rings.

Hark you! The paneake-bell rings.

Gost up caps.

Firk. Nay, more, my hearts! Every ShroveTuesday is our year of jubilee; and when the
paneake-bell rings, we are as free as my lord
mayor; we may shut up our shops, and make
boliday; I'll have it call'd Saint Hugh's Holi-

Agreed, agreed ! Saint Hugh's Holiday.

Hodge. And this shall continue for ever.
All. Oh brave! Come, come, my hearts!
Away, away!
Firk. O eternal credit to us of the gentle creft! March fair, my hearts! Oh rare!

SCENE III.4

Enter the King and his Train over the stage.

King. Is our lord mayor of London such a

wallant?
Nobleman. One of the merriest madcaps in your land

Your grace will think, when you behold the man, He a rather a wild ruffian than a mayor. Yet thus much I'll ensure your majesty, In all his actions that concern his state

He is as secious, provident, and wise,
As tull of gravity amongst the grave,
As any mayor hath been these many years.
King. I am with child 5 till I behold this huff-

But all my doubt is, when we come in presence, His madness will be dasht clean out of countenance.

Coldeman. It may be so, my liege.
Which to prevent, et wome one give him notice, 't is our pleasure

That he put on his wonted merriment. bet forward!

On afore !

SCENE IV.

Enter EVRE, HODGE, PIRK, RALPH, and other bluemakers, all with napkins on their shoulders.

Eyre. Come, my fine Hodge, my jolly gentlemen sheemakers; soft, where he these canni-

Barrele Astroet in London. A great hail.

a In mayenas.

bals, these variets, my officers? Let them all walk and wait upon my brethren; for my meaning is, that none but shoemakers, none but the | livery of my company shall in their satin hoods wait upon the trencher of my sovereign.

Firk. O my lord, it will be rare!

Eyre. No more, Firk; come, lively! Let your fellow-prentices want no cheer; let wine be to plentiful as beer, and beer as water. Hang these penny-puching fathers, that cram wealth in innocent lamb-skins. Rip, knaves, avaunt! Look to my guests!

Hodge. My lord, we are at our wits' end [a

for room; those hundred tables will not feast

for room; those hundred tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then cover me those hundred tables again, and again, till all my jolly prentices be feasted. Avoid, Hodge! Run, Ralph! Frisk pabout, my nimble Fire! Carouse me fathornealths to the honour of the shoemakers. Do they drink lively, Hodge? Do they tickle it, Fire?

Firk. Tickle it? Some of them have taken | 30 their liquor standing so long that they can stand no longer; but for meat, they would eat it an

no longer; but for meat, they would eat it an they had it.

Eyr. Want they meat? Where's this swagbelly, this greasy kitchen stuff cook? Call is the variet to me? Want meat? Firk, Hodge, lame Ralph, run, my tall men, beleaguer the shambles, beggar all Easteheap, serve me whole oxen in chargers, and let sheep whine upon the tables like pigs for want of good follows to a seat them. Want meat? Vanish, Firk! Avanut, Hodge!

Hodge. Your lordship mistakes my man Firk; can eat nothing.

THE SECOND THREE Men's SONG

Cold 's the wind, and wet 's the rain, Raint Hugh be our good speed: Ill in the weather that bringeth no gain, Nor helps good hearts in need.

Trowl the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl, And here, kind mate, to thee Let 'a sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,

And down it merrily. Down a down beydown a down, (Close with the tener liny)

Hey derry derry, down a down!
Ho, well done, to me let come!
Ring, compass, gentle joy.

Trowl the howl, the nut-brown bowl, And here, kind mate, to thee etc.
Repeat as after as there he men to drink and at hast when all have dounk, this verse: Cold's the wind, and wet 's the rain,

Baint Hugh be our good speed: Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain, Nor helps good hearts in need.

Enter HANS, ROSE, and Wife [MARGERY].

Marg. Where is my lord?
Eyre. How now, Lady Madgy?

Pass.

Marg. The king's most excellent majesty is new come; he sends me for thy honour; one of his most worshipful peers bade me tell thou must

be merry, and so forth; but let that pass.

Eyre. Is my sovereign come? Vanish, my tall shoemakers, my nimble brethren; look to my guests, the prentices. Yet stay a little! How now, Hans? How looks my little Rose?

Hans. Let me request you to remember me. I know, your honour easily may obtain Free pardon of the king for me and Rose,

And reconcile me to my uncle's grace.

Eyre. Have done, my good Hans, my honest journeyman; look cheerily! I'll fall upon (** both my knees, till they be as hard as horn, but

I'll get thy pardon,
Mary. Good my lord, have a care what you

speak to his grace.

epeak to his grace.

Eyre. Away, you Islington whitepot! I hence, you hopper-arse! hence, you barley-pudding, full of maggota! you broiled carbonado! I avanut, avanut, avoid, Mephistophiles! Shall Sim Eyre learn to speak of you, Lady Madgy? Vanish, Mother Miniver-cap; vanish, go, trip and go; is meddle with your partlets I and your pishery-pashery, your flewes I and your whirliging; go, rub, I out of mine alley! Sim Eyre knows how to speak to a Pope, to Sultan Soliman, to Tamburlaine, an he were here, and shall I melt, is burlaine, an he were here, and shall I melt, [seshall I droop before my sovereign? No, come, my Lady Madgy! Follow me, Huns! About your business, my frolic free-booters! Firk, frisk about, and about, and about, for the honour of mad Simon Eyre, lord mayor of London.

Firk. Hey, for the honour of the shoemakers! Exeunt.

SCENE V.º

A long flourish, or two. Enter the King, Nobles, Eyre, his Wife [Mangery], Lacy, Robe. Lacy and Robe kneel.

Well, Lacy, though the fact was very King. foul

Of your revolting from our kingly love And your own duty, yot we pardon you. Rise both, and, Mistress Lucy, thank my lord

mayor

For your young bridegroom here,

Eurc. So, my dear liege. Sim Eyre and my
brethren, the gentlemen shoemakers, shall set your sweet majesty's image cheek by jowl by Saint Hugh for this honour you have done poor Simon Eyre. I beseech your grace, pardon to my rude behaviour; I am a bandieraffsman, yet my heart is without craft; I would be sorry at my soul, that my boldness should offend my king.

King. Nay, I pray thee, good lord mayor, be even as merry

As if thou wert among thy shoomakers; It does me good to see thee in this humour.

1 " A dish, made of milk, eggs, and sugar, baked in a pot." (Webster.)

A steak rut crossways. Ruffa for the neck Flage, as resembling the hanging chaps of a hound.

• Obstruction, a term in bowling. • An open yard before the hall.

Epre. Say'st thou me so, my sweet Dioclesian? Then, hump! Prince am I none, yet am I princely horn. By the Lord of Ludgata, my liege, I'll be as merry as a pie."

King. Tell me, in faith, mad Eyre, how old

thou art.

Eyre. My liege, a very boy, a stripling, a younker; you see not a white hair on my head. not a gray in this beard. Every hair, I no sure thy majesty, that sticks in this heard. Sin Eyre values at the King of Babylon's ransom. Tamar Cham's beard was a rubbing brush to 't: yet I'll shave it off, and stuff terms-bolls with it, to please my bully king.

King. But all this while I do not know your

age Eyre. My liege, I am six and fifty year old, yet I can cry hump! with a sound heart for the honour of Saint Hugh. Mark this old we seen, my with her six and thirty years ago, and yet I hope to get two or three young lord mayors, ere I die. I am lusty still, Sim Eyre still, Care and cold lodging brings white hairs. My sweet Ma-jesty, let care vanish, cast it upon the nodes, in it will make thee look always young like Apollo, and cry hump! Prince am I none, yet am I Fing. Ha, ha!

Say, Cornwall, didst thou ever see his like? - Nobleman. Not I, my lord.

Enter the Earl of Lincoln and the Lond

King. Lincoln, what news with you? Lincoln. My gracious lord, have care unto yourself.

For there are traitors here.

Traitors? Where? Who? Eure. Traitors in my house? God forbid! is Where be my officers? I'll spend my soul, ere my king feel harm.

King. Where is the traitor, Lincoln?

Lincoin. Here he standa King. Cornwall, lay hold on Lacy! - Lincoln.

speak,
What canst thou lay unto thy nephew's charge?
Lincoln. This, my dear liege: your Grace, to do me honour.

Heapt on the head of this degenerate boy Desertless favours; you made choice of him To be commander over powers in France.

King, Good Lincoln, prithee, pause a while! Even in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst

speak. I know how Lacy did neglect our love, Kno himself deeply, in the highest degree, Into vile treason -

Lincoln, Is he not a track we pard King. Lincoln, he was; now have we pard ned him.

'T was not a base want of true valour's fire. That held him out of France, but love's desire.

Lincoln. I will not bear his sharme upon my back.

1 Magpie.

King. Nor shalt thou, Lincoln: I forgive you

both. Lincoln. Then, good my liege, forbid the boy

One whose mean birth will much disgrace his hed

King. Are they not married?

d'. No, my liege. We are.

King. Shall I divorce them then? O be it far That any hand on earth should dare untie The sucred knot, knit by God's majesty; I would not for my crown disjoin their hands
That are conjoin'd in holy nuptial bands.
How say'st thou, Lacy, wouldst thou lose thy

Hose ? Lacy. Not for all India's wealth, my sover-

King. But Rose, I am sure, her Lacy would forego? Rose. If Ruse were askt that question, she'd

ng. You hear them, Lincoln?

Lincoln. Yea, my liege, I do.

King. Yet caust thou find i' th' heart to part
these two?

Who seeks, besides you, to divorce these lovers?
L. Mayor. 1 do, my gracious lord, I am her

father.
Ling, Sir Roger Oateley, our last mayor, I
think?

Nobleman. The same, my liege.

King. Would you offend Love's laws? Well, you shall have your wills, you sue to me, To prohibit the match. Soft, let me see You both are married, Lacy, art thou not?

Du both are marrow, Lacy. I am, dread sovereign.

Then, upon thy life,

I charge thee, not to call this woman wife.

L. Mayor. I thank your grace.

Rose.

O my most gracious lord!

King. Nay, Rose, never woo me; I tell you

Although as yet I am a bachelor, Yet I believe I shall not marry you. Rose. Can you divide the body from the soul, Yet make the body live?

King. Yes, so profound?
I cannot, Rose, but you I must divide.
Thus fair maid, bridegroom, cannot be your

hride.

Are you pleas'd, Lincoln? Oateley, are you pleas d?

Both. Yes, my lord.

Kang. Then must my heart be eas'd;

For credit me, my conscience lives in pain,
Till these whom I divore'd, be join'd again.

Lacy, give me thy hand; Rose, lend me thine!

Be what you would be! Kiss now! So, that's

fine.

At night, lovers, to hed! — Now, let me see,
Which of you all mislikes this harmony.

L. Moyor. Will you then take from me my
child perforce?

King. Why tell me, Oateley: shines not Lacy's

As bright in the world's eye as the gay beams Of any citizen?

Yea, but, my gracious lord, Lincoln. do mislike the match far more than he : Her blood is too too base.

King.

Lincoln, no more,
Dost thou not know that love respects no blood,
Cares not for difference of birth or state? The maid is young, well born, fair, virtuous, A worthy bride for any gentleman. Besides, your nephew for her sake did stoop To bear necessity, and, as I hear, Forgetting honours and all courtly pleasures, we

To gain her love, became a shoemaker. To gain her love, became a shoemaker.

As for the honour which he lost in France,
Thus I redeem it: Lavy, kneel thee down!—
Arise, Sir Rowland Lacy! Tell me now,
Tell me in earnest, Oateley, canst thou chide,
Seeing thy Rose a lady and a bride?

L. Mayor. I am content with what your grace
hath done.

Lincoln. And I, my liege, since there's no

remedy.

remedy.

King. Come on, then, all shake hands: I'll have you friends;

Where there is much love, all discord ends.

What says my mad lord mayor to all this love?

Eyre. O my liege, this honour you have done to my fine journeyman here, Rowland Laey, and all these favours which you have shown to have those favours which you have shown to have the shown to have the base of the live longer by one dozen of warm summers than he should.

more than he should.

King. Nay, my mad lord mayor, that shall be thy name;
If any grace of mine can length thy life,
One honour more I'll do thee: that new building,1

Which at thy cost in Cornhill is erected, Shall take a name from us; we'll have it call'd The Leadenhall, because in digging it

You found the lead that covereth the same. 444

Eure. I thank your majesty.
Marg. God bless your grace!
King. Lincoln, a word with you!

Enter HODGE, FIRE, RALPH, and more Shoemakers.

Eyre. How now, my mad knaves? Peace, speak softly, yonder is the king.

King. With the old troop which there we keep in pay,

We will incorporate a new supply. Before one summer more pass o'er my head, France shall repent, England was injured. What are all those?

Lacy. All shoemakers, my liege, Sometime my fellows; in their companies I liv'd as merry as an emperor.

King. My mad lord mayor, are all these shoemakers?

1 "A. D. 1419. This year Sir Symon Eyre built Lead-"A. D. 1919. Into year our symmetry countries and gave the same to the City to be employed as a public granary for laying up corn against a time of exarctl."

—Maitland's History and Survey of Leaden, 11. 187.

According to Stow, Eyro was a draper, became Mayor in 1445, and died in 1459.

Eyec. All shoemakers, my liege; all gentle-men of the gentle craft, true Trojans, courage-ous cordwamers; they all kneel to the shrine of holy Saint Hugh.

All the Shoemakers. God save your majesty!

King. Mad Simon, would they anything with
us?

Eyre, Mum, mad knaves! Not a word! I'll do 't; I warrant you. They are all beggars, my liege; all for themselves, and I for them has all on both my knees do entreat, that for the honour of poor Simon Eyre and the good of his brethren, these mad knaves, your grace would vouchsafe some privilege to my new Leadenhall, that it may be lawful for us to buy and sell leather there two days a week.

King. Mad Sim, I grant your suit, you shall

have patent

To hold two market-days in Leadenhall, Mondays and Fridays, those shall be the times. Will this content you?

Jesus bless your grace ! 1m Eyre. In the name of these my poor brethren shoemakers, I most humbly thank your grace. But before I rise, seeing you are in the giving vein and we in the begging, grant Sim Eyre one

boon more.

King. What is it, my lord mayor?

Eyre. Vouchsafe to taste of a poor banquet that stands sweetly waiting for your sweet preKing. I shall undo thee, Eyre, only with female; Already have I been too troublesome;

Say, have I not?

Eyre. O my dear king, Sim Eyre was taken unawares upon a day of shroving, which I promist long ago to the prentices of London. For, an 't please your highness, in time past, I bare the water-tankard, and my cont Sits not a whit the worse upon my back; And then, upon a morning, some mad boys, It was Shrove Tuesday, even as 't is now, on gave me my breakfast, and I swore then by the stopple of my tankard, if ever I cause to be lord mayor of Loudon, I would feast all the prentices. This day, my liere, I did it, and the slave had an hundred table the time covered slaves had an hundred tables five times covered, they are gone home and vanisht, Yet add more honour to the gentle trade,

Taste of Eyre's banquet, Simon's happy made. King. Eyre, I will taste of thy banquet, and

will say,

have not met more pleasure on a day. Friends of the gentle craft, thanks to you all, Thanks, my kind lady mayoresa, for our cheer. -

ome, lords, a while let's revel it at home! When all our sports and banquetings are done, Wars must right wrongs which Frenchmen have begun. Exeunt, 10

1 Merry-making.

8 As an apprentice.

THE HONEST' WHORE

PART I

RV

THOMAS DEKKER

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

GAMARO TREBARE, Duke of Milan Hisrolito, a Count. CASTRUCHIO. FLUELLO. MATHEO. BENEUICT, a Doctor. AMSELMO, a Friar. Cardino, a Linen-draper. Gaudino, a Linen-draper. Gaudino, his Servant. Pirst Prentice.

Second Prentice. CRAMBO. Rogue, Servant of Bellafront. Porter, Sweeper. Madmen, Servants, etc.

INVELICE, Daughter of the Duke. Bullarnout, a Harlot. Viola, Wife of Candido. Mistrosa Fingerlock, a Bawd.

SCENE. - Milan and the Neighbourhood.]

ACT I.

SCENE I. 2

Enter at one door a Funeral (a coronet lying on the hearse, scutcheons and garlands hanging on the sides), attended by Gabraho Theriazzi, Duks of Milan, Carthuchio, Sinezi, Piohat-to, Flublio, and others. At another door enter Hippolito, in discontented appearance; and Matheo, a Gentleman, his friend, labouring to hald his back. hold him buck.

Duke. Behold, you comet shows his head

Twice hath he thus at cross-turns thrown on us Prodigious clooks; twice hath he troubled The waters of our eyes. See, he 's turn'd wild:— Go on, in God's name.

Cas., Sin. On afore there, ho! Duke. Kinsmen and friends, take from your manly sides

our weapons to keep back the desperate boy om doing violence to the innocent dead.

Mat. Come, you're mad!
Mp. I do arrest thee, murderer! Set down,
llians, set down that sorrow, 't is all mine. a
Duke. I do beseech you all, for my blood's

Send hence your milder spirits, and let wrath Jons in confederacy with your weapons' points;

If he proceed to vex us, let your swords
Seek out his bowels: funeral grief loathes words. All. Set on.

Hip. Set down the body!

Mat. O my lord! You're wrong! I'th' open street? You see she 's dend.

Hip. I know she is not dead.

Frantic young man, Duke. Wilt thou believe these gentlemen? - Pray speak.

Thou dost abuse my child, and mock'st the tears That here are shed for her. If to behold Those roses withered, that set out her cheeks: That pair of stars that gave her body light.
Dark ned and dim for ever; all those rivers
That fed her veins with warm and crimson

Frozen and dried up: if these be signs of death,
Then is she dead. Then unreligious youth,
Art not asham'd to empty all these eyes
Of funeral tears, a debt due to the dead.
As mirth is to the living? Sham's t thou not
To have them stare on thee? Hark, thou art curst

Even to thy face, by those that scarce can speak.

Hip. My lord — [dend?
Duke. What would'at thou have? Is she not
Hip. Oh, you ha' kill'd her by your cruelty! Duke. Admit I had, thou kill'st her now again; And art more savage than a barbarous Moor, at Hip. Let me but kiss her pale and bloodless lip.

Duke. O fie, fie, fie,

Chaste. | A street in Hilan, | Portentous.

Hip. Or if not touch her, let me look on her. Mat. As you regard your honour

Honour? Smoke ! 41 Mat. Or if you lov'd her living, spare her now. Duke. Ay, well done, sir, you play the goutleman.

Steal hence; - 't is nobly done; - away; - I 'll join

My force to yours, to stop this violent torment I ..

Pass on.

Exeunt with funeral, [all except the DUKE, HIPPOLITO and MATHEO). Hip. Matheo, thou dost wound me more. Mat. I give you physic, noble friend, not wounds.

Duke. U. well said, well done, a true gentle-

Alack, I know the sea of lovers' rage Comes rushing with so strong a tide, it beats so And bears down all respects of life, of honour, Of friends, of foes! Forget her, gallant youth.

Hip. Forget her?

Duke. Nay, nay, be but patient: For-why 2 death's hand hath su'd a strict divorce Twixt her and thee. What's beauty but a

What but fair sand-dust are earth's purest

forms?

Queeu's bodies are but trunks to put in worms. Mat. Speak no more sentences, my good lord but slip hence; you see they are but fite; I'll but slip hence; you see they are but fits; I'll rule him, I warrant ye. Ay, so, tread gingerly; your grace is here somewhat too long already. [Exit Dukk.] 'Sblood, the jest were now, if, in having ta en some knocks o' th' pate already, he should get loose again, and like a mad ox, toss my new black cloaks into the kennel. I must humour his lordship. — My Lord Hipperpolito, is it in your stomach to go to dinner? Hip, Where is the body?

Mat. The body, as the duke spake very wisely, is gone to be worm'd.

Hip, I cannot rest; I'll meet it at next turn: I'll see how my love looks.

Matheo holds him in 's arms.

MATHEO holds him in 's arms.

Matheo holds him in 's arms.

Mot. How your love looks? Worse than a scare-crow, Wrestle not with me: the great fellow gives the fall for a ducat.

Hip. I shall forget myself.

Mat. Pray, do so, leave yourself behind yourself, and go whither you will. 'Nfoot, do you long to have have regues that majorating a Saint.

long to have hase rogues that maintain a Saint Anthony's fire in their noses by nothing but |60 twopenny ale, make ballads of you? If the duke had but so much mettle in him, as is in a cobbler's awl, he would ha' been a vext thing; he and his train had blown you up, but that their powder has taken the wet of cowards. You'll bleed three pottles of Alicant, by less this light, if you follow 'em, and then we shall have a hole made in a wrong place, to have surgeons roll thee up like a baby in swaddling ciouts.

Dyce conj. forrent. Because.
A red Spanish wine made at Alicant. * Gutter.

Hip. What day is to-day, Matheo?

Mat. Yea marry, this is an easy question:
why to-day is — let me see — Thursday.

Hip. Oh! Thursday.

Mat. Here's a coil 6 for a dead commodity.
'Sfoot, women when they are alive are but dead commodities, for you shall have one woman to upon many men's hands.

Hip. She died on Monday then

upon many men's hands.

Hip. She died on Monday then.

Mat. And that is the most villanous day of all the week to die in: and she was well, and est a mess of water-gruel on Monday morning.

Hip. Ay? It cannot be Such a bright taper should hurn out so soon.

Mat. O yes, my lord. So soon? Why, I ha known them that at dinner have been an few well, and had so much health, that they were whal to the lart tyet before three a 'class' has been did to the lart tyet before three a 'class' has glad to pledge it, yet before three a'clock hase been found dead - drunk. Hip. On Thursday buried! and on Monday died!

Quick haste, by rlady. Sure her winding short Was laid out 'tore' her body; and the worms That now must feast with her, were even bespoke, And solemnly invited like strange guests.

Mat. Strange feeders they are indeed, my lord and, like your jester, or young courtier, will enter upon any man's trencher without lodding. Hip. Curst be that day for ever that robb'd

Of breath, and me of bliss! Henceforth let it

stand

Within the wizard's book (the calendar) Markt with a marginal finger, to be chosen By thieves, by villains, and black murderers, as the best day for them to labour in. He henceforth this adulterous bawdy world Be got with child with treason, sarribge, Atheism, rapes, treacherous friendship, per-

jury.
Slander (the beggar's sin', lies (sin of fools).
Or any other dama'd impleties,
On Monday let 'em be delivered.
I swear to thee, Matheo, by my soul,
Hereafter weekly on that day I Il glue
Mine eye-lids down, because they shall not gaze
On any female cheek. And being lockt up
In my close "chamber, there I 'll meditate
On nothing but my Infelice's end,
Or on a dead man's skull draw out mine own.
Mat. You 'll do all these good works now
every Monday, because it is so bad; but I hope
upon Tuesday morning I shall take you with

wench.

Hip. If ever, whilst frail blood through my veins run,

On woman's beams I throw affection, Save her that 's dead; or that I lessely fly To th' shore of any other wafting eye, Let me not prosper, Heaven! I will be true, Even to her dust and ashes: could her tember Stand whilst I liv'd, so long that it might rot. That should fall down, but she he ne'er forget.

Mat. If you have this strange monster, hoo-3 Turmoll. 3 By our lady. 1 Q. for. 5 Private esty,1 in your belly, why so jig-makers2 and chroniclers shall pick something out of you; [10] but an I smell not you and a bawdy house out within these ten days, let my ness be as big as an English bag-pudding. I'll follow your lordship, though it be to the place aforenamed. Excust.

[Scene II.] a

Enter Punting in some funtastic Sea-suit ut one door, a Porter meets him at another.

Fus. How now, porter, will she come? Por. If I may trust a woman, sir, she will

Fig. There is for thy pains [gives money]. God-amercy, if I over stand in need of a wench that will come with a wet finger, porter, thou [e shalt earn my money before any clarissimo 5 in Milan; yet, so God sa 6 me, she 's mine own sis-ter, body and soul, as I am a Christian gentle-man. Forewell; I'll ponder till she come. Thou hast been no bawd in fetching this woman, I [10 saure thee.

Por. No matter if I had, sir; better men than

porters are bawds,
Fus. O God, sir, many that have borne offi-Fus. O God, sir, many that have porne our-s. But, porter, art sure thou went'st into [u a true I house?

a true I house?

Por. I think so, for I met with no thioves.

Fus. Nay, but art sure it was my sister Viola?

Por. I am sure, by all supersoriptions, it was the party you ciphered.

Fus. Not very tall?

Por. Nor very low; a middling woman.

Fus. 'T was she. 'faith 't was she. A pretty plump check, like mine?

Por. At a blush, 's a little very much like you.

Fus. Godso, I would not for a ducut she had kickt up her heels, for I ha' spent an abomination this voyage; marry, I did it amongst sullors and gentlemen. There 'a a little modicum more poster, for making thee stay | gives | 60 more, porter, for making thee stay gives [so money]; farewell, honest porter.

Por. I am in your debt, sir; God preserve

Exit.

Enter VIOLA.

Fus. Not so, neither, good porter. God's lid, onder she comes. Sister Viola, I am glad to be see you stirring: it's news to have me here, is't

not, sister?

Vio. Yes, trust me. I wond'red who should be so held to send for me. You're welcome to

be as hold to send for me. You're welcome to Mikan, brother.

Fus. Troth, sister, I heard you were mar- or risd to a very rich chuff, and I was very sorry for it, that I had no better clothes, and that made me cend; for you know we Milanera love to strut upon branish leather. And how do all our friends?

Vio. Very well. You ha' travelled enough now. I trow, to sow your wild oats.

Fus. A pox on 'em! wild oats? I ha' not an oat to throw at a horse. Troth, sister, I ha'.

Song makers.
Another street.

· Readtly. 7 Honest. . Grandes.

Glance. a Bave. · Oburt.

sowed my oats, and reapt two hundred due ats [n if I had em here. Marry, I must entreat you to lead me some thirty or forty till the ship come. By this hand, I'll discharge at my day, by this hand.

Vio. These are your old oaths. Fus. Why, sister, do you think I'll forswear

my hand?

Vo. Well, well, you shall have them. Put yourself into better fashion, because I must employ you in a serious matter.

**Fus. I'll aweat like a horse if I like the mat-

ter. Vio. You ha' cast off all your old swaggering

Fus. I had not sail'd a league in that great | " fishpond, the sea, but I cast up my very gall Vio. I am the more sorry, for I must employ

a true swaggerer.

Fus. Nay by this iron, sister, they shall find I am powder and touch-box, if they put fire [" once into me.

Vio. Then lend me your ears.

Fas. Mine ears are yours, dear sister.

Vio. I am married to a man that has wealth

enough, and wit enough.

Fus. A lineu-draper, I was told, sister.

Vio. Very true, a grave citizen; I want nothing that a wife can wish from a husband: but here's the spite, he has not all things belonging to a man.

Fus. (Fod is my life, he is a very mandrake, life or else (God bless us) one a these whiblins. It and that is worse, and then all the children that he gets lawfully of your body, sister, are bastards

Vio. O, you run over me too fast, brother; have heard it often said, that he who cannot be angry is no man. I am sure my husband is a man in print, 12 for all things else save only in

this, no tempest can move him.

Fus. 'Slid, would he had been at sea with us! he should ha' been mov'd, and mov'd again, for I'll be sworn, la, our drunken ship reel'd like

a Dutchman.

No loss of goods can increase in him |00 a wrinkle, no erabbed language make his countenance sour, the stubbornness of no servant shake him; he has no more gall in him than a dove, no more sting than an ant; musician [100 will be never be, yet I find much music in him, but he loves no frets, ¹³ and is so free from auger, that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue, because it wants that virtue which all women's tongues have, to anger their husbands. Brother, mine can by no thunder turn him 100 into a sharpness.

Fus. Belike his blood, sister, is well brew'd

then.

Vio. I protest to thee, Fustigo, I love him most affectionately; but I know not - I ha'

We The allusion is to the fancied resemblance of the roots of the mandrake to the human figure.

""Query Whimlings — idiota." (Rhys.)

18 A perfect man.
18 A common pun on frel, the ridge on which the strings of a musical justrument are stopped.

ithin me - such a strange long-

at do long.

Then you're with child, sister, by all

and partly something else. I ha'read Al- [us
bettus Magnus, and Aristotle's Emblems.

Vio. You're wide a'th' bow hand 'still, broth-

my longings are not wanton, but wayward. I long to have my patient husband eat up a whole porcupine, to the intent, the bristling [m] quills may stick about his lips like a Flemish mustachio, and be shot at me. I shall be leaner mustachio, and be shot at me. I shall be leaner than the new moon, unless I can make him horn-mad.²

Fus. 'Sfoot, half a quarter of an hour does that; make him a cuckold.

Vio. Pooh, he would count such a cut no un-

kindness.
Fus. The honester citizen he; then make him

drunk and cut off his beard

Vio. Fie, fie, idle, idle! He 's no Frenchman, to fret at the loss of a little scald a hair. No, brother, thus it shall be — you must be secret.

Fus. As your mid-wife, I protest, sister, or

a barber-surgeon.

Vio. Repair to the Tortoise here in St. Christopher's Street; I will send you money; turn yourself into a brave man: instead of the arms of your mistress, let your sword and your he military searf hang about your neck.

Fus. I must have a great horseman's French

feather too, sister.

Vio. O, by any means, to show your light to. O. by any means, to show your light head, else your hat will sit like a coxcomb. [16]. To be brief, you must be in all points a most tetrilly wide-mouth d swaggerer.

Fus. Nay, for swaggering points let me alone.

Vio. Resort then to our shop, and, in my husband's presence, kiss me, smatch rings, [180].

ewels, or any thing, so you give it back ugain, brother, in secret.

Fux. By this hand, sister. knighting.

Fus. Nay, I'll swear after four hundred a

year. Vio. Swagger worse than a lieutenant among freshwater soldiers, call me your love, your ingle," your cousin, or so; but sister at no |100

Fus. No, no, it shall be cousin, or rather coz; that 's the gulling word between the citizens wives and their mad-caps that man? em to the garden; to call you one a mine aunts, " sis- [as-ter, were as good as call you arrant whore; no,

no, let me alone to consin you rarely.

whim, therefore put on a good face.

Fus. The best in Milan, I warrant.

Vio. Take up wares, but pay nothing, rifte my bosom, my pocket, my purse, the boxes for

While of the mark. 2 Stark mad.

4 Hamisomely dressed.

1 Senete

. Soldiers who had never left England.

Bosom friend

1 Escort.

1 'Auot' was a cant term both for a prostitute and a bawd. (Dyce.)

money to dice withal; but, brother, you must give all back again in secret.

Fus. By this welkin that here roars I will, or

else let me never know what a secret is. why, sister, do you think I'll cony-ontch? you, when you are my cousin? God's my life, then I were a stark ass. If I fret not his guts, beg me for a

Vio. Be circumspect, and do so then. Farewell.

The Tortoise, sister! I'll stay there;

Fus.

forty ducats.

Vio. Thither I'll send. - This law can none

Women must have their longings, or they die.

SCENE III. 14

[Enter] GASPARO the Duke, Doctor BENEDICT. and two Servants.

Duke. Give charge that none do enter : lock [Speaking as he onters.] the doors -And fellows, what your eyes and ears receive, Upon your lives trust not the gadding air To carry the least part of it. The glass, the

hour-glass !

Doct. Here, my lord.

Ah. 't is near 12 spent!' But, Doctor Benedict, does your art speak truth?

Art sure the soporiferous stream will ebb, And leave the crystal banks of her white body Pure as they were at first, just at the hour?

Diet. Just at the hour, my lord. [A curtain is drawn back and INTS.
LICE discovered lying on a couck.]
Softly! — See, 12 doctor, what a coldish heat

Spreads over all her body!

Now it works. The vital spirits that by a sleepy charm Were bound up fast, and threw an icy rust 10 (In her exterior parts, now 'gin to break; Trouble her not, my lord.

Some stools! You call'd Puke.
For music, did you not? Uh ho, it spenks.

It speaks! Watch, sirs, her waking, note those sands.

Doctor, sit down. A dukedom that should weigh

Mine own down twice, being put into one scale, And that fond to desperate boy. Hippolito, to Making the weight up, should not at my hands Bny her i' th' other, were her state more light Than hers, who makes a dowry up with alms. Dector, I'll starve her on the Apennine

Ere he shall marry her. I must confess Hippelito is nobly born; a man -Did not mine enemies' blood boil in his veins-

Whom I would court to be my son-in-law :

Ask the king to have the wardship of me as an idlet.
 A chamber in the Duke's Patace

12 Dyes coul, Qq. meere, which may be right, meaning " entirely " 11 Q. Sweet. " Dyon suggest crass.

M Foolish

But princes, whose high spleens for empery Are not with easy art made parallel.

Servents. She wakes, my lord. Truke. Look, Doctor Benedict harge you on your lives, maintain for truth What e'er the doctor or myself aver, For you shall bear her hence to Bergamo.

Inf. O God, what fearful dreams

Wakening. Lady.

Dort. Took Duke.

Ha! Girl.

Why. Infelice, how is 't now, ha? Speak.

Inf. I'm well — what makes this doctor here?

Duke. Thou wert not so even now, sickness' pule hand

Laid hold on thee even in the midst 1 of feast-THE !

And when a cup crown'd with thy lover's health

Had touch'd thy lips, a sensible cold dew
Stand on thy cheeks, as if that death had wept
To see such beauty alter.

Inf.

I remember

Duke. Then hast forgot, then, how a mes-

Came wildly in, with this unsavoury news,
That he was dead?
Inf. What messenger? Who 's dead? Inf. What messenger? Who 's dead? Duke. Hippolito. Alack! wring not thy hands.

Inf. I saw no messenger, heard no such news.

Ser. Yes, indeed, madam.

Date. La, you now. — 'T is well, good knaves! ?

Inf. You ha' slain him, and now you'll murder me.

Duke. Good Infelice, vex not thus thyself.
Of this the bad report before did strike a
coldly to thy heart, that the swift currents
Of life were all frozen up —

It is untrue.

is most untrue, O most unnatural father! Duke, And we had much to do by art's best cumning.

To fetch life back again. Most certain, lady. 40

Duke, Why, In, you now, you'll not believe me. Friends.

Sweat we not all? Had we not much to do?

Secants. Yes, indeed, my lord, much.

Duke. Death drew such fearful pictures in thy face.

That we Hippolite alive again.

That were Hippolito alive again,
I d kneel and woo the noble gentleman
To be thy husband: now I sore repent

My sharpness to him, and his family.
Next, do not weep for him; we all must die. -Doctor, this place where she so oft hath seen 20 His lively presence, hurts 8 her, does it not ?

1 Q. deads. 1 Q. God knows. 1 Q. haunts.

Doct. Doubtless, my lord, it does.

Duke. It does, it does: Therefore, sweet girl, thou shalt to Bergamo. Inf. Even where you will; in any place there's

Duke. A coach is ready; Bergamo doth

In a most wholesome air, sweet walks; there's

Ay, thou shalt hunt and send us venison,
Which like some goddess in the Cyprian groves,
Thine own fair hand shall strike. — Sirs, you

shall teach her To stand, and how to shoot; ay, she shall hunt: Cast off this sorrow. In, girl, and prepare This night to ride away to Bergamo.

Inf. O most unhappy maid! Duke. Follow her close. No words that she was buried, on your lives! Or that her ghost walks now after she 's dead;

'll hang you if you name a funeral.

1 Ser. I'll speak Greek, my lord, ere I speak

that deadly word.

2 Ser. And I'll speak Welsh, which is harder than Greek. Excunt [Servants]. ... than Greek. Excunt (Servants), w.
Duke. Away, look to her. — Doctor Benedict,
Did you observe how her complexion altered
Upon his name and death? Oh, would 'twere true.

Doct. It may, my lord.
Duke. May! How? I wish his death. Duke.

Doct. And you may have your wish; say but the word.

And 't is a strong spell to rip up his grave. I have good knowledge with Hippelite; He calls me friend, I'll creep into his bosom.

And sting him there to death; poison can do't.

Duke. Perform it; I'll create thee half mine

Doct. It shall be done, although the fact be foul.

Duke. Greatness hides sin, the guilt upon my

[SCENE IV.]

Enter CASTRUCHIO, PIORATTO, and FLUELLO.

Cas. Signor Pioratto, Signor Fluello, shall 's be merry? Shall 's play the wags now? Flu. Ay, any thing that may beget the child

of laughter.

Cas. Truth, I have a pretty sportive conceit new crept into my brain, will move excellent for mirth.

Pio. Let's ha't, let's ha't; and where shall the scene of mirth lie?

Cas. At Signor Candido's house, the patient man, nay, the monstrous patient man. They for say his blood is immoveable, that he has taken all patience from a man, and all constancy from

a woman.

Flu. That makes so many whores now-u-days.

Cas. Ay, and so many knaves too.

Pio. Well, sir.

Cas. To conclude, the report goes, he is so mild, so affable, so suffering, that nothing in-deed can move him: now do but think what

sport it will be to make this fellow, the mir- [10 ror of patience, as angry, as vext, and as mad as an English euckold.

Flu. 0, 't were udmirable mirth, that; but how will 't be done, signor?

Cas. Let me alone, I have a trick, a conhe have but a thimbleful of blood in 's belly, or a spleen not so big as a tavern token.

Pro. Thou stir him? Thou move him? Thou

anger him? Alas, I know his approved temper. Then vex him? Why he has a patience above man's injuries: theu may'st scener raise a spleen in an angel, than rough humour in him, Why, I'll give you instance for it. This wonderfully temper'd Signor Candido upon a time [2] invited home to his house certain Neapolitan lords, of curious taste, and no mean palates, conjuring his wife, of all loves, to prepare cheer titting for such honourable trencher-men. She

just of a woman's nature, covetous to try [40 the uttermost of vexation, and thinking at last to get the start of his humour — willingly neg-lected the preparation, and became unfurnisht, not only of dainty, but of ordinary dishes. He, according to the mildness of his breast, en- [44 tertained the lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time, as much as a citizen might do. To conclude, they were hungry lords, for there came no meat in; their stomachs were plainly gull'd, and their teeth deluned, and, is if anger could have seiz'd a man, there was matter enough i' faith to vex any citizen in the vorld, if he were not too much made a fool by his wife.

Flu. Ay, I'll swear for 't. 'Sfoot, had it been my case, I should ha' play'd mad tricks with my wife and family. First, I would ha' spitted the men, stew'd the maids, and bak'd the mistress, and so served them in. Pro. Why 't would ha' tempted any blood but

Pio. W.

And thou to vex him? thou to anger him With some poor shallow jest?

Cas. 'Shlood, Signor Pioratto, you that disparage my conceit, I'll wage a hundred ducats upon the head on 't, that it moves him, frets [46] him, and galls him.

Pio. Done, 't is a lay, ' join golls ' on 't: witness Signor Fluello.

Cas. Witness: 't is done.

Cas. Witness: 't is done.
Come, follow me: the house is not far off, I'll thrust him from his humour, vex his breast, And win a hundred ducats by one jest. Excunt.

[SCENE V.]

Enter [Viola] CANDIDO'S wife, GEORGE, two Prentices in the shop.

Vio. Come, you put up your wares in good order here, do you not, think you? One piece cast this way, another that way! You had need have a patient master indeed.

A piece of brass or copper money, coined by tavern-keepers and other tradesness for small change.

For love's sake.

Bet.

& Chested.

4 Bet.
4 Hauds. 4 Candido's shop.

Geo. [Aside.] Ay, I'll be sworn, for we have a curst mistress.

Vio. You mumble, do you? mamble? I would your master or I could be a note more angry, for two patient folks in a house spoil all the servants that ever shall come under them, at 1 Pren. [Aside.] You patient! Af, so is the

devil when he is horn-mad.

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, and Pionatto.

Geo. Gentlemen, what do you lack? 5 1 Pren. What is 't you buy? 2 Pren. See fine hollands, fine cambrics.

fine lawns.

Geo. What is 't you lack?

2 Pren. What is 't you buy?

Cas. Where 's Signor Candido, thy master?

Geo. Faith, signor, he 's a little negotiated.'

be'll appear presently.

Cas. Fellow, let's see a lawn, a choice one.

girrah.

Geo. The best in all Milan, gentlemen, and this is the piece. I can fit you gentlemen with fine calicoes too for doublets, the only sweet fashion now, most delicate and courtly, a meek gentle calico, cut upon two double affable taffetas, - ab, most nost, feat, and unmatchuble !

Flu. A notable voluble-tongu'd villain, Pro. I warrant this fellow was never begot

Pto. I warrant without much prating.

Cas. What, and is this she, sayest thou?

Geo. Ay, and the purest she that ever you a gentleman. Look how over she is, look how clean she is, ha! ac even she is, look how clean she is, ha! ac even as the brow of Cynthia, and as clean as your sons and heirs when they ha' spent all,

Cas. Pooh, thou talk'st—pox on 't, 't is to

Geo. How? Is she rough? But if you bid! pox on 't, sir, 't will take away the roughness presently.

Flu. Ha, signor; has he fitted your French |-curse?

Geo. Look you, gentlemen, here's another. ompare them I pray, compara Virgilium cun

Homero, compare virgins with harlots. Cas. Pooh, I ha' seen better, and as you |

term them, evener and cleaner.

Geo. You may see further for your mind, but trust me, you shall not find better for your body.

Enter Candido.

Cas. O here he comes, let's make as though we pass.

Come, come, we'll try in some other shop.
Cand. How now? What's the matter?
Geo. The gentlemen find fault with this lawn, fall out with it, and without a cause to Cand. Without a cause?

And that makes you to let 'em pass away Ah, may I crave a word with you, gentlemen? Flu. He calls us.

⁷ Qq. give first three speeches to dil These
⁸ The shopkeeper's common cry at this puriod.
⁸ Engaged.

Pray, invoks.

Makes the better for the jest. Cand. I pray come near, you're very wel-come, gallants.

Pray pardon my man's rudeness, for I fear me H'as talkt above a prentice with you. Lawns! [Showing lawns.]

Look you, kind gentlemen, this - no - ay this:

Take this upon my honest-dealing faith, To be a true weave, not too hard nor slack, But e'en as far from falsehood as from black, re

Cas. Well, how do you rate it? Cand. Very conscionably, eighteen shillings

a yard.

Cas. That 's too dear: how many yards does

the whole piece contain, think you?

Cand. Why, some seventeen yards, I think, or thereabouts.

How much would serve your turn, I pray?

Cas. Why, let me see — would it were better

too! Cand. Truth 't is the best in Milan, at few

words.

Cas. Well, let me have then — a whole penny-

Cand. Of lawn!
Cas. Of lawn!
Cas. A yenn'orth I say.
Cand. Of lawn!
Cas. Of lawn? Ay, of lawn, a penn'orth.
Sblood, dost not hear? A whole penn'orth,
are you deaf?

Cand. Deaf? no, sir; but I must tell you,

Our wares do seldom meet such customers.

Cas. Nay, an you and your lawns be so aqueamish, fare you well.

Cand. Pray stay; a word, pray, signor: for what purpose is it, I beseech you?

Cas. 'Sblood, what's that to you: I'll have

a penny-worth.

Cand. A penny-worth! Why you shall. I'll

wife A penny-worth? Why you shall. I'll serve you presently.

2 Pres. 'Sfoot, a penny-worth, mistress!

Vio. A penny-worth! Call you these gentle-

men ? Cas. No, no: not there.

this corner here?

Cas. No, nor there neither;
I'll have it just in the middle, or else not. Cand. Just in the middle - ha - you shall

too: what,

Have you a single penny?

Cas. Yes, here 's one.

Cand. Lend it me, I pray.

Plu. An excellent followed jest!

Vio. What, will he spoil the lawn now? Cand. Patience, good wife.

Vio. Ay, that patience makes a fool of you. Gentlemen, you might ha' found some other citizen to have made a kind gull 2 on, besides my husband.

Cand. Pray, gentlemen, take her to be a WOTDAD

Do not regard her language. - O kind soul, Such words will drive away my customers.

> 1 At once. ³ Dupe.

Vio. Customers with a murrain | Call you

Vio. Customers with a murrain; Coal you these customers?

Cand. Patience, good wife.

Vio. Pox a' your patience.

Geo. 'Sfoot, mistress, I warrant these are some cheating companions.4

Cand. Look you, gentlemen, there's your ware; I thank you, I have your money here; pray know my shop, pray let me have your constone. quatom.

Vio. Custom, quoth'a !

Vio. Custom, quota s. Cand. Let me take more of your money. : **
Vio. You had need so.
Pio. Hark in thine ear, thou 'st lost an hun-

dred ducats

Cas. Well, well, I know 't: is 't possible that homo

Should be nor man, nor woman : not once mov'd; No not at such an injury, not at all! Sure he 's a pigeon, for he has no gall.

Flu. Come, come, you're angry though you smother it:

You're vext i' faith; confess.

Why, gentlemen, Should you conceit me to be vext or mov'd? **
He has my ware, I have his money for 't,
And that's no argument I 'm angry : no:

The best logician cannot prove me so.

Flu. Oh, but the hateful name of a penn'orth

of lawn, And then cut i' th' middle of the piece. Pah, I guess it by myself, 't would move a lamb Were he a linen-draper, 't would, i' faith. Cand. Well, give me leave to answer you for

that:

We are set here to please all customers. Their humours and their fancies; — offend none; We get by many, if we leese 5 by one. May be his mind stood to no more than that

A penn'orth serves him, and 'mongst trades 't is found,

Deny a penn'orth, it may cross a pound.

Oh, he that means to thrive, with patient eye Must please the devil if he come to buy! Flu. O wondrous man, patient 'bove wrong

or woe, How blest were men, if women could be so! Cand. And to express how well my breast is

pleas'd. And satisfied in all: — George fill a beaker. 180 Exit GROBGE.

'll drink unto that gentleman, who lately Bestow'd his money with me.

Vio. God 's my life, We shall have all our gains drunk out in beak-

To make amends for pennyworths of lawn ! 164 [Re]-enter GEORGE [with beaker].

Cand. Here wife, begin you to the gentleman.
Vio. I begin to him! [Spills the wine.]
Cand. George, fill 't up again:
'T was my fault, my hand shook. Exit GRORGE.
Pio. How strangely this doth show! A patient man linkt with a waspish shrew.

> * Plague. 4 Fellows.

5 Lose.

Flu. [Aside.] A silver and gilt beaker: I've trick

To work upon that benker, sure 't will fret him ; It cannot choose but vex him. - Signor Castru-

chio,
In pity to thee I have a conceit,
Will save thy hundred ducats yet; 't will do't, And work him to impatience.

Sweet Fluello, Cas. I should be bountiful to that conceit, Flu. Well, 't is enough.

[Re]-enter GEORGE [with beaker.]

Cand.

I wish your custom, you're exceeding welcome.

[Drinks.] Cand. Here, gentlemen, to you,

Cas. I pledge you, Signor Candido [Drinks.]

Here you that must receive a hundred ducats. Pio. I'll pledge them deep, i' faith, Castruchio. Signor Fluello. [Drinks.]

Come: play 't off to me; Flu.

I am your last man. Cand.

George, supply the cup. [Exit George who returns with benker filled.

Flu. So, so, good honest George, -Here Signor Candido, all this to you.

Cand. (), you must pardon me, I use it not. Flu. Will you not pledge me then?

Yes, but not that : Great love is shown in little.

Blurt 2 on your sentences!

Sfoot, you shall pledge me all.

Cand. Indeed I shall not. Flu. Not pledge me? 'Sblood, I'll carry

away the beaker then.

Cand. The beaker? Oh! that at your pleas-

sure, sir. Flu. Now by this drink I will. [Drinks.] Cas. Pledge him, he 'll do 't else.

nail, What, will you pledge me now?

Cand. You know me, sir,

I am not of that sin.

Flu.

Why, then, farewell:

I'll bear away the beaker by this light.

Cand. That 's as you please; 't is very good. Cand. That 's as you please; 't is very good.
Flu. Nay, it doth please me, and as you say,
'T is a very good one. Farewell, Signor Candido.
Pro. Farewell, Candido.
Cand. You're welcome, gentlemen.
Can.
Art not mov'd yet?

I think his patience is above our wit.

Excunt [CASTRUCHIO, FLUELIO, carrying off the beaker, and Plo-RATTO.

Geo. I told you before, mistress, they were all cheuters.

Vio. Why fool ! why husband! why madman!

I I am not accustomed to drink whole beakers full. An exclamation of contempt, equivalent to "a fig for "(Tyre)
Empired the cup so completely that the remaining

drop will stand on the thumb-nail.

I hope you will not let 'em sneak away so with a silver and gilt beaker, the best in the home too. - Go, fellows, make hue and cry after them.

Cand. Pray let your tongue lie still, all will be well. —
Come hither, George, hie to the constable.
And in calm order wish him to attach them. And in calm order wish him to attach them. Make no great stir, because they 're gentlemen, And a thing partly done in merriment. 'T is but a size above a jest thou know'st, Therefore pursue it mildly. Go, begone, ou The constable 's hard by, bring him along, Make haste again.

Make haste again.

Let Grouns

Vio. O you're a goodly patient weedcock,
are you not now? See what your patience comes
to: every one saddles you, and rides you,
you'll be shortly the common stone-borse' of
Milan: a woman 's well holpt up with such a
meacock. I had rather have a husband that would swaddle T me thrice a day, than such o one, that will be gull'd twice in half-an-hour. Oh, I could burn all the wares in my shop he

anger.
Cand. Pray wear a peaceful temper; be my

That is, be patient; for a wife and husband Share but one soul between them: this leing known,

Why should not one soul then agree in one?

Vio. Hang your agreements! but if my beaker be gone. —

Re-enter Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto, and George.

Cond. Oh, here they come.

Gro. The constable, sir, let 'em come along with me, because " there should be no would ring: he stays at door.

Cas. Constable, Goodman Abram.

Flu. Now Signor Candido, 'sblood, why do you attach us?

Cas. 'Sheart! attach us!

Cand.

Nay swear not, gallants.

Your oaths may move your souls, but not more

me;
You have a silver beaker of my wife's.
Flu. You say not true: 't is gilt.
Cand.
Then you say true:

Cand.

And being gilt, the guilt lies more on you.

Cas. I hope y' are not angry, sir.

Cand. Then you hope right; for I'm not engry

Flu. No, but a little mov'd.

Cand. I mov'd! 'T was you were mov'd, you

were brought hither.

Cas. But you, out of your anger and impe-

tionce,
Caus'd us to be attacht.
Cand.
Nay, you misplace it:
Out of my quiet sufferance I did that,
Out of my wrath. Had I shown anger. And not of any wrath. Had I shown anger. I should have then pursu'd you with the law.

6 Simpleton. 6 Milksop.
5 Stallion. 7 Beat. 6 In order that
7 A beggar who pretended madness was called as Abraham man.

And hunted you to shame, as many worldlings Do build their anger upon feebler grounds; 200 The more's the pity; many lose their lives

For scarce so much coin as will hide their palm:

Which is most cruel; those have vexed spirits

That pursue lives. In this opinion rest,

The loss of millions could not move my breast.

Flu, Thou art a blest man, and with peace

dost deal

Such a meck spirit can bless a commonweal.

Cand. Gentlemen, now't is upon eating-time,
Pray part not hence, but dine with me to-day.

Cas. I never heard a carter yet say vay

To such a motion. I'll not be the first.

I'le. Nor I.

Flu. Nor I.

Cand. The constable shall bear you company.

George, call him in: let the world say what it

Nothing can drive me from a patient man.

Excunt.

[ACT II]

[SCENE I.]1

Enter Rosien with a stool, cushion, looking-glass and chafing-dish; those being set down, he pulls out of his pocket a phial with white colour in it, and two boxes, one with white another red puriting, he places all things in order, and a condle by them, singing with the ends of old ballads as he does it. At lust BRILAFRONT, as he rules his cheek with the colours whither he ruha his cheek with the colours, whistles

Roy. Anon, forsouth.

Bell. [unthin.] What are you playing the ogue about?

Roy. About you, foreooth; I 'm drawing up hole in your white silk stocking.

Bell. Is my glass there? and my boxes of complexion?

Roy. Yes, forsooth: your boxes of complexion are here, I think: yes, 't is here. Here's your two complexions, — [. Ande.] and if I had all [19] the four complexions, I should ne er set a good face upon t. Some men I see, are born under hard-favoured planets as well as women.
Zounds, I look worse now than I did before I
and it makes her face glister most danna- [u
ldy. There's knavery in daubing, I hold my
life; or else this is only female pomatum.

Enter BRILLAPRONT not full ready, 2 without a gown; the sits down; with her bodkin 5 curls her hair; and colours her lips.

Rell. Where's my ruff and poker, you blockbearl ?

Roughther upon the cupboard of the court, or [31 the court cupboard.

Bell. Fetch 'em. Is the pox in your hams, you can go no faster?

[Strikes him.]

A room in Bellafront's house.

Dressed 4 A stick used for plaiting ruffs.

Fraziling iron. 5 Sideboard.

Friezling iron.

Rog. Would the pox were in your fingers, (a unless you could leave flinging! Catch, Exit. Bell. I'll catch you, you dog, by and by: do you grumble? She sinus.

Cupid is a God, as naked as my nail, I'll whip him with a rod, if he my true love fail.

[Re-enter ROGER with ruff and poker.]

Rog. There's your ruff, shall I poke it? "Bell. Yes, honest Roger — no, stay; prithee, good boy, hold here.

[Sings. ROGER holds the glass and candle.]

Down, down, down, I fall down and arise, --I never shall arise.

Rog. Troth, mistress, then leave the trade if you shall never rise.

Bell. What trade, Goodman Abram?

Rog. Why that of down and arise, or the

Rog. Why that of down and arise, of the falling trade.

Bell. I'll fall with you by and by.

Rog. If you do I know who shall smart for 't.

Troth, misuress, what do I look like now? Bell. Like as you are; a panderly sixpenny

rascal.

Roy, I may thank you for that: in faith, I look like an old proverb, "Hold the candle before the devil."

Bell. Ud's life, I'll stick my knife in your guts an you prate to me so! — What? She sings.

Well met, pug, the pearl of beauty: umh, umh. How now, Bir Knawe? you forget your duty, umb, umb, Marry muff' sir, are you grown so dainty. fa, la, la etc. Is it you, sir? the worst of twenty, fa, la, la, leera, la.

Pox on you, how dost thou hold my glass? 20 Rog. Why, as I hold your door: with my

fingers.

Bell. Nay, pray thee, sweet honey Roger, hold up handsomely.

[Nings.]

Bing pretty wantons warble, etc. We shall ha' guests to-day, I lay my little

maidenhead; my nose itches so.

Rog. I said so too last night, when our fleas

twinged me. Bell. So, poke my ruff now; my gown, my gown! Have I my fall? Where's my fall, Roger?

Rog. Your fall, forsooth, is behind.

One knocks. Bell. God's my pittikins ! some fool or other knocks.

knocks.

Roy. Shall I open to the fool, mistress?

Bell. And all these baubles lying thus?

Away with it quickly. — Ay, ay, knock, and
be dann'd, whosever you be! — So; give the
fresh salmon line now: let him come ashore. [8]

Exit Royan. He shall serve for my breakfast, though he go against my stomach.

ROOBE fetch in FLUELLO, CASTRUCHIO, and PIORATTO.

Flu. Morrow, coz.

Cus. How does my sweet acquaintance?

An expression of contempt.
A kind of collar, falling flat round the neck.
A corruption of "God's my pity."

Pio. Save thee, little marmoset: how dust

thon, good, pretty rogue?

Bell, Well, God-a-mercy, good, pretty rascal,

Flu. Roger, some light, I prithee.

Rog. You shall, signor, for we that live here in this vale of misery are as dark as hell, Exit for a candle.

Cas. Good tobacco, Fluello?

Flu. Smell.

Pio, It may be tickling gear: for it plays with my nose already.

Remeter Rooms [with candle].

Rog. Here 's another light angel, 1 signor, so Bell. What, you pied curtal, 2 what 's that you a naighting 2 are neighing

Rog. I say God send us the light of Heaven,

or some more angels.

Bell. Go fetch some wine, and drink half of it.

Rog. I must fetch some wine, gentlemen, and drink half of it.

Flu. Here Roger. Cas. No. let me send, prithee.

Flu. Hold, you cankerworm.

You shall send both, if you please, Rog. SIKIMITS.

Pio. Stay, what's best to drink a' mornings?
Rog. Hippocras, sir, for my mistress, if I
fetch it, is most dear to her.
Flu. Hippocras? There then, here's a testone

for you, you snake.

Rog. Right sir, here's three shillings and sixpence for a pottle 5 and a mancher.

Exit. ence for a pottle 5 and a mancher, 6 Erit, Cas. Here's most Herculanean 7 tobacco; ha'

Bell. Faugh, not I, makes your breath atink like the piss of a fox. Acquaintance, where supt you last night?

Cas. At a place, aweet acquaintance, where your health dane'd the canaries, i faith: you should ha' been there.

Bedi. I there among your punks! Marry, taugh, hang' em; I scorn 't. Will you never leave sucking of eggs in other folk's hens' nests?

When is a contract of the case of

Cas. Why, in good troth, if you'll trust me, acquaintance, there was not one hen at the board; ask Fluello.

Flu No, faith, coz, none but cocks. Signor Malavella drunk to thee.

Bell, O, a pure beagle; that horse-leach

Flu. And the knight, Sir Oliver Lollio, swore he would bestow a taffeta petticoat on thee, but to break his fast with thee.

Bell. With me? I'll choke him then, hang

him, molecutcher! It's the dreaming'st snotty-

Pio. Well, many took that Lollio for a fool, but he's a subtle fool.

Bell. Ay, and he has fellows: of all filthy,

A gold coin worth about ten shillings.

A docked horse.

Spiced and sweetened wine
7 Q, Herculian Half a gullon. sprightly dance.

A roll of fine bread.

dry-fisted knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me

Cas. Why, wench? Is he scabbed?
Bell. Hang him, he 'll not have to be so honest. Bell. Hang him, he il not live to be so honest, nor to the credit to have scales about him; puhis betters have 'em; but I hate to wear out any of his coarse knight-hood, because he's made like an alderman's night-gown, fac'd all with cony 'o before, and within nothing but for This sweet Oliver will est mutton't fill he to be ready to burst, but the lean-jaw'd slave will

not pay for the scraping of me tremener.

Pio. Plague him; set him beneath the sale and let him not touch a bit, till every one had his full cut.

Fig. Lord Ello, the gentleman-usher, came in to us too; marry 't was in our cheese, for he had been to borrow money for his lord, of a

Cas. What an ass is that lord, to borrow

money of a citizen!

Bell. Nay, God's my pity, what an ans is that citizen to lend money to a lord!

Enter MATREO and HIPPOLITO; HIPPOLI saluting the company, as a stranger, will set 12 Rocker comes in sadly behind them, with a pot-

tle pot, and stands aloof off. Mat. Save you, gallants, Signor Flucilo, exceedingly well met, as I may say.

Flu. Signor Matheo, exceedingly well met too, as I may say.

Mat. And how fares my little pretty mis-

Bell. Ec'n as my little pretty servant; seen three court dishes before her, and not one good bit in them: — How now? Why the devil stand'st them so? Art in a trance?

Rog. Ves, forsooth.

Bell. Why dost not fill out their wine?

Rog. Forsooth, 't is fill 'd out already: all the that the signors have bestow'd upon you so fac'd me down that I had not a drop.

Bell. I'm accurst to let such a withered arti-

choke-faced rascal grow under my nose. Now you look like an old he-cut, going to the gal-lows, I'll be haug'd if he ha' not put up the money to convente to us all.

Rog. No, truly, forsooth, 't is not put up yet.

Bell. How many gentlemen hast thou served

thus?

Rog. None but five hundred, besides prenti-ces and serving-men.

Bell. Dost think I'll pocket it up at the

hands?

Rog. Yes, forsooth, I fear you will pocket it

Bell. Fie, fie, cut my lace, good servant; I shall ha' the mother 15 presently, I'm so vext at this horse-plum. 16

Flu. Plague, not for a scald 17 pottle of wine!

A amali red plum,

10 Rabbit-skin.
11 "Mutton" was slang for a light woman.
13 Returns to the background.
10 Dyce anggests felf. 10 Chest. 15 Hy. is Hystorica. May, sweet Bellafront, for a little pig's

Lere Roger, fetch more. [Gives money.]
ance, i' faith, acquaintance.
Out of my sight, thou angodly puritantore.

for the t' other pottle? Yes, forsooth.
Spill that too. [Exit ROGER.] What
pu is that, servant? Your friend?
bols so; a steel, a stool! If you love me entertain this gentleman respectively,1 him welcome.

him welcome, — pray, air, sit. 100 fhanks, lady.
Count Hippelite, is 't not? Cry you ignor; you walk here all this while, not heard you! Let me bestow a stool of beseech you; you are a stranger here, the fashions a' th' house.

In any way he here, my lottd?

Tease you be hore, my lord? [Offers] tobacco.

To, good Castruchio.
on have abandoned the Court, I see, my
to the death of your mistress. Well, [10] delicate piece. - Beseech you, sweet, as serve under the colours of your ac-e still for all that. - Please you to at [the] lodging of my coz, I shall beinquet upon you.

I never can deserve this kindness, sir. by this lady be, whom you call coz? aith, sir, a poor gentlewoman, of pass-carriage; one that has some suits nd lies here in an attorney's house. as

is as all your punks are, a captain's on Never saw her before, my lord? fever, trust me a goodly creature! my gad, when you know her as we do, was the is the prettiest, kindest, most bewitching honest ape under A skin, your satin is not more soft, Belike, then, she 's some sale 2 courte-

Froth, as all your best faces are, a good

breat pity that she 's a good wench. Sou shalt ha', i' faith, mistress. How sors? What, whispering? Did not I ger I should take you, within seven a house of ranity?
You did; and, I beshrew your heart,

low do you like my mistress? Well, for such a mistress; better, if trees be not your master. I must amers, gentlemen; fare you well. Just, you shall not leave us.

reech you stay. Trust me, my affairs becken for me;

Will you call for me half an hour hence

Respectfully. * For mle.

Hip. Perhaps I shall.
Mat. Perhaps I shall I know you can swear
to me you will.

Hip. Since you will press me, on my word, I

Bell. What sullen picture is this, servant?

Mat. It's Count Hippolito, the brave count.

Pio. As gallant a spirit as any in Milan, jost
you sweet Jew.

Flu. Oh! he's a most essential gentleman,

Cas. Did you never hear of Count Hippolito. acquaintance?

Bell. Marry, muff a' your counts, an be no more life in 'em.

Mat. He 's so malcontent! Sirrah' Bellafront,

and you be honest gallants, let's sup together, and have the count with us: - thou shalt is

sit at the upper end, punk.

Bell. Punk, you sous d'é garnet?

Mat. King's truce! Come, I'll bestow the supper to have him but laugh.

Cue. He betrays his youth too grossly to [100]

that tyrant melancholy.

that tyrant melancholy.

Mot. All this is for a woman.

Bell. A woman? Some whore! What sweet
jewel is t?

Pio. Would she heard you!

Flu. Troth, so would!.

Cas. And I, by Heaven.

Bell. Nay, good servant, what woman?

Mot. Pah!

Bell. Prithee, tell me; a buss, and tell [some, I warrant he a an honest fellow, if he take
on thus for a wench. Good rogue, who?

Mat. By th' Lord I will not, must not, faith,
mistress. Is 't a match, sirs? this night, at th'
Antelope: sy, for there's best wine, and good Antelope: ay, for there's best wine, and good hoys.

ys.
All. It's done; at th' Antelope.
Bell. I cannot be there to-night.
Mat. Cannot? By th' Lord you shall.
Bell. By the Lady I will not. Shall?
Flu. Why, then, put it off till Friday; wu't Flu. Why, the come then, coz?

Bell. Well.

Re-enter Rogen.

Mat. You're the waspishest ape. Roger, put your mistress in mind to sup with us on less Friday next. You're best come like a madwoman, without a band, in your waistcoat,' and the linings of your kirtle outward, like every common backney' that steals out at the back gate of her sweet knight's lodging.

Bell. Go, go, hang yourself!
Cas. It's dinner-time, Matheu; shall's hence?
All. Yes, yes. — Farewell, weach. Excunt.
Bell. Farewell, boys. — Roger, what wine sent they for?

sent they for ? Rog. Bastard wine, for if it had been truly begotten, it would not ha been asham'd to

- 1 The term airrah was applied often to women as well as to men.
 - Prostitute. Pickled. Kias
 J. c. without your upper dress.
 Harlot. A sweet Spanish wine.

come in. Here 's six shillings to pay for nursing the bastard.

Bell. A company of rooks! 1 O good sweet Roger, run to the poulter's, and buy me some fine larks!

Rog. No woodcocks? 1
Bell. Yes, faith, a couple, if they be not dear.
Rog. I'll buy but one, there's one already here.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Is the gentleman, my friend, departed.

Bell. His back is but new turn'd, sir.

Hop.
Bell. I can direct you to him.
Can you, pray? Bell. If you please, stay, he 'll not be absent

Hip. I care not much.

Pray sit, forecoth.

I 'm hot. 100

If I may use your room, I'll rather walk.

Bell. At your best pleasure. — Whew! some rubbers? there!

Hip. Indeed, I'll none: — indeed I will not: thanks.

Pretty time lodging. I perceive my friend

Pretty fine lougue. Is old in your acquaintance. Troth, sir, he comes see As other gentlemen, to spend spare hours. If yourself like our roof, such as it is.

Your own acquaintance may be as old as his.

Hip. Say I did like; what welcome should I find?

Bell. Such as my present fortunes can afford. Hip. But would you let me play Matheo's Bell. W

Bell. What part?

Hip. Why, embrace you: dally with
Faith, tell me, will you leave him and love me?

Bell. I am in bonds to no man, sir.

Hip. Why then,

Thip. Why then,
You're free for any man; if any, me.
But I must tell you, lady, were you mine,
You should be all mine; I could brook no

sharers,

I should be covetous, and sweep up all.

I should be pleasure's usurer; faith, I should.

Bell. O fate!

Hip. Why sigh you, lady? May I know?

Hip. Why sigh you, lady? May I know? Bell. 'T has never been my fortune yet to single

Out that one man, whose love could fellow mine,

As I have ever wisht it, O my stars! Had I but met with one kind gentleman,

That would have purchas'd sin alone to himself,

For his own private use, although scarce pro-Just,3

Indifferent handsome; meetly legg'd and thigh'd;

And my allowance reasonable, i' faith. According to my body, by my troth,

Towels. Fine-looking.

would have been as true unto his pleasures. Yea, and as royal to his afternoons

As ever a poor gentlewoman could be.

Hip. This were well now to one but neely Hip. fledg'd,

And scurce a day old in this subtle world; "I were pretty art, good bird-lime, cumms net;

But come, come, faith, confess: how many men

Have drunk this self-same protestation, From that red 'tieing lip?

Bell. Indeed, not any.

Hip. "Indeed," and blush not!

Bell. No, in truth, not ay.

Hip. "Indeed!" "In truth!"—bow wanty you swear!

'Tis well, if ill it be not; yet had I The ruffian in me, and were drawn before you But in light colours, I do know indeed,

You could not swear indeed, but thunder only That should shake Heaven, drown the harmon nious spheres

And pierce a soul that lov'd her maker's howour

With horror and amazement.

Shall I swear! -Bell. Will you believe me then?

Hip. Worst then of all; Our sins by custom, seem at last but small. Were I but o'er your threshold, a next man, " And after him a next, and then a fourth. Should have this golden hook, and lascitism bait,

Thrown out to the full length. Why let me tell you :

ha' seen letters sent from that white hand,

Tuning such music to Matheo's ear.

Bell. Matheo' that's true, but believe it i
No sooner had laid hold upon your presence
But straight mine eye convey'd you to my heart.

Hip. Oh, you cannot feign with me! Why. I know, lady,
This is the common passion of you all, To hook in a kind geutleman, and then Abuse his coin, conveying it to your lover, And in the end you show him a Freuch trick. And so you leave him, that a coach may rus Between his legs for breath.

Rell. Oh, by my soul. Not I! therein I'll prove an honest where. Oh, by my soul, "

In being true to one, and to no more.

If p. If any be disposed to trust your cath.

Let him: I'll not be he. I know you friga.

All that you speak; ay, for a mingled harlot.

Is true in nothing but in being false. What! shall I teach you how to leath yourself.

And mildly too, not without seuse or reason.

Bell. I am content; I would feign leath my-

If you not love me.

Hip. Then if your gracious blood . Be not all wasted, I shall assay to do't.
Lend me your silence, and attention
You have no soul, that makes you weigh

light:

treasure bought it : f-a-crown hath sold it : - for your body the common-shore, that still receives town's filth. The sin of many men in you; and thus much I suppose, all your committees stood in rank. make a lane, in which your shame ight dwell,

th their spaces reach from hence to hell. HOWB

y by one harlot, maim'd and dismem-

d ha' stuft an hospital : this I might to you, and perhaps do you right.

Is as hase as any beast that bears,

adv is e'en hir'd, and so are theirs. and sparkling jewels, if he can, of a Jew get you with Christian:
Moor, a Tartar, though his face dier than a dead man's skull. he devil put on a human shape, purse shake out crowns, up then he

will be rid to hell with golden bits. you're crueller than Turks, for they so cations only, you sell yourselves away.

h damnation; with themselves half-

ink he sin is laid out, and e'en curse raitless riot; for what one begets poisons; lust and murder hit:

ing often shook, what fruit can knit? D me unhappy! I can vex you more:

is like Dunkirk, true to none, both English, Spanish, fulsome batch, bor'd Italian, last of all, the French, sticks to you, faith, gives you your

you acquainted, first with Monsieur o you know what follows.

Misery. tinking, and most loathsome misery, as Mathiuks a toad is happier than a hore;

th one poison swells, with thousands lore

or stocks her veins. Harlot? fie, fie! the miserablest creatures breathing, slaves of nature; mark me else: on rich attires, others' eyes wear them, but to supply your blood with sin:

als you get, and spend it upon slaves, are and apes, you're baited and show

my; but your bawd the sweetness licks. you are their journey-women, and do and damn'd works they list set you

so that you ne'er are rich : for do but show me. In present memory, or in ages past, The fairest and most famous courtesan Whose flesh was dear'st; that rais'd the price

of sin, And held it up; to whose intemperate bosom, Princes, earls, lords, the worst has been a

knight,

The mean'st a gentleman, have off'red up Whole hecatombs of sighs, and rain'd in showers

Handfuls of gold; yet, for all this, at last Discusses suckt her marrow, then grew so poor, That she has begg'd e'en ut a beggar's door. And (wherein Heav'n has a finger) when this

idul. From coast to coast, has leapt on foreign

shores, And had more worship than th' outlandish whores;

When several nations have gone over her. When for each several city she has seen, Her maidenhead has been new, and been sold

dear ; Did live well there, and might have died unknown.

And undefam'd; back comes she to her own, And there both misorably lives and dies, Scorn'd even of those that once ador'd her

As if her fatal circled life thus ran, Her pride should end there where it first be-

What 2 do you weep to hear your story read? Nay, if you spoil your cheeks, I'll read no DATE DE REC

certain;

Your days are tedious, your hours burdensome:

And were 't not for full suppers, midnight revels, Dancing, wine, riotous meetings, which do

drown

And bury quite in you all virtuous thoughts, And on your eyelids hang so heavily, They have no power to look so high as Hea-

Vitalia. You'd sit and muse on nothing but despair. Curse that devil Lust, that so burns up your blood,

And in ten thousand shivers break your glass For his temptation. Say you taste delight, To have a golden gull from rise to set, To mete you in his hot luxurious arms,

Yet your nights pay for all. I know you dream Of warrants, whips, and beadles, and then start

At a door's windy creak : think every weasel To be a constable, and every rat A long-tail'd officer. Are you now not slaves? Oh, you've damnation without pleasure for it! Such is the state of harlots. To conclude: When you are old and can well paint no more, You turn bawd, and are then worse than before: Make use of this: farewell.

Bell. Oh, I pray, stay. Hip. I see Matheo comes not: time bath barr'd me ;

Would all the hurlots in the town had heard

Bell. Stay yet a little longer! No? quite

Curst be that minute - for it was no more, So soon a maid is chang'd into a whore -Wherein I first fell! Be it for ever black! as Yet why should sweet Hippolito shun mine eyes, For whose true love I would become pure-hon-

Hate the world's mixtures, and the smiles of gold?

Am I not fair? Why should he fly me then? so Fair creatures are desir'd, not scorn'd of men. How many gallants have drunk healths to me, Out of their dagger'd arms, and thought them

bleat, Enjoying but mine eyes at prodigal feasts! And does Hippolito detest my love? Oh, sure their herdless lusts but finit'red me, I am not pleasing, beautiful, nor young. Hippolito hath spied some ugly blemish,

Eclipsing all my beauties: I am foul. Harlot! Ay, that's the spot that taints my sonl.

What! has he left his weapon here behind him And gone forgetful? Offit instrument

To let forth all the poison of my flesh!
Thy master hates me, 'cause my blood hath rang'd:
But when 't is forth, then he 'll believe I'm

chang'd.

[As she is about to stab herself] re-enter HIPPO-LITO.

Hip. Mad woman, what art doing? Either love me, ses Or split my heart upon thy rapier's point: Yet do not neither; for thou then destroy'st That which I love thee for thy virtues. Here, here;

Gives sword to HIPPOLITO.] The art emeller, and kill'st me with disdain: see To die so, sheds no blood, yet 't is worse pain. Erit Hurrourto,

Not speak to me! Not bid farewell? A scorn? Hated! this must not be; some means I'll

Would all whores were as honest now as I

[ACT III]

SCENE [I.]

Enter CANTIDO, his wife [VIOLA], GEORGE, and two Prentices in the shop: FUBTIGO enters, walking by.

Geo. See, gentlemen, what you lack; a fine olland, a fine cambrie: see what you buy.

1 Pren. Holland for shirts, cambric for bands;

what is 't you heek?

Fus. [Aside.] 'Sfoot, I lack 'em all; nay, 'more, I lack money to buy 'em. Let me us, let me look again: mass, this is the shop. What oox! sweet coz! how dost, i faith succlast night after candlelight? We had good sport, i' faith, had we not? And when shall a laugh static.

again?

Vio. When you will, cousin.

Fus. Spoke like a kind Lacedemonian. I see youder 'e thy husband.

Vio. Ay, there's the sweet youth, God bles him !

Fus. And how is 't, cousin? and how, how is 't, thou squall? I Vio. Well. cousin, how fare you? Fus. How fare I? For sixpence n-meal, a wench, as well as heart can wish, with cults. chaldrons, and chitterlings; 8 besides, I have a punk after support as good as a rounted apple Cand. Are you my wife's count? Fus. I am, sir; what hast thou to do with

that?

Cand. O, nothing, but y' are welcome.
Fus. The devil's dung in thy teeth! I'll be
welcome whether thou wilt or no. I.—What
ring's this. cor? Very pretty and fantastad,
i' faith! let's see it.

Vio. Pool 1 may, you wrench my finger. Fus. I ha sworn I'll ha't, and I hope you will not let my oaths be crackt in the ring will you? [Serzes the ring.] I hope, sir, you are not malichelly 6 at this, for all your great looks Are you angry?

Cand. Angry? Not I, cir. nay if she can part So easily with her ring, 't is with my heart.

Gro. Suffer this, sir, and suffer all. A whore son gull, to-Cand. Peace, George, when she has respt what I have sown.

She'll say, one grain tastes better of her eva.
Than whole sheaves gather'd from another land.

Wit's never good, till bought at a dear hand.

Geo. But in the mean-time she makes so of some body.

2 Pren. See, see, see, sir, as you turn you back they do nothing but kiss.

Cand. No matter, let 'em; when I touch be

lip. I shall not feel his kisses, no, nor miss

Any of her lip: no harm in kissing is. Look to your business, pray, make up your

wares. Troth, cor, and well remembered I would thou wouldst give me five rards of her. to make my punk some fulling burded a the fushion; three falling one upon another, for that is the new edition now. She is one of the horribly, too; troth, shias never a good most to her back neither, but one that has a cost many patches in 't, and that I 'm of in to !"

4 Collars lying that on the neck.

wear myself for want of shift, too. Prithee, put lean commodities upon us.

Vio. Reach me those cambries, and the lawns

Cand. What to do, wife? To lavish out my goods upon fool?

Fiss. Fool? Snails, est 1 the fool, or I'll so hatter your crown, that it shall scarce go for two shillings.

2 Press. Do you hear, sir? You're best be quiet, and say a fool tells you so.

Fiss. Nails, I think so, for thou tell'st me.

Cand. Are you appry, sir, because I nam'd.

Cand. Are you angry, sir, because I nam'd thee fool?

Trust me, you are not wise in my own house 😕 nd to my face to play the antic thus.

If you'll needs play the madman, choose a stage Of lesser compass, where few eyes may note Your action's error: but if still you miss,

As here you do, for one clap, ten will hiss.

Fis. Zounds, cousin, he talks to me, as if I were a scurvy tragedian.

2 Pren. Sirrah George, I ha' thought upon a device, how to break his pate, beat him soundly, and ship him away.

Geo. Do't.

2 Pren. I'll go in, pass through the house, give some of our fellow-prentices the watchword when they shall enter; then come and fetch my master in by a wile, and place one [so in the hall to hold him in conference, whilst we sundged the gull out of his coxcomb. sudged the gull out of his coxcomb.

Geo. Do 't; away, do 't.

Vie. Must I call twice for these cambrics and lawns?

Cand. Nay see, you anger her, George; prithee despatch.

1 Prez. Two of the choicest pieces are in the

warehouse, sir.

Cand. Go fetch them presently.

Exit 1 Prentice.

Fus. Ay, do, make haste, sirrah.

Cand. Why were you such a stranger all this while, being my wife's cousin?

Fus. Stranger? No sir, I'm a natural Milaner

born. Cand. I perceive still it is your natural guise to mistake 2 me, but you are welcome, sir; I much wish your acquaintance.

Fig. My acquaintance? I scorn that, i' faith; I hope my acquaintance goes in chains of [ue gold three and fifty times double:—you know who I mean cox; the posts of his gate are apainting too.³

Re-enter the 2 Prontice.

2 Pren. Signor Pandulfo the merchant deres conference with you.

Cand. Signor Pandulfo? I'll be with him

straight, Attend your mistress and the gentleman. Exit.

² Misunderstand. 1 Retract. * In allusion to the painting of a citizen's gateposts on his promotion to be sheriff, so as to display official notices the better. (Rhys.) Vio. When do you show those pieces?
Fus. Ay, when do you show those pieces?
Prestices. [within.] Presently, sir, presently:

we are but charging them.

Fus. Come, sirrah: you flat-cap,4 where bethese whites?

[Re-enter 1 Prentice with pieces.]

Geo. Flat-cap? Hark in your ear, sir, you're a flat fool, an ass, a gull, and I'll thrum b you.

a flat fool, an ass, a gull, and I'll thrum byou.

— Do you see this cambric, sir?

Fus. 'Sfoot coz, a good jest, did you hear him? He told me in my ears, I was a "flat fool, an ass, a gull, and I'll thrum you:—do you see this cambric, sir?''

Vio. What, not my men, I hope?

Fus. No, not your men, but one of your men, i's fait.

i' faith.

1 Pres. I pray, sir, come hither, what say you to this? Here 's an excellent good one.

Fus. Ay, marry, this likes me well; cut me off some half-score yards.

off some half-score yards.

2 Pren. Let your whores cut; you're an impudent coxcomb; you get none, and yet I'll thrum you.— A very good cambric, sir.

Fus. Again, again, as God judge me! 'Sfoot, cox, they stand thrumming here with me all day, and yet I get nothing.

1 Pren. A word, I pray, sir, you must not be angry. Prentices have hot bloods, young fellows.

What say you to this piece? Look you, [168] 'this oddingte, scoff an every no fine at thread. t is so delicate, so soft, so even, so fine a thread,

that a lady may wear it.

Fus. 'Stoot, I think so; if a knight marry my punk, a lady shall wear it. Cut me off twenty yards; thou rt an honest lad.

1 Pren. Not without money, gull, and I'll

thrum you too.

All. Gull, we'll thrum you.

Fus. O Lord, sister, did you not hear something cry thrum? Zounds, your men here make a plain ass of me.

Vio. What, to my face so impudent?

Geo. Ay, in a cause so honest, we'll not suffer

Our master's goods to vanish moneyless.

Vio. You will not suffer them?

2 Pren.

No, and you may blush, see In going about to vex so mild a breast,

As is our master's.

Vio.

Take away those pieces,

Cousin, I give them freely.

Fus. Mass, and I'll take 'em as freely.

All. We'll make you lay 'em down again more freely.

[They all attack Fustigo with their clubs.]

Vio. Help, help! my brother will be murdered.

Re-enter CANDIDO.

Cand. How now, what coil 7 is here? Forbear I say.

Exeunt all the Prentices except the 1 and 2.1

Geo. He calls us flat-caps, and abuses us.

4 Citisen. # Beat. 4 Pleases. 7 Turmoil. Cand. Why, sirs, do such examples flow from

Vio. They're of your keeping, air. Alas, poor brother.

Fus. I 'faith they ha' pepper'd me, sister; look, dost not spin? Call you these prentices?

I'll ne'er play at cards more when clubs is trump. I have a goodly coxcomb, sister, have I not?

Cand. Sister and brother? Brother to my wife?

Fus. If you have any skill in heraldry, you may soon know that; break but her pate, and you shall see her blood and mine is all one.

Cond. A surgeon! run, a surgeon! [Exit 1] Prentice.] Why then wore you that forged name of cousin?

Fus. Because it 's a common thing to call coz and ningle 1 now-a-days all the world over.

Cand. Cousin! A name of much deceit, folly, and sin,

For under that common abused word, Muny an honest-temp'red citizen

Is made a monster, and his wife train'd out To foul adulterous action, full of fraud.

I may well call that word, a city's bawd. 100

Fus. Troth, brother, my sister would needs
ha' me take upon me to gull your patience a little : but it has made double gules 2 on my cox-

Cound. Oh, my wife did but exercise a jest

upon your wit.

Fus. 'Sfoot, my wit bleeds for 't, methinks.

Cand. Then let this warning more of sense

afford; The name of cousin is a bloody word.

Fus. I'll ne'er call coz again whilst I live, to have such a coil about it. This should be a coronation day; for my head runs claret lustily.

Enter an Officer.

Cand. Go, wish the surgeon to have great respect - Erit 2 Prentice. How now, my friend? What, do they sit to-day?
Offi. Yes, sir, they expect you at the senatehouse

Cand. I thank your pains; I'll not be last man there. -Erit Officer. My gown, George, go, my gown. [Exit GRORGE.]

A happy land, Where grave men meet each cause to understand :

Whose consciences are not cut out in bribes no To gull the poor man's right; but in even seales.

Peize4 rich and poor, without corruption's vails.5

Re-enter GEORGE.

Come, where 's the gown? I cannot find the key, sir. Request it of your mistress. Cand. Request it of your mistress. I'm. Come not to me for any key; 215

Miss ingle, i.e. my intimate,
invalid term for red.
ire. • Weigh. • Perquisites.

I'll not be troubled to deliver it.

Cand. Good wife, kind wife, it is a needfal trouble, but for my gown | Vio. Moths swallow down your gown! You set my teeth on edge with tniking on 't. without it,

I should have a great fine set on my head.

Vio. Set on your coxcomb; tush, fine me no

fines Cand. Believe me, sweet, none greets the

senate-house, Without his robe of reverence, - that's his

Vio. Well, then, you're like to gross that cutom once;

You get nor key, nor gown; and so depart. [Astde.] This trick will vex him sure, and fret his heart.

Cand. Stay, let me see, I must have some device, -My cloak 's too short: fie, fie, no cloak will

do't;

It must be something fashioned like a gown. With my arms out. Oh George, come hither. George

I prithee, lend me thine advice.

Geo. Troth, sir, were't any but you, they would break open chest.

Cand. Ono! break open chest! that's a thief's office.

Therein you counsel me against my blood; 'Twould show impatience that: any mesh

I would be glad to embrace. Mass. I have got it Go, step up, fetch me down one of the corpeta. The saddest'-colour'd carpet, hencest (feorge, "Cut thou a hole i' th' middle for my neck. Two for mine arms. Nay, prithee, look as

strange. Geo. I hope you do not think, air, as you

mean. Cand. Prithee, about it quickly, the home chides me;

Warily, George, softly, take heed of eyes, Ent GEORGE

Out of two evils he's accounted wime. That can pick out the least ; the fine impos'd For an un-gowned senator, is about Forty crusadoes, the carpet not 'hove four.

Thus have I chosen the lesser evil yet, Preserv'd my patience, foil'd her despense wit.

Reventer GRORGE [with carpet].

Geo. Here, sir, here 's the carpet.

Cand. O well done, George, we 'll ent it possion i' th' midst.

[They cut the carpet.

'T is very well; I thank thee: help it on. we Geo. It must come over your head, sir, has a

wench's petticont, ad. Thou it in the right, good George; &

Cand. Thou Fetch me a night-cap; for I'll gird it close,

Table covers. Portuguese coins, worth about 2s. 1041 auch bet Theying in value.

as if my health were queasy: 't will show well For a rude, careless night-gown, will't not, think'st?'

Geo. Indifferent well, sir, for a night-gown,

Cand. Ay, and a night-cap on my head.

Geo. That 's true sir, I'll run and fetch one, and a staff. Exit. ster 1 it,

One that is out of health, takes no delight,

Wears his apparel without appetite, and puts on heedless raiment without form.

Re-enter GEORGE with night-cap and staff].

so, so, kind George, [puts on night-cap] - be exerct now; and, prithee, do not laugh at me all I in out of sight.

Geo. I laugh? Not I, sir.

Cand.

Now to the senate-house.

tethinks, I'd rather wear, without a frown,

patient carpet, than an angry gown. Erit, Geo. Now, looks my master just like one 1235 four carpet knights, only he a somewhat the opester of the two.

Re-enter VIOLA.

Vio. What, is your master gone? Geo. Yes, forsooth, his back is but new turn'd.

Vio. And in his cloak? Did he not vex and Geo. [Aside.] No, but he'll make you swear

No indeed, he went away like a lamb.

Vio. Key, sink to hell! Still patient, patient
still?

am with child 2 to vex him. Prithee, George, le'er thou look'st for favour at my hands, Uphold one jest for me.

Against my muster? 'T is a mere jest, in faith, Sny, wilt thou do 't? Well, what is 't?

Vio. Here, take this key; thou know'st

where all things lie.

Put on thy master's best apparel, gown,
hain, cap, ruff, every thing, be like himself; and gainst his coming home, walk in the shop; own the same carriage, and his patient look, I will breed but a jest, thou know'st; speak,

wilt thou?
wilt thou?
"I will wrong my master's patience.
Prithee, George.
havmless, s Geo. Well, if you'll save me harmless, and ot me under covert barn. I am content to the you, provided it may breed no wrong ainst him.

Via. No wrong at all. Here take the key, be

If any vex him, this; if not this, none. Exennt.

Construe.

I. . I long.

When he may rob under protection. Barn is a correction of harm, and in law a wife is said to be under yourt baron, being sheltered by marriage under her subsect. (Dyce.)

SCENE [II].4

Enter a Bawd [Mistress FINGERLOCK] and ROGER.

Miss F. O Roger, Roger, where's your mis-treas, where's your mistress? There's the finest, nentest gentleman at my house, but newly come over. Oh, where is she, where is she, where is

Rog. My mistress is abread, but not amongst 'em. My mistress is not the whore now that you take her for.

Mis. F. How? Is she not a whore? Do you go about to take away her good name, to Roger? You are a fine pander indeed.

Rog. I tell you, Madonna Fingerlock, I am

not sad for nothing; I has not eaten one good meal this three and thirty days. I had wont to get sixteen pence by fetching a pottle pof hippocras; but now those days are past. We had as good things, Madonna Fingerlock, she within doors, and I without, as any poor

young couple in Milan.

Mis. F. God's my life, and is she chang'd 100

Rog. I ha' lost by her squeamishness more than would have builded twelve bawdy houses.

Mis. F. And had she no time to turn honest but now? What a vile woman is this! but now? What a vile woman is this! but now? What a vile woman is this! I would not good gold and no silver. Why here was a time! If she should ha' pickt out a time, it could not be better: gold enough stirring; choice of men, choice of hair. choice of beards, choice of lost and choice of every, every, everything. It cannot sink into my head, that she should be such an ass. Roger, I never believe it.

Rog. Here she comes now.

Enter BELLAFRONT.

Mis. F. O sweet madenun, on with your loose gown, your felt and your feather: there's the aweetest, prop'rest, gallantest gentleman at my house; he smells all of musk and ambergris, his pocket full of crowns, flame-coloured doublet, red satin hose, carnation silk stock- eeings, and a leg, and a body, — oh!

Bell. Hence thou, our sex's monster, poison-

one bawd,

Lust's factor, and damnation's orator! Gossip of hell! were all the harlots' sins

Which the whole world contains, numb'red together,

Thine far exceeds them all: of all the creatures That ever were created, thou art basest.

What serpent would beguile thee of thy office? It is detestable: for thou lives! Upon the dregs of harlots, guard'st the door, so Whilst couples go to dancing. O coarse devil! Thou art the bustard's curse, thou brand'st his

birth; The lecher's French disease, for thou drysuck'st him;

The harlot's poison, and thine own confusion.

An outer apartment in Bellafront's house.

Mis. F. Marry come up, with a pox! Have (so you nobody to rail against but your bawd now? Bell. And you, knave pander, kinsman to a

bawd.
Rog. You and I, madonna, are cousins.
Bell. Of the same blood and making, near allied:

that slave to sixpence, base metall'd Thou, that villain I

Rog. Sixpence? Nay, that's not so: I never took under two shillings four-pence; I hope I know my fee.

Bell. I know not against which most to in-

veigh;

For both of you are damn'd so equally.

Thou never spar'st for oaths, swear'st any thing, Thou never spar strorostus, swear stain, thing, As if thy soul were made of shor-leather:
"God damn me, gentlemen, if she be within!"
When in the next room she 's found dallying.
Roy. If it be my vocation to swear, every [wan in his vocation. I hope my betters swear

and damn themselves, and why should not I?

Bell. Roger, you cheat kind gentlemen.

Rog. The more guils they.

Bell. Slave, I cashier thee.

Mis. F. An you do cashier him, he shall b Mis. F. An you do cashier him, he shall be emertain'd.

Roy. Shall I? Then blurt a' your service.
Bell. Ashell would have it, entertain'd by you! I dare the devil himself to match those two. . . .

Mis. F. Marry gup, 1 are you grown so holy, so pure, so houest with a pox?

Scurvy honest punk! But stay, ma-

Roy. Scurvy honest punk! But stay, madonna, how must our agreement be now? for, you know, I am to have all the comings-in at the hall-door, and you at the chamber-door.

Mis F. True, Roger, except my vails.

Roy. Vails? What vails?

Mis. F. Why as thus: if a couple come in a coach, and light to lie down a little, then, [so Roger, that a my fee, and you may walk abroad; for the coachman himself is their pander. der

Rog. Is 'a so? In truth I have almost forgot, for want of exercise. But how if I fetch this [se citizen's wife to that gull, and that madonna to that gallant, how then?

Mis. F. Why then, Roger, you are to have sixpence a lane; so many lanes, so many six-

pences.

Ray, Is't so? Then I see we two shall agree, and live together.

Mis. F. Ay, Roger, so long as there be any tavorus and bawdy-houses in Milan.

Excunt.

SCENE [III].4

Enter Britarrort with lute, pen, ink, and paper being placed before her.

Boxe

[Bell.]

The courtier's fattering jewels, Temptation's only fuels;

Go up, get out. Perquisites.
Assignation (*) Customer (*) Pair (?)

A chamber in Bellafront's bouse.

The lawyer's ill-got moneys, The lawyer's thegot moneys,
That suck up poor bees' honeys,
The estreen's sen's riot,
The gallant's costly diet:
Silks and velvets, pearls and ambers,
Shall not draw me to their chambers
Silks and velvets, &c.

She writes.

Oh, 't is in vain to write! it will not please; to link on this paper would ha' but presented. The foul black spots that stick upon my soil. And rather made me lost isomer, than wrought My love's impression in Hippolito's thaught. "No, I must turn the chaste leaves of my breast. And pick out some sweet means to breed my

rest.
Hippolite, believe me, I will be
As true unto thy heart as thy heart to the And hate all men, their gifts and company!

Enter MATHEO, CASTRUCHIO, FLUELLO, and PIORATTO.

Mat. You, goody punk, subandi o cockatrre, oh y are a sweet whore of your promise, are you not, think you? How well you came to supper to us last night! Mew, a whore, and break her word! Nay, you may blush, and held down your head at it well enough. Stoot, o ask these gallants if we stay'd not till we were as hungry as as true ants. as hungry as sergeants.

Flu. Ay, and their yeomen too.

Can. Nay, faith, acquaintance, let me tell
you, you forgat yourself too much. We had excellent cheer, rare vintage, and were druk after supper.

after supper.

Pto. And when we were in, our woodcocks, sweet rogue, a brace of guils, dwelling here in the city, came in, and paid all the shot.

Mat. Pox on her! let her alone.

Rell. Oh, I pray do, if you be gentlemen:
I pray, depart the house. Beshrew the door
For being so easily entreated! Faith,
I lent but little ear unto your talk;
My mind was busied otherwise, in troth, My mind was busied otherwise, in troth,

My mind was busied otherwise, in troth, And so your words did unregarded pass. Let this suffice, — I am not as I was. Flu. I am not what I was? No, I'll be recombed that not; for thou wert honest at five, and now th' art a punk at fifteen. Thou wert yesterday a simple whore, and now th' arts curning, cony-catching backgage to shy. Bell. I'll say I'm worse; I pray, fornake so then:

then: I do desire you leave me, gentlemen, And leave yourselves. () be not what you are Spendthrifts of soul and body!

Let me persuade you to forsake all harlots. Worse than the deadliest poisons, they are WITTER

For o'er their souls hangs an eternal curse. In being slaves to slaves, their labours perish. They're seldom blest with fruit; for ere !! blossoms,

Many a worm confounds it. They have no issue but foul ugly ones, That run along with them, e'en to their graves;

· Simpletons.

For, 'stead of children, they breed rank diseases, And all you gallants can bestow on them In that French infant, which ne'er acts, but

what shallow son and heir, then, foolish gal-

lants,

Would waste all his inheritance, to purchase A filthy, loath'd disease? and pawn his body To a dry evil: that usury's worst of all, When th' interest will eat out the principal.

Mat. [Aside.] 'Noot, she gulls' em the best! This is always her fushion, when she would be [10]

rid of any company that she cares not for, to enjoy time alone,

Fig. What 's here? Instructions, admonitions, and caveats? Come out, you scabbard

vengeance

Mat. Fluello, spurn your hounds when they foist. 1 you shall not spurn my punk, I can tell

forst, 'you shall not spurn my punk, I can tell you, my blood is vext.

Flu. Pox a' your blood I make it a quarrel. n

Mut. You're a slave! Will that serve turn?

All. 'Sblood, bold, hold!

Cas. Matheo, Fluello, for shame, put up!

Bell. O how many thus

Mon'd with a little folly, have let out

Their souls in brothel houses! fell down and

died bust at their harlot's foot, as 't were in pride. Flu. Matheo, we shall meet.

Mat. Ay, ay; any where, saving at church; Pray take heed we meet not there. Flu. Adieu, damnation!

Cas.

Cockatrice, tart in Pio. There's more deceit in women, than in

Ereunt [CASTRUCHIO, FLUELLO, and PIONATTO].

Mat. Ha, ha, thou dost gull 'em so rarely, so terrally! If I did not think thou hadst been in earnest!

Thou art a sweet rogue for 't i' faith.

Bell. Why are not you gone too, Signor
Matheo?

pray depart my house: you may believe me, in troth. I have no part of harlot in me. Mat. How's this? Bell. Indeed, I love you not: but hate you

han any man, because you were the first have money for my soul; you brake the ice, which after turn'd a puddle; I was led ly your temptation to be miserable.

b pray, acek out some other that will fall, 165 or rather, I pray seek out none at all.

Mot. Is 't possible to be impossible! An honest where! I have heard many honest wenches own strumpets with a wet finger, 2 but for a hart to turn honest is one of Hercules' labours, [110

t was more easy for him in one night to make fity queans, than to make one of them honest mt jest.

Bell. 'T is time to leave off jesting; I had al-

most

1 Stink

Bendily.

Jested away salvation. I shall love you,

If you will soon forsake me.

God be with thee! Bell. O tempt no more women! Shun their weighty curse! Women, at best, are bad, make them not worse. You gladly seek our sex's overthrow; 120 But not to raise our states. For all your wrongs,

Will you vouchanfe me but due recompense,
Will you vouchanfe me but due recompense,
To marry with me?

Mat. How! marry with a punk, a cockatrice,
a harlot? Marry, faugh, I'll be burnt through the nose first.

Bell. Why, la, these are your oaths! you love to undo us,

To put Heaven from us, whilst our best hours waste; You love to make us lewd, but never chaste.

Mat. I'll hear no more of this, this ground

Thou 'rt damu'd for alt'ring thy religion. Exit.

Bell. Thy lust and ain speak so much. Go thou, my ruin.

The first fall my soul took! By my example I hope few maidens now will put their heads Under men's girdles; who least trusts is most

Men's oaths do cast a mist before our eyes. My best of wit, be ready! Now I go, By some device to greet Hippolito.

[ACT IV]

SCENE [].

Enter a Servant, setting out a table, on which he places a skull, a picture [of INVELICE], a book, and a taper.

Ser. So, this is Monday morning, and now must I to my huswifery. Would I had been created a shoemaker, for all the gentle craft are gentlemen every Monday by their copy, and scorn then to work one true stitch. My [s for here's my book, here my desk, here my light, this my close chamber, and here my punk so that this dull drowsy first day of the week makes me half a priest, half a chandler, half is a painter, half a sexton, ay, and half a bawd; for all this day my office is to do nothing but keep the door. To prove it, look you, this good face and yonder gentleman, so soon as ever my back is turn'd, will be naught together.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hip. Are all the windows shut? Ser. Close, sir, as the fist of a courtier that Are all the windows shut? hath stood in three reigns

Hip. Thou art a faithful servant, and observ'st

The calendar both of my solemn vows, And ceremonious sorrow. Get thee gone :

A chamber in Hippolito's house.

Certificate of membership in the craft.

I charge thee on thy life, let not the sound Of any woman's voice pierce through that door. Ser. If they do, my lord, I'll pierce some of

What will your lordship have to breakfast? *

Hip. Sighs.
Ser. What to dinner?
Hip. Tears.

Hip. Tears. Ser. The one of them, my lord, will fill you too full of wind, the other wet you too much. [20] What to supper?

Hip. That which now thou canst not get me,

the constancy of a woman.

Ser. Indeed that's harder to come by than

ever was Catend. 200 Hip. Prithee, away. Ser. I'll make away myself presently, which few servants will do for their lords; but rather help to make them away. Now to my door-

Hip. [taking up INFELICE'S picture.] My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,

The dimple on her cheek! and such sweet skill, Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown.
These lips look fresh and lively as her own,
Seeming to move and speak. 'Las! now I see, Seeming to move and speak. 'Las! now I The reason why fond "women love to buy Adulterate complexion! Here, 't is read: False colours last after the true be dead. Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks, Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,

Of all the music set upon her tongue,

It has no lap for me to rest upon,

No lip worth tasting ; here the worms will feed,

As in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art! True love 's best pictur'd in a true-love's heart. Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead :

o that thou liv'at twice, twice art buried Thou figure of my friend, lie there. What's here? [Takes up the skull.]

Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemy's: 'Las! say it were ; I need not fear him now! For all his braves, his contumelious breath, His frowns, though dagger-pointed, all his plot, Though ne'er so mischievous, his Itahan pills, His quarrels, and that common fence, his law, See, see, they 're all eaten out ! Here 's not left

one: How clean they're pickt away to the bare

How mad are mortals, then, to rear great names

On tops of swelling houses! or to wear out Their fingers' ends in dirt, to scrape up gold! Not caring, so that sumpter-horse, the back, Be hung with gaudy trappings, with what

Oatend held out for three years and ten weeks, and sa eventually captured by the Marquis of Spinols on Bept 8, 1604.

Yea, rags most beggarly, they clothe the soal: Yet, after all, then gayness looks they foul. What fools are men to build a garesh tomb, Only to save the carcase whilst it rots,

To maintain 't long in stinking, make good earrion,

But leave no good deeds to preserve them sound!

For good deeds keep men sweet, long above ground.

And must all come to this? fools, wise, all hither?

Must all heads thus at last be laid 8 together? Draw me my picture then, thou grave mal workman,

After this fashion, not like this; these colors In time, kissing but air, will be kist off: But here 's a fellow; that which he lays on Till doomsday alters not complexion.

Doath 's the best painter then: they that draw

shapes,
And live by wicked faces, are but (lod's apea.
They come but near the life, and there that

Stay;
This fellow draws life too: his art is fuller.
The pictures which he makes are without colour.

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Here 's a person would speak with you.

sir.

Hip. Hah!
Ser. A parson, sir, would speak with you.
Hip. Vicar?
Ser. Vicar! No, sir; has too good a face to
yiear yet; a youth, a very youth. be a vicar yet; a youth, a very youth.

Hip. What youth? Of man or woman

Lock the doors.

Ser. If it be a woman, marrow-bones and potato pies keep me from meddling with her for the thing has got the breeches! Tis a male-variet sure, my lord, for a woman's tailer

ne'er measur'd him.

Hip. Let him give thee his message and be

Ser. He says he 's Signor Matheo 's man, but I know he lies.

Hip. How dost thou know it?
Ser. 'Cause he has ne'er a board. 'Tis his
boy, I think, sir, whosee'er paid for his austing.

Hip. Send him and keep the door Etit Servant

(Reads.) " Fata si liceat mihi, Fingere arbitrio meo,

Temperem zephyro levi Vila. ''5 I 'd sail were I to choose, not in the ocean Cedara are shaken, when shrulm do fed bruise.

Enter BELLAFRONT, like a Page, with e later.

How? from Matheo? Bell. Yes, my lord. Hip.

© Q 1635, brought.

6 Used as provocatives. Beneca, Ordepas, BC Hell, Not all in health, my lord.

Keep off. I do. [.tside.] Hard fate when women are compell'd

to won.

Hip. This paper does speak nothing. Yes, my lord, Matter of life, it speaks, and therefore writ as In hidden churacter: to me instruction
My master gives, and, 'less you please to stay
Till you both meet, I can the text display,

Hip. Do so; read out.

I am already out.1 Look on my face, and read the strangest story l

Re-enter Servant.

er. Call you, my lord?

Hip. Thou slave, thou hast let in the devil! my lord, that I can see: besides the devil goes is more like a gentleman than a page. Good my lord, Buon coraggio. Hup. Thou hast let in a woman in man's shape. And thou art dann'd for 't.

Ner Not damn'd I hope for putting in a soman to a lord,

Hip. Fetch me my rapier, - do not; I shall kill thee.

Purge this infected chamber of that plague, That runs upon me thus. Slave, thrust her hence.

Sor. Alas, my lord, I shall never be able to maid, you must to see again.

Bell. Hear me but speak, my words shall be

all music;

[Knocking within. Hear me but speak. Another boats the door, other she devil! look.

Why, then, hell 's broke loose, no Hip. Hence; guard the chamber; let no Erit [Servant]. more come on,

woman serves for man's damnation leshrew thee, thou dost make me violate The chastest and most sanctimonious vow, That e'er was ent'red in the court of Heaven! was, on meditation's spotless wings, pon my journey thither; like a storm Than beat'st my ripened cogitations, lat to the ground; and like a thief dost stand, To stead devotion from the holy land. Bell. If woman were thy mother - if thy

Be not all marble, or if 't marble be, at my tears soften it, to pity me -

hestroy a woman! Hip. Woman, I beacen.
Get thee some other suit, this fits thee not; I would not grant it to a kneeling queen, I cannot love thee, nor I must not; see | Paints to INFRLICE's picture.]

The copy of that obligation, Where my soul's bound in heavy penalties. 170

Bell. She 's dead, you told me; she 'll let fall her suit.

Hip. My Heaven. My vows to her fled after her to

Were thine eyes clear as mine, thou might'st behold her,

Watching upon you battlements of stars,— How I observe them! Should I break my bond, This board would rive in twain, these wooden

lips Call me most perjur'd villain. Let it suffice, I ha' set thee in the path; is 't not a sign

I love thee, when with one so most most dear, I'll have thee fellows? All are fellows there. Bell. Be greater than a king; save not a body, But from eternal shipwrack keep a soul.

If not, and that again sin's path I trend, The grief be mine, the guilt fall on thy head! Hip. Stay, and take physic for it; read this

book,
Ask counsel of this head, what 's to be done;
He'll strike it dead, that 't is damnation
If you turn Turk again. Oh, do it not! Though Heaven cannot allure you to do well, From doing ill let hell fright you; and learn

this The soul whose bosom lust did never touch,

Is God's fair bride, and maidens' souls are such:

The soul that leaving chastity's white shore, Swims in hot sensual streams, is the devil's whore.-

Re-enter Servant [with letter].

How now, who comes? Ser. No more knaves, my lord, that wear smocks: here 's a letter from Doctor Benedict, I would not enter his man, though he had hairs at his mouth, for fear he should be a woman, for some women have beards: marry, they less are half-witches. 'Slid! you are a sweet youth to wear a cod-piece, and have no pins to stick upon 't.
Hip. I'll meet the doctor, tell him; yet to-

night
I cannot: but at morrow rising sun
I will not fail.— Go, woman; fare thee well.

Execut [Hipportre and Servant].

fall can be but into hell;

Bell. The lowest fall can be but into hell; It does not move him: I must therefore thy From this undoing city, and with tears Wash off all anger from my father's brow: He cannot sure but joy, seeing me new born. A woman honest first, and then turn whore, Is, as with me, common to thousands more; 113 But from a strumpet to turn chaste, that sound Has oft been heard, that woman hardly found.

SCENE [II].

Enter Funtigo, CRAMBO, and POLL.

Fus. Hold up your hands, gentlemen, here 's one, two, three meing money - nay, I warrant they are sound pistoles, and without flaws; I had them of my sister and I know she uses to

put [up] nothing that's crackt - four, five, [s six, seven, eight, and nine; by this hand bring me but a piece of his blood, and you shall have nine more. I'll lurk in a tavern not far off, and provide supper to close up the end of the tra-gedy. The linen-draper's, remember, Stand [10 to 't, I beseech you, and play your parts perfeetly.

Cram. Look you, signor, 't is not your gold

that we weigh Fus. Nay, uny, weigh it and spare not; if [18
it lack one grain of corn, I'll give you a bushel

of wheat to make it up.

Crum. But by your favour, signor, which of
the servants is it? because we'll punish justly.

Fus. Marry, 't is the head man; you shall [servants is it?] the servants is it? because we'll punish justly.

Fus. Marry, 't is the head man; you shall [state him by his tongue; a pretty, tall, prating fellow, with a Tuscalonian beard.

Poli. Tuscalonian? Very good.

Fus. God's life, I was ne'er so thrummed since I was a gentleman. My coxcomb was [start when the start was a gentleman. My coxcomb was [start when the start was a gentleman. The start was start when the start was start was start when the start was start was

Fus. Nay, it grew so high, that my sister cried out murder, very manfully. I have her consent, in a manner, to have him pepper'd; [50 else I 'Il not do't, to win more than ten cheaters do at a rifling.] Break but his pate, or so, only his mazer, 'because I 'll have his head in a cloth us well as mine; he 's a liven-draper, and may take enough. I could enter mine action [as of battery against him, but we may perhaps be both dead and rotten before the lawyers would end it.

Cram. No more to do, but ensconce yourself i' th' tavern, provide no great cheer, a [ocouple of capons, some pheasants, plovers, an orangeado 3-pie, or so: but how bloody howsower the day be, sally you not forth.

Fus. No, no: nav. if I stir. somebody shall atink. I'll not budge; I'll lie like a dog in [as passed]

Cram. Well, well, to the tavern, let not our supper he raw, for you shall have blood enough,

your bellyful.

Fig. That 's all, so God sa' me, I thirst to nose for nose, head for blood, bump for bump, nose for nose, head for head, plaster for plaster; and so farewell. What shall I call your names? because I'll leave word, if any such come to the

bar.
Cram. My name is Corporal Crambo.
Poli. And mine, Lieutenant Poli.
Cram. Poli is as tall a man as ever opened
oyster; I would not be the devil to meet Poli.

Fus. Nor I, by this light, if Poli be such a Poli. Exeunt.

[SCHNE III.]

Enter Candido's wife [VIOLA] in her shop, and the two I'rentices.

Vio. What 's a clock now? T is almost twelve, 2 Pren.

A game with dire. 2 Mazzard, the head. Candied orange-peel.

That 's well, The Senate will leave wording presently:

The Senace ready?
But is George ready?
Yes, forecoth, he 's furbisht 2 Pren. Yes, forsouth, he's furbisht
Vio. Now, as you ever hope to win my favour
Throw both your duties and respects on late With the like awe as if he were your mustar; Let not your looks betray it with a smile Or jeering glance to any customer;

Keep a true settled countenance, and boware

You laugh not, whatsoe'er you hear or see. • 2 Prin. I warrant you, mistress, let us alone for keeping our countenance: for, if I list there is ne'er a fool in all Milan shall make me laugh, let him play the fool never so like an am, whether it be the fat court-fool, or the lean in city-fool

Vio. Enough then, call down George.

2 Pren. I hear him coming.

Enter George [in Candido's apparel].

Vio. Be ready with your legs then; let me

How courtesy would become him. - Gallantly! Beshrew my blood, a proper seemly man. Of a choice carriage, walks with a good part!

Geo. I thank you, mistress, my back 's broad enough, now my master's gown 's on. Vio. Sure, I should think it were the least of

To mistake the master, and to let him in.

Geo. 'I' were a good Comedy of Error that.
i' faith.
2 Pres. Whist, whist! my master.

Enter CANDIDO, [dressed as before in the curps he stares at GEORGE,] and exit presently.

Vio. You all know your tasks. — God 's my life, what is that he has got on 's back? Who can tell' Goo. [Aside.] That can I, but I will not. > Vio. Girt about him like a madman! What has he lost his clock too? This is the madded fashion that o'er I saw. What said he, George, when he areaed by thes?

when he passed by thee?

Geo. Troth, mistress, nothing: not so much as a bee, he did not hum; not so much as a cucl bawd, he did not hem; not so much as a cucl old, he did not ha; neither hum, hom, nor he only stared me in the face, passed along and made haste in, as if my looks had worked with him, to give him a stool.

I'io. Sure he's vext now, this trick has moved

his spleen,

He 's anger'd now, because he utt'red nothing.
And wordless wrath breaks out more richest
May be he'll strive for place, when he come down,

But if thou lov'at me, George, afford him sous Geo. Nay, let me alone to play my master's prize, as long as my mistress warrants me I'm sure I have his best clothes on, and I assure give place to any that is inferior in apparel's to me; that 's an axiom, a principle, and is ob-

A quibble. There were three degrees in femms, the master's, the provest's, and the scholar's, for each of which a "prime was played."

buch as the fashion. Let that perand in the shop, as long as this chain oke with the spirit of a master, th the tongue of a prentice.

Mer CANDIDO like a Prentice.

now, madman? What in your tricksypeace, good mistress.

Enter CRAMBO and POLL.

you lack? What is't you buy? [00

oes, fine hollands, choice cambrics,
? Nee, what you buy? Pray come

that he can, out of a whole piece of

cay see your choice here, gentlemen. he fool! what, a madman! a patient Who ever heard of the like? Well, you and your humour presently. [10 points? I'll untie 'em all in a

i' faith : boy take your cloak, quick, Exit [with 1 Prentice] covered, George, this chain and

d gown coat? Then the world is upaide

dh. nmh. hom. hat's the shop, and there's the fel-

but the master is walking in there. To matter, we'll in.

blood, dost long to lie in limbo? In limbo be in hell, I care not. ook you, gentlemen, your choice:

o, sir, some shirting. pu abali.

lave you none of this strip'd canvas

one strip'd. air, but plain.

think there be one piece strip'd B).

, sirrah, and fetch it, hum, hum,

Pren., and returns with the piece.]

ook you, gentleman, I'll make but ag, here's a piece of cloth, fine, [so ear like iron. 'T is without fault; bon up word, 't is without fault, hen't is better than you, sirrah. y. and a number more. Oh, that

spotless as this innocent white, so

few bronks in it!
'T would have some then: fray here last day in this shop. here was, indeed, a little flea-biting.

With ornamental border.

Poli. A gentleman had his pate broke; call you that but a flea-biting ?

Cand. He had so Cram. Zounda, do you stand to it?

He strikes him. Geo. 'Sfoot, clubs, clubs! Prentices, down with 'em !

[Enter several Prentices with clubs, who disarm CRAMBO and POLA.]

h, you rogues, strike a citizen in 's shop? Cand. None of you stir, I pray; forbear, good

Cram. I beseech you, sir, we mistook our marks; deliver us our weapons.

Geo. Your head bleeds, sir; cry clubs!

Cand. I say you shall not; pray be patient, Give them their weapons. Sirs, y' are best be gone;

I tell you here are boys more tough than bears. Hence, lest more fists do walk about your ears. Cram., Poli. We thank you, sir. Exeunt. Cand. You shall not follow them;

Let them alone, pray; this did me no harm.
Troth, I was cold, and the blow made me warm,
I thank 'em for't: besides, I had decreed 2 us
To have a vein prickt, I did mean to bleed:
So that there's money sav'd. They 're honest men.

Pray use om well when they appear again. 119 Geo. Yes, sir, we'll use om like honest men. Cand. Ay, well said, George, like honest men, though they be arrant knaves, for that's the phrase of the city. Help to lay up these wares.

Re-enter his Wife with Officers.

io. Youder he stands. What in a prentice-coat? Vio. Ay, ay; mad, mad; pray take heed. ca Cand. How now! what nows with them? What make they with my wife? Officers, is she attach'd? — Look to your wares. Vio. He talks to himself: oh, he 's much gone

indeed.

1 Qff. Pray, pluck up a good heart, be not so fearful:
Sirs, hark, we'll gather to him by degrees.

Vio. Ay, ay, by degrees I pray. Oh me! What makes he with the lawn in his hand? He 'll tear all the ware in my shop.

1 Off. Fear not, we'll eatch him on a sudden.

Vio. Oh! you had need do so; pray take heed

of your warrant. I warrant, mistress. Now, Signor Can-

dido.

Gand. Now, sir, what news with you, sir?

Vio. What news with you? he says: oh, he's far gone !

1 Off. I pray, fear nothing; let 's alone with him.

Signer, you look not like yourself, methinks. -Steal you a' t'other side; — you're chang'd, you're alt'red.

Cand. Chang'd sir, why true, sir. Is change strange? 'T is not

1 Decided.

The fashion unless it alter! Monarchs turn To beggars, beggars creep into the nests

Of princes, masters serve their prentices,
Ladies their serving-men, men turn to women.

1 Off. And women turn to men.
Cand. Ay, and women turn to men, you say
true. Ha, ha, a mad world, a mad world. Officers seize CANDEDO.

1 Off. Have we caught you, sir? Cand. Caught me? Well, well, you have

caught me.

Vio. He laughs in your faces. Geo. A rescue, prentices I my master 's catch-poll'd.

1 Off. I charge you, keep the peace, or have

your legs Gartered with irons! We have from the duke A warrant strong enough for what we do.

Cand. I pray, rest quiet, I desire no rescue.

Vio. La. he desires no rescue, 'las poo

'las poor heurt,

He talks against himself.

Cand. Well, what's the matter?
1 Off. Look to that arm. Pray, make sure work, double the cord. [Officers bind CANDIDO.]
Cand. Why. why."
Vio. Look how his head goes. Should be get

but loose,

Oh 't were as much as all our lives were worth!

1 Off. Fear not, we'll make all sure for our own safety.

Cand. Are you at leisure now? Well, what's the matter?

Why do I enter into bonds thus, ha?
1 Off. Because y'are mad, put fear upon your

Vio. Oh ny, I went in danger of my life every minute.

Cand. What, am I mad, say you, and I not

know it?

Off. That proves you mad, because you

know it not.

Vio. Pray talk to him as little as you can, 12 You see he's too far spent. Cand. Bound, with strong cord!

A sister's thread, i' faith, had been enough, To lead me anywhere. - Wife, do you long? You are mad too, or else you do me wrong. Geo. But are you mad indeed, master?

Canil. My wife says so, 100 And what she says, George, is all truth, you know.

And whither now, to Bethlem Monastery?

Ha! whither?

1 Off. Faith, e'en to the madmen's pound.

Cand. A' God's name' still I feel my patience
sound. Execut [Officers with CANDIDO].

Geo. Come, we'll see whither he goes. If [188 the master be mad, we are hisservants, and must follow his steps; we'll be mad-caps too. Fare-

well, mistress, you shall have us all in Bedlam.

Ereunt [George and Prentices].

Vio. I think I ha' fitted you now, you and your clothes.

If this move not his patience, nothing can; I'll swear then I've a saint, and not a man. [Erit.]

SCENE [IV].1

Enter DUKE, Doctor [BENFDICT], FLUELLO, CASTRUCHIO, and PIDRATEO.

Duke. Give us a little leave.

[Exeunt Fluello, Castruchio, and Pioratio.]

Doctor, your news. Doct. I sent for him, my lord; at last be came,

And did receive all speech that went from me. And and receive an appear that went room me.
As gilded pills made to prolong his health.
My credit with him wrought it; for some men
Swallow even empty hooks, like fools that four
No drowning where tis deepest, 'cause 'tis clear. In th' end we sat and eat: a health I drank To Infelice's sweet departed soul.

To Intelice a sweet deput This train ² I knew would take. 'T was excellent. Duke.
Doct. He fell with such devotion on his knew. To pledge the same -

Duke. Fond, superstitions feel:
Doct. That had he been inflain'd with zeal of

He could not pour't out with more reverence. About my neck he hung, wept on my cheek, Kist it, and swore he would adore my lips,

Because they brought forth Infelice's name.

Duke, Ha. ha! alack, alack.

Doct. The oup he lifts up high, and thus he

"Here, noble maid!" - drinks, and was peisoned.

Duke. And died?

Doct.

And died, my lord.
Thou in that word Hast piec'd mine aged hours out with more year Than thou hast taken from Hippolito.

noble youth he was, but lesser brunches Hind ring the greater's growth, must be lopt off. And feed the fire. Doctor, we're now all thus. And feed the are.

And use us so: be bold.

Thanks, gracious lord—

My honoured lord : -Hum.

Duke. Hum.
Buct. I do beseech your grace to bury deep. This bloody act of mine.

Duke.

Duke.

Doctor, look you to 't, me it shall not move.

They' re curst that ill do, not that ill sto love.

Doctor. You throw an angry forehead on my

face :

But he you pleas'd backward thus far to look
That for your good, this evil I undertook Duke. Ay, ny, we conster aso.
Thet. And only for your love.

Duke. Confest: 'tis true.

Doct. Nor let it stand against the as a ber To thrust me from your presence; nor believe As princes have quick thoughts, that me as finger

Being dipt in blood, I will not space the hard But that for gold, - as what can sol. I may be hir'd to work the like on ?

Grounds near the Dobe's

to prevent —
'T is from my heart as far.
'atter, doctor; 'cause I'll fearless hall stand clear of that suspicion. for ever from my court. is old, but true as fate, treason, but the traitor hate. Exit.

o? Nav then, duke, your stale ale, the doctor thus shall quit. If that digs another's pit.

ter the Doctor's Man.

re is he? will he not meet me? a this time, and have received [55 by meeting one doctor of physic, has walkt under the old abbey-a hour, till be's more cold than a ty house in Janivere. You may id, sir : la, you, yonder he comes.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

lurch, if you will. Exit. most noble friend! Few but yourself, the'd me thus, to trust the air sighs. You sent for me; what

you must doff this black, dye that dour, go, attire yourself legroom when ho meets his bride. done much treason to thy love; I'd, 't is now to be reveng'd. our'd friend, thy lady lives. 't is now to be reveng'd.

Infelice, she's reviv'd. ak ! death never had the heart, from her

Umh : I thank you, sir, life, when it cannot save; my hopes, mine are in their

rong to mock me.

By that love over borne you, what I speak naiden lives; that funeral, he mourning, was all counterfeit, ht coz'ned the world and you: ter, and then chamb'red up,

O treacherous duke not hope so certainly for bliss, that I have poison'd you.

dy thoughts.

A very davil ! he closely coach to Bergamo,

*ide. Stund Bergamo !=ck hell. I'll to her. ut not to '

How passion makes you fly beyond yourself! Much of that weary journey I ha cut off; For she by letters hath intelligence

Of your supposed death, her own interment, so And all those plots which that false duke, her father.

Has wrought against you; and she'll meet

Hip. Oh, when? Doct. Nay, see; how covetous are your desires. Early to-morrow mor

Oh where, good father? 100 Hip. Doct. At Bethlem Monastery: are you pleas'd now?

Hip. At Bethlem Monastery! The place well fits;

It is the school where those that lose their wits

Practise again to get them. I am sick
Of that disease; all love is lunatic.

Doct. We'll steal away this night in some
disguise.

disguise.

Father Anselmo, a most reverend friar,
Expects our coming; before whom we'll lay
Reasons so strong, that he shall yield in bands
Of hely wedlock to tie both your hands.

Hip. This is such happiness.
That to believe it, 't is impossible.

That to believe it, 't is impossible.

Doct. Let all your joys then die in misbelief ; I will reveal no more.

Hip. O yes, good father, I am so well acquainted with despair, I know not how to hope: I believe all.

We'll hence this night. Much must be

done, much said;
But if the doctor fail not in his charma,

dead.

Your lady shall ere morning fill these arms.

Hip. Heavenly physicisn! for thy fame shall spread, That mak'st two lovers speak when they be

[ACT V]

SCENE L.11

Enter Candido's wife [VIOLA with a petition] and GROKGE, PIORATTO meets them.

Vio. Oh watch, good George, watch which way the duke comes.

Geo. Here comes one of the butterflies; ask him.

Vio. Pray, sir, comes the duke this way?

Pio. He 's upon coming, mistress.

Vio. I thank you, sir. [Ecat Pioratto.]

George, are there many mad folks where thy

Geo. Oh yes, of all countries some; but especially mad Greeks, they swarm. Troth, is mistress, the world is altered with you; you had not wont to stand thus with a paper humprovender prickt 2 you, as it does many of our city wives hesides.

1 io. Dost think, George, we shall get him forth? bly complaining : but you 're well enough serv'd;

1 A hall in the Duke's Palaca. 1 High-feeding prompted.

Geo. Truly, mistress, I cannot tell; I think you'll hardly get him forth. Why, 't is strange! Stoot, I have known many women that to have had mad ruscals to their husbands, whom they would belabour by all means possible to keep 'em in their right wits; but of a woman to long to turn a turne man into a madman, why the devil himself was never us'd so by his dam. 19
Vio. How does he talk, George? Hall good

George, tell me.

Geo. Why, you're best go see,
Vio. Alas, I am afraid!

Geo. Afraid! you had more need be asham'd. He may rather be afraid of you.
Vio. But, George, he is not stark mad, is he? He does not rave, he is not horn-mad, George, is he?

Geo. Nay I know not that, but he talks [36] like a justice of peace, of a thousand matters.

and to no purpose.

Vio. I'll to the monastery. I shall be mad till I enjoy him. I shall be sick until I see him; yet when I do seehim I shall weep out mine eyes. 40 Geo. I'd fain see a woman weep out her eyes!

That 's as true as to say, a man's cloak burns, when it hangs in the water. I know you'll weep, mistress, but what says the painted cloth? 1

> Trust not a woman when she cries For she'll pump water from her eyes With a wet finger, and in taster showers Than April when he rains down flowers.

Vio. Ay, but George, that painted cloth is worthy to be hanged up for lying. All women [20 have not tears at will, unless they have good

Geo. Ay, but mistress, how easily will they find a cause, and as one of our cheese-trenchers 8

says very learnedly,

As out of wormwood bees suck honey, As from poor clients lawyers firk money, As paraley from a rotated cony: So, though the day be ne'er so funny, if wives will have it rain, down then it drives, The calmest husbands make the stormlest wives.

Vio. Tame, George. But I ha' done storm-

Geo. Why that 's well done. Good mistress, throw aside this fashion of your humonr, be [00 not so fantastical in wearing it; storm no more, long no more. This longing has made you come short of many a good thing that you might have had from my master. Here comes the duke,

Enter DUKE, FLUELLO, PIORATTO, and SINEZI.

Vio. O, I beseech you, pardon my offence, w In that I durst abuse your grace's warrant;
Deliver forth my husband, good my lord.

Duke. Who is her husband?

Candido, my lord. Duke. Where is he?

Vio. He's among the lunatics :

A cheap substitute for tapestry, frequently adorned with mottoes and verses.

1 Readily. 1 Change-tremchers used to be inscribed with proverbial phrases.

Ho was a man made up without a gall; Nothing could move him, nothing could convert His meek blood into fury; yet like a monster, I often beat at the most constant rock Of his unshaken patience, and did long To vex him

Did you so?

Duke. Vio. And for that purpose Had warrant from your grace, to carry him To Bethlem Monastery, whence they will not free him

Without your grace's hand that sent him in.

Duke. You have long'd fair; 'tis you are mad.

I fear;

It 's fit to fetch him thence, and keep you

there.

If he be mad, why would you have him forth?

Geo. An please your grace, he is not stark mad, but only talks like a young gentleman, somewhat fantastically, that is all. There is a thousand about your court, city, and country madder than he.

Duke. Provide a warrant, you shall have our

hand.

Geo. Here's a warrant ready drawn, my lord. Duke, Get pen and ink, get pen und ink. Exit GROKGE.

Enter CASTRUCHIO.

Cas. Where is my lord the duke? Duke. How now! more madmen? Cas. I have strange news, my lord, Duke. Of what? Of whom? Duke. Cas, Of Infelice, and a marriage

Duke. Ha! where? with whom? Cas Hippolito.

Re-enter GEORGE, with pen and ink.

Geo. Here, my lord. Duke. Hence, with that woman! Void the

room! Flu. Away! the duke 's vext.
Geo. Whoop, come, mistress, the duke 's mad

Execut [VIOLA and GROBER Duke. Who told me that Hippolito was dead? Cas. He that can make any man doud, the doctor: but, my lord, he's as full of life as wild of fire, and as quick. Hippolito, the doctor, and one more rid hence this evening; the iun at which they light is Bethlem Manascor; look ice comes from Bergamo and meets them there Hippolito is mad, for he means this day to be married; the afternoon is the hour, and Fran Anselmo is the knitter.

Duke, From Bergamo? In't possible? it cannot be.

It cannot be. I will not swear, my lord; Cas.

But this intempener.
Whose brains work in the plot.
What 's he?

Cas. Matheo Knows all. Pior. He's Hippolite's boson. Inke. How fur stands Bethlem hence? his or seven mile.

Duke. Is 't so? Not married till the afternoon: Stay, stay, let 's work out some prevention.

This is most strange; can none but mad men SETVE

To dress their wedding dinner? All of you det presently to horse, disguise yourselves Like country-gentlemen,

Or riding citizens, or so; and take
Each man a several path, but let us meet
At Bethlem Monastery; some space of time
Being spent between the arrival each of other,

As if we came to see the lunatics.
To horse, away! Be secret on your lives.

Love must be punisht that unjustly theires.

Execut [all but Figure 10]

Flu. Be secret on your lives [Castruchio, You're but a scurvy spaniel. Honest lord, Good lady! Zounds, their love is just, 'tis,

And I'll prevent you, though I swim in blood.

[Scene H.]1

Enter Frint Ansklmo, Hippolito, Mathbo, and INFELICE.

Hip. Nay, nay, resolve,2 good father, or

deny. Ans. danger

And full of happiness; for I behold

Your father's frowns, his threats, may, perhaps death

To him that dare do this: yet, noble lord, souch comfortable beams break through these

clouds By this blest marriage, that your honour'd word

Being pawn d in my defence, I will tie fast The holy wedding-knot.

Hip. Tush, fear not the duke.

das. O son! wisely to fear, is to be free from

fear Hip. You have our words, and you shall have our lives,

To guard you safe from all ensuing danger.

Mat. Av. ay, chop om up, and away.

To entertain this business?

Not till the evening, us . In. Be't so, there is a chapel stands hard

Con the west end of the abbey wall;
The there convey yourselves, and when the san
Hath turn'd his back upon this upper world,
I'll marry you; that done, no thund'ring voice
Can break the sacred bond: yet, lady, here You are most safe.

Inf. Father, your love 's most dear, Mot. Ay, well said; lock us into some little room by ourselves, that we may be mad for an bone or two.

Hip. O. good Matheo, no, let's make no noise.

1 An apartment in Bethlem Monastery.

Mat. How! no noise! Do you know where you are? 'Sfoot, amongst all the madeaps in Milan; so that to throw the house out at window will be the better, and no man will is suspect that we lurk here to steal mutton. The more sober we are, the more scurvy tis. And though the friar tell us that here we are safest, I am not of his mind; for if those lay here that had lost their money, none would ever look a after them; but here are none but those that have lost their wite, so that if hue and cry be made, hither they Il come; and my reason is, because none goes to be married till he be stark mad.

Hip. Muffle yourselves, yonder's Fluello.

Enter FLUBLLO.

Zounds! Mat. Zounds! Flu. O my lord, these cloaks are not for this rain! The tempest is too great. I come sweating to tell you of it, that you may get out of it. Mat. Why, what's the matter? You have matter'd it fair; the duke's at hand.
All. The duke?

Flu. The very duke.
Then all our plots Hip.

re turn'd upon our heads and we 're blown up With our own underminings, 'Sfoot, how comes What villain durat betray our being here?

Flu. Castruchio told the duke, and Matheo here told Castruchio.

Hip. Would you betray me to Castruchio?

Mot. 'Sfoot, he damn'd himself to the pit [so fhell, if he spake on 't again.

Hip. So did you swear to me: so were you damn'd.

Mat. Pox on 'em, and there be no faith in men, if a man shall not believe onths. He took bread and salt, by this light, that he would ["

never open his lips. Hip. O God, O God! Ans. Son, be not desperate, Have patience, you shall trip your enemy Down by his own slights. How far is the duke

hence? Flu. He's but new set out; Castruchio, Pioratto, and Sinezi come along with him. have time enough yet to prevent them, if you have but conrage.

Ans. Ye shall steal secretly into the chapel, And presently be married. If the duke Abide here still, spite of ten thousand eyes, You shall scape hence like friers.

Hip. O blest disguise! O happy man!
Ans. Talk not of Happiness till your clos'd hand

Have her by th' forehead, like the look of Time.

Be nor too slow, nor hasty, now you climb Up to the tower of bliss; only be ware And patient, that 's all. If you like my plot, Build and despatch; if not, farewell, then not.

f e. to stenl a wench.

[·] Buspiciona.

⁵ Artifices 6 Anticipato.

Hip. O yes, we do applaud it! we'll dispute

No longer, but will hence and execute. Finello, you'll stay here: let us be gone. The ground that frighted lovers tread upon Le stuck with thorns.

Come, then, away, 't is meet, Ans. To escape those thorns, to put on winged feet. [45]

INFELICE .. Mat. No words, I pray, Fluello, for 't stands

as upon.

Flu. Oh, sir, let that be your lesson!

[Exit Matheo.] las, poor lovers! On what hopes and fears Men tosa themselves for women! When ahe's got.

The best has in her that which pleaseth not.

Enter to PLUELLO the DURE, CASTRUCHIO, PIO-BATTO, and SINEZI from several doors, muffled.

Duke. Who 's, there? Can.

My lord. Peace; send that "lord" away. Duke A lordship will speil all; let's be all fellows. What 's he?

Cas. Fluello, or else, Sinezi, by his little [es

411.

All. All friends, all friends, Duke. What? Met upon the very point of time?

Is this the place?

Pio.

This is the place, my lord.

Duke. Dream you on lordshipe? Come of more "lords." I pray: Come no

You have not seen these lovers yet? 411 Not yet.

Duke. Castruchio, art thou sure this wedding feat

Is not till afternoon?

Cas. So't is given out, my lord.

Duke. Nay. nay, 't is like; thieves must observe their hours;

Lovers watch minutes like astronomers;

How shall the interim hours by us be spent?

Flu. Let's all go to see the madmen.

All. Mass, content.

Enter a Sweeper.1

Duke. Oh, here comes one; question him, question him.

Flu. Now, bonest fellow? dost thou belong to the house?

Surep. Yes, forsooth, I am one of the implements: I sweep the madmen's rooms, and fetch straw for em, and buy chains to the em, sud and rods to whip em. I was a mad wag myself here, once, but I thank Father Anselmo, he lasht me into my right mind again.

Inde. Anselmo is the friar must marry them;

Question him where he is.

Cas. And where is Father Anselmo now?
Sweep. Marry, he's gone but e'en now.
Duke. Ah, well done. — Tell me, whither is
he gone?

1 Qq. Enter Towne libe a Sweeper.

Sweep. Why to God a'mighty.

idly.
Pio. Sirrah, are all the mad folks in Milan

Surep. How, all? There's a question in-deed! Why if all the mad folks in Milan a-should come hither, there would not be left ten

men in the city.

Duke. Few gentlemen or courtiers here, ha? Duke. Few gentlemen or courtiers hore, has Succep. O yes, abundance. abundance! Lands no sooner fall into their hands, in but straight they run out a' their wits. (itizens' sons and heirs are free of the house by their fathers' copy. Farmers' sons come bither like geese, in flocks, and when they ha' sold all their cornfields, here they sit and pick the [w

Sin. Methinks you should have women here

as well as men.

Sweep. Oh, ay, a plague on 'em, there's no hol's with 'em; they re madder than March pe hares.

Flu. Are there no lawyers amongst you?

Sweep. Oh no, not one; never any lawyer.

We dare not let a lawyer come in, for he'll make 'em mad faster than we can recover !...

Duke. And how long is 't ere you recover any of these?

of these?

Sueep. Why, according to the quantity of the moon that's got into 'em. An alderman's is son will be mad a great while, a very great while, especially if his friends left bim well. A whore will hardly come to her wits again. A puritan, there is no hope of him, unless he may pull down the steeple, and hang himself i' |bell-ropes.

Flu. I perceive all sorts of fish come to your

net.

Sweep. Yes, in truth, we have blocks for all heads; we have good store of wild-outs is here; for the courtier is mad at the citizen, the citizen is mad at the countryman; the show maker is mad at the cobbler, the cobbler at the carman; the punk is mad that the merchant's carinan; the punk wife is mad at that the punk is so common a whore. Gods so, here's Father Anselmo; pray say nothing that I tell tales out of the school.

Re-enter ANSELMO [and Servants].

All. God bless you, father. I thank you, gentlemen Cas. Pray, may we see some of those wretched

That here are in your keeping? But gentlemen, I must disarm you then. There are of mad men, as there are of tame. All humour'd not alike: we have here some. So apish and fantastic, play with a feather. And, though 't would grieve a soul to ser Col

image So blemisht and defac'd, yet do they act

² Citisenship. 2 Check. 4 Moulds for hets, or hale

Such antic and such protty lunacies.
That spite of sorrow they will make you smile.
Others again we have like hungry lious,
Fierce as wild-bulls, untameable as flies,
And these have oftentimes from strangers'

sides

Snatcht rapiers suddenly, and done much harm, Whom if you'll see, you must be weaponless. All. With all our hearts.

Ans. [Giving their weapons to Anselmo.]

Ans. Here, take these weapons in.—100
[Erit Servant with weapons.]

Stand off a little, pray; so, so, 't is well.

'Il show you here a man that was sometimes very grave and wealthy citizen;

Has serv'd a prenticeship to this misfortune, Been here seven years, and dwelt in Bergamo.

Duke. How fell he from his wits? Ann. By loss at sea; I'll stand aside, question him you alone, For if he spy me, he 'll not speak a word, Unless he 's th'roughly yext.

Discovers an old man, wrapt in a net.

Alas, poor soul! Cas. A very old man.

Duke. God speed, father!

1 Mad. God speed the plough, thou shalt not

Pio. We see you, old man, for all you dance

in a net.

1 Mad. True, but thou wilt dance in a halter,
and I shall not see thee.

Ans. Oh do not vex him, pray

Ans. Oh do not vex him, pray.

Cas. Are you a fisherman, father?

1 Mad. No, I am neither fish nor flesh.

Fig. What do you with that net then?

1 Mad. Post not see, fool? There's a fresh almos in 't,' if you step one foot further, you 'll be over shoes, for you see I'm over head and ears in the solt-water: and if you fall into find this whirl-pool where I am, y' are drown'd: y'are a drown'd rat. I am fishing here for five this whirl-pool where have a good drawht for five hips, but I cannot have a good draught, for my f your necks an I catch you in my clutches. 100 cuy, stay, stay, stay, stay, where 's the wind? where 's the wind? where 's tho wind? where 's the wind? Out, you gulls, you goose-cape, I you gullgeon-eaters! Do you look for the wind in the heavens? Ha, ha, ha, ha! no, no! Look is there, look there I the wind is always at that door: hark how it blows, puff, puff,

1 Mad. Do you laugh at God's creatures? [250 be you mack old age, you regues? Is this gray mard and head counterfeit that you cry, ha, ha, in ? Sirrah, art not thou my eldest son?

I Mad. Then th' art a fool, for my eldest [155] on had a polt-foot, or cooked legs, a veryince face, and a pear-colour'd beard. I made him a scholar, and he made himself a fool. — Sirrah, thou there: bold out thy hand.

Duke. My hand? Well, here 't is.
1 Mad. Look, look, look, look! Has he not long unils, and short hair?

lu. Yes, monstrous short hair, and abomina-

ble long tails.

1 Mad. Ten-penny nails, are they not?

1 Mad. Ten-penny nails.

1 Mad. Such nails had my second boy. Kneel down, thou variet, and ask thy father's blessing. Such nails had my middlemost son, and I made him a promoter: and he scrapt, and scrap scrapt, and scrapt, till he got the devil and all-but he scrapt thus, and thus, and thus, and it went under his legs, till at length a company of kites, taking him for carrion, swept up all, all, all, all, all, all. If you love your [55] lives, look to yourselves, see, see, see, the Turks' galleys are fighting with my ships! Bounce goes the guns! Oooh! cry the men! Rumble, rumble, go the waters! Alas, there; 't is sunk. 't is sunk: I am undone, I am nn. [56] done! You are the damn'd pirates have undone me: you are, by the Lord, you are, you are! me: you are, by the Lord, you are, you are! - Stop em -you are!
Ans. Why, how now sirrah! Must I fall to

Ans. Why, how now sirrah? Must 1 fall to tame you?

1 Mad. Tame me! No, I'll be madder than a roasted cat. See, see, I am burnt with gunpowder,—these are our close fights!

Ans. I'll whip you, if you grow unruly thus.

1 Mad. Whip me? (but you toad! Whip [77]
me? What justice is this, to whip me because I am a beggar? Alas! I am a poor man: a very poor man! I am starv'd, and have had no meat by this light, ever since the great flood; I am

Ans. Well, well, be quiet, and you shall have

meat 1 Mad. Ay, ay, pray do; for, look you, here be my guts: these are my ribs - you may look through my ribs - see how my guts come out! These are my red guts, my very guts, oh, oh!

Ans. Take him in there.
[Servants remove 1 Madman.]

All. A very piteous sight. Cas. Father, I see you have a busy charge.

Ans. They must be us'd like children, pleas'd with toys.

And anon whipt for their unruliness, I'll show you now a pair quite different From him that's gone. He was all words; and

Inless you urge 'em, seldom spend their speech, But save their tongues.

Opens another door, from which enter 2 and 3 Madmen.

La, you; this hithermost Foll from the happy quietness of mind About a maiden that he lov'd, and died,

He followed her to church, being full of tears,

And as her body went into the ground, He fell stark mad. This is a married man, Was jealous of a fair, but, as some say, A very virtuous wife; and that spoil'd him.

Bimpletons. Dupes. Club foot. Sour, crabbed.

3 Mad.1 All these are whoremongers, and lay with my wife: whore, whore, whore, whore, whore !

Flu. Observe him.

3 Mad. Gafter shoemaker, you pull'd on my wife's pumps, and then crept into her pantolles. 2 lie there, lie there!— This was her tailor, low You cut out her loose-bodied gown, and put in a yard more than I allowed her; lie there by the shoemaker. O master doctor, are you here? You gave me a purgation, and then crept into my wife's chamber to feel her pulses, and less you said, and she said, and her maid said, that they went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, Doctor, I'll put you anon into my wife's urinal. Heigh, come aloft, Jack! This was her achool-master, and taught her to play upon the vinginals, [in and still his jacks 2 leapt up, up. You prick! her out nothing but bawdy lessons, but I'll prick you all, fiddler—doctor—tailor—shoepally a fiddler—tailor—t maker - shoemaker - fiddler - doctor - tailor! lie with my wife again, now.

Cas. See how he notes the other, now he

feeds.
3 Mad. Give me some porridge.
2 Mad. I'll give thee none.
2 Mad. I'll give thee porridge.

2 Mad. I'll give thee none.
3 Mad. Give me some porridge.
2 Mad. I'll not give thee a bit.
3 Mad. Give me that flap-dragon.
2 Mad. I'll not give thee a spoonful. Thou liest, it is no dragon, it is a parrot that I bought for my sweetheart, and I'll keep it.
3 Mad. Here is an almond for parrot.
4 Mad. Hang thyself!
3 Mad. Here is a rope for parrot.
5 Mad. Eat it, for I'll eat this.
6 Mad. I'll shout at thee, an thou it give me

3 Mad. I'll shoot at thee, an thou't give me

2 Mad. Wu't thou? 3 Mad. I'll run a tilt at thee, an thou't give me none.

2 Mad. Wu't thou? Do an thou dar'st.
3 Mad. Bounce! [Strikes him.] 340
2 Mad. O - oh! I am slain! Murder, murder, murder, murder, murder.

Ans. How now, you villains! Bring me whips:
I'll whip you.
2 Mad. I am dead! I am slain! ring out the
bell, for I am dead.
Duke. How will you do now, sirrah? You ha'

kill'd him.

3 Mad. I'll answer't at sessions: he was enting of almond-butter, and I long'd for 't. The

dend.

1 The Qq. read 2 Mad. for 3 Mad. and 3 Mad. for 2 Mad.

1 Slippers.

I lieves of wood fixed to the key-levers of virginals, spinets, and harpstchords, which rose when the keys wore present duests.

Wrote in musical notes.

A raisin fleating on burning brandy.

* A proverbial phrase.

2 Mad. Indeed, I am dead; put me, I pray, into a good pit-hole.

3 Mad. I'll answer't at sessions.

|Servants remove 2 and 3 Madmen.

Enter BELLATRONT mad.

Ans. How now, huswife, whither gad you?

Bell. A-nutting forwarth. How do you, gaffer?

How do you, gaffer? There is a French curve;

for you, too.

Flu, 'T is Bellafront!

Pio. 'T is the punk, by th' Lord!

Duke. Father, what is she, I pray? As yet I know not. Ans.

She came in but this day; talks little idly. And therefore has the freedom of the house

And therefore has the freedom of the house, Bell. Do not you know me?—nor you?—arr you?—arr you?—arr you?—arr you?—arr you?—arr you?—arr you?—arr you are an ass,—and you an ass,—and you are an ass,—for I know you.

Ans. Why, what are they? Come, tell me, what are they?

Bell. They're fish-wives, will you buy any gudgeons?

God's acrus' i wonder come friant I know god's acrus' i wonder come friant I know

santy! yonder come friars, I know them too. -

Enter HIPPOLITO, MATHEO, and INTRUCE disguised in the habits of Friura.

How do you, friar?
Ans. Nay, may, away, you must not trouble friars

speak nothing.

Bell. Nav. indeed, you shall not go: we'll run at barley-break first, and you shall be u hell.

Mat. My punk turn'd mad whore, as all her fellows are

Hip. May nothing; but steal hence, when you

Ans. I'll lock you up, if you're unruly be' Bell. Fie! Marry, so, they shall not go undeed, till I ha' told 'em their fortunes.

Duke. Good father, give her leave.
Bell. Ay, pray, good father, and I 'll give you

my blessing.

Ans. Well then, be brief, but if you're the

unruly, I'll have you lockt up fast.

Pio. Come, to their fortunes. Bell. Let me see, one, two, three, and four. I'll begin with the little friar 5 first. Here's

fine hand, indeed! I never saw friar have orea a dainty hand: here's a hand for a lady! Here's your fortune : -

You love a frinr better than a nun; Yet long you 'll love no frinr, nor no frinr's wan Bow a little, the line of life is out, yet I'm afraid.

A corruption of God's sauctity or God's minter (Steevens.)

In the game of barley-break the ground was divided into three compartments, the middle one of which we called "hell"

. J. e. Infalles.

re holy, you 'll not die a maid. " you joy! on, Friar Tuck. od send me good luck! on love one, and one loves you: false knave, and she's a Jew, dial that false ever goes your wit drops! Troth, so does your nose dakehands with you too; pray open, fine hand ! ho! God be here! I need. You 'll keep good cheer, free table, but a frozen breast, A starve those that love you best; have good fortune, for if I 'm no liar, are no friar, nor you, nor you no friar, Discovers them. as Are holy habita clouks for villany?

to; draw all your weapons.
Where are your weapons? Draw! as he friar has gull'd us of 'em.

your weapons!

O rare trick ! sarnt one mad point of arithmetic. Why awells your aplean so high? minst what bosom on your weapons draw? Her's? 'T is ur daughter's ; I' is your son's.

Son?

Son, by yonder sun. AT OWN ;

four own blood were damnation. pth that wrinkled brow, and I will

neath your feet: rugged still and flinted ore, is come forth but sparkles, that will

and us? She's mine; my claim's most

ne by marriage, though she 's yours by

od. neeling.! I have a hand, dear lord, p in this act,

to meet it. Off have I seen a father the wounds of his dear son in tears. muse the sword that struck his father, in i'th quarrel of your families.

As are now taken off; and I beseed you are pardon! All was to this end,
the ancient hates of your two houses reen friendship, that your loves might

spring's forehead, comfortably sweet; vert souls in peaceful union meet. 600 and will now be yours, yours will be irm.

incas shall crown your silver hairs. ou see, my lord, there 's now no rem-

Me. "Table" also meant the palm of the

All, Beseech your lordship! Duke, You beseech fair, you have me in place

To bridle me. — Rise friar, you may be glad You can make madmen tame, and tame men mad. Since Fate hath conquer'd, I must rest content; To strive now, would but add new punishment. yield unto your happiness; be blest. Our families shall henceforth breathe in rest.

All. Oh, happy change ! Duke. Your's now is my content,

I throw upon your joys my full consent.

Bell. Am not I a good girl, for finding less "the friar in the well?" Gods so, you are a brave man! Will not you buy me some sugarplums, because I am so good a fortune-teller?

Duke. Would thou hadst wit, thou pretty

Duke. Would thou hadst wit, thou pretty soul, to usk.

As I have will to give.

Bell. Pretty soul? A pretty soul is better than a pretty body. Do not you know my pretty soul? I know you. Is not your name Matheo?

Mat. Yes, lamb.

Bell. Baa lamb! there you lie, for I am mutton.3—Look, fine man! he was mad for me [en once, and I was mad for him once, and I was mad for him one.

once, and I was mad for him once, and he was mad for her once, and were you never mad? Yes, I warrant; I had a fine jewel once, a very

rich jewel, called a maidenhead, and had not you it, herer?

Mat. Out, you mad ass! away.

Duke. Had he thy maid-whend?

He shall make thee amends, and marry thee. Bell, Shall he? O brave Arthur of Bradley

then! Duke. And if he bear the mind of a gentleman,

know he will.

Mot. I think I rifled her of some such paltry jewel.

Duke. Did you? Then marry her; you see the wrong

Has led her spirits into a lunacy.

Mat. How? Marry her, my lord? Stoot,
marry a madwoman? Let a man get the tamest wife he can come by, she'll be mad enough afterward, do what he can.

Duke, Nay then, Father Anselmo here shell

do his best,

To bring her to her wits; and will you then?

Mat. I cannot tell. I may choose.

Duke. Nay, then, law shall compel. I tell you,

sir, So much her hard fute moves me, you should

not breathe

Under this air, unless you married her.

Mut. Well, then, when her wits stand in their right place, I'll marry her.

Bell. I thank your grace. - Matheo, thou art mine.

² The name of a well-known tale.

A prostitute.

An allusion to a ballad of that name.

I am not mad, but put on this disguise Only for you, my lord; for you can tell Much wonder of me; but you are gone: farewell. Matheo, thou didst first turn my soul black,

Now make it white again. I do protest,
I'm pure as fire now, chaste as Cynthia's breast.
Hip. I durst be sworn, Matheo, she's indeed.
Mat. Cony-catcht, gull'd! Must I sail in your fly-boat,

Because I helpt to rear your main-mast first?
Plague 'found' you for 't, 't is well.
The cuckold's stamp goes current in all nations,

Some men ha' horns giv'n them at their creations;

If I be one of those, why so: 't is better To take a common weach, and make her good, Than one that simpers, and at first will scarce Be tempted forth over the threshold door,

Yet in one se'unight, zounds, turns arrant whore! Come weach, thou shalt be mine, give me thy

golla,2 We 'll talk of legs hereafter. -- See, my lord, God give us joy!

All. God give you joy !

Enter Candido's wife (VIOLA) and GEORGE.

Geo. Come mistress, we are in Bedlam now; mass and see, we come in pudding-time, for here 's the duke.

Vio. My husband, good my lord!

Duke, Have I thy husband?

Cast. It's Candido, my lord, he's here among the lunatics. Father Anselmo, pray fetch him forth. [Exit ANSELMO.] This mad woman is his wife, and though she were not with child, yet did she long most spitefully to have her ASB bushand mad; and because she would be sure he should turn Jew, she placed him here in Bethlem. Yonder he comes,

Enter CANDIDO with ANSELMO.

Duke. Come hither, signor; are you mad? Cand. You are not mad.

Duke. Why, I know that.

Cand. Then may you know I am not mad,

that know You are not mad, and that you are the duke. None is mad here but one. — How do you, wife? What do you long for now? - Pardon, my lard:

She had lost her child's nose else. I did cut out Pennyworths of lawn, the lawn was yet mine

OWD: A carpet was my gown, yet 't was mine own : I wore my man's coat, yet the cloth mine own :

> 2 Confound 2 Handa

Had a crackt crown, the crown was yet mine OWIL.

own.
She says for this I 'm mad: were her words true.
I should be mad indeed. O foolish skill!
Is patience madness? I 'll be a madnan still.
Vio. Forgive me, and I 'll vex your spiret no more.

(horis.)

Duke. Come, come, we'll have you friends.

join hearts, join hands. Cand. See, my lord, we are even, -

Nay, rise, for ill deeds kneel unto none but Heaven.

Duke. Signor, methinks patience has laid on

Such heavy weight, that you should loathe it -Cand. I mathe it'

Duke. For he whose breast is tender, blood so cool, That no wrongs heat it, is a patient fool.

What comfort do you find in being so calm ? Cand. That which green wounds receive from sovereign balm.

Patience, my lord! why, 't is the soul of peace; Of all the virtues, 't is nearest kin to Heaven; It makes men look like gods. The best of men That e'er wore earth about him, was a auflerer, soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spunt, The first true gentleman that ever breath d. The stock of patience, then, cannot be poor, " All it desires, it has; what monarch more? It is the greatest enemy to law

That can be; for it doth embrace all wrongs.
And so chains up lawyers and women's tongos.
'T is the perpetual prisoner's liberty.
His walks and orchards: 't is the bond class's

freedom, And makes him seem proud of each iron chain. As though he were it more for state than pan. It is the beggars' music, and thus sings, Although their bodies beg, their souls are king. O my dread liege! It is the sap of bliss Rears as aloft, makes men and angels kins. And last of all, to end a household strife, It is the honey 'gainst a waspish wife. Duke. Thou giv'st it lively colours: who dam

AS.V

He 's mad, whose words march in so good array" T were sin all women should such husband

for every man must then be his wife's slave. Come, therefore, you shall tench our court to shine,

So calm a spirit is worth a golden mine. Wives with meek husbands that to ver them long,

In Bedlam must they dwell, else dwell they wrong. # Bosson.

THE HONEST WHORE

PART II

THOMAS DEKKER

DRAMATIS PERSONAR

TET, Duke of Milan. eant, Husband of Infelice.

SEALID, Father of Bellafront.

ad of Bellafront. n-draper.

Footman.

Bors, a Pander. Masters of Bridewell, Prentices, Servants, Constables, Billmen, etc.

INPRLICE, Wife of Hippolito.
BELLAPRONT, Wife of Matheo. Mobiles, wite of Emploids.

Bellaprobr, Wife of Matheo.

Candido's Bride.

Mistress Horrelesch, a Bawd.

Dogothea Target,

Peneloge Whokehound,

Catharina Bountinall,

SCENE. - Milan.1

ACT I

SCENE I.1

door BERALDO, CAROLO, FONTI-ASTOLFO, with Serving-men, or ding on them; at another door enter meeting them.

day, gallants.

nay, ganants, morrow, sweet Lodovico, floet thou, Carolo? , as the physicians do in a plague, sick, and am well myself.

a a sweet morning, gentlemen. morning to tempt Jove from his mede; which is but to give dairygowns as they are going a-milkthy lord stirring yet?

will not be horst this hour, sure.

ly swears he shall, for she longs

re shall ride switch and spur; there once.

BRYAN, the Footman.

now, is thy lord ready?
A crees sa' a me; my lady will have
ig in her pelly first.
Is not hey 'll to breakfast.
Is not horseback?

The coach
or on horseback?

The coach
or y lord will sheet in de one side, beet in de toder side.

in Rippolito's house.
Christ save.

Lod. My lady sheet in de toder side! Did [20 you ever hear a rascal talk so like a pagan? Is 't not strange that a fellow of his star, should be seen here so long in Italy, yet speak so from * a Christian?

Enter ANTONIO GEORGIO, a poor scholar [with a book].

Ast. An Irishman in Italy! that so strange! Why, the nation have running heads. Eich inge walk.

Lod. Nay, Carolo, this is more strange, I ha' been in France, there's few of them, Marry, England they count a warm chimney corner, and there they swarm like crickets to the crevice of a brew-house; but sir, in England I [16]

have noted one thing.

All. What's that, what's that of England?

Lod. Marry this, sir. - What's he yender?

Ber. A poor fellow would speak with my lord, Lod. In England, sir, - troth, I ever laugh Led. In England, sir, - troth, I ever laugh when I think on 't, to see a whole nation should be markt i'th' forehead, as a man may say, with one iron: why, sir, there all costermongers are Irishmen.

Car. Oh, that's to show their antiquity, as coming from Eve, who was an apple-wife, and

coming from Lee, who was an appearance, and they take after the mother. All. Good, good! ha, ha! Lod. Why, then, should all your chimney-sweepers likewise be Irishmen? Answer that

now; come, your wit.

Car. Faith, that's soon answered; for St.

Patrick, you know, keeps purgatory; he makes

4 Unlike.

Promenade, so on the Exchange.

the fire, and his countrymen could do nothing, [sif they cannot sweep the chimneys.

All. Good again.

Lod. Then, sir, have you many of them, like this fellow, especially those of his hair, footmen to noblemen and others, and the knaves are so very faithful where they love. By my faith, very proper men, many of them, and as active as the clouds. - whirr, hah!

as the clouds.— whire, hah!
All. Are they so?
Lod. And stout! exceeding stout; why, I [so warrant, this precious wild villain, if he were put to t, would light more deeperately than aixteen Dunkirks.]
Ast. The women, they say, are very fair.
Lod. No, no, our country bona-robus, I [ro oh! are the sugarest, delictous regues!
Ast. Oh, look, he has a feeling of them!
Lod. Not I. I protest. There's a saying when they commend nations. It goes, the Irishman for his hand, the Welshmen for a leg. [ro the Englishman for a face, the Dutchman for a beard. beard.

Fon. 1' faith, they may make awabbers of

them.

Lod. The Spaniard, —let me see, —for a little foot, I take it, the Frenchman, — what [a a pox hath he? And so of the rest. Are they at breakfast yet? Come walk.

Ast. This Lodovico is a notable tongued fellow.
Fon. Discourses well.

Ber. And a very honest gentleman.
Ast. Oh! he 's well valued by my lord.

Enter Bellaphont, with a petition.

Fon. How now, how now, what 's she?

Ber. Let 's make towards her.

Bell. Will it be long, sir, ere my lord come 100

forth?

Ast. Would you speak with my lord? Lod. How now, what 's this, a nurse's bill?

Hath any here got thee with child and now will

Bell. No, sir, my business is unto my lord.

Lod. He's about his own wife's now, he'll

hardly dispatch two causes in a morning.

Ast. No matter what he says, fair lady; he 'a a knight, there 's no hold to be taken at his words,

Fon. My lord will pass this way presently.

Ber. A pretty, plump regue.

1st. A good lusty, bouncing baggage. Ber. Do you know her?

Lod. A pox on her, I was sure her name was in my table-book once. I know not of what cut her die is now, but she has been more common than tobacco; this is she that had the name of than tubacco; this the Honest Whore,

All. Is this she?

Lod. This is the blackamoor that by washing was turned white; this is the birding-piece new acoured; this is she that, if any of her religion can be saved, was saved by my lord Hippolito.

Ast. She has been a goodly creature.

Dunkirk pirates. 2 Cou.

Moy for cleaning decks, etc. 2 Courtemans.

Lod. She has been! that 's the epitaph of all Lod. She has been! that 's the epitaph of all whores. I'm well acquainted with the peoper gentleman her husband. Lord! what fortunes that mm has overreached! She knows not as me, yet I have been in her company; I searce know her, for the beauty of her chreek hath, like the moon, suffered strange echoses since I behald it; but beheld it: but women are like medlars, - no sooner ripe but rotten:

A woman last was made, but is spent first, Yet man is oft proved in performance worst.
All. My lord is come.

Enter Hippolito, INVELICE, and two Waiting. women.

Hip. We ha' wasted half this morning. Morrow, Lodovico.

Lod. Morrow, madam.

Hip. Let's away to horse.

All. Ay, uy, to horse, to horse,
Bell. I do beseech your lordship, let your
eye read o'er this wretched paper.

Hip. I'm in haste; pray thee, good woman, take sonte apter time.

Inf. Good woman, do.
Bell. Oh, 'las! it does concern a poor man's life.

Hip. Life! - Sweetheart, seat yourself, 1 11

but read this and come.

Lod. What stockings have you put on this morning, madam? If they be not yellor change them; that paper is a letter from some wench to your husband.

ench to your husband.

Inf. Oh sir, that cannot make me jealous

Ereunt [all except Historian, Britanna [all except Historian, Britanna [all except Historian, Britanna [all except Historian].

Hip. Your business, sir? To me?

Ant. Yes, my good lord.

Hip. Presently, sir.—Are you Matheo's with!

Bell. That most unfortunate woman.

Hip. I'm sorry these storms are falles on him; I love Matheo, and any good shall do him; he and I

And any good shall do him; he and I Have seal'd two bonds of friendship, which

Are strong
In me, however fortune does him wrong.
He speaks here he's condemned. Is 't so?

Bell. Too true.

Hip. What was he whom he killed? Oh, he

name 's here; Old Giacomo, son to the Florentine : Giacomo, a dog, that, to meet profit Would to the very eyelids wade in blood Of his own children. Tell Matheo,

The duke, my father, hardly shall deny His signed pardon. "I was fair fight, yes. If rumour's tongue go true; so writes be

To-morrow morning I return from court, Pray be you here then. - I'll have done or; straight: -To Anguille But in troth sav, are you Matheo's wife?

You have forgot me.

No, my lord. Your turner, Rell. Hip.

4 Tellow was typical of jealousy.

That made you smooth to run an even bias, in You know I lev'd you when your very soul was full of discord: art not a good wench still?

Bell. Uinph. when I had lost my way to Heaven, you show'd it:

I was new born that day.

Re-enter LODOVICO.

Lod. 'Sfoot, my lord, your lady asks if [175 you have not left your wench yet? When you get in once, you never have done. Come, come, come, pay your old score, and send her packing;

Hip. Ride softly on before, I'll o'ertake

Lod. Your lady swears she'll have no riding

Lod. Your racy swears and it have no rights on before, without ye.

Hip. I'rithes, good Lodovico.

Lod. My lord, pray hasten.

Hip. I come.

[Exit Lopovico.] To morrow let me see you, fare you well;

Does not your father live about the court?

Bell. I think he does, but such rude spots of

shame Stick on my cheek, that he scarce knows my

Hip. Orlando Friscobaldo, is 't not?

Bell. Yes, my lord.

H.p. What does he for you?

Bell. All he should: when children

Bell. All he should: when children from duty start, parents from love may zwerve. He nothing does; for nothing I deserve.

11 p. Shall I join him unto you, and restore from to wonted grace?

Bell. It is impossible. [Erit Bellafront.]

Hip. It shall be put to trial: fare you well.

The face I would not look on! Sure then 't was

When, in despite of grief, 't is still thus fair.

Now, sir, your business with me.

1 of. I am bold I am bold to your lordship these few leaves. I am bold

Hip. A book!

Yes, my good lord, as

Yes, my lord, a poor one. liep. Sir, you honour me.

To how many hands besides hath this bird flown,

How many partners share with me?

Not one, 210 n troth, not one; your name I held more dear.
in not, my lord, of that low character.
Hip. Your name I pray?

Antonio Georgio.

Hip. Of Milna?

Ant. Yes, my lord,
Hip. I'll borrow leave
o read you o'er, and then we'll talk; till then Drink up this gold ; good with should love good

This of your loves, the earnest that of mine. -[Gives money.]

Re-enter BRYAN.

How now, sir, where 's your lady? Not gone yet? Bry. I fart di lady is run away from dee, a mighty deal of ground; she sent me back [150] for dine own sweet face. I pray dee come, my lord, away, wu't tow go now?

Hip. Is the coach gone? Saddle my horse,

the norrel.

Bry. A pox a' de horse's nose, he is a lonsy reasonly fellow. When I came to gird his belly, his scurvy guts rumbled; di horse furthed in my face, and dow knowest, an Irishman caonet abide a fart. But I have saddled de hobby-horse, di fine hobby is ready. I pray dee, my good | we sweet lord, wi't tow go now, and I will run to de devil before dee?

Hip. Well, sir. - I pray let's see you, master

scholar.

Bry. Come, I pray dee, wa't come, sweet

Excust.

SCENE II.1

Enter Lodovico, Canolo, Astolfo, and Ben-ALDO,

Lod. Godso, gentlemen, what do we forget?
All. What?
Lod. Are not we all enjoined as this day, -

Lod. Are not we all enjoined as this day, — Thursday is 't not? Ay, as that day to be at the linen-draper's house at dinner? Car. Signor Candido, the patient man. Ast. Afore Jove, true, upon this day he's

married.

Ber. I wouder, that being so stung with a wasp before. he dares venture again to [10

come about the enves amongst bees.

Lod. Oh't is rare sucking a sweet honey comb! Pray Heaven his old wife be buried deep enough, that she rise not up to call for her dance! The poor fiddlers' instruments would crack for lift; she'd tickle them. At any hand let's try what mettle is in his new bride; if there be none, we'll put in some. Troth, it's a very nuble citizen, I pity he should marry again; I'll walk along, for it is a good old fellow.

Car. I warrant the wives of Milan would give any fellow twenty thousand ducats, that could but have the face to beg of the duke, that all the citizens in Milan might be bound to the

peace of patience, as the linen-draper is.

Lod. Oh, fie upon 't! 't would undo all us that are courtiers; we should have no whoo with the

wenches then.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

All. My lord 's come. Hip. How now, what news? All. None.

Lod. Your lady is with the duke, her father. Hip. And we'll to them both presently -

Enter ORLANDO FRISCOBALDO.

Who 's that !

All. Signor Friscobaldo.

1 An apartment in the Duke's Paisce.

Hip. Friscobaldo, oh! pray call him, and leave me; we two have business. Car. Ho Signor! Signor Fracobaldo! The

Lord Hippolito.

Errunt all but Hippolito and

FRISCOBALDO].

Orl. My noble lord; my Lord Hippolito! [40 the duke's son! his brave daughter's brave husband ! how does your honour'd lordship! Does your nobility remember so poor a gentleman as Signor Orlando Friscobaldo! old mad Orlando! Hep. Oh, sir, our friends! they ought to be [a

on, sir, our friends! they ought to be [wanto us as our jewels, an dearly valued, being locked up, and unseen, as when we wear them in our hands. I see, Friscobaldo, age hath not command of your blood; for all Time's sickle has gone over you, you are Orlando still.

Orl. Why, my lord, are not the fields mown and out down and strict because.

and cut down, and stript bare, and yet wear they not pied coats again? Though my head be like a leek, white, may not my heart be like the blade, green?

Hip. Scarce can I read the stories on your brow,

Which age bath writ there; you look youthful atill.

still.

Orl. I eat snakes, my lord, I eat snakes. My heart shall never have a wrinkle in it, so long as I can cry "Hem," with a clear voice.

Hip. You are the happier man, sir.

Orl. Happy man? I'll give you, my lord, the true picture of a happy man. I was turning leaves over this morning, and found it; an excellent Italian painter drew it; if I have it in [as the right colours, I'll bestow it on your lord-ahim.

Hip. I stay for it. Orl. He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore.

He that at noon-day walks by a prison door, w He that i' th' sun is neither beam nor mote,

He that 's not mad after a petticoat,

He for whom poor men's curses dig no grave, He that is neither lord's nor lawyer's slave,

He that makes this his sea, and that his shore, He that in 's coffin is richer than before,

He that counts youth his sword, and age his

staff, He whose right hand carves his own epitaph,

He that upon his deathbed is a swan.

And dead, no crow — he is a happy man.

Mip. It's very well; I thank you for this pic-

Orl. After this picture, my lord, do I strive to have my face drawn for I am not covetous, am not in debt; sit neither at the duke's [16 side, nor lie at his feet. Wenching and I have done; no man I wrong, no man I fear, no man I fee; I take heed how far I walk, because I know yonder's my home; I would not die like a rich man, to carry nothing away save a lease winding sheet; but like a good man, to leave Orlando behind me. I sowed leaves in my youth, and I reap new books in my age. I fill

A supposed roupe for restoring youth. (Dyos.)

this hand, and empty this; and when the be shall toll for me, if I prove a swan, and go singing to my nest, why so! If a row' three me out like a carrion, and pick out nune out May not old Friscobaldo, my lord, be mere now! ha?

Hip. You your mirth. You may; would I were partner in .

Orl. I have a little, have all things. I have nothing; I have no wife, I have no child have no chiek; and why abould not I be in my cundure?

Hip. Is your wife then departed?

Orl. She's an old dweller in those high contries, yet not from me. Here, she's here let before me, when a knave and a queau are not ried, they commonly walk like serjeants together: but a good couple are seldou parted

Hip. You had a daughter too, sir, had you to Orl. O my lord! this old tree had one branch and but one branch growing out of it. l' ... and but one branen growing out of it. Pryong, young, it was fair, it was straight; I prund it daily, drest it carefully, kept it from twind, help 'd it to the sun, yet for all my ski in planting, it grew crooked, it bore crale hewed it down; what 's become of it, I neab

know, nor care.

Hip. Then I can tell you what 's become of a

That branch is wither'd.

So 't was long ago Hip. Her name I think was Bellafront ; shee dead.

Orl. Ha? dead?

Hip. Yes; what of her was left, not work the keeping. Even in my sight was thrown into a grave.

Orl. Dead ! my last and best peace go wither! I see Death 's a good trencherman he can eat coarse homely meat, as well as the

daintiest,

Hip. Why, Friscobaldo, was she homely?

Orl. O my lord! a strumpet is one of the devil's vines; all the sins, like so many poles. are stuck upright out of hell, to be her proare stuck upright out of bell, to be her in pethat she may spread upon them. And when she a ripe, every slave has a pull at her, the must she be prest. The young beautiful grantests the teeth of lust on edge, yet to take that liekerish wine, is to drink a man's out damnation. Is she dead?

Hip. She's turned to earth.

Orl. Would she were turn'd to Heaves' Umph, is she dead? I am glad the world lest one of his ides; no whoremorper will a midnight heat at the dears. In her grave,

midnight beat at the doors. In her grave sleep all my shame, and her own; and all my sorrows, and all her sine!

Hip, I'm glad you're wax, not marble you are made

Of man's best temper; there are now gohopes

That all these heaps of ice about your heart. By which a father's love was frozen up.

Are thaw'd in these aweet showers, fetcht from

Your even :

1 Merriment.

· Tempting

We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies. she is not dead, but lives under worse fate; 100 I skink she s poor; and, more to clip her wings.
Her husband at this hour lies in the juil, For killing of a man. To save his blood, Join all your force with mine: mine shall be

ahown:
The setting of his life preserves your own. to Orl. In my daughter, you will say! Does she her his just the best is I have a handkercher to the heavy of the property o

again, Is she poor?

Then the she right strumpet; I neer knew any of their trade rich two years together. Sieres can hold no water, nor harlots hoard no many vents, too many laines to let it out; tayarus, tailors, bawds, 111 panders, fiddlers, swaggerers, fools, and knaves do all wait upon a common harlot's trencher. do all wait upon a common harlor's trember.

She is the gallipot to which these drones ily soft for love to the pot, but for the sweet sucket is the pot, but for the sweet sucket is the pot, but for the sweet sucket is the pot, but money. In money, her money, her money is sweet sucket is the pot, allowed the pawn my word, her bosom is warmen to no such snakes. When did Orl. Not seventeen summers.

Map. Is your hate so old?

Delegation of the pot but the pot such snakes. The pour hate so old?

Older; it has a white head, and shall wer die till she be buried: her wrongs shall be

Hip. Work yet his life, since in it lives her-

Hip. Work fame.

Dr. No let him hang, and half her infamy delin out of the world. I hate him for her; inc.

lin out of the world to taste poison; I hate her anght her first to taste poison; I have ner perself, because she refused my physic.

J. Nay, but Friscobalde;

J. I detest her, I defy 2 both; she 's not

Hear her but speak.

P. Hear her but spenk.
I lave no mermaids, I'll not be caught
quail-pipe.
You're now beyond all reason.
I am then a beaut. Sir. I had rather be

to and not dishonour my creation, than be ag father, and like Time, be the destruc-

La 't dotage to relieve your child, being is 's fit for an old man to keep a whore?

Tis finilery : relieve her! r cold limbs stretcht out upon a bier, of sell this dirt under my nails ter an hour's breath, nor give this latir,

are you well, for I'll trouble you no ad fare you well, sir. Go thy ways;

few locds of thy making, that love for their honesty. Lan my girl! [m. mor? Poverty dwells next door to

by fowlers to allure quale.

despair, there's but a wall between theme apair is one of hell's catch-poles; and best devil arrest her. I'll to her. Yet she shall drink of my wealth as beggars do of running water, freely, and the shall drink of the shal as occurs do of caming water, many never know from what fountain's head it flor Shall a silly hird pack hor own breast to pour Shall a silly bird pick her own breast to nour her young ones, and can a father see his chi attarve? That were hird; the pelican does it, and shall not 1? Yes, I will victual the late of the pelican does camp for her, but it shall be by some stratagers. That knave there, her husband, will be hanged can, he shall not know how.

Enter two Serving-men.

How now, knaves? Whither wander you?

1 Ser. To seek your worship.

Orl. Stay, which of you has my purse? What money have you about you?

money have you about you?

2 Ser. Some fifteen or sixteen pounds, sir.

Orl. Give it me. [Takes purse.] — think.

I have some gold about me: yes, it's well. Leave the some contained for the property of the source of the s over your cars.

ORLANDO puts on the coat of I Serving num, and gives him in do you was his cloak.

1 Ser. What do you mean to do, sir?
Orl. Hold thy tongue, knave; take then my cleak. I hope I play not the paltry merchant in the paltry in this bart'ring; bid the steward of my 1200 house sleep with open eyes in my absence, and to look to all things. Whatsoever I command by letters to be done by you, see it done, So, does it will?

2 Ner. As if it were made for your worship.
Orl. You proud variets, you need not be aslumed to wear blue, when your master is one of your fellows. Away, do not see me.

Both. This is excellent.

Error

Both. This is excellent.

Both. This is excellent.

Orl. I should put on a worse suit, too; permasque. Say I should shave off this honour of masque. Say I should shave off this honour of the shall shave of the shall shave of the shall shall shave of the shall shal an old man, or tie it up shorter. Well, I will many being off, how should I look? Even

winter euckoo, or unfeather'd owl; Yet better luse this hair, than lose her soul

[SCENE III.] &

Enter CANDIDO, LODOVICO, CAROLO, [ASTOL- Fo], other guests, and Bride with Prentices.

Cand. O gentlemen, so late! Y' are very welcome, pray air down.

Lod. Carolo, did'st e'er see such a nest of

Ast. Methinks it's a most civil and most

Lod. What does he i'th' middle look like?

4 The color of servanta' livery. 5 A coom in Candido's nouse.

· Citizens.

Ast. Troth, like a spire steeple in a country village overpeering so many thatcht houses.

Lod. It's rather a long pike-staff against so many bucklers without pikes; 'they sit for all the world like a pair of organs, 2 and he 's the tall great roaring pipe i' th' unidst.

Ast. Hu, ha, ha ha!

Cand. What 's that you laugh at, signors?

Lod. Troth, shall I tell you, and aloud I 'll

We laugh to see, yet laugh we not in scorn,

Amongst so many caps that long hat worn.

[1 Guest.] Mine is as tall a felt as any is this day in Milan, and therefore I love it, for the block b was cleft out for my head, and fits me to a hair.

Cand. Indeed you're good observers; it

shows strange:

But gentlemen, I pray neither contemn, Nor yet deride a civil ornament;

I could build so much in the round cap's praise, That 'bove this high roof, I this flat would

Lod. Prithee, sweet bridegroom, do 't. Cand. So all these guests will pardon me, I'll

All. With all our hearts.

Cand. Thus, then, in the cap's honour:
To every sex, and state, both nature, time,
The country's laws, yea, and the very clime Do allot distinct habits; the spruce courtier Jets tup and down in silk; the warrior Marches in buff; the clown plods on in gray: But for these upper garments thus I say,
The seaman has his cap, par d without brim;
The gallant's head is feather'd, that fits him;
The soldier has his morion, women ha' tires; Beasts have their head-pieces, and men ha' theirs.

Lod. Proceed. Cand. Each degree has his fashion, it's fit

then

One should be laid by for the citizen, And that is the cap which you see swells not

For caps are emblems of humility. It is a citizen's hadge, and first was worn
By th' Romans; for when any bondman's turn
Came to be made a freeman, thus 't was said,
He to the cap was call'd, that is, was unde Of Rome a freeman; but was first close shorn;

And so a citizen's hair is still short worn.

Lod. That close shaving made barbers a

company,

And now every citizen uses it. Cand. Of geometric figures the most rare, And perfect st, are the circle and the square; The city and the school much build upon These figures, for both love proportion. The city-cap is round, the scholar's square, To show that government and learning are The perfect'st limbs i' th' body of a state; For without them, all's disproportionate. If the cap had no honour, this might rear it,

Bpikes in the centre of bucklers. . Strute

3 A pipe organ.
4 The model for the hat.

· Head-dresses.

The reverend fathers of the law do wear it. It's light for summer, and in cold it site.

Close to the skull, a warm house for the wite.

It shows the whole face boldly, 't is not made.

As if a man to look on 't were afraid,

Yor like a draper's shop with broad dark shed, For he's no citizen that hides his head.

Flat cape as proper are to city gowns.
As to armours holmets, or to kings their crown Let then the city-cap by none be scorn'd.
Since with it princes' heads have been adorn'd. If more the round cap's honour you would know How would this long gown with this steeple. show ?

All. Ha, ha, ha! most vile, most ugly.

Cand. Pray, signor, pardon me, 't was done in jest.

Bride. A cup of claret wine there. 1 Pren. Wine? yes, forsouth, wine for the bride.

Car. You ha' well set out the cap, sir.

Lod. Nay, that 'a flat.

Cand. A health !

Lod. Since his cap's round, that shall go round. Be bare,

For in the cap's praise all of you have chare.

[They bure their heads and drink.

As I Prentice offers the wine to the
Bride,] she hits him on the lips,

breaking the glass).

The bride's at cuffs.

Cand. Oh, peace, I pray thee; thus far off I stand,

I spied the error of my servants; She call'd for claret, and you fill'd out sack. That cup give me, 't is for an old man's back. And not for hers. Indeed, 't was but mistaken; Ask all these else.

No faith, 't was but mistaken.

1 Pren. Nay, she took it right enough. "
Cand. Good Luke, reach her that glam of

claret.

Here mistress bride, pledge me there.

Bride. Now I'll none. Bride. Cand. How now?

Lod. Look what your mistress ails.

1 Pren. Nothing, sir. but about filling a wrong glass, - a scurvy trick. Cand. I pray you, hold your tongue. - My servant there tells me she is not well.

Guests. Step to her, step to her.

Lod. A word with you: do yo hear? This
wench, your new wife, will take you down in

your wedding shoes, unless you hang her up in

your weeding anters, intess you hang her up in her wedding garters?

Cand. How, hang her in her garters?

Lod. Will you he a tame pigeon still? Shall your back be like a tortuise shell, to let carte go over it, yet not to break? This she-can will have more lives than your last puss had, and will soratch worse, and mouse you worse. Link

Cand. What would you have me do, sir? Lod. What would I have you do? Swear, swagger, brawl, fling! for fighting it 's no mat-

⁷ The steeple-like hat worn by I Guest,

ter, we ha' had knocking pusses enow already; you know, that a woman was made of the rib of a man, and that rib was crooked. The [00 moral of which is, that a man must from his beginning be crooked to his wife. Be you like an orange to her; let her cut you never so fair, be you sour as vinegar. Will you be ruled by me? Cand. In any thing that a civil, honest, and

Lod. Have you over a prentice's suit will fit

Cand. I have the very same which myself

Lod. I'll send my man for 't within this half hour, and within this two hours I'll be your hour, and within this two hours I'll be your prentice. The hen shall not overgrow the cook;

Cand. It will be but some jest, sir?
I od. Only a jest: farewell, come. Carolo.
Excust [Lopovico, Carolo, and

ASTOLFOL. ASTOLEO].

All. We 'll take our leaves, sir, too.

Cond.

Pray conceit not ill

Of my wife's sudden rising. This young knight.

Sir Lodovico, is deep seen in physic.

And he tells me, the disease, called the mother, ill

Hangs on my wife, it is a vehement heaving

And heating of the stomach, and that swelling

Did with the pain thereof cramp up her arm.

That hit his line and brake the glass—no

That hit his lips, and brake the glass, - no harm,

le was no harm! No, signor, none at all. Guesta. No, signor, none at all.

Cond. The straightest arrow may fly wide by

chance. But come, we'll close this brawl up in some dance. Eseunt.

[ACT II]

(SCENE I.)2

Enter BELLAFRONT and MATHEO.

Bell. O my sweet husband! wert thou in thy grave and art alive again? Oh welcome, wel-

Mot. Dost know me? My cloak, prithee, lay 't np. Yes, faith, my winding-sheet was taken [5] out of lavender, to be stuck with rosemary: 3 I but of lavender, to be stilled with resentary: "I hackt but the knot here, or here; yet if I had had it, I should ha made a wry mouth at the world like a plaice; but, sweetest villain, I am here now and I will talk with thee soon.

now and I will talk with thee soon.

Bell. And glad am I th' art here.

Mat. Did these heels caper in shackles? Ah!

my little plump rogue, I'll bear up for all this,
and fly high. Catso catso.

Bell. Mathea?

Mathea?

Mathea?

Description of bear of the sayest? O brave
tresh uir! a pox on these grates and gingling
of keys, and rattling of iron. I'll bear up, I'll

the back watch hanc toff. by high, weach, hang toff.5

* A room in Matheo's house. 1 Hysteria.

Resenant was an emblem of remembrance.

| Ital A term of abuse or contempt.
| A vague exclamation. Hang it all! (?)

Bell. Matheo, prithee, make thy prison thy glass,

And in it view the wrinkles and the scars By which thou wert disfigur'd: viewing them, mend them.

Mot. I'll go visit all the mad rogues now, and the good roaring boys.

Bell. Thou dost not hear mo?

Mat. Yes, faith, do I.

Bell. Thou has been in the hands of misery, and ta'en strong physic; prithee now be sound.

Mat. Yes. 'Noot, I wonder how the inside of misery looks now. Oh, when shall I is Mat. Yes. 'Sfoot, I wonder how the inside of a tavern looks now. Oh, when shall I is

bizzle, bizzle.

Bell. Nay, see, thou 'rt thirsty still for poison! Come,

I will not have thee swagger.

Honest ape's face ! Mot.

Bell. 'T is that sharp'ned an axe to cut thy

Good love. I would not have thee sell thy substance

And time, worth all, in those damn'd shops of hell; Those diving houses, that stand never well

But when they stand most ill; that four-squar'd Bill 6

Has almost lodg'd us in the beggar's inn. Besides, to speak which even my soul does grieve,

A sort of ravens have hung upon thy sleeve, And fed upon thee: good Mat, if you please, Scorn to spread wing amongst so base as these;

By them thy fame is speckled, yet it shows Clear amongst them; so crows are fair with CPOWS.

Custom in sin, gives sin a lovely dye; Blackness in Moors is no deformity.

Mat. Bellafront, Bellafront, I protest to thee, I swear, as I hope for my soul, I will turn over a new leaf. The prison I confess to has bit me; the best man that sails in such a

ship, may be lonsy.

Bell, One knocks at door,

Mat. I'll be the porter. They shall see a jail cannot hold a brave spirit, I'll fly high.

Bell. How wild is his behaviour! Oh, I fear He's spoil'd by prison, he's half damn'd comes

there. But I must sit all storms : when a full sail His fortunes spread, he lov'd me; being now

I'll beg for him, and no wife can do more.

Re-enter MATHEO, with ORLANDO like a Serving-man.

Mat. Come in, pray! would you speak with

Met. Sir?

Orl. Is your name Signor Matheo?

Mot. My name is Signor Matheo.

Orl. Is this gentlewoman your wife, sie?

Mat. This gentlewoman is my wife, sir.

Roystoring gallants.
Drink deep.

Dicing. 1 Band.

Orl. The Destines spin a strong and even thread of both your loves! - [.iside.] The mother's own face, I ha' not forgot that. I'm an old man, sir, and am troubled with a [10 whoreson salt rheum, that I cannot hold my water. - Gentlewoman, the last man I served

was your father.

Bell. My father? Any tongue that sounds his Dane.

peaks music to me; welcome, good old man! How does my father? Lives he? Has be health?

How does my father? - [Aside.] I so much do shame him.

So much do wound him, that I scarce dare name him.

Orl. I can speak no more.

Mat. How, old lad, what, dost ory?
Orl. The rheum still, sir, nothing else; I should be well season'd, for mine eyes lie in brine. Look you, sir, I have a suit to you.

Mat. What is 't. my little white-pate?
Orl. Troth, sir, I have a mind to serve your

Mat. To serve me? Troth, my friend, my

fortunes are, as a man may say — Orl. Nay, look you, sir, I know, when all sins are old in us, and go upon crutches, that covetonsness does but then lie in her cradle; 'tis not so with me. Lechery loves to dwell in the fairest lodging, and covetousness in the oldest buildings, that are ready to fall: but my white head, sir, is no inn for such a gossip. If a [95 serving-man at my years be not stored with bis-cuit enough, that has sailed about the world, to serve him the voyage out of his life, and to bring him East home, ill pity but all his days should be fasting days. I care not so much for for wages, for I have scraped a handful of gold together. I have a little money, sir, which I would put into your worship's hands, not so Mot. No. no. you say well, thou sayest well; but I must tell you, — How much is the money, sayest thou?

Orl. About twenty pound, sir.
Mat. Twenty pound? Let me see: that shall bring thee in, after ten per centum per un-

Orl. No. no. no, sir. no: I cannot abide to have money engender: fie upon this silver techery, fie! If I may have meat to my mouth, sectory, he! If I may have ment to my mouth, and rags to my back, and a flock-bed to justificate upon when I die, the longer liver take all.

Mot. A good old boy, i' faith! If thou servest me, thou shalt cat as I cat, drink as I drink, lie as I lie, and ride as I ride.

Orl. [Anide.] That's if you have money [100 to him horses.

to him horses.

Mat, Front, what does thou think on 't? This good old lad here shall serve me.

Bell. Alns, Matheo, wilt thou load a back That is already broke?

Mat. Peace, pox on you, peace. There's a trick in 't, I fly high; it shall be so, Front, as I tell you. Give me thy hand, thou shalt serve me i 'faith : welcome. As for your money -

Orl. Nay, look you, sir, I have it here. 128 Mat. Pish, keep it thyself, man, and then thou 'rt sure 't is safe.

Orl, Safe ! an 't were ten thousand ducate, your worship should be my cash-keeper. I have heard what your worship in, an excellent in dunghill cock, to scatter all abroad; but I'll venture twenty pounds on 's head

Gives money to MATREO. Mat. And didst thou serve my worshipful father-in-law, Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, that madman, once?

Orl. I served him so long, till he turned my

out of doors.

May. It's a notable chuff; I ha' not seen

him many a day.

Orl. No matter an you ne'er see him: it's an arrant grandee, a churl, and as danua'd

a cut-throat.

Bell. Thou villain, curb thy tongue! Thou

art a Judas,
To sell thy master's name to slander thus, Mat. Away, ass! He speaks but truth, thy father is a -

Bell. Gentleman.

Mat. And an old knave. There's more deceit in him than in sixteen pothecaries. it's devil; thou may'at beg, starve, hang, damp! does he send thee so much as a cheese?

Orl. Or so much as a gammon of bacen;

he 'll give it his dogs first.

Mat. A jail, a jail. Orl. A Jew, a Jew, sir.

Mat. A dog ! Orl. An English mastiff. sir.

Mat. Pox rot out his old stinking garbage!
Bell. Art not asham'd to strike an absent
man thus?

Art not usham'd to let this vild " dog bark, ... And bite my father thus? I'll not endure it.

Out of my doors, base slave!
Mut. Your doors? a vengeance! I shall live Mat. to cut that old rogue's throat, for all you take his part thus

Orl. [Aside.] He shall live to see thee hang'd first.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Mat. Gods so, my lord, your lordship is most

welcome.
I'm proud of this, my lord.
Was bold to see you. La that your wife?

Mut.

Yea, sir.
I'll horrow her lip. Hip. KING BELLAPHONT.

Mat. With all my heart, my lord.
(b.d. Who's this, I pray, sir.
Mat. My Lord Hippolite: what's the narror?
Pachene.

Mut. Pacheco, fine name: thou seest, I's checo. I keep company with no acoundrela, nor base fellows.

Hip. Came not my footman to you? Bell. Yes, my luck.

1 Notorious churt.

2 Vilo.

Hip. I sent by him a diamond and a letter, Did you receive them !

Yes, my lord, I did.

Hip. Read you the letter?

O'er and o'er 't is read. Hip. And, faith, your answer?

low the time 's not fit, 186 Bell.

You see, my bushand 's here,

Hin.

I'll now then leave you, And choose mine honr; but ere I part away, Hark you, remember I must have no may. — Matheo, I will leave you.

A glass of wine.

Mat.

Hip. Not now, I'll visit you at other times.
You're come off well, then?

Mat. Excellent well, I thank your lordship. I owe you my life, my lord; and will pay my best blood in any service of yours.

Hip. I'll take no such dear payment, [va. Hark you, Matheo, I know the prison is a gulf. If money run low with you, my purse is yours: all far it. call for it.

Mot. Faith, my lord, I thank my stars, they end me down some; I cannot sink, so long as

these bladders hold.

Hip. I will not see your fortunesebb; pray, try. To starve in full barns were fond 1 modesty.

Mat. Open the door, sirrah.

Hip. Drink this, and anon, I pray thee, [see give thy mistress this.

[Gives to FRISCORALDO, who opens the door, first money, then a purse, and exit.

Orl. O noble spirit, if no worse guests here dwell,

My blue coat sits on my old shoulders well.

Mat. The only royal fellow, he is bounteous
to the Indies. What is that he said to thee, [210]

as the Indies. What's that he said to thee, [10]
Bells front?
Bell. Nothing.
Mat. I prithee, good girl.
Well. Why. I tell you, nothing.
Mat. Nothing? It's well. Tricks! that I for
most be beholden to a sentd hot-liver'd goatish
gallant, to stand with my cap in my hand, and
vail? bonnet, when I ha' spread as boty sails
as himself. Would I had been hanged. No-

thing? Pacheco, brush my cloak.

Oct. Where is 't, sir?

Mot. Come, we'll fly high.

Nothing? There 's a whore still in thy eye,

Orl. [Aside.] My twenty pounds fly high. ()
wretched woman!

This variet's able to make Lucrece common. —

Ho my master dy'd you into this and colour? Bell. Follow, begone I pray thee; if thy

Inch after talk so much, seek out thy master.

Thou 'rt a fit instrument for him.

Ocl. Zounda, I hope be will not play upon me !

Bell. Play on thee? No, you two will fly to-

gether. Because you're roving arrows of one feather.

1 Lower, take off.

Would thou wouldst leave my house; thou ne'er shalt please me !

Weave thy nets ne'er so high, Thou shalt be but a spider in mine eye.

Thou'rt rank with poison: poison temper'd

Is food for health; but thy black tongue doth swell

With venous, to hurt him that gave thee bread.

To wrong men abacut, is to spurn the dead; so And so did'st thou thy master, and my father. Orl. You have small reason to take his part; for I have heard him say five hundred times, you were as arrant a whore as ever stiff ned tiffany neekeloths in water-starch upon a | 144 Saturday i' th' afternoon.

Bell. Let him say worse. When for the

earth's offence

Hot vengeance through the marble clouds is driven,

Is't fit earth shoot again those darts at heaven?
Orl. And so if your father call you whore [as you'll not call him old knave.—[...] side.] Friscobaldo, she carries thy mind up and down; she is thine own flesh, blood, and bone.—Troth, mistress, to tell you true, the fireworks that ran from me upon lines against my good ran from me upon lines against my good had old master, your father, were but to try how my young master, your husband, loved such squibs: but it is well known. I love your father as myself; I'll ride for him at midnight, run for you by owl-light; I'll die for him. 100 drudge for you; I'll fly low, and I'll fly high, as my master says, to do you good, if you'll foreview me. give me.

Bell. I am not made of marble; I forgive

Orl. Nay, if you were made of marble, a good stone-cutter might cut you. I hope the twenty pound I delivered to my master is in a sure

Bell. In a sure hand, I warrant thee, for

spending.
Orl. I see my young master is a mad-cap, [100 and a bonus socius. I love him well, mistress yet as well as I love him, I 'll not play the knave with you. Look you, I could cheat you of this purse full of money; but I am an old lad, and I seem to cony-catch. 9 yet I ha' been dog [1.5] [Gross purse.] at a cony in my time.

Bell. A purse? Where hadst it?

Orl. The gentleman that went away whis-

per'd in mine ear, and charged me to give it YOU.

Bell. The Lord Hippolito?

Orl. Yes, if he be a lord, he gave it me.

Bell. 'T is all gold.

Orl. 'T is like so. It may be, he thinks you want money, and therefore bestows his alms [188 bravely, like a lord,

Bell. He thinks a silver net can catch the

poor; Here's bait to choke a nun, and turn her whore.

Wilt thou be honest to me?

Boon companion.

4 Chest.

5 Foolish.

Orl. As your nails to your fingers, which I think never decrived you.

Bell. Thou to this lord shalt go, commend me

to him.

And tell him this, the town has held out long, Because within 't was rather true than strong; To sell it now were base. Say 't is no hold as Built of weak stuff, to be blown up with gold. He shall believe thee by this token, or this; If not, by this. (Giving purse, ring, and letters. Orl. Is this all?

Bell. This is all. Ort. [Aside.] Mine own girl still!
Bell. A star may shoot, not fall.

Orl. A star? nay, thou art more than the isso moon, for thou hast neither changing quarters, nor a man standing in thy circle with a bush of thorns. Is 't possible the Lord Hippolito, whose face is as civil as the outside of a dedicatory book, should be a muttonmonger?1 A poor man has but one ewe, and this grandee sheep-biter leaves whole flocks of fat wethers, whom he may knock down, to devour this. I'll trust neither lord nor butcher with quick flesh for this trick; the cuckoo, I see now, [40 sings all the year, though every man cannot hear him; but I'll spoil his notes. Can neither love-letters, nor the devil's common pick-locks, Nor all good wenches that are markt for

whores. [SCENE II.]

Enter CANDIDO, and Lopovico like a Prentice.

Lod. Come, come, come, what do yo lack, air? What do ye lack, sir? What is 't ye lack, sir? Is not my worship well snited? Did you over see a gentleman better disguised? Cand. Never, believe me, signor.

Lod. Yes, but when he has been drunk.

There be prentices would make mad gallants, for they would spend all, and drink, and whore, and so forth; and I see we gallants could make mad prentices. How does thy wife like me? [19] Nav. I must not be so saucy, then I spoil all. Pray you how does my mistress like me? Cand. Well; for she takes you for a very

Cand. We simple fellow.

Lad. And they that are taken for such are [14] commonly the arrantest knaves: but to our comedy, come.

Cand. I shall not act it; chide, you say, and

And grow impatient: I shall never do 't.

Lod. 'Shlood, cannot you do as all the [50 world does, counterfeit?

Cand. Were I a painter, that should live by

drawing Nothing but pictures of an angry man,

I should not earn my colours; I cannot do't, Lod. Remember you're a linen-draper, and Iss that if you give your wife a yard, she'll take

Whoremonger.

Before Candido's shop. Portcullis. an ell : give her not therefore a quarter of your

yard, not a nail.

Cund. Say I should turn to ice, and nip her

love Now 't is but in the bud. Well, say she 's nipt. It will so overcharge her heart with Cand. grief,

That like a cannon, when her sighs go off, She in her duty either will recoil, Or break in pieces and so die: her death,

By my unkindness might be counted murder.
Lod. Die? never, never. I do not bid von
beat her, nor give her black eyes, nor pinch her sides; but cross her humours. Are not baker's arms the scales of justice? Yet is not their bread light? And may not you, I pray. bridle her with a sharp bit, yet ride her gently? Cand. Well, I will try your pills.

Cana. Well, I will try your pills.
Do you your faithful service, and be ready
Still at a pinch to help me in this part,
Or clas I shall be out clean.
Lod. Come, come, I'll prompt you.
Cand. I'll call her forth now, shall I?
Lod. Do, do, bravely.
Cand. Luke, I pray, bid your mistres

I pray, bid your mistress to

come hither. Luke, I pray, bid your mistress to come hither.

Cand. Sirrah, bid my wife come to me: why, when?4

Pren. (within.) Presently, sir, she comes. Lod. La, you, there 's the echo! She comes,

Enter BRIDE.

Bride. What is your pleasure with me? Marry, wife, I have intent; and you see this stripling here, -He bears good will and liking to my trade.

And means to deal in linen.

Lod. Yes, indeed, sir, I would deal in line

if my mistress like me so well as I like her Cand. I hope to find him honest, pray ; got

wife, Look that his bed and chamber be ma

ready.

Bride. You're best to let him hire me for bemaid.

I look to his bed? Look to 't yourself Cand.

I swear to you a great oath awent to you a great oath —

Lod. [Aside.] Sweat. cry "Zounds!"—

Cand. I will not — go to, wife — I will not

Lod. [Aside.] That your great oath?

Cand. Swallow these gudgeous!

Lod. [Aside.] Well said!

Reide. Then fast, then you may choose.

Cand.

You know at to

What tricks you play'd, swagger'd, hrus Fie, fie, fie! and now before my prentice her

You make an ass of me, thou - what shal I call thee?

Bride. Even what you will.

An expression of impatience. Be so imposed upon.

Lod. [Aside.] Call her arrant where. Cand. [Ande.] Oh fie, by no means! then she'll call me cuckold.— Surrah, go look to th' shop.— How does this

Bhow ?

Lod. [Aside.] Excellent well - I'll go look to the slup, sir.

Fine cambries, luwns; what do you lack?

Exit (into the shap). before.

And 't was so rank in taste, I 'll drink no more.
Wife, I 'll tame you.
Brede.
You may, sir, if you can, so
Rut at a wrestling I have seen a fellow

Limb'd like an ox, thrown by a little man.

Cand. And so you'll throw me? — Reach
me, knaves, a yard!

Lod. A yard for my master.
[Lopayten returns from the shop with a yard-wand and followed by Prentices.

Prentices.]

1 Pren. My master is grown valiant,
Cand. I'll teach you fencing tricks.
Prentices. Kare, rare! a prize!!
Lod. What will you do, sir?
Cand. Macry, my good prentice, nothing but breathe my wife.
Bride. Breathe me with your yard?
Lod. No, he 'll but measure you out, forsooth.
Bride. Since you'll needs fence, bandle your

wenpun well,

For if you take a yard, I'll take an ell. Reach me an ell!

An ell for my mistress. Brings an ell-tromy mistress.

Brings an ell-mand from the shop.]

Koop the laws of the noble science, sir, and measure weapons with her; your yard is a plain heathenish weapon. 'T is too short, she may give you a handful, and yet you'll not

reach live .

Cand. Yet I ha' the longer arm. — Come fall to 't roundly, And spare not me, wife, for I'll lay't on soundly.

If o'er husbands their wives will needs be mas-

We men will have a law to win't at wasters,2
Lad. 'T is for the breeches, is 't not?'
Cond.

Bride. Husband, I 'm for you, I 'll not strike

in jest. Cand. Nor l

Isride. But will you sign to one request?

Bride. Let me give the first blow. Cand. The first blow, wife? [Aside to Lap.] Shall I? Prompt?

Let her ha't: she strike hard, in to her, and break her pate.

C. ad. A bargain: strike!

Brude. Then guard you from this blow,
or I play all at legs, but 't is thus low.

She kneels. Behold, I'm sach a cunning fencer grown,

I keep my ground, yet down I will be thrown With the least blow you give me; I disdain in The wite that is her husband's sovereign.

The wife that is her husband a sovereign. She that upon your pillow first did rest. They say, the breeches wore, which I detest: The tax which she impos'd on you, I abute you; If me you make your mater, I shall hate you. The world shall judge who offers fairest play; You win the breeches, but I win the day.

Cand. Thou win at the day indeed, give me

thy hand;

I'll challenge thee no more. My patient breast Play'd thus the rebel, only for a jest. 18 Here's the rank rider that breaks colts; 't is he Can tame the mad folks, and curst wives.

Bride. Who? Your man?

Cand. My man? My master, though his head be bare,

But he's so courteous, he'll put off his hair.

Lod. Nay, if your service he so hot a [as man cannot keep his hair on, I'll serve you no longer.

Takes off his false hur.]

Bride. Is this your schoolmaster?

Lod. Yes, faith, wench, I taught him to take thee down. I hope thou canst take him down

without teaching; You ha' got the conquest, and you both are friends.

Cand. Bear witness else.

Lod. My prenticeship then ends. Cand. For the good service you to me have done,

I give you all your years.
Lod. I thank you, master. to
I'll kies my mistress now, that she may say
My man was bound, and free all in one day.
Execute

Exeunt.

ACT III

[SCENE I.] 1

Enter INFRISOR, and ()RLANDO disquised as a Serving-man].

Inf. From whom say'st thou? From a poor gentlewoman, madam,

whom I serve.

Inf. And what 's your business?

Orl. This madam: my poor mistress has a lowaste piece of ground, which is her own by inheritance, and left to her by her mother. There's a lord now that goes about not to take it clean from her, but to enclose it to himself, and to in it was a piece of his headship.

and to join it to a piece of his lordship's.

Inf. What would she have me do in this?
Orl. No more, madam, but what one woman should do for another in such a case. My honourable lord your husband, would do any thing in her behalf, but she had rather put herself [10]

do more with the duke, your father.

Inf. Where lies this hand?

Orl. Within a stone's cast of this place. My mistress, I think, would be content to let whim enjoy it after her decesse, if that would

A femeing contest, Cl. p. 414, note 5. Cudgala.

An apartment in Hippolito's house

serve his turn, so my master would yield too; but she cannot abide to hear that the lord should meddle with it in her lifetime,

Int. Is she then married? Why stirs not less her husband in it?

Orl. Her husband stirs in it underhand: but because the other is a great rich man, my master is loth to be seen in it too much.

Inf. Let her in writing draw the cause at large,

And I will move the duke.

Orl. 'T is set down, madam, here in black and white already. Work it so, madam, that she may keep her own without disturbance, grievance, molestation, or meddling of any [26 other; and she bestows this purse of gold on your ladyship.

Inf. Old man, I'll plead for her, but take no

fees.

Give lawyers them, I swim not in that flood; I'll touch no gold, till I have done her good. 60

Orl. I would all proctors' clerks were of your mind, I should law more amongst them than I do then. Here, madam, is the survey, not only of the manor itself, but of the grange-house, with every meadow pasture, plough-land, econy-burrow, fish-pond, hedge, ditch, and bush, trives a le ter. that stands in it.

Inf. My husband's name, and hand and seal

at arms

To a love letter? Where hadet thou this writ-

ing?
Orl. From the foresaid party, madam, that would keep the foresaid land out of the foresaid

lord's fugers.

Inf. My lord turn'd ranger now?

Orl. You're a good huntress, lady; you ha'
found your game already. Your lord would be fain be a ranger, but my mistress requests you to let him run a course in your own park. If you'll not do't for love, then do't for money! She has no white money, but there's gold; or elec she prays you to ring him by this token, and so you shall be sure his nose will not be rooting other men's pastures.

[Gives purse and ring.]

Inf. This very purse was woven with mine own hands; This diamond on that very night, when he Untied my virgin girdle, gave I him; And must a common harlot share in mine?

Old man, to quit thy pains, take thou the gold. Orl. Not I, madam, old serving-men want no

money.

Inf. Cupid himself was sure his secretary; no

These lines are even the arrows love let flies,
The very ink dropt out of Venus eyes.
Orl. I do not think, madam, but he fetcht
off some poet or other for those lines, for they Inf. Here's honied poison! To me he ne'er

thus writ;

But has can set a double edge on wit.

Orl. Nav. that 's true, madam, a weach will whet any thing, if it he not too dull.

Inf. Oaths, promises, preferments, jewels,

gold,

What snares should break, if all these cannot hold?

What creature is thy mistress?

Orl. One of those creatures that are contrary

to man; a woman.

Inf. What manner of woman?

Orl. A little tiny woman, lower than your ladyship by head and shoulders, but as mad s wench as ever unlaced a petticoat : these things should I indeed have delivered to my lord, your husband

Inf. They are delivered better: why should

Send back these things?
Orl. 'Ware, 'ware, there's knavery Orl. 'Ware, 'ware, there's knavery.
Inf. Strumpets, like cheating gamesters, will

At first; these are but baits to draw him in.

How might I learn his hunting hours?

Orl. The Irish footnan can tell you all his hunting hours, the park he hunts in, the do-he would strike; that Irish shackatory bests the bush for him, and knows all; he brought that letter, and that ring; he is the carrier.

Inf. Knowest thou what other gifts have past

between them?

Orl. Little Saint Patrick knows all.

Int. Him I'll examine presently.

Orl. Not whilst I am here, sweet madam.

Inf. Be gone then, and what lies in me com-Exit ORLANDO. mand.

Enter BRYAN.

Inf. How much cost those satins, And cloth of silver, which my husband sent

By you to a low gentleweman yonder?

Bry. Fast sating? fast silvers, fast low gentlefolks? Dow pratest dow knowest not what. i' fnat, la.

Inf. She there, to whom you carried letters. Bry. By dis hard and hod dow east true, if I did so, oh how? I know not a letter a de in book i faat, la.

Inf. bid your lord never send you with a

ring, sir,

Set with a diamond?

Bry. Never, sa crees sa' me, never! He may run at a towsand rings i faut, and I never in hold his stirrup, till he leap into de enddle. Hy St. Patrick, madam, I never touch inv lord's diamond, nor ever laid to do, i' fuat, la, with any of his precious stones.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Are you so close,2 you lawd, you par-Inf. d'ring slave? Hip. How now? Why, Inteliee: what a your quarrel?

Inf. Out of my sight, base variet! get thee

gone. Hip. Away, you rogue!
Bry. Slawne loot, fare de well, fare de well.
Ah marragh frofat boddah breen!

2 Secret I Hound.

t Irish. Slån leet, fare thee well
Irish. de a marach refembadh hadach before—On
the morrow of a least, a clown in a breat. (Rbya.)

Hip. What, grown a fighter? Prithee, what's the matter?

Inf. If you'll needs know, it was about the clock.

How works the day, my lord, pray, by your watch?

Hip. Lest you cuff me, I'll tell you presently:1 I atu near two.

Inf. How, two? I'm scarce at one, ta

The One of us then goes false.
Then sure 't is you, Mine goes by heaven's dial, the sun, and it goes

Hip. I think, indeed, mine runs somewhat

too fast.

Inf. Set it to mine at one then.

Hip. One? 't is past : T is past one by the sun.

Inf.

Faith, then, helike, was Neither your clock nor mine does truly strike;

And since it is uncertain which goes true, Better be false at one, than false at two.

Hip. Y are very pleasant, madam.

Yet not merry.

Thp. Why, Infelice, what should make you sad?

Inf. Nothing, my lord, but my false watch.

Pray, tell me, —

You see, my clock or yours is out of frame, Must we upon the workmen lay the blame, Or on ourselves that keep them?

Hip. Fuith on both. He may by knavery spoil them, we by sloth, 200 But why talk you all riddle thus? I read Strange conunents in those margins of your looks. Your cheeks of late are like bad printed books, so dimly charact'red, I scarce can spell

One line of love in them, Sure all's not well, 188 Inf. All is not well indeed, my dearest lord; Lock up thy gates of hearing, that no sound Of what I speak may enter.

H.p. What means this? Count it a dream, or turn thine eyes away, 100 And think me not thy wife. She kneels, III.p. Why do you kneel?

Inf. Earth is ain's quahion: when the sick

Herself grawing poor, then she turns beggar,

And kneels for help. Hippolito, for husband I dare not call thee, I have stolen that jewel us Of my chaste honour, which was only thine, And given it to a slave.

Hip. Ha? On thy pillow Adultory and lust have slept; thy groom lath slimb'd the unlawful tree, and pluckt the

rillain hath usurp'd a husband's sheets. Hip. S death, who?—a enckeld!—who? Int. This high footman. Hip. Worse than damnation! a wild kerne,² a frog,

A dog : whom I'll scarce spurn. Long'd you for shamrock?

Were it my tather's father, heart, I'll kill him, Although I take him on his death-bed gasping "Twixt Heaven and hell! A shag-hair'd curl

Bold strumpet, Why hang'st thou on me? Think'st I'll be a bawd

To a whore, because she 's noble?

Inf. beg but this, Set not my shame out to the world's broad eye, Yet let thy vengeance, like my fault, soar high, So it be in dark ned clouds.

Dark'ned! my horas in Hip. Cannot be dark'ned, nor shall my revenge. A harlot to my slave? The act is base,

Common, but foul, so shall not thy disgrace. Could not I feed your appetite? O women You were created angels, pure and fair;

But since the first fell, tempting devils you are. You should be men's bliss, but you prove their

Were there no women, men might live like gods.

You ha' been too much down already; rise, 100 Get from my sight, and henceforth shun my hed .

I'll with no atrumpet's breath be poisoned. As for your Irish lubrican, that spirit Whom by prepost'rous charms thy lust bath raised

In a wrong circle, him I 'll damn more black was Then any tyrant's soul.

Inf.
Hip. Tell me, didst thou bait books to draw
him to three,

Or did he bewitch thee?

The slave did woo me.

Hip. Tu-whoos in that sereech-owl's lan-guage! (th. who'd trust Your cork-heel'd sex? I think to sats your lust You'd love a horse, a bear, a croaking toad, so So your hot itching veins might have their bound

Then the wild Irish dart was thrown? Come, how?

The manner of this fight?

Inf. 'T was thus, he gave me this battery first.—Oh, I
Mistake believe me, all this in boaten gold;
Yet I held out, but at length thus was charm'd.
[Grees letter, purse and ring.]
What? change your diamond, wench? The act

is base. Common, but foul, so shall not your disgrace.

You were created angels, pure and fair, But since the first fell, worse than devils you

You should our shields bo, but you prove our rods.

Were there no men, women might live like gods.

Guilty, my lord? Yes, guilty, my good lady. us

An Irish foot-soldier: often used contemptuously.

² Leprechaun, a pigmy sprite in Irish folk-lors.

Inf. Nay, you may laugh, but henceforth shun my bed,

With no whore's leavings I 'll be poisoned.

Hip. O'er-reached so finely? 'T'is the very diamond

And letter which I sent. This villany Some spider closely weaves, whose poison'd bulk I must let forth. Who's there without? Ser. (within.) My lord calls?

Hip. Send me the footman.

Ser. (within.) Call the footman to my lord. -Bryun, Bryan!

Re-enter BRYAN.

Hip. It can be no man else, that Irish Judas, Bred in a country where no venom prospers But in the nation's blood, hath thus betray'd

Slave, get you from your service.

Bry. Faat meanest thou by this now?
Hip. Question me not, nor tempt my fury,

villain! Couldst thou turn all the mountains in the land To hills of gold, and give me, here thou stayest

Bry. I fant, I care not.

Hip. Prate not, but get thee gone, I shall send else.

Bry. Ay, do predy, I had rather have thee Bry. Av. do predy, I and rather have thee make a scabbard of my guts, and let out all de Irish puddings in my poor belly, den to be a false knave to de, i' faat! I will never see dinown sweet face more. A marchid deer a gru, fare dee well; fare dee well; I will go steal [200 cown again in Iroland.

Hip. He's danon'd that raised this whirl-

wind, which hath blown

Into her eyes this jealonsy: yet I'll on, I'll on, stood armed devils staring in my face, To be pursued in flight, quickens the race, see Shall my blood-streams by a wife's lust be barr'd ?

Fond 2 woman, no: iron grows by strokes more

hard;

Lawless desires are seas scorning all bounds. Or sulphur, which being ramm'd up, more confounds;

Struggling with madmen madness nothing turnes ;

Winds wrestling with great fires incense the flames. Exit.

[Scene II.] 3

Enter BELLAFRONT, and ORLANDO Idisquised as a Serving-man), MATHEO following,

Bell. How now, what ails your master? Orl. Has taken a younger brother's purge, for sooth, and that works with him. Bell. Where is his clock and rapier?

Bell. Where is his clock and rapier? Orl. He has given up his clock, and his ca- [s pier is bound to the peace. If you look a little higher, you may see that another hath ent'red

A maighindir a gradh, O master, O love. A room in Matheo's house. 1 Foolish.

into hatband for him too. Six and four 4 have put him into this sweat.

Bell. Where 's all his money?

Orl. 'T is put over by exchange; his doublet was going to be translated, but for me. If any man would ha' lent but half a ducat on his beard, the hair of it had stuft a pair of breeches by this time. I had but one poor penny, and othat I was glad to niggle out, and buy a hollyward to crow him through the street. As he wand to grace him through the street. As hap was, his boots were on, and them I dustred, to make people think he had been riding, and I had run by him. -

Bell. Oh me! - How does my sweet Matheo?

Mat. Oh rogue, of what devilish stuff are these dice made of, — the parings of the device corns of his toes, that they run thus damnably?

these dies had on, that they run thus damnably?

Bell. I prithee, vex not.

Mot. If any handicraft's-man was ever anffred to keep shop in hell, it will be a dicemaker; he's able to undo more souls than the
devil; I play'd with mine own dice, yet ket.

Ha' you any money?

Bell. 'Las, I ha' none.

Mot. Must have money, must have some,
must have a cloak, and rapier, and things. Will
you go set your lime-twigs, and get me some
birds, some money?

Bell. What lime-twigs should I set?

Mot. You will not then? Must have cash and
pictures, do ye hear, frailty? Shall I walk in a
Plymouth cloak, that is to say like a regue, in
my hose and doublet, and a crabiree cudge! (a
in my hand, and you swim in your satius? Must
have money, come! Taking of her gove.

Orl. In't bed-time, master, that you undo my have money, come! [Taking off her gove.]
Orl. Is a bed-time, master, that you undo my

mistress?

Bell. Undo me? Yes, yes, at these rillings ! Have been too often. Help to flay, Pacheco. .

Mat. Orl. Flaving call you it Mat. I'll pawn you, by th' lord, to your very

eyebrows.

/. With all my heart, since Heaven will have me poor;
As good be drown'd at sea, as drown'd at

ord. Why, hear you, sir? I 'fuith, do not make away her gown.

Mat. (th. it 's summer, it 's summer; your only fashion for a woman now is to be light, to

be light.
Orl. Why, pray sir, employ some of that |

money you have of nine.

Mat. Thine? I'll starve first, I'll beg first, when I touch a ponny of that, let these fingues

Orl. [Aside,] So they may, for that 's past |-

touching. I saw my twenty pounds fly high.

Mat. Knowest thou never a damn'd because about the city?

Orl. Dann'd broker? Yes, five hundred Mat. The gown stood me in 7 above twenty (as

I. e. dicing. Draw out unwillingly.

f c with a staff.

duents; borrow ten of 1 it. Cannot live without

Orl. I'll make what I can of it, sir, I'll be

our broker,

Aside But not your damn'd broker. Oh thou seurvy knave!

What makes a wife turn where, but such a shave? Erit with Bellarenont's gown, Mat. How now, little chick, what allest? Weeping for a handful of tailor's shreds? Pox

on them, are there not silks enow at mercer's? Bed. I care not for gay feathers, I. a. Mat. What dost care for then? Why dost grieve? Bed. Why do I grieve? A thousand sorrows

atrike

At one poor heart, and yet it lives. Matheo, Thou art a gamester; prithee, throw at all, Set all upon one cast. We kneel and pray. And struggle for life, yet must be east away. Meet misery quickly then, split all, sell all, And when thou 'st sold all, spend it; but, I beneerli thine.

Build not thy mind on me to coin thee more; as Toget it wouldst thou have me play the whore?
Nat. 'T was your profession before I married

Bell. Umb? it was indeed. If all men should

he branded

For sins long since laid up, who could be saved? The quarter-day is at hand, how will you do or To pay the rent. Matheo?

Mat. Why, do as all of our occupation do against quarter-days; break up house, remove,

shift your lodgings : pox a' your quarters !

Enter Lopovico.

Lod. Where 'a this gallant?
Mat. Signor Lodovico? how does my little
Mirror of Knighthood? * This is kindly done, i'

faith: welcome, by my troth.

Lod. And how dost, frolic? — Save you fair
laily. —

Then lookest smug and bravely, noble Mat.

Mat. Drink and feed, laugh and lie warm.

Lod. Is this thy wife?

Mat. A poor gentlewoman, sir, whom I make

Lod. Pay custom to your lips, sweet lady Kisses her.

Mat. Borrow some shells of him. - Some wine, sweetheart.

Lod. I'll send for 't then, i 'faith.

Mat. You send for 't! - Some wine, I prithee.

Bell. I ha' no money.

Mat. 'Slood, nor I. - What wine love you,

Mat. Supported a signary of the stary of the

And what news flies abroad, Matheo?

Mat. Troth, none. Oh, signor, we ha' been merry in our days.

Lo-1. And no doubt shall again.

3 In preparation for. An allusion to a well-known romance,

s to it term for money.

The divine powers never shoot darts at men

Mortal, to kill them.

Mat. You say true.

Lod. Why should we grieve at want? Say the world made thee

Her minion, that thy head lay in her lap, And that she danc d thee on her wanton knee, She could but give thee a whole world: that 's

all, And that all's nothing ; the world's greatest part Cannot fill up one corner of thy heart.

Say the three corners were all fill'd, alas!
Of what art thou possest? A thin blown glass, Such as is by boys putt into the air ! Were twenty kingdoms thine, thou 'dst live in

(153 thm)

Thou couldst not sleep the better, nor live longer,
Nor merrier be, nor healthfuller, nor stronger. If, then, thou want'st, thus make that want thy pleasure,

No man wants all things, nor has all in measure.

Mat. I am the most wretched fellow: sure to some left-handed priest hath christ'ned me. I am so unlucky; I am never out of one puddle or another; still falling.

Re-enter BELLAFRONT [with wine] and OKL-

Fill out wine to my little finger. — With my heart, i' faith.

Lod. Thanks, good Matheo. To your own sweet self.

(Drinks.)

Re-enter ORLANDO.

Orl. All the brokers' hearts, sir, ore made of flint. I can with all my knocking strike but six sparks of fire out of them; here's six ducats, if you'll take them.

Mat. Give me them! [Taking money.] An evil conscience gnaw them all! Moths and plagues hang upon their lousy wardrobes!

Lot. Is this your man. Matheo?

[Mat.] An old serving-man.

Orl. You may give me t' other half too, sir;

that is the beggar.

Lod. What hast there, - gold?

Mat. A sort of rascels are in my debt, God

Mat. A sort of rascels are in my debt, God knows what, and they teed me with bits, with crumbs, a pox choke them.

Lod. A word, Matheo; he not angry with me; Believe it that I know the touch of time, And can part copper, though it he gilded o'er, From the true gold: the sails which thou dost

spread, Would show well if they were not horrowed. The sound of thy low fortunes drew me hither, give my self unto thee; prithee, use me, will bestow on your a suit of satin,

And all things else to fit a gentleman,

Because I love you.

Thanks, good, noble knight! Lad, Call on me when you please; till then farewell. Erst. Mat. Hast angled ? Hast out up this fresh

salmon? s Band. Bell. Wouldst have me be so base?

Mat. It 's base to steal, it 's base to be a whore: Thou 'It be more base, I 'Il make thee keep a door.1 Exit.

door. 1

Orl. I hope he will not sneak away with all the money, will he?

Bell. Thou seest he does.

Orl. Nay then, it is well. I set my brains apon an upright hast; 2 though my wits be old, yet they are like a wither d pippin, wholesome. Look you, mistress, I told him I had but six 100 ducats of the knave broker, but I had eight, and kent these two for you.

ducats of the knave or you, and kept these two for you, Bell. Thou should at have given him all.

What, to fly high? Orl.

Beil. Like waves, my misery drives on misery.

Extl.

Orl. Sell his wife's clothes from her back? 100 Does any poulterer's wife pull chickens alive? He riots all abroad, wants all at home: he dices, whores, swaggers, swears, cheats, bor-rows, pawns, I'll give him hook and line, a little more for all this; Yet sure i'th' end he 'll delude all my hopes,

And show me a French trick dane'd on the ropes, s

[SCENE III.]

Enter at one door LODOVICO and CANOLO; at another Bots, and Mistress Houselffelt, Candido and his Wife appear in the Shop.

Lod. Hist, hist, Lieutenant Bots! How dost,

Car. Whither are you ambling, Madam

Horseleech?

Mis. H. About worldly profit, sir: how |

your worships? Bots. We want tools, gentlemen, to furnish the trade: they wear out day and night, they wear out till no metal be left in their back. hear of two or three new wenches are come [10 up with a carrier, and your old goshawk here is flying at them.

Lud. And, faith, what flesh have you at

Mis. H. Ordinary dishes; by my troth, [13] aweet men, there's few good i' th' city. I am aweet men, there's few good i' th' city. I am as well furnisht as any, and, though I say it, as well custom'd.

Bots. We have meats of all sorts of dressing ; we have stew'd meat for your Frenchman, [20] that which is rotten roasted for Don Spaniardo.

Lod. A pox on 't.
Bots. We have poulterer's ware for your
sweet bloods, as dove, chicken, duck, teal, is
woodcock, and so forth: and hutcher's ment for the citizen: yet muttons ' fall very bad this

Lod. Stay, is not that my patient linen-draper onder, and my fine young smug mistress, |-

his wife?

Car. Sirrah, grannam, I'll give thee for thy

I. c. turn bawd.
 I. c. My expectation was just.
 Will be hanged.
 Prostitutes.

· Formerly used to both sexes.

fee twenty crowns, if thou canst but procure

me the wearing of you velvet cap.

Mis. H. You'd wear another thing be a sides the cap. You're a wag.

Bots. Twenty crowns? We 'll share, and I 'll be your pully to draw her on.

Lod. Do t presently; we 'll ha' come sport.

Mis. H. Wheel you about, sweet men: led o you see? I 'll cheapen wares of the man, whilst facts is doing with his rife. whilst Bots is doing with his wife.

whilst Bots is doing with his wife.

Lod. To't: if we come into the shop to do
you grace, we'll call you madam.

Bots. Pox a' your old face, give it the lo
badge of all scarvy faces, a mask.

[Mistress Horsellett putson a wask.]

Cand. What is't you lack, gentlewoman?

Cambric or lawns, or fine hollands? Pray draw

near; I can sell you a pennyworth.

Bots. Some cambric for my old lady.

Cand. Cambrie? You shall, the purest thread

in Milan.

Lod., Car. Save you, Signor Candido.

Lod. How does my noble master? How my fair mistress? Cand. My worshipful good servant. - View it well, for 't is both fine and even.

Shores cambric. Car. Cry you mercy, madam; though mask'd. I thought it should be you by your man. - Pray, signor, show her the best, for she commonly deals for good ware.

Cand. Then this shall fit ber. - This is for

Cand. Then this and the beryour ladyship.

Bots. to Bride! A word, I pray. There is a waiting gentlewoman of my lady 's — her [a name is Ruyna — says she's your kinswoman, and that you should be one of her aunts.

Bride. One of her sunts? Troth, sir, I know

Bots. If it please you to bestow the poor la-bour of your legs at any time, I will be your couvey thither.

Bride. I am a snail, sir, seldom leave my house. If 't please her to visit me, she shall

be welcome. Bots Do you hear? The naked truth is, my holy hath a young knight, her son, who love you; you're made, if you lay hold upon 't; this jewel he sends you.

Bride, Sir, I return his love and jewel with

scorn, Let go my hand, or I shall call my has-band. You are an arrant knave.

Lod. What will she do?

Bots. Do? They shall all do if Bots sets upon

them once. She was as it she had profest the trade, squeamish at first; at last her this jewel, said a knight sent it her.

Lod. is 't gold, and right stones?

Bots. Copper, copper; I go a fishing with
ese baits. She nibbled, but would not awa! these baits. low the hook, because the conger-head, her is busband, was by, but she bids the gentleman name any afternoon, and she 'll most him at her garden house," which I know.

4 Gardens with summer-houses were very common in the auburbs of London at the time, and were often used as places of intrigue. (Dyce.)

Lod. Is this no lie now?

Lod. Oh, prithee, stay there.

Bots. The twenty crowns, sir.

Lod. Before he has his work done? — But on my knightly word he shall pay't thee. 100 Enter ASTOLPO, BERALDO, FUNTINELL, und the Irish footman [BRYAN].

Ast. I thought thou hadat been gone into

Bry. No, fast, la, I cannot go dis four or

tree days. Her look thee, yonder 's the shop, and that 's

the man himself.

Fon. Thou shalt but cheapen, and do as we told thee, to put a jest upon him, to abuse his

patience,

Bry. I fast, I doubt my pate shall be knocked: but, sa crees so' me, for your shakes, I will run to any linen-draper in hell. Come,

All. Save you, gallants.

Lod., Car. Oh, well met!

Cond. You'll give no more, you say? I canmot take it.

Mis. H. Truly, I'll give no more.

Cand. It must not fetch it.

What would you have, sweet gentlemen. 100
Ast. Nay, here's the customer.

Exeunt Bors and Mistress Horse-LEECH.

Lod. The garden-house, you say ? We'll bolt 1

out your reguery.

Cand. I will but lay these parcels by - my

men Are all at custom house unloading wares.

If cambric you would deal in, there 's the best;

All Milan cannot sample it.

Lod. Do you hear it? one, two, three, —

Stoot, there came in four gallants! Sure
your wife is slipt up, and the fourth man, I
hold my life, is grafting your warden tree,? in

Cand. Ha, ha, ha! you gentlemen are full of

If she be up, she 's gone some wares to show;

If have above as good wares as below,

Lod. Have you so? Nay, then —

Cond. Naw, gentlemen, is 't cambries?

Bry. I predee now, let me have de best

Cand. What's that he says, pray, gentlemen? Lad. Marry, he says we are like to have the

Cand. The best wars? All are bad, yet wars

do good, And, like to surgeons, let sick kingdom's Elland.

Bry. Faat a devil pratest tow so? a pox on dee! I predded, let me see some hollen, to make linen shirts, for fear my body be lonsy.

Cand. Indeed, I understand no word he

epeaks. Cor. Marry, he says that at the siege in Holland

Pear-tree.

There was much bawdry us'd among the soldiers.

Though they were lousy.

Cand. It may be so, that 's likely. - True, indeed.

In every garden, sir, does grow that weed.

Bry. Pox on de gardens, and de weeds, and de fool's cap dere, and de clouts! Hear? dost make a hubby-horse of me. [Tearing the cambric.]

All. Oh, fie! he has torn the cambric.

Cand.

T is no matter. Cand.

Ast. It frots me to the soul.

Cand. So does 't not me. My customers do oft for remaints call, These are two remaints, now, no loss at all. But let me tell you, were my servants here, 160 It would ha' cost more. - Thank you, gentle-

I use you well, pray know my shop again.

All. Ha, ha, ha! come, come, let 'ago, let 's go, Exeunt.

[ACT IV]

[SCENE I.]

Enter MATHEO brave, and BELLAFRONT.

Mat. How am I suited, Front? Am I not gal-

lant, ha?

Bell. Yes, sir, you are suited well.

Mut. Exceeding passing well, and to the

Bell. The tailor has play'd his part with you.

Mat. And I have play'd a gentleman's part
with my tailor, for I owe him for the making of it.

Bell. And why did you so, sir?

Mat. To keep the tashion; it's your only to fashion now, of your best rank of gallants, to make their tailors wait for their money; neither were it wisdom indeed to pay them upon the first edition of a new suit; for commonly the suit is owing for, when the linings are worn out, and there's no reason, then, that the tailor should be paid before the mercer.

Bell. Is this the suit the knight bestowed upon you?

Mat. This is the suit, and I need not shame to wear it, for better men than I would be [1] glad to have suits bestowed on them. It's a gengrad to have suits beganised on them. It is a generous fellow, — but — pox on him — we whose pericranions are the very limbecks and stillatories of good wit and fly high, must drive liquor out of stale gaping systems. Shallow is knight, poor squire Timacheo: I'll make a wild Cataian of forty such: hang him, he's an ass. be's always sober.

Bell. This is your fault to wound your friends still.

Mat. No, faith, Front, Lodovico is a noble A room in Matheo's house. a In the fashion.

Pinely attired.

Delivery.

'It would take forty such knights to make a thiel." Cataia is China; the Chinese were supposed to be great Slavonian: it's more rare to see him in a woman's company, then for a Spaniard to go into England, and to challenge the English as

fencers there. — | Knocking within. | One knocks, — see. — | Exit | Kellarkont. | — l.a., fa, sol, la, fa, la, [sings] rustle in silks and satins! | There is music in this, and a taffeta petticost, it makes both fly high. Catso.

Re-enter Bullayhont; after her Oklando, like himself, with four men after him.

Bell. Matheo! 't is my father, Mat. Ha! father? It's no matter, he finds no tatter'd produgals here.

Orl. Is not the door good enough to hold your blue conto. Away, knaves, wear not your [a clothes threadbare at knees for me; beg Heaven's blessing, not mine. [Excust Servants.] - Oh erv your worship mercy, sir; was somewhat hold to talk to this gentlewoman, your wife here.

Mot. A poor gentlewoman, sir. Orl. Stand not, sir, bare to me; I ha' read oft That serpents who creep low, belch ranker poison

Than winged dragons do that fly aloft.

Mat. If it offend you, sir, 't is for my pleas-

orl. Your pleasure be't, sir. Umb, is this your palace?

Bell. Yes, and our kingdom, for 't is our cos-

tent,
Orl. It's a very poor kingdom then; what,
are all your subjects gone a shoop-shearing?
Not a maid? not a man? not so much as a cat? You keep a good house belike, just like one for of your profession, every room with bare walls, and a half headed hed to vault upon, as all your bawdy-houses are. Pray who are your upholaters. Oh, the spiders, I see, they bestow bangings upon you.

Mat. Bawdy-house? Zounds, sir — Bell. Oh aweet Matheo, peace. Upon my knees

I do beseech you, sir, not to arraign me For sins, which Heaven, I hope, long since hath pardoned!

Those flames, like lightning flashes, are so spent, The heat no more remains, than where ships went,

Or where birds cut the air, the print remains.

Mat. Pox on him, kneel to a dog. Bell. She that 's a whore,

Lives gallant, fares well, is not, like me, poor.

I ha' now as small acquaintance with that sin, As if I had never known 't, that never been. Orl. No acquaintance with it? What main-tains thee then? How dost live then? Has thy husband any lands, any rents coming in, any [stock going, any ploughs jogging, any ships sailing? Hust thou any wares to turn, so much as to get a single penny by?

Yes thou hast ware to sell;

Knaves are thy chapmen, and thy shop is hell.

Mat. Do you hear, sir?

I Turn over, sell.

Orl. So, sir, I do hear, sir, more of you than

you dream I do.

Mat. You fly a little too high, sir.

Orl. Why, sir, too high?

Mat. I ha' suff red your tongue, like a harr'd cater-tray, 2 to run all this while, and ha not

orl. Well, air, you talk like a gamenter.

Mat. If you come to bank at her because
Mat. hope you, here a fine path. sir, and there, there, the door.

Bell. Matheo!
Mat. Your blue coats stay for you, cir. I love

Mot. Your blue coats stay for you, air. I love a good honest roaring boy, and so—
Oil. That is the devil.

Mat. Sir, sir, I'll ha' no doves in my honest to thunder avannt. She shall live and the moutained when you, like a keg of masty stargegen, shall stink. Where "In your coffin. How "Be a musty fellow, and lousy.
Oil I have a shall be maintained how.

Orl. I know she shall be maintained, hat how? She like a quean, thou like a knave, she like a whore, thou like a thief.

Mat. Thief? Zounds! Thief?

Mat. Thief? Zounds! Thief?
Bell. Good, demest Mat! - Father!
Mat. Pox on you both! I'll not be braved New satin scorns to be put down with hare bandy velvet. Thief!
Orl. Ay, thief, th' art a murderer, a cheater, a whoremonger, a pot-hunter, a borrower, a

beggar —

Bell. Dear father —

Mat. An old ass, a dog, a churl, a chuff ao

Mat. An old ass, a moth, a mangy mule. [a

Brill. Oh me!
Orl. Varlet, for this I'll hang thee.
Mat. Ha, ha, alas!
Orl. Thou keepest a man of mine bare, [18]

under my nose.

Mat. I ader thy beard.

Orl. As arrant a smell-smock, for an old mutton-monger as thyself.

Mat. No, us yourself.

Orl. As arront a purse-taker as ever crist, Stand! yet a good fellow! Confess, and valiant; but he'll bring thee to th' gallows. You both have robb'd of late two poor country

pediars.

Mat. How's this? How's this? Don't then the high? Rob pediars?

Pear witness, Front—reb pediars? My man and I a thief?

Bell, Oh, sir, no more.

Ord. Ay, knave, two pediars. Her and cry is up, warrants are out, and I shall see thee climb a helder. climb a ladder.

Mat. And come down again as well as a bricklayer or a tiler. [tride.] How the vengeance knows he this? — If I be hanged as I'll tell the people I married old Friscobalde's daughter; I'll frisco you, and your old egresse, Orl. Tell what you canet; if I stay hers langer, I shall be hang'd too, for being in the company; therefore, as I found you, I heave in your.

A kind of tales dice.

4 Whoremeager

Mat. Kneel, and get money of him.

Orl. A knave and a quean, a thief and a strumpet, a couple of beggars, a brace of bag-

Mat. Hang upon him - Ay, sy, sir, fare you well; we are so - follow close - we are beg-- in satin - to him.

Bell. Is this your comfort, when so many

You ha' left me frozen to death?

Orl. Freeze still, starve still!

Bell. Yes, so I shall: I must: I must and

If, as you say, I'm poor, relieve me then, Let me not sell my body to base men. You call me strumpet, Heaven knows I am

Your cruelty may drive me to be one: Let not that ain be yours; let not the shame Of common where live longer than my name. That cuming bawd, Necessity, night and day Plots to undo me; drive that hag away, Lest being at lowest ebb, as now I am. I sink for ever.

Lowest ebb, what ebb? Bell. So poor, that, though to tell it be my

am not worth a dish to hold my meat;

I am not worth a dish to look my meat;

Am yet poorer, I want bread to eat.

Orf. It is not seen by your checks.

Mat. [Aside.] I think she has read an homily
to itckle the old rogue.

Orl. Want bread! There's satin: bake that.

Mat. 'Sblood, make pasties of my clothes? as

Orl. A fair new clock; stew that; an excel-

lent gilt rapier.

Mut. Will you eat that, sir?

Orl. I could feast ten good fellows with

these langers.1

Mat. The pax, you shall! Orl. I shall not, till thou begg'st, think thou

And when thou begg'st I'll feed thee at my

As I feed dogs, with bones; till then beg, borrow, Pawn, steal, and hang, turn bawd, when thou white,

art whore, - [Aside.] My heart-strings sure would crack,

Made. My heart-strings sure would crack, were they strain'd more.

Mat. This is your father, your damn'd - tonfusion light upon all the generation of you!

He can come bragging hither with four white
her ings at 's tail in blue coats, without roses in
their bullies; but I may starve ere he give me
so much as a cob.?

Mel. What tell you me of this? alsa!

Met. Go, trot after your dad, do you capitulate: I'll pawn not for you; I'll not steal to be
have do for such an hypocritical, close, cummon

bauged for such an hypocritical, close, common harlot away, you dog! — so Brave i' faith! Udsfoot, give me some meat.

Bell. Yes, sir.

Erit.

Mat. Goodman slave, my man too, is gallop'd

The straps attached to the girdle, from which a

s Herring's head.

to the devil a' the t' other side : Pacheco, I'll checo you. Is this your dad's day? Engonly paradise for women: pray get you to that paradise, because you're called an honest whore; there they live none but housest whoses with a por. Marry, here in our city, all your [m sex are but foot-cloth nags; "the master ne sooner lights but the man leaps into the saddle.

Re-enter BELLAFRONT with meat and drink].

Bell. Will you sit down, I pray, sir?

Mut. [sitting down.] I could tear, by th' Lord, his flesh, and eat his imdriff in salt, as I eat proteins: - must I choke? - My tather Friscohuldo, I shall make a prirrul hog-louse of you, Orlando, if you fall once into my tingers - Here's the savourest meat! I ha' got a stomach with chaf-

felt better ribs.

Bell. A neighbour sent it me.

Re-enter ORLANDO [disquised as a Servingman .

Mat. Hah, neighbour? Foh, my month stinks. You whore, do you beg victuals for me? Is this satin doublet to be bombasted with broken is meat?

Orl. What will you do, sir?

Mut. Beat out the brains of a beggarly— as Orl. Beat out an use's head of your own.— Away. Mistress! [Erit Bellafront.] Zounds, do but touch one hair of her, and I'll so quilt your cap with old iron, that your coveomb shall ache the worse these seven years for 't. Poes ache the worse these seven years for t. Does she look like a roasted rabbit, that you must have the head for the brains?

Mat. Ha, ha! go out of my doors, you rogue! Away, four marks? I readge.

Orl. Four marks? No. sir, my twenty pound that you ha' made fly high, and I am gone.

Mat. Must I be fed with chippings? You're best get a clapdish. and say y' are proctor to some spittle-house? — Where hast thou been, Pacheco? Come hither my little turkey-cock.

Orl. I cannot abide, sir to see a woman

Orl. I cannot abide, sir, to see a woman wrong'd, not I.

Mut. Sirrah, here was my father-in-law to-day.
Orl. Pish, then y' are full of crowns.

Mat. Hang him! he would ha' thrust crowns.

upon me, to have fall'n in again, but I scorn

cast clothes, or any man's gold.

Orl. [Aside.] — But nine. How did he brook that, sir?

Mat. Oh, swore like a dozen of drunken tinkers; at last growing foul in words, he and [see four of his men drew upon me, sir.

³ Horses with long housings.

An appetite with anger

An appetite with anger

A dish carried by beggars, with a lid used to rattle to attract notice.

Orl. In your house? Would I had been by! Mat. I made no more ado, but fell to my old lock, and so thrashed my blue-coats and old orab-tree-face my tather-m-law, and then walkt

Orl. O noble master!

Mat, Sirrah, he could tell me of the robbing the two pedlars, and that warrants are out for us both.

Orl. Good sir, I like not those crackers.²
Mat. Crackhalter, won tset thy foot to mine?
Orl. How, sir? at drinking.
Mat. We'll pull that old crow my father:
rob thy master. I know the house, thou [12] the servants: the purchase is rich, the plot to get it is easy; the dog will not part from a bone.

Orl. Pluck't out of his throat, then. I'll

spari for one, if this can bite.

Mat. Say no more, say no more, old coal; meet me anon at the sign of the Shipwrack.
Orl. Yes, sir.
Mat. And doet hear, man? — the Shipwrack.

Orl. 'Th' art at the shipwrack now, and like a swimmer,

Bold, but unexpert, with those waves dost Whose dulliance, whorelike, is to cast thee away.

Enter HIPPOLITO and BELLAFRONT.

And here's another vessel, better fraught, But as ill-mann'd; her sinking will be wrought, If rescue come not: like a man of war I'll therefore bravely out; somewhat I'll do, And either save them both, or perish too. Exit.

Hip. It is my fate to be bewitched by those

Bell. Fate? your folly. Why should my face thus mad you? 'Las, those colours

Are wound up long ago, which beauty spread; The flowers that once grew here, are withered. You turn'd my black soul white, made it look

And should I sin, it ne'er should be with you.

Hip. Your hand, I'll offer you fair play.

Hip, Your hand, I'll offer you fair pl When first We met i' th' lists together, you remember

You were a common rebel; with one purley won you to come in.

You did.

Rell. Hip. I'll try If now I can best down this chastity
With the same ordnance. Will you yield this

fort,

If the power of argument now, as then, I get of you the conquest; as before turn'd you honest, now to turn you whore, By force of strong persuasion?

Bell. I yield.

Hip. The alarum 's struck up ; I 'm your man.

Trick. 8 Bounters Cage.

Booty.

· Gallowe-bird.

· His sword.

Bell. A woman gives definnce.

Sit. They seat themselve. Bell. liegin:

"Tis a brave battle to encounter sin.

Hip. You men that are to fight in the came

To which I'm prest, and plead at the same

To which I'm prest, and plead at the bare bar,
To win a woman, if you'd have me speed,
Send all your wishes!

Bell. No doubt you're heard; proceed.

Hip. To be a harlot, that you stand upon,
The very name's a charm to make you one.
Harlotta' was a dame of so divine
And ravishing touch's that she was concubing
To an English king; her sweet bewitching ey
Did the king's heart-strings in such love-kasts
tie

tie

That even the coyest was proud when she could hear
Men say, "Behold, another Harlot there!"

And after her all women that were fair Were harlots call'd, as to this day some are: Besides, her dalliance she so well does wis, That she's in Latin call'd the Meretrix. Thus for the name; for the profession, this: Who lives in bondage, lives lac'd; the chief

Lliss This world below can yield, is liberty:
And who, then whores, with looser wings dare
fly?

As Juno's proud bird spreads the fairest tail, So does a strumpet hoist the loftiest sail. She 's no man's slave; men are her alaxes; ber

Moves not on wheels screw'd up with jealous. She, hors'd or coach'd, does merry journess make,

Free as the sun in his gilt zodiac:

As bravely does she shine, as fast she 's drive. But stays not long in any house of heaven: But shifts from sign to sign, her amorous

More rich being when she's down, than when she rises

In brief, gentlemen haunt them, soldiers fight for them, Few men but know them, few or none ablur them.

Thus for sport's aske speak I, as to a women Whom, as the worst ground, I would turn to common :

But you I would enclose for mine own bed.

Bell. So should a husband be dishonoured

Hip. Dishonour'd? Not a whit: to fall to one

Besides your husband is to full to none,

For one no number is. One in your bed, would you that reckumrg

'T is time you found retreat. Say, have I won. Hip.

Is the day ours?

The mistrem of the father of William the Comquetor-· Quality.

The battle 's but half done, None but yourself have yet sounded alarms, see

Let us strike too, else you dishonour arms.

Hip. If you can win the day, the glory's yours.

Bell. To prove a woman should not be a
whore:

When she was made, she'd one man, and no more ;

Yet she was tied to laws then, for even than, 1 T is said, she was not made for men, but man. increase earth's brood, the law was Anon, t varied.

Men should take many wives: and though they married

According to that act, yet 't is not known But that those wives were only tied to one. parliaments were since: for now one

WILLIAM BERTER Le shar'd between three hundred, nay she's common,

ommon! as spotted leopards, whom for sport Men hunt to get the flesh, but care not for sprend they note of gold, and tune their

To enchant silly women to take falls; Swearing they're angels, which that they may

They'll hire the devil to come with false dice

Oh Sirens' subtle tunes! yourselves you flatter, And our weak sex betray: so men love water; It serves to wash their hands, but being once foul.

The water down is pour'd, cast out of doors; And even of such base use do men make whores.

A harlot, like a hen, more sweetness reaps, o pick men one by one up, than in heaps: Yet all feeds but confounding.2 Say you should taste me,

I serve but for the time, and when the day
()f war is done, an eashier'd out of pay:
If like lame soldiers I could beg, that is all,
And there 's lust's rendezvous, an hospital.
Who then would be a man's slave, a man's woman?

She's half starv'd the first day that feeds in common.

You should not feed so, but with me

alone,
Bell. If I drink poison by stealth, is 't not
all one?

le 't not rank poison still with you alone? Nay, say you spi'd a courtesan, whose soft side To touch you d sell your birth-right, for one kiss Be ruck'd; she 'a won, you 're sated: what fol-lows this?

Oh, then you curse that bawd that toll'd 3 you

The night; you curse your lust, you loathe the sin.

You loathe her very sight, and ere the day Arise, you rise glad when y' are stol'n away. Even then when you are drunk with all her sweets,

2 Only confusion. I Then. * Enticed. There 's no true pleasure in a strumpet's sheets. Women whom lust so prostitutes to sale,

Like dancers upon ropes, once seen, are stale.

Hip. If all the threads of harlot's lives are spun,

So coarse as you would make them, tell me

You so long lov'd the trade?

If all the threads Bell. Of harlot's lives be fine as you would make them,

Why do not you persuade your wife turn whore,

And all dames else to fall before that sin? Like an ill husband, though I knew the same To be my undeing, followed I that game. Oh, when the work of lust had carn'd my

bread. To taste it how I trembled, lest each bit,

Ere it went down, should choke me chewing it! My bed seem'd like a cabin hung in hell, The bawd, hell's porter, and the lickerish

wine The pander fetch'd, was like an easy fine, sur For which, methought, I leas'd away my soul; And oftentimes, even in my quaffing bowl, Thus said I to myself, I am a whore,

And have drunk down thus much confusion more.

Hip. It is a common rule, and 't is more true, Two of one trade ne'er love: no more do you. Why are you sharp gainst that you once pro-

feat?

Bell. Why date you on that, which you did once detest?

I cannot, seeing she's woven of such bad stuff, Nothing did make me, when I lov'd them best,
To loathe them more than this: when in the HITCHER

fair young modest damsel I did meet, She seem'd to all a dove, when I pass'd by, And I to all a raven; every eye
That followed her went with a bashful glance, At me each bold and jeering countenance Darted forth scorn; to her as if she had been Some tower unvanquished, would they vail, Gainst me swoln rumour hoisted every sail; She, crown'd with reverend praises, pass'd by them,

I, though with face mask'd, could not scape the "Hem!"

For, as if Heaven had set strange marks on whores.

Because they should be pointing stocks to man.

Drest up in civilest shape, a courtesan -Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown, Yet she's betray'd by some trick of her own. Were harlots therefore wise, they'd be sold dear :

For men account them good but for one year, And then like almanacs whose dates are

They are thrown by, and no more look'd upon.

• Tempting. • Take off their hate.

Who 'll therefore backward fall, who will launch

in seas so foul, for ventures no more worth? Lust's voyage hath, if not this course, this

Buy ne'er so cheap, your ware comes home

with loss.
What, shall I sound retreat? The battle's done:

Let the world judge which of us two have won.

Hip. 11
Bell. You? nay then as cowards do in fight, Bell. You? nay then as covering the by blows cannot, shall be sav'd by Exit. What

flight. Exit. Of everlasting horror, I'll pursue these Though loaden with sins, even to hell's bruzen

dune. Thus wiscet men turn fools, duting on whores.

[SCENE II.] I

Enter the DUKE, LODOVICO, and ORLANDO dispused as a Serving-man; offer them in-ferieur. Carolo, Astolfo, Beraldo, and Fontimell.

Orl. I beseech your grace, though your eye be so piereing as under a poor blue coat to cull out an honest father from an old serving man, yet, good my lord, discover not the plot to any, but only this gentleman that is now to be an [s Duke. Thou hast thy wish, Orlando, pass un-

known,

Sforza shall only go along with thee, To see that warrant serv'd upon thy son.

Lod. To attach him upon felony, for two [19 pedlars, is t not so?]
Orl. Right, my noble knight: those pedlars

were two knaves of mine; he fleee'd the men before, and now he purposes to flay the master. He will rob me; his teeth water to be nib. 'u bling at my gold; but this shall hang him by th' gills till I poll him en shere.

Duke. Away: ply you the business. Orl. Thanks to your grace: but, my good lord, for my daughter - Duke. You know what I have said.

Orl And remember what I have sworn. She's more bonest, on my soul, than one of the Turks' wanches, watcht by a hundred cunuchs.

Lot. So she had need, for the Torks make [9]

them whorea.

Orl. He's a Turk that makes any woman a whore; he's no true Christian, I'm sure. I commit your grace.

Infelieu. Duke, Infolior Inf. Here, sir

Inf. Here, sir.
Lod. Signer Friscobaldo,
Orl. Frisking again? Pacheco.
Lod. Uds so, Pacheco! We'll have some sport with this warrant: 'tis to apprehend [25] all suspected persons in the house. Besides, there's one Bots, a pander, and one Madam Horseleech, a bawd, that have abus'd my friend; those two conies will we ferret into the pare

Orl. Let me alone for dabbing them o'th neck. Come, come.

Lod. Do ye hear, gallants? Most me soon

at Matheo's.

All. Enough.

Execut Lopovico and Ontable Dake. Th' old fellow sings that note the didst before.

Only his tunes are, that she is no whore, But that she sent his letters and his gifts, Out of a noble triumph o'er lus lust.
To show she trampled his assaults in dust.

Inf 'T is a good honest servant, that old man

linke. I doubt no less

Inf. And it may be my brokerd. Because when once this woman was annow! He levell'd all her thoughts, and made themis Now he 'd mar all again, to try his wit.

Duke. It must be so too, for to turn a harks Honest, it must be by strong antidotes. "Tis rare, as to see panthers change their spots.
And when she's once a star fix d and sham

bright, Though 't were impiety then to dim her light," Licause we see such tapers seldom burn, let 't is the pride and glory of some men, To change her to a blazing star again, And it may be, Hippolito does no mor It cannot be but you're acquainted all With that same madness of our somin-law, That dotes so on a courtesan.

All. Yes, my lord. Car. All the city thinks he as a won.
Ad. Yet I warrant he 'll swear no man naik

him. Ber. 'T is like so, for when a man goes a wenching, is as if he had a strong stilled breath, every one smells him out, yet be tell it not, though it be ranker than the awas of

sixteen bear warders.

Duke. I doubt then you have all those stick-

ing breaths;

You might be all smelt out.

Car. Troth, my lord. I think we are all a you ha' been in your youth when you was a maying; we all love to hear the cuckeo sing [*]

upon other men's trees.

Duke. It 's well; yet you confess. But, gal.
thy bed

Shall not be parted with a courtesan.

is strange. No frown of mine, no frown of the poor lady," My abus'd child, his wife, no care of fame. Of honour, hearen, or hell, no not that name Of common strumper, can affright, or wee his To abandon her; the harlot does under him:
She has hewitcht him, robb'd him of his shape. Turn'd him into a beast; his reason 's lost; You see he looks wild, does he not?

I ha' noted New moons in 'a face, my lord, all full of change Duke. He 'a no more like unto Hippolito

I An apartment in the Duke's Palace.

A net, the mouth of which was drawn together with a string.

Than dead men are to living - never sleeps, .. Or if he do, it is dreams : and in those dreams His arms work, and then ories, "Sweet"—what is the drab's name?

In troth, my lord, I know not, 14.

I know no drabs, not I. Duke. Oh, Bellafront! — **
And, earthing her fast, cries, "My Bellafront!"
Car. A drench that's able to kill a horse,
unot kill this disease of smock-smelling, my

Duke. I'll try all physic, and this medicine

first:

I have directed warrants strong and persuptory To purge our city Milan, and to cure The outward parts, the suburbs, for the at-

taching Of all those women, who, like gold, want

weight:

Cities, like ships, should have no idle freight, 100 Car. No, my lord, and light wenches are no idle freight; but what 's your grace's reach 1 in this?

Duke. This, Carolo. If she whom my son

doten on,

Be in that muster-book enroll'd, he 'll shame Ever t' approach one of such noted name.

Car. But say she be not?

Yet on harlots' heads New laws shall full so heavy, and such blows Shall give to those that haunt them, that Hip-

Shall give to those that haunt them, that Hippelito If not for fear of law, for love to her, If he love truly, shall her bed for lear.

Car. Attach all the light heels i' the city and ciap 'em up? Why, my lord, you dive into a well unsearchable: all the whores within the walls, and without the walls? I would not be just the walls and without the walls? I would not be just the walls and without the walls? he should meddle with them for ten such duk doms; the army that you speak on is able to fill all the prisons within this city, and to leave not a drinking-room in any tavern besides.

Duke. Those only shall be caught that are of

note:

a Alm.

Harlots in each street flow: The fish being thus i'th' net, ourself will sit, And with eye most severe dispose of it.
Come, girl. [Ereunt DUKE and INFELICE.]

Car. Arraign the poor whores!
Ast. I'll not miss that sessions.

Font. Nor I.

Ber. Nor I, though I hold up my hand there

Excunt. myself.

[Scene III.]2

Ester Matrico, Lodovico, and Orlando [dis-guised as a Serving-man].

Mat. Let who will come, my noble cheva-tier. I can but play the kind host, and hid 'em

Lod. We'll trouble your house, Matheo, but Untehmon do in tavorns, drink, he merry, [s and be gone.

A room in Matheo's house.

Orl. Indeed, if you be right Dutchmen; if

you fall to drinking, you must be gone.

Mat. The worst is, my wife is not at home;
but we'll fly high, my generous knight, for all
that. There is no music when a woman is in [a the concert.
Orl. No; for she's like a pair of virginals,

Always with jacks at her tail.

Enter ASTOLFO, CAROLO, BERALDO, and FON-TINELL.

Lod. See, the covey is sprung.

All. Save you, gallants.

Mat. Happily encounter'd, sweet bloods.

Lod. Gentlemen, you all know Signor Candido, the linen-draper, he that's more patient than a brown baker upon the day when he heats

than a private taker upon the say when a nearly his oven, and has forty scolds about him.

All, Yes, we know him all; what of him?

Lod. Would it not be a good fit of mirth, to make a piece of English cloth of him, and to stretch him on the tenters. till the threads of his own natural humour cruck, by making [a him drink healths, tobacco, dance, sing hawdy songs, or to run any bits according as we think good to east him?

Car. 'T were a morris-dance worth the seeing.
Ast. But the old fox is so crafty, we shall hardly hunt him out of his den.
Mut. To that train I ha' given fire already; and the hook to draw him hither, is to see certain pieces of lawn, which I told him I have to sell, and indeed have such; fetch them down,

Orl. Yes, sir, I'm your water-spaniel, and will fatch any thing - 1.1 side. but I'll fetch one dish of meat mean shall turn your stomach, and that's a constable. Exit. 41

Enter Bors ushering Mistress Horselerch.

All. How now? how now?
Car. What galley-foist b is this?
Lod. Peace, two dishes of stewed pranes, a bawd and a pander. My worthy lieutenant Bots; why, now I see thou 'it a man of thy word, a welcome. — Welcome Mistress Horseleech. —

Pray, gentlemen, salute this reverend matron.

Mis. H. Thanks to all your worships.

Lod. I bade a drawer send in wine, too: did none come along with thee, grannam, but the

lieutemant?

Mis. II None came along with me but Bots, if it like your worship.

Bots. Who the pox should come along with

you but Bots.

Enter two Vintners [with wine].

All. Oh brave! march fair.

Lod. Are you come? That 's well.

Mat. Here 's ordnance able to sack a city.

Lod. Come, repeat, read this inventory. 1 Vint. Imprimis, a pottle 7 of Greek wine, a

A frame used for stretching cloth. h A state harge.

In any direction A common dish in the brothels of the time.

7 Two quarts.

pottle of Peter-sameene, a pottle of Char-ucco, and a pottle of Leatica. A Lod. You're paid? 2 Vint. Yes, Sir. Excust Vintners.

Mat. So shall some of us be anon, I fear. 60

Bots. Here's a hot day towards: but zounds, this is the life out of which a soldier sucks sweetness! When this artillery goes off roundly, some must drop to the ground: can-non, demi-cannon, saker, and basilisk.

Lod. Give fire, lieutenant.

Bots. So, so: must I venture first upon the breach? To you all, gallants; Bots sets upon you all. Drinks. \ 76

.Ill. It's hard, Bots, if we pepper not you, as

well as you pepper us.

Enter CANDIDO.

Lod. My noble linen-draper ! - Some wine! -

Welcome, old lad!
Mat. You're welcome, signor.
Cand. These lawns, sir?
Mut. Presently; my man is gone for them.
We ha'rigged a fleet, you see here, to sail about

the world. Cand. A dangerous voyage, sailing in such

ships.

Bots. There's no casting over board yet.
Lod. Because you are an old lady, I will have you be acquainted with this grave citizen. Pray bestow your lips upon him, and bid him wel-

Mis. H. Any citizen shall be most welcome to me: - I have used to buy ware at your shop.

It may be so, good madam.

Your prentices know my dealings rell; I trust your good wife be in good case. If it please you, bear her a token from my lips, by word of mouth. [Kisses him.] Cand. I pray, no more; forsooth, 't is very well;

Indeed I love no sweetments. - [Aside.] Sh'as

a breath

Stinks worse than fifty polecats. - Sir, a word, la she a lady?

Lod. A woman of a good house, and an ancient; she's a bawd.

Cand. A hawd? Sir, I 'll steal hence, and see

your lawns

Some other time.

Mat. Steal out of such company? Pacheco, my man, is but gone for em. Lieutenant Bots, drink to this worthy old fellow, and teach him

to fiv high.
All. Swagger; and make him do't on his knees.

Cand. How, Bots? Now bless me, what do I with Bots?

No wine in south, no wine, good master Bots. [114] Bots. Gray-beard, goat's pizzle, 't is a health; have this in your guts, or this, there [touching his sword]. I will sing a bawdy song, sir. be-

A corruption of Pedro Ximenca; a sweet Spanish wine.

1 A Portuguess wine Alastico, a red Italian muscatel wina.

Kinds of cannon.

cause your verjuice 5 face is melancholy, to make liquor go down ghb. Will you tall on your marrow bones, and pledge this health? "T is so my mistress, a whore.

Cand. Here's rutsbane upon ratsbane, Master

Bots.

I pray, sir, pardon me: you are a soldier, Press me not to this service, I am old,

And shoot not in such pot-guns.⁵

Bots.

Cap, I'll teach you. ~

Cand. To drink healths, is to drink sickness.

- Gentlemen.

Pray rescue me.

Hots. Zounds, who dare?

All. We shall ha stabling then?

Cand, I ha' reckonings to cast up, good Ma-

Cand. I ha' reckenings to east up, good Mater Rota.

Bots. This will make you cast 'em up betts.

Lod. Why does your hand shake so?

Cand. The palsy, signors, danceth in my blood.

Bots. Pipe with a pox, sir, then, or I 'll make your blood dance.

Cand. Hold, hold, good Master Bolts, I drink.

All. To whom?

Cand. To the old counters there.

Mis. H. To me, old boy? This is he that sever drunk wine! Once again to t.

Cand. With much ado the poison is got down.

Cand. With much ado the poison is got d Though I can scarce get up; never before Drank I a whore's health, nor will never more.

Re-enter ORLANDO with lauma.

Mat. Hast been at gallows?
Orl. Yes, sir, for I make account to suffer to

day.

Mut. Look, signer; here's the community.

Cand. Your price?

Mat. Thus.

Mat. Thus.'
Cand. No; too dear: thus.
Mat. No. O fie, you must fly higher. Ist
take 'em home, triffes shall not make at querel; we'll agree; you shall have them, and a
pennyworth. I'll fetch money at your shep.

Cand. Be it so, good signor, send me geng.
Mat. Going? A deep bowl of wine for Signar
Candida.

Candido.

Orl. He would be going.
Cand. I'll rather stay than go so: stop year bowl.

Enter Constable and Billmen

Lod. How now? Bots. Is't Shrove-Tuesday, that these ghosts walk?

Mat. What's your business, air ?

Const. From the duke : you are the man we look for, signor. I have watrant here from a the duke, to apprehend you upou felony for tab-bing two pedlars. I charge you i'th' duke name, go quickly.

An acid liquor made from green fruit.
A play mean "potentine"
The price was here probably indicated by disting the fingers (Rhys.)
On Shrayn Tuesday the city authorities made a said for brothel-keepers.

Mat. Is the wind turn'd? Well, this is that old wolf, my father-in-law. Seek out your mintress, sirrah.

Orl. Yes, Sir. - [Aside.] As shafts by piecing

are made strong, an anator of precing the shall thy life be straight ned by this wrong. All. In troth, we are sorry.

All. In troth, we are sorry.

Mat. Brave men must be crost; pish, it's but fortune's dice roving against me. Come, are, pray use me like a gentleman; let me not be carried through the streets like a pageant.

const. If these gentlemen please, you shall to along with them.

All. Be it so: come.

Const. What are you, sir?

Bots. I. sir? Sametimes a figure, sometimes part. I. sur . Sumetimes a ngare, sometimes cipher as the State has occasion to east up a accounts. I m a soldier. Your name is Bots, is 't nor ?

Bots. Bots is my name; Bots is known to this

Bots. Bots is my name; Bots is known to upany.

Genst. I know you are, sir: what's she?

Bots. A gentlewoman, my mother.

Jonal. Take on both along.

John. Ay, sir!

Jonal. I he awagger, raise the street.

Jonal. Gentlemen. gentlemen, whither

s. Gentlemen, gentlemen, whither will

drag us?

J. To the garden house. Bots, are we even

you?

You on the second with 'em.

So You will answer this.

Additional advantage of the second will answer the second will answer the second will answer the second will answer the second will be second with the second will be second will be second with the second will be second will be second with the second will be second will be second with the second will be second will be second with the second will be second will be second w Better than a challenge. I have waror my work, sir.

We'll go before.

R. Pray do.—
Exeunt [MATHEO with Lobovico, Astropo, Carolo, Beraldo, and Fontingle, Boys and Mistress House (andido? a citizen degree consorted thus, and revelling house?

Lowd, and defam'd.

Is too? thanks, sir: I'm gone.

What have you there?

Awas which I bought, sir, of the

And I have warrant here, for such stol'n ware: these lawns tol'u,

one athe thief, you the receiver: so br this chance, I must commit you.

These goods are found upon you, at answer 't.

Must I so?

and for bail. Most certain.

I dare not : yet because

Thrown at random (?)

You are a citizen of worth, you shall not Be made a pointing stock, but without guas Be made a pointing store.
Pass only with myself.
To Bridewell too?

Connt. No remedy.

Connt. No remedy.

Yes, patience. Being not many had me once to Bedlam, now I'm draw To Bridewell, loving no whores.

You will buy lawn! Exem

[ACT V].

[SCENE I.]

Enter at one door HIPPOLITO; at another, Lon OVICO, ASTOLEO, CAROLO, BERALDO, and

Lod. Yonder's the Lord Rippolito: by any means leave him and me together. Now will I means leave nun and me together. Now will turn him to a madman.

All. Save you my lord.

Execute all except Hippoints and

Lod. I ha' strange news to tell you.

Hip. What are they?

Lod. Your mare 's 'th' pound.

Hip. How's this?

Log. Your mans at the pound.

Hip. How's this?

Log. Your nightingale is in a limebush.

Log. Your puritanical honest whore sits in a blue gown, a

Lod. She il chalk out your way to her now :
the beats chalk.

If p. Where 2 who dares?

Lod. Do you know the brick-house of castigation, by the river side that runs by Milan. the school where they pronounce no letter well

Lot. Any man that has borne office of constable or any woman that has fallen from a stable or any woman that has fallen from a horse-load to a cart-load, s or like an old hen that has had none but rotten eggs in her nest, [at that merima more marrotten we would be your can direct you to her: there you shall see your punk amongst her back-friends.

There you may have her at your will, because her back-hard shall a would in the mill.

There you may have her at your will.
For there she beats chalk, or grinds in the mill,
With a whip deedle, deedle, deedle, deedle;
Ah, little monkey!

Hip, What ropus durat serve that warrant,
knowing I loved her?

Lod. Some worshipful rascal. I lay my life.
Hip, I'll beat the lodgings down about their
ears

That are her keepers.

Lot! So you may bring an old house over her Hip. I'll to her -

I'll to her, stood armed fiends to guard the doors.

A trumpets had to do penance in a blue gown.

Crushing chalk was one of the occupations assigned
to the prisoners.

An allusion to the carting of prostitutes. Former friends.

Lod. Oh me! what monsters are men made by whores!

If this false fire do kindle him, there 's one fag-

More to the bonfire. Now to my Bridewell birds; What song will they sing? Exit.

(SCENE II.) 1

Enter DUKE, INVELICE, CAROLO, ASTOLYO, BERALDO, FONTINELL, and three or four Masters of Bridewell.

Duke. Your Bridewell? that the name? For beauty, strength,

Capacity and form of ancient building. Wherein we keep our court can better it.

1 Mast. Hither from foreign courts have

princes come, And with our duke did acts of State commence. Here that great cardinal had first andience, The grave Campayne; that duke dead, his son That famous prince, gave fore possession Of this, his palace, to the citizens, To be the poor man's ware-house; and endow'd

With lands to th' value of seven hundred mark,2 With all the bedding and the furniture, once

proper, As the lands then were, to an hospital Belonging to a Duke of Savoy. Thus Fortune can toss the world; a prince's court

Is thus a prison now. 'T is Fortune's sport: These changes common are: the wheel of fate Turns kingdoms up, till they fall desolate. But how are these seven hundred marks by th'

Employ'd in this your work-house?

1 Mast. War and peace

Feed both upon those lands: when the iron doors

Of war burst open, from this house are sent Men furnisht in all martial complement. The moon hath through her bow scarce drawn to th' head.

Like to twelve silver arrows, all the months, Since sixteen hundred soldiers went aboard.

Here providence and charity play such parts, The house is like a very school of arts; For when our soldiers, like ships driven from

With ribs all broken, and with tatter'd sides, Cast anchor here again, their ragged backs How often do we cover! that, like men, They may be sent to their own homes again. All here are but one swarm of bees, and strive To bring with wearied thighs honey to the hive. The sturdy beggar, and the lazy loon, gets here hard hands, or lac'd correction.

The vagabond grows staid and learns t'obey,

1 A room in Bridewell.

1 The allusions here really refer of course to the
London Bridewell. The cardinal, duke, and prince are
Campenus, Henry VIII, and Edward VI; and the other
details are substantially historical.

1 Bascal.

4 By whipping.

The drone is beaten well, and sent away. As other prisons are, some for the thief Some, by which undone credit gets relief From bridled debtors; others for the poor, So this is for the bawd, the rogue, the where. Car. An excellent team of horse !

I Mast. Nor is it seen " That the whip draws blood here, to cool the

spleen

Of any rugged bencher; 6 nor does offence Feel smart on spiteful or rash evidence; But pregnant testimony forth must stand, Ere justice leave them in the bendle's hand. . As iron, on the anvil are they laid, Not to take blows alone, but to be made And fashion'd to some charitable use. Duke. Thus wholsom'st laws spring from the

worst abuse.

Enter Orlando, (disguised as a Serving-man, before Bellaphont.

Bell. Let mercy touch your heart-strings, gracious lord, That it may sound like music in the ear
Of a man desperate, being i' th' hunds of lev.

Duke. His name?

Bell.

Matheo.

Matheo. For a robbury Duke. Where is he?

Bell. In this house.

Execut BELLAPRONT and one of the Masters of Bridgenell.

Fetch you him hither . Duke. Is this the party?
Orl. This is the hen, my lord, that the cool

with the lordly comb, your son-in-law, would orow over, and tread.

Duke. Are your two servants ready?

Orl. My two pedlars are pack'd together, my

good lord.

Duke. "I is well; this day in judgment shall

be apent: Vice, like a wound lane'd, mends by punishment Inf. Let me be gone, my lord, or stand un-

Material I Tis rare when a judge strikes and that some die,

And 't is unfit then women should be by, 1 Mast. We'll place you, lady, in some private room.

Inf. Pray do so Exit (with a Master, who returns alone).
Orl. Thus nice dames swear, it is until their

Should view men carv'd up for anatomics.
Yet they 'll see all, so they may stand unsees;
Many women sure will sin behind a screen.

Enter Lopovico.

Lod. Your son, the Lord Hippolita, is entired Duke. Tell him we wish his presence. A word, Stores;

On what wings flew he hither?

Lad. These: — I told him his lark whom he loved, was a Bridewell-bird; he 's mad that

1 Tavern lonfers. . Subjects for dissection. this cage should hold her, and is come to let her

Duke. 'T is excellent: away, go call him Exit Lopovico. [40] hither.

Re-enter one of the Governors of the House:
RELLATION after him with MAYINO; after him the Constable; enter at another door LODOVICO and HIPPOLITO, ORLANDO steps forth and brings in two of his Servants disguised ast Pedlars.

Duke. You are to us a stranger, worthy lord; T is atrange to see you here.

It is most fit Hip. That where the sun goes, atomies I follow it. Duke. Atomies neither shape nor honour bear:

Be you yourself, a sunbeam to shine clear. - so Is this the gentleman? Stand forth and hear

Your accusation.

Mat. I'll hear none; I fly high in that: rather than kites shall seize upon me, and leapiek out mine eyes to my face. I'll strike my talons through mine own heart first, and spit my blood in theirs. I am here for shriving those two fools of their sinful pack. When those jackdaws have can'd over me, then must I cry loculty, or not guilty. The law has work enough already and therefore I 'll put no work of mine into his hands; the hangman shall ha't first. I

into his hands; the hangman shall ha't first. I did pluck those garders, did rob them.

Ituke, 'T is well done to confess.

Mat. Confess and be hanged, and then I fly high, is 't not so? That for that; a gallows is the worst rub? that a good bowler can meet with; I stumbled against such a post, else this night I had play'd the part of a true son in too those days, undone my father-in-law; with him would I ha' run at leap-frog, and come over his gold, though I had broke his neek for 't; but the poor salman-trout is now in the net. poor salmon-tront is now in the net.

Hip. And now the law must teach you to fly

Mat. Right, my lord, and then may you fly less, no more words: - s mouse, mum, you are steep d.

Bell. Be good to my poor husband, dear my

lurds.

Mat. Ann! Why shouldst then pray them to be good to me,
When no man here is good to one another?
Duke. Did any hand work in this theft but
yours?

Mat. O yee, my lord, yes:—the hangman has never one son at a birth, his children always come by couples. Though I cannot give in the old dog, my father, a bone to gnaw, the daughter shall be sure of a choke-pear.—Yes, my lord, there was one more that fiddled

my fine pediars, and that was my wife.

Bell. Alua, 1?

Ord. [Avale.] O overlasting, supernatural, su-

perlative villain!

Hip. Sure it cannot be,
Mat. Oh. sir, you love no quarters of mutton

2 Obstruction. 1 Alone.

that hang up, you love none but whole mutton. She set the robbery. I perform'd it; she spurr'd

She set the robbery, I perform a it; she spurious me on, I gallop'd away.

Orl. My lords, —

Bell. My lords, — fellow, give me speech, —

if my poor life

**The robbery of the law is the law is the law is the law.

May ransom thine, I yield it to the law. Thou hurt'st thy soul, yet wip'st off no offence, By easting blots upon my innocence. et not these spare me, but tell truth ; no, see

Who slips his neck out of the misery, Though not out of the mischief . let thy servant That shar'd in this base act accuse me here, Why should my husband perish, he go clear?

Orl. [Ande.] A good child, hang thine own

father!

Duke. Old fellow, was thy hand in too?

Orl. My hand was in the pie, my lord, I confeas it. My mistress, I see, will bring me to the gallows, and so leave me; but I 'll not leave her so: I had rather hang in a woman's company, than in a man's; because if we should go to hell together, I should scarce be letten in. for all the devils are afraid to have any women come amongst them. As I am true thief, she neither consented to this felony, nor knew of

Duke. What fury prompts thee on to kill thy

Mat. It is my humour, sir, 't is a foolish bag-pipe that I make myself merry with. Why should I eat hemp-seed at the hangman's thirteen-peuce halfpenny ordinary, and have this whore laugh at me, as I swing, as I totter?

Mat. A six-penny mutton pasty, for any to

out up.
Orl. Ah, toad, toad, toad.
Mat. A barber's cittern for every serving-

man to play upon; that lord, your son, knows it.

Ilip. I, sir? Am I her bawd then?

Mat. No, sir, but she's your whore then.

Orl. Aside.] Yes, spider; dost catch at great flice?

Hip. My whore?

Mat. I cannot talk, sir, and tell of your rema
and your rees and your whirligigs and devices:
but, my lord, I found 'em like sparrows in one nest, billing together, and bulling of me. I took 'em in hed, was ready to kill him, was up [100 to stab her -

Hip. Close thy rank jaws: - pardon me, l

Thou art a villain, a malicious devil; Deep as the place where thou art lost, thou liest. Since I am thus far got into this storm.

1'll through, and thou shalt see I'll through untoucht,

When thou shalt perish in it.

Re-enter INFELICE.

'T is my cue Inf. To enter now. - Room! let my prize be play'd;

The amount of the hangman's fee. 4 Musical instruments hung in the barbers' shops of period.

8 Bout. A term in leading. the period.

I ha' lurked in clouds, yet heard what all have

What jury more can prove sh'as wrong'd my beset.

Than her own husband? She must be punished. I challenge law, my lord; letters and gold And jewels from my lord that woman took.

Hip. Against that black-mouth'd devil,

against letters and gold,

And against a jealous wife, I do uphold
Thus far her reputation; I could sooner
Shake th' Appenine and crumble rocks to dust Than, though Jove's shower rain'd down, tempt

her to lust.

Bell, What shall I say?

Orl. (discovers himself.) Say thou art not a [so whore, and that's more than lifteen women amonest five hundred dars swear without lying, this shalt thou say - no, let me say 't for thee;

thy husband 's a knave, this lord 's an honest
man; thou art no punk, this lady 's a right [as
lady. Pacheco is a thiof as his master is, but old Orlando is as true a man as thy father is. I ha' seen you fly high, sir, and I ha' seen you fly low, sir, and to keep you from the gallows, sir, a blue coat have I worn, and a thief did I turn. [210 Mine own men are the pediars, my twenty pounds did fly high, sir, your wife's gown did fly low, sir: whither fly you now, sir? You ha' scap'd the gallows, to the devil you fly next, sir.

Am I right, my liege?

Duke. Your father has the true physician

plny'd. Mat. And I am now his patient.

And he so still; Hip. is a good sign when our cheeks blush at ill. Const. The linen-draper, Signer Candido, He whom the city terms the patient man, Is likewise here for buying of those lawns

The pedlars lost.

Alas, good Candido!

Duke. Fetch him; and when these payments up are cast, Exit Constable. up are cast Weigh out your light gold, but let's have them

Enter CANDIDO and Constable, [who presently goes out.)

Duke. In Bridewell, Candido?

Cand. What make you have?
Cand. My lord, what make you here?
Cand. My lord, what make you here?
Duke. I'm here to save right, and to drive

wrong hence.

Cond. And I to bear wrong here with patience.

Duke. You ha' bought stol'n goods.

Cond. So they do say, my lord, Yet bought I them upon a gentleman's word, And I imagine now, as I thought then,

That there bethieves, but no thieves, gentlemen.

Hip. Your credit's crack'd, being here.

Cand.

No more than gold,

Being crack'd, which does his estimation hold. I was in Bedlam once, but was I mad?

They made me pledge whores' healths, but am I bad

Because I 'm with bad people?

Duke. Well, stand by: If you take wrong, we'll care the injury.

Re-enter Constable, after him Boys, after them two Beadles, one with hemp, the other with a beetle.1

Duke. Stay, stay, what 's he? A prisoner? Const. Yes, my lord. Hip. He seems a soldier?

Bots. I am what I seem, sir, one of fortune's bastards, a soldier and a gentleman, and ombrought in here with master constable's basd of billmen, because they face me down that 1 live, like those that keep bowling alleys, by the sins of the people, in being a squire of the body.

Hip. Oh, an apple-squire.2

Bots. Yes, sir, that degree of scurvy squires; and that I am maintained by the lest par that is commonly in a woman, by the wors players of those parts; but I am known to all

this company.

Lod. My lord, 't is true, we all know him; 't is lieutenant Bots.

Lyake. Bots, and where ha' you served, Bots?

Bots. In most of your hottest services in the
Low-countries: at the Groyne I was wounded
in this thigh, and halted upon 't, but 't is now
aound. In Cleveland I mist but little, having
the bridge of my nose broken down with setwo great stones, as I was scaling a fort. I ha'
been tried, sir, too, in Gelderland, and scap'd
burdly there from heine blown nu a knowch hardly there from being blown up at a breach I was fired, and lay i'th' surgeon's handa (see for 't, till the fall of the leaf following.

Hop. All this may be, and yet you no soldier.

Bots. No soldier, sir? I hope these are seer-

ices that your proudest commanders do venture upon, and never come off sometimes.

Duke. Well, sir, because you say you are a

addier.
I'll use you like a gentleman. — Make room. there,

Plant him amongst you; we shall have about Strange hawk-fly here before us. If none light On you, you shall with freedom take your flight. But if you prove a bird of baser wing,
We'll use you like such birds, here you shall

sing. Bots. I wish to be tried at no other weapon. Duke. Why, is he furnisht with those imple-

ments?

Master. The pander is more dangerous to a State

Than is the common thief; and though our laws Lie heavier ou the thief, yet that the pander May know the hangman's ruff should fit him

Therefore he 's set to best hemp.
This does savour Of justice; hasest slaves to basest labour. Now pray, set open hell, and let us see The she-devils that are here.

Methinks this place Inf.
Should make e'en Lais honest.

1 Most. Some it turns good,

A heavy mallet.

2 A pander.

But as some men, whose hands are once in blood, Do in a pride spill more, so, some going hence Are, by being here, lost in more impudence. we Let it not to them, when they come, appear That any one does as their judge sit here; But that as gentlemen you come to see,

And then perhaps their tongues will walk more

Duke. Let them be murshall'd in. - [Excunt Masters, Constable, and Beadles.] - Be cover'd all,

Fellows, now to make the scene more comical, Car. Will not you be smalt out, Bots? Bots. No, your bravest whores have the worst

Re-enter two of the Masters; a Constable after them, then DOUGTHEA TARGET, brave; I after her two Beadles, th' one with a wheel, the other with a blue gown.

Lod. Are not you a bride, forsooth? we Dor. Say ye? Car. He would know if these be not your

bridemen.

Dor. Vuh! yes, sir: and look ye, do you e? the bride-laces that I give at my wedding, will serve to tie resemany to both your coffins

when you come from hanging — Scab!

Orl. Fie, punk, fie, fie, fie!

Dor. Out, you stale, stinking head of garlic, foh, at my heels.

Orl. My head 's cloven.

Hip. O. let the gentlewoman alone, she's going to shrift.

1st. Nay, to do penance.

Car. Ay, ay, go, punk, go to the cross and be

whipt.

Dor. Marry mew, marry muff,2 marry, hang you, goodman dog. Whipt? do ye take me for a base, spital-whore? In troth, gentlemen, you wear the clothes of gentlemen, but you carry not the minds of gentlemen, to abuse [see a gentlewoman of my fashion.

Lod. Fashion? Pox a' your fashions! Art not a whore?

Ther. Goodman slave.

Dor. Goodman slave.

Duke. O fie, abuse her not, let us two talk, What mought I call your name, pray?

Dor. I'm not ashamed of my name, sir; my name is Mistrass Doll Target, a Western gentle-VOIDAN.

Lod. Her target against any pike in Milan, Duke. Why is this wheel borne after her? 1 Mast. She must spin.

Dor. A course thread it shall be, as all threads Ast. If you spin, then you'll earn money here

100 Dor. I had rather get half-a-crown abroad,

than ten crowns here.
Orl. Abroad? I think so.

Inf. Does thou not weep now thou art here? Dor. Say ye? weep? Yes. forsunth, as you Dur. Say ye? weep? did when you lost your maidenhead. Do you [40 put hear how I weep?

! Pipely attired.

2 A term of contempt.

Lod. Farewell, Doll. Dor. Farewell, dog.

Duke. Past shame: past penitence! that blue gown?

1 Must. Being stript out of her wanton loose

attire,

That garment she puts on, base to the eye, Only to clothe her in humility.

Duke. Are all the rest like this?

No, my good lord. You see, this drab swells with a wanton rein. 400 The next that enters has a different strain.

Duke. Variety is good, let 's see the rest.

Erit 1 Master. Bots. Your grace sees I 'm sound yet, and no

bullets hit me. Duke. Come off so, and 't is well. All. Here 's the second mess.

Re-enter the two Masters, after them Constable, after him Penetope Whonehound, like a Citizen's Wife; after her two Beadles, one with a blue gown, another with chalk and a mallet

mallet. Pen. I ha' worn many a costly gown, but I was never thus guarded a with blue coats, and

beadles, and constables, and -Car. Alas, fair mistress, spoil not thus your

eyes. Pen. Oh, sweet sir, I feel the spoiling of other places about me that are dearer than my eyes; if you be gentlemen, if you be men, or ever came of a woman, pity my case! Stand to me, stick to me, good sir, you are an old man.

Orl. Hang not on me, I prithee; old trees bear no such fruit.

bear no such truit.

Pen. Will you bail me, gentlemen?

Lod. Bail thee? Art in for debt?

Pen. No; God is my judge, sir, I am in for no debts; I paid my tailor for this gown, the last five shillings a-week that was behind, yesterday.

Duke. What is your name. I pray?

Pen. Penelope Whorshound, I come of the

Puke, What is your name. I pray?
Pen. Penelope Whorehound, I come of
Whorehounds, How does lieutenant Bots?
All. Aha, Bots?

All. Aha, Bots?

Bots. A very honest woman, as I'm a soldier—a pex Bots ye.

Pen. I was never in this pickle before; and yet if I go amongst citizens' wives, they less jeer at me; if I go among the loose-bodied gowns, they cry a pox on me, because I go civilly attired, and swear their trade was a good trade, till such as I am took it out of their less hands. Good lieutenant Bots, speak to these captains to bail me.

I Mask. Begging for bail still? You are a

Mast. Begging for bail still? You are a trim gossip. Go give her the blue gown, set her to her chare. Work, buswife, for your

bread, away. Pen. Out, you dog! - a pox on you all! - women are born to curse thee - but I shall live to see twenty such flat-caps shaking dice for a penny-worth of pippins. Out, you blue-eyed Exit. rogue !

² A play upon the word, which also signifies "trimmed."

4 Prostitutes.

. Chore, tank work.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Duke. Even now she wept, and pray'd; now does she curse?

I Must. Seeing me; if still she had stay'd, this had been worse.

Hip. Was she ever here before?

1 Mast.

Five tive

Five times at least, And thus, if men come to her, have her eyes Wrung, and wept out her bail.

All. Bots, you know her?

Bots. In there any gentleman here, that
knows not a whore, and is he a hair the worse Duke. Is she a city-dame? She 's so attired.

1 Mast. No, my good lord, that 's only but the veil

To her loose body. I have seen her here In gayer masking suits; as several sauces Give one dish several tastes, so change of habits lu whores is a bewitching art : to-day She's all in colours to besot gallants, then In modest black, to catch the citizen, And this from their examination 's drawn. Now shall you see a monster both in shape And nature quite from these, that sheds no tear Nor yet is nice, 't is a plain ramping bear;

Many such whales are east upon this shore, as All. Let's see her.

1 Mast. Then behold a swaggering where. Exeunt Masters and Constable).

Orl. Keep your ground, Bots.
Bots. I do but traverse to spy advantage how to arm myself.

Be-enter the two Musters first; after them the Con-stable; after them a Beadle beating a basin, then Catherina Bountinall, with Mistress House trees; after them another Beadle with a blue head quarted 2 with yellow.

Cat. Sirrah, when I cry, hold your hands, hold, you regue-catcher, hold. — Bawd, are [or the French chilldrains in your heels, that you can come no faster? Are not you, bawd, a whore's ancient, and must not I follow my colours?

Mis. H. O Mistress Catherine, you do me

wrong to accuse me here as you do, before | ... the right worshipful. I am known for a mo-

therly, honest woman, and no bawd, Cat. Marry foh, honest? Burnt at fourteen, seven times whipt, six times carted, nine times duck'd, search'd by some hundred and [44 fifty constables, and yet you are honest? Honest Mistress Horseleech, is this world a world to keep bawds and whores honest? How many times hast then given gentlemen a quart of wine in a gallon pot? How many twelve-penny fees, may two shillings fees, may, when any [40] ambassadors ha' been here, how many balf-crown fees hast thou taken? How many carriers hast thou bribed for country wenches? How often have I rinst your lungs in aqua vitue, and yet you are honest?

Duke. And what were you the whilst?

At the carting of bawds and prostitutes they were preceded by a mob besting basins and performing other rough music. (Rhys.)

Head-dress triumed. 3 Ensign. 4 Branded. Cut. Marry hang you, master aluve, who

made you an examiner?

Lod. Well said! belike this devil spares so man.

Cat. What art thou, prithee? [To Bors.]

Cat. A whore, art thou a third?

Buts. A thief, no, I defy 5 the calling; I am
a soldier, have borne arms in the field, been m many a hot skirmish, yet come off sound.

Cat. Sound, with a pox to ye, ye abount able rogue! You a soldier? You in skirmishes! Where? Amongst pottle pots in a bawdhouse? Look, look here, you Madam Wormeaten, do you not know him?

Mis. H. Lieutenant Bots, where have ye been this many a day?

Ret. Old howel do not disgradit me asset.

Bots. Old bawd, do not discredit me, orem not to know me. Mis. H. Not to know ye, Master Buts? As long as I have breath, I cannot forget thy a west

Duke. Why, do you know him? He says be is a soldier.

Cat. He a soldier? A pander, a dog that will lick up sixpence. Do ye hear, you master swines smout, how long is 't since you held the door for me, and cried, "To't ugain, no leabody comes!" Ye rogue, you?

All. Ha, ha, ha! y'are smelt out again, Bots. Bots. Post ruin her nose for 't! An I be unt revenued for this - um, ye bitch!

revenged for this - um, ye bitch!

Lod. D' ye hear ye, madam? Why does your ladyship swagger thus? You're very hrave. methinks.

Cat. Not at your cost, master cod's-head; Is any man here blear-eyed to see me brave .1 st. Yes, I am,

Because good clothes upon a whore's back

Is like fair painting upon a rotten wall.

Cat. Marry muff, master whoremaster, you

come upon me with sentences

Lod. () fie, fie, do not ven her? And yet intthinks a creature of more scurry counditions
abould not know what a good petticoat were.

Cat. Marry, come out; you're so busy is
about my petticoat, you'll creep up to my
placket, an ye could but attain the honour but
an the outsides offend your rogue-ships, look o
the lining, 't is silk.

Duke, Is 't silk 't is lined with, then?

Cat. Silk? Ay, silk, master slave, you would
be cled to wipe your nose with the skirt on t

he glad to wipe your nose with the skirt on t This tis to come among a company of cod s-heads that know not how to use a gentlewoman.

Duke. Tell her the duke is here.

1 Must. Be modest, Kate, the duke is here.

Cat. If the devil were here, I care not set forward, ye regues, and give attendance according to your places! Let bawds and whoese be sad, for I'll sing on the devil were a-dying Exit with Mistress Horseller and Beadles].

Diedain.

· Fools.

Duke. Why before her does the busin ring? 1 Mast. It is an emblem of their revelling. The whips we use let forth their wanton blood, Making them calm; and, more to calm their pride,

stead of coaches they in carts do ride. Will your grace see more of this bad ware?

Duke. No, shut up shop, we'll now break up

the fair. Yet ere we part — you, sir, that take upon yo The name of soldier, that true name of worth, Which, action, not vain boasting, best sets forth, To let you know how far a soldier's name stands from your title, and to let you see

oldiers must not be wrong'd where princes be;

This be your sentence: —

All, Defend yourself, Bots.

Duke. First, all the private sufferance that the house

Inflicts upon offenders, you, as the basest, Shall undergo it double, after which on shall be whipt, sir, round about the city,

Then banisht from the land.

Bots. Beseech, your grace!

Dake. Away with him, see it done. Panders and whores

Are city-plagues, which, being kept alive, Nothing that looks like goodnessere can thrive, Now good Orlando, what say you to your bad son-in-law?

Ord. Marry this, my lord, he is my son-in-law, and in law will I be his father: for if law can pepper him, he shall be so parboil'd, that he hall stink no more i' th' nose of the common-

wealth.

Bell. Be yet more kind and merciful, good father.

Orl. Dest thou beg for him, then precious man's meat, thou? Has he not beaten thee,

kickt thee, trod on thee, and doet thou fawn [544 on him like his spaniel? Has he not pawn'd thee to thy petticoat, sold thee to thy smock, made ye leap at a crust, yet wouldst have me save

Bell. Oh yes, good sir, women shall learn of me, To love their husbands in greatest misery; see

Then show him pity, or you wrack myself. Then show him pity, or you wrack mysen.

[Orl.] Have ye eaten pigeons, that you're as kindhearted to your mate? Nay, you're a couple of wild bears, I'll have ye both baited atone stake: but as for this knave, the galless lows is thy due, and the gallows thou shalt have. I'll have justice of the duke, the law shall have thy life. — What, dust thou hold him? Let go his hand. If thou dost not forsake him, a [see father's everlusting blessing fall upon both your heads! Away, go, kiss out of my sight. play thou the whore no more, nor thou the thief again; my house shall be thine, my meat shall be thine, and so shall my wine, but my money shall be mine, and yet when I die, so thou dost

Yet, good Matheo, mend.
Thus fur joy weeps Orlando, and doth end.

Duke. Then hear, Matheo: all your wees are

staved By your good father-in-law: all your ills Are clear purg'd from you by his working pills, -

lome, Signor Candido, these green young with, We see by ctreamstance, this plot have hid Still to provoke thy patience, which they find A wall of brass; no armour 's like the mind. Thou hast taught the city patience, now our court

Shall be thy sphere, where from thy good report, Rumours this truth unto the world shall sing, A patient man 's a pattern for a king. Exeunt.

THE MALCONTENT

BIS

JOHN MARSTON

BENIAMINO JONSONIO, POETAE ELEGANTISSIMO, GRAVISSIMO, AMICO SVO, CANDIDO ET CORDATO, IOHANNES MARSTON, MVSARVM ALVNNVS, ASPERAM HANC SVAM THALIAM D.D.

[Members of the Company of His Majesty's Servants appearing in the Important

W. SLT.

D. BURBADGE, H. COMPELL.

J. Lowis.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

GROVARMI ALTOPRONTO, diaguised as MALEVOLE, sometime Duke of Genca.

PENTRO JACONO, Duke of Genca.

MENDOZA, a minion to the Duchess of Pistro Jacomo.

CELAO, a friend to Altofronto.

BILLOYO, an old choleric marshal.

PERREER, a young courtier, and enamoured on the Duchess.

PERARDO, a minion to Duke Pietro Jacomo.

EQUATO, UMARINO, two courtiers.
PASSABELLO, fool to Bilions.

AURRIA. Duchess to Duke Pietro Jacomo.
MARIA. Duchess to Duke Altafronto.
EMILIA.
HASCA.
MAQUERELLE, an old panderess.

[THE SCENE. - Genoa.]

TO THE READER

I AM an ill orator; and, in truth, use to indite more honestly than eloquently, for it is my one-tom to speak as I think, and write as I speak.

In plainness, therefore, understand that in some things I have willingly erred, as in supposing a Duke of Genoa, and in taking names different from that city's families: for which some may wittily accuse me; but my defence shall be as houest as many reproofs unto me have been most malicious; since, I heartily protest, it was my care to write so far from reasonable offence, that oven strangers, in whose state I had my scene, should not from thence draw any disgrace to any dead or living. Yet, in despite of my endeavours, I understand some have been most unadvised over-cunning in misinterpreting me, and with subtlety as deep as hell have maliciously spread iff rumours, which, springing from themselves, might to themselves have heavily returned. Surely I desire to satisfy every firm spirit, who, in all his actions, proposeth to himself no more ends than God and virtue do, whose intentions are always simple: to such I protest that, with my free understanding. I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those whose unquiet studies labour in novation, contempt of holy policy, reverend, comely superiority, and establisht unity: for the rest of my supposed tartness. I fear not but unto every worthy mind it will be approved as general and homest as may modestly pass with the freedom of a satire. I would fain leave the paper; only one thing afflicts me, to think that scenes, invented merely to be spoken, should be caforcively published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive is to be accepted. I have my self, therefore, set forth this comedy; but so, that my enforced absence must much rely upon the printer's discretion: but I shall entreat slight errors in orthography may be as slightly overpassed, and that the unhandsome shape which this trife in reading presents, may be pardoned for the pleasure it once afforded you when it was presented with the soul of lively action.

Sine aliqua dementia nullus l'hoebus. 1

¹ Some copies of Q, read Me men requestur fata.

THE INDUCTION!

TO

THE MALCONTENT, AND THE ADDITIONS! ACTED BY THE KING'S MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

WRITTEN BY JOHN WEBSTER

Enter W. SLY, a Tire-man following him with a stool.

Tire-man. Sir, the gentlemen will be angry

Tire-man. Sir, the gentlemen will be angry if you sit here.

Sly. Why, we may sit upon the stage at the private house. Thou dost not take me for a country gentleman, dost? Dost think I fear [shissing? I 'Il hold my life thou tookest me for one of the players.

Tire-man. No, sir.

Sly. By God's slid. if you had, I would have given you but sixpence for your stool. Let [is them that have stale suits sit in the galleries. Hise at me! He that will be laught out of a tavern or an ordinary, shall seldom feed well, or be drunk in good company. — Where s Harry Condell, Dick Burbadge, and William Sly? [is Let me speak with some of them. Let me speak with some of them.

Tire-man. An't please you to go in, sir, you

Sly. I tell you, no: I am one that hath seen this play often, and can give them intelligence for their action. I have most of the jests
here in my table-book.

Enter SINKLO.

Sinklo, Save you coz!

Sly. O, cousin, come, you shall sit between

my less here.

Sinklo, No, indeed, cousin: the audience then will take me for a viol-de-gambo, and think that

will take me for a viol-de-gambo, and think that you play upon me.

Sly. Nay, rather that I work upon you, coz. Sinklo. We stayed for you at supper last leading to the work of the work of a pricecks, the longest cut still to draw an apriceck by this light, 't was Mistress Frank Honeymoon's fortune still to have the long-is est cut: I did measure for the women. — What where me? be these, coz ?

Enter D. BURRADGE, H. CONDELL, and J. LOWIN.

Sly. The players. — God save you!
Burbadge. You are very welcome.
Sly. I pray you, know this gentleman, my [40]
main; 't is Master Doomaday's son, the us-

Condell. I beseech you, sir, be cover'd. Sly. No, in good faith, for mine case. Look

The induction appears first in Q₇.

The Additions are enclosed in brackets throughout.

Coccuption of (eye-)lid.

Note-book.

you, my hat's the handle to this fan. God's [44 so, what a beast was I, I did not leave my feather at home! Well, but I'll take an order with you.

Puts his feather in his pucket.

Burbadge. Why do you conceal your feather. sir ?

Sly. Why, do you think I'll have jests broken soy, way, acyou think? I'll have jests broken upon me in the play, to be laught at? This play hath beaten all your gallants out of the feathers. Blackfriars hath almost spoiled Blackfriars for feathers. Blackfriars for feathers. Sinklo. God's so, I thought 't was for somewhat our gentlewomen at home counsell'd me

what our gentlewomen at home counsell d me to wear my feather to the play: yet I am loth to speal it.

Sly. Why, coz?

Sinklo. Because I got it in the tilt-yard; there was a herald broke my pute for taking it up: but I have worn it up and down the Strand, and met him forty times since, and yet he dures not challenge it. not challenge it.

Sly. Do you hear, sir? this play is a bitter

play.

Condell. Why, sir, 't is neither satire nor moral, but the mean passage of a history; yet there are a sort of discontented creatures that [28] there are a sort of discontented creatures that [28]. bear a stingless envy to great ones, and these will wrest the doings of any man to their base, malicious applyment; but should their interpretation come to the test, like your marmoset, they presently turn their teeth to their tail |:

and eat it.

Sly. I will not go so far with you; but I say, any man that hath wit may censure, if he sit in the twelve-penny room; and I say again,

the play is bitter.

Burbadge. Sir, you are like a patron that, presenting a poor scholar to a benefice, enjoins him not to rail against anything that stands within compass of his patron's folly. Why should not we enjoy the ancient freedom of poesy? [** shall we enjoy the ancient freedom of poesy? [as-shall we protest to the ladies that their painting makes them angels? or to my young gallant that his expense in the brothel shall gain him reputation? No, sir, such vices as stand not accountable to law should be cured as [we men heal tetters, 9 by casting ink upon them. Would you be satisfied in anything else, sir?

4 The meaning is that in The Nalcondent, which had been originally acted in Blackfriars Theatre, the practice of wearing feathers had been so trificuled that the feather-makers of Blackfriars had suffered injury in their business. See V. iv. (Bullen.)

Application.

Sly. Ay, marry, would I: I would know how you came by this play? Combell. Faith, sir, the book was lost; and is because 't was pity so good a play should be lost, we found it, and play it.

Sty. I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it.

Condell. Why not Malevole in folio with [100]

s, as Jeronimo in decimo-sexto with them They taught us a name for our play; we call it One For Inother.

Sly. What are your additions?

Burbadge. Sooth, not greatly needful; only [100]

as your salad to your great feast, to entertain a little more time, and to abridge the not-received custom of music in our theatre. I must leave you, sir.

Sinklo. Doth he play the Malcontent?

Condell. Yes, sir.

Sinklo. I durst lay four of mine cars the play

Condell. O, no, sir, nothing ad Parmenonia SMem.2

Lowin. Have you lost your ears, sir, that you

Lowin. Have you took your ears, sir, that you are so prodigal of laying them?

Sinklo. Why did you ask that, friend?

Lowin. Marry, sir, because I have heard of a fellow would ofter to lay a hundred-pound (no wager, that was not worth five banbees: 5 and in this kind you might venture four of your electrons. bows : yet God defend ' your cost should have

so many !

Sinklo. Nay, truly, I am no great censu- [m
rer; and yet I might have been one of the
college of critics once. My cousin here hath an

excellent memory, indeed, sir.

Sly. Who? I? I'll tell you a strange thing of myself; and I can tell you, for one that have never studied the art of memory, 'tis very

never studies.

Condell. What 's that, sir?

Sly. Why, I'll lay a hundred pound, I'll walk but once down by the Goldsmith's list Row in Cheap, take notice of the signs, and tell you them with a breath instantly.

**Low'n. 'I' is very strange.

**They begin as the world did, with Adam Adam and fifty, list.

Lucin. 'T is very strange.

Sly. They begin as the world did, with Adam and Eve. There is in all just five and fifty. iso I do use to meditate much when I come to plays too. What do you think might come into a man's head now, seeing all this company?

1 I. e. Why should not the King's company of grown up fulio) actors play The Milmutent (which was the property of the children's company playing at Blackrisers), ince the children is time actors) have appropriated The Symmyh Trapedy, in which the King's common bud clusters

company had rights? * "T is reported that Parmeno, being very famous for initiating the grunting of a pg, some endeavoired to rival and outdo lilm. And when the hearers, being prejudiesd, cried out, 'Very well, indeed, but nothing preparable to Parmeno's now, 'one took a pig under his arm and came upon the atage; and when the' they heard the very pig, they still continued, 'This is nothing comparable to Parmeno's now,' he threw the pig among them to show that they judged according to opinion and not truth'' (Plutarch's Symposium, V. L, cited by 'L. 8." and Bullen.)

* Halfpennies.

* Porbid.

* Judge.

Condell. I know not, air.

Sly. I have an excellent thought. If some fifty of the Grecians that were cramm'd in the horse' belly had eaten garlie, do you not think the Trojans might have smelt out their knavery Condell. Very likely.

Sly. By God, I would [they] had, for I |

love Hector horribly.

Sinklo. O, but, coz, coz!

"Great Alexander, when he came to the tamb
of Achilles,

Spake with a big loud voice, O thou thrire bleased and happy! "G Sy. Alexander was an ass to speak so well [so of a filthy cullion." Lowen, Good sir, will you leave the stage? I'll help you to a private room. Sy. Ceme, cot. let's take some tobacco.

Have you never a prologue?

Lowin. Not any, air.

Sly. Let me see, I will make one extempore. Come to them, and fencing of a con-

Gentlemen, I could wish for the women's sakes you had all coft cushions; and gentlewomen. I could wish that for the men's sakes you |-

had all more easy standings.

What would they wish more but the play now? and that they shall have instantly.

Exeunt.

ACT I

SCENE I.10

The vilest out-of-tune music being heard, enter BILIOSO and PUKPASSO.

Bil. Why, how now! Are ye mad, or drunk. or both, or what?

Fre. Are ye building Bubylon there?

Bil. Here's a noise in court? You think you

are in a tavern, do you not?

Pre. You think you are in a brothel-house, do you not? — This room is ill-scented.

Enter One with a perfume.

So, perfume, perfume : some upon me, I pray thee.

The duke is upon instaut entrance; so, make place there!

SCENE II.11

Enter the DURE PIETRO, FERRARDO, COUNT EQUATO, COUNT CELSO before, and GUSS

Pietro. Where breathes that music?

Bil. The discord rather than the music is heard from the malcontent Malevole's chamber. Fer. [calling.] Malevole! Mal. (out of his chamber.) Yaugh, god-a- [calling.]

Petrarch's 153rd Sonnet, trans. by John Harvey.

In the margin of the Qq. here: Feari centers co-

P l'alace of the Duke of Genoa. 21 The same. man, what doet thou there? Duke's Ganymede, Juno's jealous of thy long stockings. Shadow of a woman, what wouldst, weasel? Thou lamb o' court, what doet thou bleat for? Ah, you smooth chinn'd catamite! 'I Petro. Como down, thou rugged? cur, and share here; I give thy dogged sullenness free liberty; trot about and bespurtle? when thou

pleasest.

Mal. 1'll come among you, you goat- [a ish-blooded toderers, as gum into taffets, to fret, to fret. I'll fall like a sponge into water, to suck up, to suck up, Howl again; b' I'll go to church and come to you.

Exit above.

Pietro, This Malevole is one of the most [ao

prodigious affections that ever converst with nature: a man, or rather a monster, more discontent than Lucifer when he was thrust out of the presence. His appetite is insatiable as the grave; as far from any content as from a heaven. His highest delight is to procure others vexation, and therein he thinks he truly serves heaven; for 't is his position, whosever erves heaven; for 't is his position, whosever in this earth can be contented is a slave and danned; therefore does he afflict all in so that to which they are most offected. The elements struggle within him; his own soul is at variance [within herself]; I his speech is ltalter-worthy at all hours. I like him, faith: he gives good intelligence to my spirit, makes [a me understand those weaknesses which others' flattery palliates. Hark! they sing.

SCENE III.

A Song.

Enter MALEVOLE after the song.

[Pietro.] See, he comes. Now shall you hear the extremity of a malcontent: he is as free as whence come you now?

Mal. From the public place of much dissimulation, the church.

Pretro. What didst there?

Mal. Talk with a usurer; take up at in-

Pictro. I wonder what religion thou art

Mol. Of a soldier's religion. Pietro, And what dost thou think makes

most infidels now?

Mul. Sects. sects. I have seen seeming Piety change her robe so oft, that sure none but some arch devil can shape her a new petticoat.

Poetro, O, a religious policy.

Mod. But, damnation on a politic religion! am weary: would I were one of the duke's

Pictro. But what a the common news abroad,
Malevole? Then dogg'st rumour still.

Male prostitute. 2 Q. ranned. 2 Bespatter.
Name suggests "dealers in wool or mutton," i. c.
mutten mengers, laselyions fellows.
Bulton penns Houle neprin as a stage direction.
Which they care most for.
Q. umits.

Mal. Common news? Why, common words are, "God save ye," Pare ye well; "common ,: actions, flattery and cozenage; common things, women and cuckolds. - And how does my little Ferrard? Ah, ye lecherous annual! -- my little ferret, he goes sucking up and down the palace into every hen's nest, like a wease! - [and to what dost thou addict thy time to now more than to those antique painted drabs that are still affected of 10 young courtiers, Flattary, Pride, and Venery?

Fer. I study languages. Who dost think to

be the best linguist of our age?

Mal. Phew! the devil: let him possess thee;
he 'll teach thee to speak all languages most readily and strangely; and great reason, marry, he's travel'd greatly i' the world, and is every-

Fir. Save i' th' court.

Mal. Ay, save i' th' court. - (To Billioso.)

And how does my old muckhill, overspread with fresh snow? Thou half a man, half a [4] goat, all a beast I how does thy young wife, old huddle?

Bil. Out, you improvident raseal!

Mal. Do, kick thou bugely-horn'd old duke's
ox, good Master Make-pleas.

Pietro. How does thou live nowadays, Ma-

levole ?

Mal. Why, like the knight, Sir Patrick Pen-lolisus, with killing o' spiders for my lady's monkey,

Pictro. How dost spend the night? I hear

Tatro. How dost spend the higher than never sleep'st.

Mal. O, no; but dream the most fantastical!
O heaven! O fubbery, fubbery!!!
Petro. Dream! What dream'st?

Mal. Why, methinks! see that signior pawn his foltclath.!? That metrezn!! her plate: this madam takes physic that t'other monsicur may injuste to here is a pander jewel'd; minister to her: here is a pander jewel'd there a fellow in shift of satin this day, that [se could not shift a shirt t'other night; here could not shift a shirt t'other night; here a l'aris supports that Helen; there's a Lady Guinever bears up that Sir Laucelot. Dreams, dreams, visions, fantasies, chimeras, imaginations, tricks, conceits! — (To Prepassor) Sir, in Tristram, Trimtram, come aloft, Jacksan-apes, ¹⁴ with a whim-wham, here's a knight of the land of Cutito shall play at traple with any page. in Europe; do the sword-dance with any marris-dancer in Christendom; ride at the ring till [n the fin le of his eyes look as blue as the welkin; and run the wildgoose-chase even with Pom-

poy the Hugo.

Pietro. You run!

Mal. To the devil. Now, signior Guerrino, that thou from a most pitied prisoner shouldst grow a most loath d flatterer! - Alus, poor Celso, thy star's opprest: thou art an houest lord: 't is pity.

12 Housings of his horse,

w Liked by.

Deceit.

Deceit.

The ape-leader's call to his monkey.

A game played with a ball, a but, and a wooden

trap.

quato. Is 't pity? Mad. Ay, marry is 't, philosophical Equato; and 'tis pity that thou, being so excellent a scholar by art, should be so ridiculous a fool by nature. - I have a thing to tell you, duke: bid em avaunt, bid em avaunt.

Pictro. Leuve us, leave us.

Exeunt all saving Pierro and

MALEVOLE.

Now, sir, what is 't?

Mal. Duke, thou art a becco, 'a cornuto.'s

Pietro, How!

Mal. Thou art a cuckold.

Pictro. Speak, unshale s him quick.
Mal. With most tumbler-like nindleness. Pietro. Who? By whom? I burst with de-

Mal. Mendoza is the man makes thee a horn'd beast; duke, 't is Mendoza cornutes

Pictro. What conformance? 4 Relate; short,

Mul. As a lawyer's beard. There is an old crone in the court, her name is

Maquerelle, She is my mistress, sooth to any, and she doth

ever tell me.

ever tell me.

Blirt* o' rhyme, blirt o' rhyme! Maquerelle is a cunning bawd; I am an honest villain; thy wife is a close drab; and thou art a notorious cuckold. Farewell, duke.

Pietro. Stay, stay.

Md. Dull, dull duke, can lazy patience make lame revenge? O God, for a woman to make a man that which God never created, never

made? 116

Pietro. What did God never make?

Mal. A cuckold: to be made a thing that 's hoodwinkt with kindness, whilst every rascal fillips his brows; to have a coxcomb with its egregious horns pinn'd to a lord's back, every page sporting himself with delightful laughter, whilst he must be the last must know it. Pistols and poniards! pistols and poniards!

Pietro, Death and damnation!

Mol. Lightning and thunder! Pietro. Vengeance and torture! Mal. Capa!!

Pietro, O, revenge! Mal. | Nay, to select among ten thousand fairs

A lady far inferior to the most, In fair proportion both of limb and soul; To take her from austerer check of parents, To make her his by most devontful rites,

Make her commandress of a better essence Than is the gorgeous world, even of a man;

To hug her with as rais'd an appetite As usuters do their delv'd-up treasury (Thuking none tells " it but his private self);

l'o meet her spirit in a nimble kiss, Distilling panting ardour to her heart;

1 Ital., curkeld.

2 A horned one.
3 Unshell

Secret harlot.
 Exclau ation of contempt.
 Q_i omits these forty-five lines.

. Corroboration. P Counties.

· Untburnt.

True to her sheets, nay, diets strong his blood, To give her height of hymeneal sweets, — Pietro, O God!

Pietro, () God!
Mal. Whilst she lisps, and gives him some court-que lquechose,

Made only to provoke, not satiate:
And yet, even then, the thaw of her delight Flows from lewd heat of apprehension,

Only from strange imagination's rankne That forms the adulterer's presence in her soul,

And makes her think she clips the foul haars's loius

Pietro. Affliction to my blood's root!
Mal. Nay, think, but think what may proceed of this; adultery is often the mother of incest.

Pietro, Incest!
Mal. Yes, incest: mark: - Mendosa of his wife begets perchance a daughter: Mendora dies, his sou marries this daughter and you? any, 't is frequent, not only probable, but no question often acted, whilst ignorance, fearless

ignorance, chaps his own seed.

Pietro. Hideous imagination!

Mal. Adultery! Why, next to the sip of simony, 't is the most horrid transgression under the cope of salvation. 10

Pietro. Next to simony!

Mal. Ay, next to simony, in which our men

in next age shall not sin.

Pietro. Not sin! why?

Mal. Because (thanks to some churchmen our age will leave them nothing to sin with But adultery, Odulness! should show it exem plary punishment, that intemperate bloods may freeze but to think it.] I would dann him and all his generation: my own hands should do it; ha. I would not trust heaven with my vengeance anything.

Fielro. Anything, anything, Malevole: thou shalt see instantly what temper my spirit sholds. Farewell; remember I forget thee not. farewell. Esit PIRTED.

12 Mal. Farewell.

Lean thoughtfulness, a sallow meditation, Suck thy veins dry! Distemperance rob thy sleep!

The heart's disquiet is revenge most deep: He that gets blood, the life of flesh but spills. But he that breaks heart's peace, the dear coul kills.

Well, this disguise doth yet afford me that Which kings do seldon hear, or great men

Free speech: and though my state 's usurpt, Yet this affected strain gives me a tongue As fetterless as is an emperor's.

I may speak foolishly, ay, knavishly, Always carelessly, yet no one thinks it fashion To poise 13 my breath; for he that laughs and atrikes

w Under heaven (?) In spits of which a man can purchase salvation (?)

11 Q, result where, should,
12 Q, outsite the rest of this scene.
14 Weigh autously.

Is lightly felt, or seldom struck again.
Duke, I'll turment thee now: my just revenge
From thee than crown a richer gem shall part:
Beneath God, naught's so dear as a calm heart.

SCENE IV.1

Enter CELSO.

Celso. My honour'd lord, - Mal. Peace, speak low, peace! O Celso, con-

stant lord,
Thou to whose faith I only rest discovered,
Thou, one of full ten millions of men,
That lovest virtue only for itself;

Thou in whose hands old Ops 1 may put her soul)

Rehold forever-banisht Altofront, This Genon's last year's duke. O truly noble! I wanted those old instruments of state, Dissemblance and suspect: I could not time it.

Celso; My throne stood like a point in midst of a circle,

To all of equal nearness; bore with none; Rein'd all alike; so slept in fearless virtue, Suspectiesa, too suspectiess; till the crowd, Still likerous of 3 untried novelties)

Impatient with severer government,

Made strong with Florence, banisht Altofront.

Celso. Strong with Florence! ay, thence your mischief rose;

For when the daughter of the Florentine Was match'd once with this Pietro, now duke, No stratagem of state untri'd was left, Till you of all —

Mal. Of all was quite bereft:

Alss. Maria too, close prisoned.

My true faith'd duchess, i' the citadel!

Celso. I'll still adhere: let's mutiny and die.

Mul. O, no, climb not a falling tower, Celso;

T is well held desperation, no zeal,

Hopeless to strive with fate. Peace! Tem-

porize! Hope, hope, that never forsak'st the wretched'st

Yet bild'st me live, and lurk in this disguise! What, play I well the free-breath'd discontent? Why, man, we are all philosophical monarriba

Or natural fools. Celso, the court's a-fire; The duchem' sheets will smoke for't ere't be

Impure Mendoza, that sharp-nos'd lord, that made

The cursed match that linkt Genoa with Florence

Now broad-horns the duke, which he now CDOWS.

Discord to malcontents is very manna: When the ranks are burst, then scuffle, Altofront.

Celso. Ay, but durst, -2 The goddess of planty.

The came.

The goddess of planty.

Having an appetite for.

Q1 print the rest of this speech as prose, perhaps dghtly

Mal. 'T is gone; 't is swallowed like a min-

eral: Some say 't will work ; pheut, I 'll not shrink : He's resolute who can no lower sink :

[6 Billioso entering, Malevolk shifteth his speech.

O the father of May-poles! did you never see a fellow whose strength consisted in his breath, | ... respect in his office, religion in his lord, and love in himself, why, then, behold !

Bil. Signior, -Mal. My right worshipful lord, your court night-cap makes you have a passing high fore-

head. Bil. I can tell you strange news, but I am sure you know them already: the duke speaks

much good of you. Mal. Go to, then: and shall you and I now

enter into a strict friendship?
Bil. Second one another?

Mal. Yes.
Bil. Do one another good offices? Mal. Just : what though I call'd thee old ox, egregions wittel, broken-bellied coward, rotten mummy? yet, since I am in favour—Bil. Words of course, terms of disport. His

grace presents you by me a chain, as his grateful remembrance for - I am ignorant for what; marry, ye may impart: yet howsover — come — dear friend; dost know my son?

Mal. Your son!

Bit. He shall eat wood-cocks, dance jigs, make posseos, and play at shattle-cock with [70]
any young lord about the appart; he can

any young lord about the court: he has as aweet a lady, too; dost know her little bitch?

Mal. 'T is a dog, man.

Bil. Believe me, a she-bitch. O, 't is a good creature! thou shalt be her servant. I'il [n. make thee acquainted with my young wife too: what! I keep her not at court for nothing. "Tis grown to supper-time; come to my table; that, anything I have, stands open to thee.

Mul. (Aside to Celso.) How smooth to him

that is in state of grace.

How servile is the rugged'st courtier's face!
What profit, ony, what nature would keep down, Are heav'd to them are minions to a crown. Envious ambition never sates his thirst,

Till, sucking all, he swells and swells, and bursts.

Bil. I shall now leave you with my always-best wishes; only let's hold betwirt us a firm correspondence, a mutual friendly-reciproa steady-unanimous-heartilyenl kind of leagued — Mal. Did your signorship ne'er see a pigeon-

house that was smooth, round, and white without, and full of holes and stink within? Ha' ye

not, old courtier?

Bil. O, yes, 't is the form, the fashion of them all.

Mal. Adieu, my true court-friend; farewell, my dear Castilio. Exit Billioso.

5 Q, omita 11. 44-99

An allusion to Castiglione, author of The Courtier.

Celso. Youder's Mendoza.

Descries MENDOZA. True, the privy-key. : Celco. I take my leave, sweet lord.

Mal. Tis fit; away! Exit Criso.

SCENE V.1

Enter MENDOZA with three or four Suitora.

Men. Louve your suits with me; I can and will. Attend my secretary ; leave me.

Exeunt Suitors.] Mal. Mondoza, hark ye, hark ye. troucherous villain: God b' wi' ye! You are a

Ont, you base-born rascal!

Mal. We are all the sons of heaven, though a tripe-wife were our mother: ah, you whoreson, hot-rem'd he-marmoset! Aegisthus! didstever hear of one Aegisthus?

Men. Giathus?

Mal. Ay, Aegisthus: he was a filthy incon-

tinent flesh-monger, such a one as thou art.

Men. Out, grumbling rogue!

Mul. Orentes, beware Orestes !

Men. Out, beggar!
Mal. I once shall rise!
Men. Thou rise!
Med. At the resurrection.

No vulgar seed but once may rise and shall : No king so huge but 'fore he die may fall.

Men. Now, good Elysium! what a delicious beaven is it for a man to be in a prince's fa-your! O sweet God! O pleasure! O fortune! O all thou best of life! What should I think. what say, what do to be a favourite, a minion? [15 to have a general timorous respect observe? a man, a stateful silence in his presence, solitariman, a stateful silence in his presence, solitari-must in his absence, a confused hum and busy in a cloth held up, and way proclaim'd be- [26] fore him; paritionary vassels licking the pave-ment with their slavish knees, whilst some odd palace-lampreels' that engender with snakes, and are full of eyes on both sides, with a hand of insinuating humbleness, fix all [38] there delights upon his brow. O blessed state [4] what a ravishing prospect doth the Olympus of favour yield! Death, I cornute the duke! Sweet somen! most sweet ladies! nay, angels! hy heaven, he is more accursed than a devil [se that hates you, or is hated by you; and happier than a god that loves you, or is beloved by tou. You preservers of mankind, life-blood of out con? O paradise! how majestical is your [48 austoror presence I how imperiously chaste is your more modest face! but, O. how full of avishing attraction is your pretty, petulant, securshing, bisciviously-composed countersame! these amorous smiles, those soul- |so account sparkling glances, ardent as those m' in hady how delicate, in soul how witty, in

discourse how pregnant, in life, how wary, in favours how judicious, in day how sociable, and a in night how — O pleasure unurterable! in deed, it is most certain, one man eannot deserve only to enjoy a beauteous woman, but a duchess! In despite of l'hochus, I'll write a sonnet instantly in praise of her. Exit.

SCENE VLS

Enter FERNEZE ushering AURELIA, EMILIA and MAQUERELLE bearing up her train, BLANCA attending; then execut Emilia and Blanca.

Aurel. And is 't possible? Mendoza slight me! Possible? Fer. Possible!

What can be strange in him that 's drunk with favour,

Grows insolent with grace? - Speak, Maquer

elle, apeak.

Maq. To speak feelingly, more, more richly
in solid sense than worthless words, give me in solid sense than worthless words, give me those jewels of your cars to receive my enforced duty. As for my part, 't is well known I can put up anything (Fenseze percetely feeds Mario QUERELLE's hands with jewels during this speech; can bear patiently with any man: but when I heard he wronged your precious sweetness, I was enforced to take deep offence. 'T is most certain he loves Emilia with high appetite to and as aha told me ins you know we women and, as she told me tas you know we women impart our secrets one to another), when she repulsed his suit, in that he was possessed with your endeared grace, Mendoza most ingratefully renounced all faith to you.

Fer. Nay, call'd you— Speak, Maquerelle,

speak.

Maq. By heaven, witch, dri'd bisquit; and contested blushlessly he lov'd you but for a spurt or so.

Fer. For maintenance.

Fer. For maintenance.

Maq. Advancement and regard.

Aurel. O villain! O impudent Mendoon!

Maq. Nay, he is the rustiest-jaw'd, the fonest mouth'd knave in railing against our sea.

he will rail again' women —

Aurel. How? how?

Maq. I am asham'd to speak 't, I.

Aurel. I love to hate him: speak.

Maq. Why, when Emilia recen'd his hase unsteadiness, the black-throated rascal scolded.

and said

and said —
Aurel. What?

Maq. Troth, 't is too shameless.
Aurel. What said he?

Maq. Why, that, at four, women were to fools; at fourteen, drabs; at forty, bands, at fourscore, witches; and [at] a hundred, casa.

Aurel. O unlimitable impudency!

Exer. But as for non-Ferrance, fixed bases.

Fer. But as for poor Ferneze's fixed heart. Was never shadeless mendow drier parcht Under the scorehing heat of heaven's dog, Than is my heart with your enforcing eyes.

Muq. A hot simile.

mulmas eliention to.

2 Pollowing. · Loupreys.

5 The same.

Fer. Your smiles have been my heaven, your frowns my hell:

O, pity, then ! grace should with beauty dwell. so

Maq. Reasonable perfect, by r lady.

Aurel. I will love thee, he it but in despite
Of that Mendoza: — witch! Ferneze, — witch!— Ferneze, thou art the duchess' favourite:

Be faithful, private: but 't is dangerous. Fer. His love is lifeless that for love feurs breath:

The worst that 's due to sin, O, would 't were death!

Aurel. Enjoy my favour. I will be sick in-

Mag. Visit her chamber, but conditionally you shall not offend her bed: by this diamond!

Re this diamond. Gives it to Mag. Fer. By this diamond. Gives it to MAQ. May. Nor tarry longer than you please: by

Hand And that the door shall not creak. Gives again.

Fer. And that the door shall not creak.
Maq. Nay. but swear.
Fer. By this purse. Giving her his purse.
Vaq. Go to, I'll keep your oatha for you: [n

Enter MENDOZA, reading a sonnet.

Aurel. Dried biscuit | - Look where the base Men. "Beauty's life, heaven's model, love's

Men. "Beauty's life, heaven's model, love's queen,"—
Maq. That's his Emilia.
Men. "Nature's triumph, best of earth,"—
Maq. Meaning Emilia.
Men. "Thou only wonder that the world.

Maq. That's Emilia.

Aurel. Must I, then, hear her prais'd? —

Men. Madam, your excellency is graciously as encount red: I have been writing passionate flashes in honour of — Lurel. Out, villain, villain!

O judgment, where have been my eyes? what

What sorvery made me dote on thee? What sorvery made me love thee? But, be gone; Bury thy head. O, that I could do more Than louth thee! hence, worst of ill!

No reason else, lour reason is our will.

Erit with MAQUERELLE. Men. Women I nay, Furies; nay, worse; [so for they torment only the bud, but women good and bad. Damnation of mankind I Breath, hast thou prais'd them for this? and is 't you, Ferners, are wriggled into smock-grace? Sit sure. o, that I could rail against these monsters in nature, models of hell, curse of the earth, women! that dare attempt anything, and what they attempt they care not how they accom-plish; without all premeditation or prevention; rath in asking, desperate in working, impa-[ios tient in suffering, extreme in desiring, slaves auto appetite, mistresses in dissembling, only

constant in unconstancy, only perfect in counterfeiting; their words are feigned, their eyes furg'd, their sighs dissembled, their looks (to counterfeit, their bair false, their given hopes deceitful, their very breath artificial; their blood is their only god; bad clothes and old age are only the devils they tremble at. That I could rail now !

SCENE VII.2

Enter PIETRO, his sword drawn.

Pietro. A mischief fill thy throat, thou foul-jaw'd slave!

Say thy prayers. I ha' forgot 'em

Pietro. Thou shalt die. Men. So shalt thou. I am heart-mad.

Pietro.

I am horn-mad. Pietro. Men. Extreme mad.

Monstrously mad.
Why? Pietro. Pietro. Why! thou, thou hast dishonoured my bed.

Men. 1! Come, come, sit; here's my bare heart to thee.

As steady as is the dentre to this glorious world:

And yet, hark, thou art a comuto, — but by me?

Pietro. Yes, slave, by thee.

Men. Do not, do not with tart and spleenful

breath

Lose him can lose thee. I offend my duke! Bear record, O ye dumb and raw-air'd nights,

How vigilant my sleepless eyes have been To watch the traitor! Record, thou spirit of truth, With what debasement I ha' thrown myself 18

To under offices, only to learn The truth, the party, time, the means, the

place, By whom, and when, and where thou wert dis-grae'd!

And am I paid with "slave"? Hath my intrusion

To places private and prohibited,

Only to observe the closer passages, Heaven knows with vows of revelation, Made me suspected, made me deem'd a villain? What regue hath wrong'd us?

Mendoza, I may err. Men. Err ! 't is too mild a name : but err and

Run giddy with suspect, 'fore through me thou kne

That which most creatures, save thyself, do know:

Nay, since my service hath so loath'd reject, 'Fore I'll reveal, shalt find them clipt 6 gether.

Pietro. Mendoza, thou know'st I am a most plain-breasted man.

Men. The fitter to make a cuckold: would

your brows were most plain too!

2 The same. 2 Qq. this. 2 Qq. the. 2 Embraced.

Pietro. Tell me: indeed, I heard thee rail— Men. At women, true: why, what cold phlegm could choose,

Knowing a lord so honest, virtuous, So boundless loving, bounteous, fair-shap'd, MANAGET.

To be contemn'd, abus'd, defam'd, made cuck-

old? Heart! I hate all women for 't: sweet sheets, [so wax lights, antique bedposts, cambric smocks, villanous curtains, arras pictures, oil'd hinges, and all ye tongue-tied lascivious witnesses of great creatures' wantonness, — what salvation great creatures wantonness, — what salvation can you expect?

Pietro. Wilt thou tell me?

Men. Why, you may find it yourself; observe,

observe.
Pietro. I ha' not the patience. Wilt thou de-

Ferneze: 1 'll prove't; this night you shall take him in your sheets. Will't serve?

Pietro. It will; my bosom's in some peace: till night — Men. What?

Pietro, Farewell.

Men. God! how weak a lord are you! Why, do you think there is no more but so? so Pietro. Why!

Men. Nay, then, will I presume to counsel

It should be thus. You with some guard upon the sudden

Break into the princess' chamber: I stay behind.

Without the door, through which he needs must

Ferneze flies; let him: to me he comes; he's kill'd

By me, observe, by me: you follow: I rail, And seem to save the body. Duchess comes, On whom trespecting her advanced birth. & And your fair natures, I know, nay, I do know. No violence must be us'd; she comes: I storm, I praise, excuse Ferneze, and still maintain The duchess' honour; she for this loves me.
I honour you; shall know her soul, you mine:
Then naught shall she contrive in vengeauce 70 (As women are most thoughtful in revenge) Of her Forneze, but you shall sooner know t Than she can think 't. Thus shall his death

come sure Your duchess brain-caught: so your life se-

cure. Pietro. It is too well: my bosom and my

When nothing helps, cut off the rotten part.

Men. Who cannot feign friendship can ne'er Men. Who cannot leigh triendship can be er produce the effects of hatred. Honest fool duke! subtle laseivious duchess! silly novice Fernezo! I do laugh at ve. My brain is in labour till it [eo produce mischief, and I feel sudden throes, proofs sensible, the issue is at hand.

As bears shape young, so I 'll form my device, Which grown proves horrid: vengeance makes [Erit.]

[Exit.] men wire.

[SCENE VIII.]1

Enter MALEVOLE and PASSARELLO.

Mul. Fool, most happily encount'red : caust

Puss. Yes, I can sing, fool, if you'll bear the burden; and I can play upon instruments, scur vily, as gentlemen do. O, that I had been gelded! I should then have been a fat fool for

a chamber, a squenking fool for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies.

Mul. You are in good case since you came to court, fool: what, guarded, guarded!

Pass. Yes, faith, even as footnen and bawds wear velvet, not for an ornament of honour but for a badge of drudgery; for, now the dake is discontented, I am fain to fool him asleep

is descontened.

What is a his griefs?

Pass. He hath sore eyes.

Mat. I never observed so much.

Pass. Horrible sore eyes; and so bath every cuckold, for the roots of the horns spring in the eyeballs, and that is the reason the horn of the horns of th a cuckold is as tender as his eye, or as that growing in the woman's forehead, twelve years since, that could not endure to be toucht. The duke hangs down his head like a columbine.

Mul. Passarello, why do great men ber

Mal. fools? 4

Pass. As the Welshman stole rushes when there was nothing else to filch; only to keep begging in fashion.

Mal. Pooh, thou givest no good reason; then

speakest like a fool.

Pass. Faith, I utter small fragments, as your knight courts your city widow with jinging of beard, and taking tobacco: this is all the mir-ror of their knightly complements. Nay, I shall talk when my tongue is a-going once; 't is like talk when my tongue is a-going once; t is like a citizen on horseback, evermore in a false gallop.

Mal. And how doth Maquerelle fare nows

days?
Pass. Faith, I was wont to salute her wour English women are at their first landing in that antiquity leaves her as an old piece of plastic to work by, I only ask her how her rotten teeth fare every morning, and so leave her. She was the first that ever invented per fum'd smocks for the gentlewomen, and woodlen shoes, for fear of creaking for the vintunt. She were in excellent lady, but that her face peeleth like Muscovy glass.

The same. Q, emits this seems.
 With facings on his cost, each as fools were.
 An extant pampidet reserts this monstreaty
 Seek to be made guardians to ideots, in order to contain the containing of the containing of

joy their revenues.

1 Some copies read something of his guilt: was escausing his high colored.

Accomplishments.

Flushing was in the hands of the English as sectify for a loan, and presumably the garrison was unpopular with the townspeople.

Take.

Mal. And how doth thy old lord, that hath wit enough to be a flatterer, and conscience enough to be a knave?

Pass. O, excellent : he keeps beside me fifteen esters, to instruct him in the art of fooling, and

jesters, to instruct him in the art of fooling, and utters their jests in private to the duke and duchess. He'll lie like to your Switzer or [w lawyer; he'll be of any side for most money.

Mal. I am in haste, be brief.

Pass. As your fiddler when he is paid.—
He'll thrive, I warrant you, while your young [secountier stands like Good Friday in Lent; menlong to see it, because more fatting days come after it; clse he's the leanest and pitifullest actor in the whole pageant. Adien, Malevole.

Mal. O world most vile, when thy loose vanities.

vanities.

Taught by this fool, do make the fool seem wise!

Pass. You'll know me again, Malevole.

Pass. You'll know me again; or Mal. O, ay, by that velvet.

Pass. Ay, as a pettifogger by his buckram in the court as an hostbag. I am as common in the court as an host- a sa a lips in the country; knights, and clowns, and knaves, and all share me; the court cannot possibly be without me. Adieu, Malevole.

[Exeunt.]]

ACT II

SCENE I.1

Enter MENDOZA, with a sconce,2 to observe FER-MET MEXIOZA, with a wonee, to observe the BERE'S entrance, who, whilst the uct is playing, enters unbraced, two Pages before him with lights; is met by MAQUERELLE and convey'd in; the Pages are sent away.

s. He 's caught, the woodcock's head is i'

Now treads Ferneze in dangerons path of lust, Swearing his sense is merely a deifind: The fool graspa clouds, and shall beget Cen-

And now, in strength of panting faint delight, a The goat bids heaven envy him. — Good goose,

I can afford thee nothing
But the poor comfort of calamity, pity.
Lust 's like the planuets hanging on clock-

Will ne or ha' done till all is quite undone; to Such is the course salt sallow lust doth run; Which thou shalt try. I'll be reveng'd. Duke,

thy auspect; thy suspect;
Duchess, thy disgrace; Ferneze, thy rivalship;
Shall have swift vengeance. Nothing so holy,
No hand of nature so strong,
No law of friendship so sacred,
But I'll profans, borst, violate, 'fore I'll
Endure disgrace, contempt, and poverty.
Shall I, whose very "Hum" struck all heads

bare.

Whose face made silence, creaking of whose

Forc'd the most private passages fly ope,

Chamber in the Duke's Palace

Absolutely.

Scrape like a servile dog at some latch'd door? Learn how to make a leg, and cry "Beseech ye, Pray ye, is such a lord within?" be aw'd At some odd usher's scoff d formality?
First wear my brains! Unde cades non quo, re-

fert ; 4

My heart cries, "Perish all!" How! how! what fate

an once avoid revenge, that 's desperate? 'll to the duke; if all should ope - If! tush. Fortune still dotes on those who cannot blush

SCENE II.6

Enter MALEVOLE at one door; BIANCA, EMILIA, and MAQUERELLE at the other door.

Mal. Bless ye, cast 6 o' ladies ! - Ha, Dipsas ! 6 to don't thou, old coal?

Mag. Old coal;
Mol. Ay, old coal; methinks then liest like
a brand under these billets of green wood. He [4] that will inflame a young wench's heart, let him lay close to her an old coal that both first been fir'd, a panderca, my half-burnt lint, who though thou caust not flame thyself, yet art able to set a thousand virgin's tapers afire. In

- And how does Janivere thy husband, my little periwinkle? Is he troubled with the cough o' the lungs still? Does he hawk o' nights still?

He will not bite.

Bian. No, by my troth. I took him with his mouth empty of old teeth.

Mal. And he took thee with thy belly full of young bones: marry, he took his maim by the stroke of his enemy.

Bion. And I mine by the stroke of my friend.

Bion. And I mine by the stroke of my friend.

Mal. The close stock! () mortal weigh!
Lady, ha'ye now no restoratives for your decayed Jasons? Look ye, crab's guts bak'd, distill'd oa-pith, the pulverized hairs of a lion's upper-lip, jelly of cock-sparrows, he-mon-sekey's marrow, or powder of fox-stones?—And whither are all you ambling now?

Bian. Why, to bed, to bed.

Mal. Do your husbands lie with ye?

Bian. Why, to bed, to bed.

Mal. Do your husbands lie with yo?

Bian. That were country fushion, i' faith. >>

Bian. That were country fushion ? Come,

Bion. That were country fusinon, 1 min.
Mal. Ha' ye no foregoers about you? Come,
whither in good deed, la now?
Maq. In good indeed, la now, to eat the most
Maq. La good indeed, la now, to eat the most miraculously, admirably, astonishable composed posset with three curds, without any drink, a Will ye help me with a he-fox?—Here's the duke.

[Mal. Fri'd frogs are very good, and French-like too.]

SCENE III.9

Enter DURE PIETRO, COUNT CELSO, COUNT EQUATO, BILIOSO, FERRARDO, and MEN-DOZA.

Pietro. The night grows deep and foul: what

Celso. Upon the stroke of twelve.

4 "It is whence you fall, not whither, that matters"
5 Chamber in the Duke's Palace,
7 Strick, stoccado, a thrust,
6 Q omits I The mme.

an institution of the

Mal. Save ye, Duke!

Pietro. From thee: begone, I do not love [4]

thee! Let me see thee no more; we are displeas'd.

Mal. Why, God b'wi' thee! Heaven hear my curse, — may thy wife and thee live long sogether!

Pietro. Begone, sirrah!
Mal. "When Arthur first in court began," —
Agamemnon — Menelaus — was ever any duke a cornuto?

Pietro. Begone, hence!

Mal. What religion wilt thou be of next?

Men. Out with him!

Mal. With most servile patience. - Time will

When wonder of thy error will strike dumb Thy hezzled 1 senses. --Slaves 'ay, favour : ay, marry, shall he rise : Good God! how subtle hell doth flatter vice! Mounts him aloft, and makes him seem to fly, As fowl the tortoise mock'd, who to the sky
The ambutious shell-fish rais'd! The end of all
is only, that from height he might dead fall.

"Bil. Why, when? Out, ye rogue! begone,
ye raseal!

Mal. I shall now leave ye with all my best

wishes,

Ril. Out, ye curl Mal. Only let's hold together a firm correspondence.

Bil. Out!

Mal. A mutual-friendly-reciprocal-perpetual kind of steady-unanimous-heartily-leagued Bil. Hence, ye gross-jaw'd, peasantly - out,

Mal. Adieu, pigeon-house; thou burr, that only stickest to mappy fortunes. The serpigo, to the strangury, an eternal uneffectual priapism seize thee!

Ril. Out, rogue!
Mal. May'st thou be a notorious wittelly pan-Mal. May it thou be a notorious wittony pander to thine own wife, and yet get no office, [we hat live to be the utmost misery of mankind, a beggarly cuckold!]

Erut.

Pietro. It shall be so.

Men. It must be so, for where great states

pevenge,

is requisite the parts be closely dogg'd, (Which piety and soft respect forbears).4 Lav one into his breast shall sleep with him, Feed in the same dish, run in self-faction, Who may diseaser any shape of danger; For once disgrac'd, displayed in offence, It makes man blushless, and man is all confess) More prone to vengeance than to gratefulness. Favours are writ in dust; but stripes we feel Deprayed nature stamps in lasting steel.

Patro. You shall be leagu'd with the duchess.

Equato. The plot is very good.

Men. You shall both kill, and seem the corse

to save.

Drunken. 2 Q, omits II 27-47. An eruption.
Bullen's emend. Qq. read
The expense, the posts with piety
Antiscal respect forbears, he clearly dogd.
For soft, other copies read loft, lost.

Fer. A most fine brain-trick.

Celso. (Aside.) Of a most cunning knave. . Pietro. My lords, the heavy action we intend Is death and shame, two of the ugligst shapes. That can confound a soul; think, think of it. I strike, but yet, like him that 'gmust stone walls

Directs, his shafts rebound in his own face; My lady's shame is mine, O God, 't is mine! Therefore I do conjure all secrecy: Let it be as very little as may be, Pray ye, as may be,

Make frightless entrance, salute her with soft

Stain nought with blood; only Ferneze dies. . But not before her brows. O gentlemen, God knows I love her! Nothing else, but this: -I am not well if grief, that sucks veins dry, Rivels the skin, casts ashes in men's face Be-dulls the eye, unstrengthens all the blood, Chance to remove me to another world, As sure I once must die, let him succeed: I have no child; all that my youth begot Hath been your laves, which shall inherit me: Which as it ever shall, I do conjure it, Mendoza may succeed: he is nobly born; With me of much desert.

Celso. (Aside.) Much!
Pietro. Your silence answers, "Ay."
I thank you. Come on now. O, that I might die Before her shame 's display'd! Would I were

fore'd

To burn my father's tomb, unheal⁶ his bones. And dash them in the dirt, rather than this! This both the living and the dead offends. Sharp surgery where naught but death amenda

SCENE IV.

Enter MAQUERELLE, EMILIA, and BIANCA will a posset.

Maq. Even here it is, three curds in three regions individually distinct, most methodically according to art compos'd, without any drink.

Bian. Without any drink!

Maq. Upon my honour. Will ye sit and eat?

Emil. Good; the composure, the receipt, how is 't?

Maq. 'T is a pretty pearl; by this pearl flow does 't with me?' thus it is: Seven and thirty valls of Harrhary hand again individual statements.

yolks of Earbary hens' eggs; eighteen spoon of fuls and a half of the juice of cock-sparrow bones; one onuce, three drams, four scruples, and one quarter of the syrup of Ethiopian dates; sweetened with three quarters of a peutod of pure candied Indian eringoes; stewed so over with the powder of pearl of America, amber of tatain, and lamb-stones of Muscoria.

Bian. Trust me, the ingredients are very

cordial, and, no question, good, and most power ful in restoration.

Maq. I know not what you mean by storation; but this it doth, - it purified the

Wrinkles.

Uncover.

The mme.
How does it become me?

blood, smootheth the skin, enliveneth the eye, strengtheneth the veins, mundifieth 1 the teeth, comforteth the stomach, fortifieth the back, [15

and quickeneth the wit; that s all.

Emil. By my troth, I have eaten but two
spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse most

spoonruis, and methinks I could discourse most swiftly and wittly already.

Maq. Have you the art to seem honest?

Bian. Ay, thank advice and practice.

Maq. Why, then, sat me o' this posset, quicken your blood, and preserve your beauty.

Do you know Doctor Plaster-face? by this curd, he is the most exquisite in forging of veins. he is the most exquisite in forging of veins, [ssprightening of eyes, dying of hair, sleeking of skins, blushing of cheeks, surphling² of breasts, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an old lady gracious by torchlight; by

made an old lady gracious by torchlight; by
this curd, la.

Bian. Well, we are resolved, what God has
given us we'll cherish.

Maq. Cherish anything saving your husband;
keep him not too high, lest he leap the pale:
but, for your beauty, let it be your saint; [46
bequeath two hours to it every morning in your
closet. I ha' been young, and yet, in my conscience, I am not above five and twenty: but,
helieve me, preserve and new your heauty: for believe me, preserve and use your beauty; for youth and beauty once gone, we are like bee-[m hives without honey, out-o'-fashion apparel that no man will wear: therefore use me your

Emil. Ay, but men say — say what they [ss Maq. Men say! let men say what they are ignorant of our arms in perfec-Mag. Men say! let men say what they [se will: life o' woman! they are ignorant of our wants. The more in years, the more in perfection they grow; if they lose youth and beauty, and discretion: but when our they gain wisdom and discretion: but when our beauty fades, good-night with us. There [so cannot be an uglier thing than to see an old woman: from which, O pruning, pinching, and painting, deliver all sweet beauties!

Music within.

Bian. Hark! music!

Maq. Peace, 't is i' the duchess' bed-chamber.

Good rest, most prosperously-graced ladies.

Emil. Good night, sentinel.

Bian. Night, dear Maquerelle.

Exeunt all but MAQ. Maq. May my posset's operation send you my wit and honesty; and me, your youth and [w beauty; the pleasing st rest!

SCENE V.8

A Song [within].

Whilst the song is singing, enter MENDOZA with his sword drawn, standing ready to murder FERNEZE as he flies from the duchosm' chamber. - Tumult within.

All [within.] Strike, strike!
Aur. [within.] Save my Ferneze! O, save my
Ferneze!

² Cleanseth.

Treating with cosmetics.
The same.

Enter FERNEZE in his shirt, and is receiv'd upon MENDOZA'S sword.

All [within.] Follow, pursue]

Aur. [within.]
O, save Ferneze!
Men. Pierce, pierce!—Thou shallow fool, O, save Ferneze! drop there!

He that attempts a princess' lawless love Must have broad hands, close heart, with Argus'

And back of Hercules, or else he dies.

Thrusts his rapier in FER.

Enter AURELIA, PIETRO, FERRARDO, BILIOSO. . CELBO, and EQUATO.

All. Follow, follow!

Men. Stand off, forbear, ye most uncivil lords!

Pietro. Strike !

Do not ; tempt not a man resolv'd : 10 Men

of FERNEZE, and seems to save him.
Would you, inhuman murderers, more than
death?

Aur. O poor Ferneze!

Men. Alas, now all defence too late!

Aur. He 's dead.

Pietro. I am sorry for our shame.—Go to your bed: Weep not too much, but leave some tears to shed

When I am dead.

Aur. What, weep for thee! my soul no tears
shall find.

Pietro. Alas, alas, that women's souls are blind!

Men. Betray such beauty! Murder such youth! Contemn civility!

He loves him not that rails not at him.

Pietro. Thou canst not move us: we have blood enough. -

And please you, lady, we have quite forgot All your defects: if not, why, then—

Aur. Despite go with thee!

Men. Madam, you ha' done me foul disgrace;
you have wrong'd him much loves you too

nuch: go to, your soul knows you have.

Aur. I think I have.

Men. Do you but think so?

Aur. Nay, sure, I have: my eyes have witnessed thy love: thou hast stood too firm for

Men. Why, tell me, fair-cheekt lady, who even in tears art powerfully beauteous, what unadvised passion struck ye into such a violent heat against me? Speak, what mis-[40 chief wrong'd us? What devil injur'd us? Speak.

Aur. The thing ne'er worthy of the name of

man, Ferneze; Ferneze swore thou lov'st Emilia;

Which to advance, with most repreachful breath

Thou both didst blemish and denounce my love. Men. Ignoble villain! did I for this bestride

Thy wounded limbs! for this, rank opposite Even to my sovereign? for this, U God, for this, sunk all my bopes, and with my hopes my afe ? Ripp d bure my throat anto the hangman's aze?

Thou must dishonour d trunk ' - Emilia! By life, I know her not - Emilia - ! Did you believe him !

Aur. Pardon me, a um. Men. Did you? And thereupon you graced Pardon me, I did. Men. bitts "

Mon. I did. Mon. Took him to favour, may even chasp'd with him?

Alas, I did! Men.

This night? This night. Aur. Mes And in your lustful twines the duke took you?

Aw. A most sad truth.

M.n. O God, O God! how we dull honest souls,

Heavy brain'd men, are swallowed in the bogs Of a deceitful ground, whilst nimble bloods, Light-jointed spirits, speed; 1 cut good men's

threats,
And scape! Alas, I am too bonest for this age,
Too full of philerm and heavy steadiness:

Stood still whilst this slave cost a noise about

me; Nay, then to stand in honour of him and her, Who had even slie'd my heart

Come, I did err,

And am most sorry I did err.

Men. Why, we are both but dead: the duke Men. Way.

those whom princes do once groundly ! hate,

et them provide to die, as sure as fate. Prevention is the heart of policy.

Men. Instantly? Lur. Instantly; before he casts a plot, Or further blaze my honour's much-known blot, 'a murder him.

Men. I would do much for you: will ye marry me?

Aur. I'll make thee duke. We are of Medicis;

Ploreties our friend; in court my faction Not meanly strengthful; the duke then dead; We well prepar'd for change; the multitude

Irresolutely reeling; we in force; Our party accorded; the kingdom maz'd; No doubt of a swift success all shall be grac'd.

Men. You do confirm me, we are resolute: To more about the immodest waist of night: The mother of moist dew with pallid light sprends gloomy shades about the numbed

Sleep, aleep, whilst we contrive our mischief's birth

This man I 'll get inhum'd. Farewell: to bed ;

1 Dodaley's smend. Q1 pent; Q spent.
2 Thoroughly.
5 By.

1 . 1 . 44 - 6, , -

Ay, kiss thy pillow, dream the duke is dead. So, so, good night. Exit Avarus. How fortune dotes on impudence!

I am in private the adopted son

Of you good prince: I must be duke: why, if I must, I must. Most silly lord, name me! O heaven! I sor God made honest fools to maintain craft? knaves.

The duchese is wholly mine too; must kill her bushand

To quit her shame. Much! then marry her! Ay. O. I grow proud in presperous treachery ! As wrestlers clip, so I'll embrace you all. Not to support, but to procure your fall.

Enter MALEVOLE.

Mal. God arrest thee ! Men. At whose suit?

Mal. At the devil's. Ah, you treacherons, dammable monster, how dost? how dost thou treacherons rogue? Ah, ye rasen!! I am ban-juished the court, sirrah.

Mes. Prithee, let's be acquainted; I do love

thee, faith.

Mal. At your service, by the Lord, la : shall ? go to supper? Let's be once drunk together. and so unite a most virtuously-strength ned friendship: shall 's Huguenot? shall 's Men. Wilt fall upon my chamber to-morrow

Men.

Mol. As a raven to a dunghill. They my in there is one dead here: prickt for the pride of the flesh.

the flesh.

Mem. Ferneze: there he is: prithee, bury him
Mal. O, most willingly: I mean to turn per
Roch He churchman, I, 4

Men. Thou churchman! Why, why?

Mot. Because I'll live lazily, rail upon authority, deny kings' supremay in things indif-

ferent, and be a pope in mine own parish.

Men. Wherefore dost thou think churches were made?

Mal. To scour plough-shares: I ha' scen over

Mat. To score plought subsets: I have been plough up alters; et nunc seges ubs Scon fait.

Men. Strange!

Mal. Nay, monstrous! I has seen a sumptoons steeple turned to a stinking pray; now beastly, the sacredest place made a dogs here. beastly, the sacredest place made a dogs are nel; nay, most inhuman, the stoned coffin of long-dead Christians burst up, and made here troughs: hie finis Prinni. Shall I ha' some sack and cheese at the chamber? Good night good mischievous incarnate devil; good mischievous inhumans rillair good mischievous rillair good misc

good mischievous mearman devn; good night. Mendoza; ah, ye inhuman villain, good night night, fub.!

Men. Good night: to-morrow morn? Em. Mal. Ay, I will come, friendly damuation I will come. I do desery cross-points; based

will come. I do descry cross-points; innestre and courteship straddle as far asunder as a tracker. O!

For. O!

Mal. Proclamations! more proclamations!

Fer. O! a surgeon!

I. c. a Huguenot.
Ovid, Her. Epist. i. 53, with Troja for Si
Virgil, Aeneid, il. 554.

Mal. Hark! lust cries for a surgeon. What nows from Limbo? How does the grand cuckeld, Lucifer?

Fer. O, help, help! conceal and save me. FERNEZE stirs, and MALEVOLE helps him up and conveys him away.

Mal. Thy shame more than thy wounds do grieve me far : .

Thy wounds but leave upon thy flesh some scar But fame ne'er heals, still rankles worse and

worse; Such is of uncontrolled lust the curse Think what it is in lawless sheets to lie;

But, O. Ferneze, what in lust to die ! Then thou that shame respect'st, O, fly con-

With women's eyes and lisping wantonness! 44 Stick candles 'gainst a virgin wall's white back, If they not burn, yet at the least they'll black. Come, I'll convey thee to a private port, Where thou shalt live (O happy man!) from

court. The beauty of the day begins to rise, From whose bright form night's heavy shadow

Now 'gin close plots to work; the scene grows full,

And craves his eyes who hath a solid skull.

ACT III

SCENE I.1

Enter PIETRO, MENDOZA, EQUATO, and BILI-OSO.

Pietro. 'T is grown to youth of day: how shall we waste this light?

My heart's more heavy than a tyrant's crown. Shall we go hunt? Prepare for field.

Exit EQUATO.

Men. Would ye could be merry!

Pietro. Would God I could! Mendoza, bid
'em haste.

Exit MENDOZA. 5 Exit MENDOZA. I would fain shift place; O vain relief!

Sad souls may well change place, but not change grief:

As deer, being struck, fly thorough many soils,² Yet still the shaft sticks fast, so — Bil. A good old simile, my honest lord.

10 Pietro, I am not much unlike to some sick

man

That long desired hurtful drink; at last Swills in and drinks his last, ending at once Both life and thirst. O, would I ne'er had known

My own dishonour! Good God, that men should desire

To search out that, which, being found, kills all Their joy of life! to taste the tree of knowledge, And then be driven from out paradise!

Canst give me some comfort?

Bil. My lord, I have some books which [30]

have been dedicated to my honour, and I ne'er

read 'em, and yet they had very fine names,

1 A room in the Duke's Palace. 2 Streams.

Physic for Fortune, Lozenges of Sanctified Sincerity: very pretty works of curates, scriveners, and schoolmasters. Marry, I remember one [25] Seneca, Lucius Annaeus Seneca

Pietro. Out upon him ! he writ of temperance and fortitude, yet lived like a voluptuous epi-cure, and died like an effeminate coward.— Haste thee to Florence:

Here, take our letters; see 'em seal'd; away! Report in private to the honour'd duke His daughter's forc'd diagrace; tell him at

length

We know too much: due compliments advance:
There's naught that's safe and sweet but ig-

Erit. norance.

[Enter 4 Blanca.

Bil. Madam, I am going ambassador for Florence; 't will be great charges to me.

Bian. No matter, my lord, you have the lease of two manors come out next Christmas; you may lay your tenants on the greater rack [40 for it: and when you come home again, I'll teach you how you shall get two hundred pounds

a-year by your teeth.

Bil. How, madam?

Bian. Cut off so much from house-keep-[ss ing : that which is saved by the teeth, you know,

Bil. Fore God, and so I may; I am in wondrous credit, lady.

Bian. See the use of flattery: I did ever [see the use of flattery and you have counsel you to flatter greatness, and you have profited well: any man that will do so shall be aure to be like your Scotch barnacle, on was block, instantly a worm, and presently a great goose: this it is to rot and putrefy in the bosom

of greatness.

Bil. Thou art ever my politician. O, how happy is that old lord that hath a politician to his young lady! I'll have fifty gentlemen shall attend upon me: marry, the most of them [se shall be farmer's sons, because they shall bear their own charges; and they shall go apparelled thus, — in sea-water-green suits, ash-colour cloaks, watchet stockings, and popinjay-green feathers: will not the colours do excellent?

Bian. Out upon 't! they 'll look like citizens riding to their friends at Whitsuntide; their

apparel just so many several parishes.

Bil. I'll have it so; and Passarello, my fool, shall go along with me; marry, he shall be in velvet.

Bian. A fool in velvet!

Bil. Ay, 't is common for yo satin; I'll have mine in velvet. 't is common for your fool to wear

Bian. What will you wear, then, my lord? a Bil. Velvet too; marry, it shall be embroidered, because I'll differ from the fool somewhat. I am horribly troubled with the gout: nothing grieves me, but that my doctor hath forbidden me wine, and you know your ambassador [so

 So Q₂. Q₁ complaints.
 Q₁ omits 11. 36-176.
 A kind of wild geess were supposed to grow from bernacles.

must drink. Didst thou ask thy doctor what was good for the gout?

Bian. Yes; he said, ease, wine, and women, were good for it.

Bil. Nay, thou hast such a witl What was good to cure it, said he?

Bian. Why, the rack. All your empirics could never do the like cure upon the gout the rack did in England, or your Scotch boot. The French hariequin will instruct you.

Bil. Surely, I do wonder how thou, having for the most part of thy lifetime been a country body, shouldst have so good a wit.

Bian. Who, I? why, I have been a courtier

thrice two months.

Bil. So have I this twenty year, and yet there was a gentleman-usher called me coxcomb to the day, and to my face too: was 't not a backbiring rascal? I would I were better travelled, that I might have been better acquainted with the fusbions of several countrymen: [10] but my secretary, I think, he hath sufficiently instructed me.

Bian. How, my lord?

Bil. "Marry, my good lord," quoth be, [100]
"your lordship shall ever find amongst a hundred Frenchmen forty hot-shots; amongst a hundred Spaniards, three-score braggarts; amongst a hundred Dutchmen, four-score drunkards; and ten madmen; and amongst an hundred Welshmon!

Bian. What, my lord?
Bil. "Four-score and nineteen gentlemen." 2 Bian. But since you go about a sad embassy, Bian. But since you go in black, my lord.

Bil. Why, dost think I cannot mourn, unless I wear my hat in cypress. Ike an alderman's heir? That's vile, very old, in faith.

Bian. I'll learn of you shortly: O, we should

have a fine gallant of you, should not I instruct you! How will you bear yourself when you come into the Duke of Florence' court?

Bil. Proud enough, and 't will do well enough.
As I walk up and down the chamber, I'll | 116 spit frowns about me, have a strong perfume in my jerkin, let my beard grow to make me look terrible, salute no man beneath the fourth button; and 't will do excellent.

Binn. But there is a very beautiful lady [190]

there, how will you entertain her?

Bil. I'll tell you that, when the Mdy hath
entertained me: but to satisfy thee, here comes the fool.

Enter PASSARELLO.

Fool, thou shalt stand for the fair lady, 18 Page. Your fool will stand for your lady most willingly and most uprightly.

Bil. I'll salute her in Latin.

Pass. (), your fool can understand no Latin.
Bil. Ay, but your lady can.
Pass. Why, then, if your lady take down

1 A form of tarture.
2 Weishmen were notoriously proud of their pedigree.

a Crape.

your fool, your fool will stand no longer for your lady.

Bil. A pestilent fool! 'fore God, I think the world be turned upside down too.

Pass. O, no, sir; for then your lady and all the ladies in the palace should go with their heels apward, and that were a strange sight.

you know.

Bil. There be many will repine at my prefer-

Pass. O, ay, like the envy of an older sister, that hath her younger made a lady before her. But. The duke is wondrous discontented.

Pass. Ay, and more melancholic than a a surer having all his money out at the death of a prince

Bil. Didst thou see Madam Florin to-day?
Pass, Yes, I found her repairing her tnee to-day; the red upon the white showed as if be her cheeks should have been served in for two dishes of barberries in stewed broth, and the flesh to them a woodcock,

Bil. A bitter fool! Come, madam, this night

thou shalt enjoy me freely, and tomorrow in

for Florence

Pass. What a natural fool is he that would be a pair of bodies to a woman's pettreoat, to be trussed and pointed to them! Well, I'll dog my lord; and the word is proper: for when I my lora; and the word as proper; for when I map him by the fingers, he spits in my mouth. If a dog a death were not strangling. I had rather be on than a serving-man; for the corruption of comis either the generation of a usurer or a longy Exeunt BIANCA and PASSARELLO. beggar.

SCENE II.4

Enter MALEVOLE in some frieze gown, while Billioso reads his patent

Mal. I cannot sleep; my eyes' ill-neighbouring lids

Will hold no fellowship, O thou pale soler night.
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense doct

steep;

Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,

Unbend'st the feebled veins of sweaty labour! The galley-slave, that all the toilsome day Togs at his oar against the stubborn wave, straining his rugged veins, anores fast;

The stooping scythe-man, that doth barb the field,
Thou mak'st wink sure: in night all creature

sleep;

Only the malcontent, that 'guinst his fate Repines and quarrels, - alas he's gordman

His sallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moon Whilst others' beds are down, his pullow's

Bil. Malevole! Mal. Elder of Israel, thou honest defect of

4 Qq. forel. Perhaps a pun. 5 Pair of stays, bodice.

The mine ! Have, here, mov.

and obstinate ignorance, when se thee lie with her roing ambassador to Florence. mador ! Now, for thy country's [: e, do not put up mutton and por-lonk-bag. Thy young lady wife blonk-bag. so with thee too, does she not?

save her at the palace.

palace! Now, discretion shield,
al's love, let 's ha' no more cuckbegins to put off his saffron robe:1 i' the state of grace. Heart o' sooner leave my lady singled in in in the Genoa palace : row loathsome, even to blushes'

choke 2 intemperate appetite, seent the rotten breath of lust. alian luscivious palace, ish of all allurement, incitements to immodesty, bound, incens'd with wanton

d high with heating delicates, et music, amorous masquerers, inquets, sin itself gilt o'er, tricking up strange delights, dress'd pleasingly to sense, It unto the soul, confirm'd camples, impudent custom, at great bawd, Opportunity; sour d, clap to her easy ear d elothes, well-shap'd, rich, promising, noble, ardent, blood-

ing. - Ulysses absent, chastest Penelope hold out? I'll think on 't. Farewell. ell. Take thy wife with thee. am ! it may prove good, it may! nee unmask our brows.

SCENE III.2

Bater COUNT CELSO.

onour'd lord -

peace! how is't? Speak low:

hedges, walls, and trees, have

ins all?

h, my lord, that beast with many

multitude, recoils apace : igh great men's envy, most men's

intemperate beat hath banish'd

find envy and malice ne'er too soft duke, lies as a block, I costume of Hymen in masques. Qu. cloake, cloke.

For which two tugging factions seem to saw; But still the iron through the ribs they draw. Mal. I tell thee, Celso, I have ever found Thy breast most far from shifting covardice and fearful baseness: therefore I 'll tell thee, Celso,

find the wind begins to come about:

Il shift my suit of fortune.
know the Florentine, whose only force. By marrying his proud daughter to this

prince,
Both banish'd me and made this weak lord duke.

Will now forsake them all; be sure he will. I'll lie in ambush for conveniency. Upon their severance to confirm myself.

Celso. la Ferneze interr'd ?

Mul. Of that at leisure: he lives. Celso. But how stands Mendoza? How is 't with him?

Mal. Faith, like a pair of snuffers, snibs filth in other men, and retains it in himself. A. Celso. He does thy from public notice, methinks, as a hare does from hounds; the feet

whereon he flies betray him. Mal. I can track him, Celso. O, my disguise fools him most powerfully!
For that I seem a desperate malcontent,
He fain would clasp with me: he's the true

slave That will put on the most affected grace For some vile second cause.

Enter MENDOZA.

Celso. He's here. Mal. Give place. Erit CELSO. Illo, ho, ho, ho I art there, old truepenny? Where hast thou spent thyself this morning? Where hast thou spent thysert this morning I see flattery in thine eyes, and damnation in thy soul. Ha, ye huge rascal!

Men. Thou art very merry.

Mal. As a schelar, futuens gratis. How does the devil go with thee now?

Men. Malevole, thou art an arrant knave.

Mal. Who, I? I have been a sergeant, [88]

man.

Men. Thou art very poor.

Mal. As Joh, an alchymist, or a post. Men. The duke hates thee.

Mal. As Irishmen do bum-cracks. Men. Thon hast last his amity.

Men. Then hast lost his amily.

Mal. As pleasing as maids lose their virgin-

Would thou wert of a lusty spirit!
Would thou wert noble!

Mal. Why, sure my blood gives me I am noble, sure I am of noble kind; for I find my-self possessed with all their qualities. — love the disc and drabs, scorn wit in stuff-clothes; dogs, dice, and drabs, scorn wit in stuff-clother; have beat my shoomsker, knocked my scom- stress, cuckold[ed] my 'pothecary, and undene my tailor. Noble! why not? since the stoic's said. Neminem servum non er regibus, neminem regem non ex servis esse oriundum; only busy Fortune touses, and the provident Chances [**

Whose force alone.

⁴ Seneca, Epist. allv.

blend them together. I'll give you a simile: did you e'er see a well with two buckets, whilst one comes up full to be emptied, another goes down empty to be filled? Such is the state of all humanity. Why, look you, I may in be the son of some duke; for, believe me, intemperate laseivious bastardy makes nobility doubtful. I have a lasty during heart. Mandoubtful: I have a lusty during heart, Men-

Men. Let's grasp; I do like thee infinitely.
Wilt enact one thing for me?
Mal. Shall I get by it? (MEN. gives him his
purse.) Command me; I am thy slave, beyond death and hell.

Men. Murder the duke.

Mal. My heart's wish, my soul's desire, my fantasy's dream, my blood's longing, the only height of my hopes! How, O God. how! O. how my united spirits, throng together, to strengthen my resolve!

The duke is now a-hunting.

Men. The duke is now a number.

Mal. Excellent, admirable, as the devil would me ranier pistol, have it! Lend me, lend me, rapier, pistol, cross-bow; so, so, I'll do it.

Men. Then we agree.

Mol. As Lent and fishmongers. Come, a-capa-pe, how? Inform.

Men. Know that this weak-brain'd duke,

who only stands lorence stilts, hath out of witless On Florence zeal

Made me his heir, and secretly confirm'd The wreath to me after his life's full point. Mal. Upon what merit?

Merit! by heaven, I horn him.

Only Ferneze's death gave me state's life.

Tut, we are politic, he must not live now.

Mal. No reason, marry: but how must he die now?

Men. My utmost project is to murder the duke, that I might have his state, because he makes me his heir; to banish the duchess, that I might be rid of a cunning Lacedaemon [no ian, because I know Florence will forsake her; and then to marry Maria, the banished Duke Altofront's wife, that her friends might strengthen me and my faction: that is all,

Mal. Do you love Marin?

Men. Faith, nogreat affection, but as wise men do love great women, to ennoble their blood and augment revenue. To accomplish this now, thus augment revenue. To accomplish this new, thus now. The duke is in the forest, next the sea: [19] single him, kill him, hurl him i' the main, and proclaim thou sawest wolves ent him.

Mal. Um! Not so good. Methinks when he

is slain,

get some hypocrite, some dangerous wretch

That 's muthed o('e)r with feigned holiness, 185 To swear he heard the duke on some steep cliff Lament his wife's dishonour, and, in an agony Of his heart's torture, burl'd his groaning sides Into the swollen sea, this circumstance

Well made sounds probable; and hereupon 110 The duchess

May well be banish'd:

() unpeerable invention ! rare!

Thou god of policy! it honeys me.

Mul. Then fear not for the wife of Altofront :

I'll close to her.

Men. Thou shalt, thou shalt. Our excellency is pleas'd :

Why wert not thou an emperor? When we Are duke, I'll make thee some great man,

Bure. Mul. Nay. Make me some rich knave, and I'll make myself

Some great man.

In thee be all my spirit: ... Men. Retain ten souls, unite thy virtual pow Resolve; ha, remember greatness l

The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell.

Re-enter Calso.

Mal. Celso, didst hear? - O heaven, didst

hear Such devilish mischief? Suffer'st thou the world

Carouse dannation even with greedy swallow, And still dost wink, still does thy vengrance slumber?

If now thy brows are clear, when will they thunder?

SCENE IV.1

Enter PIETRO, FERRARDO, PREPASSO, and Three Pages.

Fer. The dogs are at a fault.

Cornets like horns. Cornets like horn.

Pietro. Would God nothing but the dogs were at it! Let the deer pursue safety, the dogs follow the game, and do you follow the dogs: as for me, the unfit one heast should hunt are atother; I ha' one chaseth me: an 't please you, I would be rid of ye a little.

For. Would your grief would, as soon as ve, leave you to quietness!

Pietro. I thank you.

Pietro. I thank you.

Exeunt [FERHARDO and PREPAGE]

Boy, what dost thou dream of now?

1 Page. Of a dry summer, my lord, for here's a hot world towards; but, my lord, I

had a strange dream last night.

Pietro. What strange dream?

1 Page. Why, methought I pleased you with singing, and then I dreamt that you gave me

singing, and then that short award.

Pietro. Prettily begged: hold thee, I'll prote pietro. Prettily begged: hold thee, I'll prote pietro. Prettily begged: hold thee, I'll protection true; take 't. (Given award.) Tretto. Practicy togged: non-thee, I in protect thy dream true; take 't. [Givenny sword.] *

1 Page. My duty: but still I dreamt on, my lord; and methought, an 't shall please year excellency, you would needs out of your ruyal bounty give me that jewel in your hat.

Pietro. O, thou didn't but dream, boy; do le not believe it: dreams prove not always true; they may hold in a short aword, but not in a

they may hold in a short sword, but not in a jewel. But now, sir, you dreamt you had

¹ A forest near the sea.

pleased me with singing; make that true, as I ha' made the other.

1 Page. Faith, my lord, I did but dream, and dreams, you say, prove not slways true; they may hold in a good sword, but not in a good song. The truth is, I ha' lost my voice.

Pietro. Lost thy voice! How?

1 Page. With dreaming, faith: but here's a comple of sirenical rascals shall enchant ye.

What shall they sing, my good lord?

Pictro. Sing of the nature of women: and then the song shall be surely full of variety, [we ald crotchets, and most sweet closes; it shall be chumorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melan-choly, sprightly, one in all, and all in one. 1 Page. All in one! Pietro. By 'r lady, too many. Sing: my [48 speech grows culpable of unthrifty idleness:

me.

Song [by 2 and 3 Pages].

SCENE V.2

[To Pietro] Enter MALEVOLE, with cross-bow and pistol.

Pietro, Ah, so, so, sing. I am heavy: walk off; I shall talk in my eleep: walk off.

Excunt Pages. Mal. Brief, brief: who? The Duke! Good heaven, that fools

Should stumble upon greatness! - Do not aleep,

duke; Give ye good-morrow. Is must be brief, duke; I am fee'd to murder thee:—start not:—Mendoza

Mendoza hir'd me; here's his gold, his pistol, Cross-bow, [and] sword: 't is all as firm as earth. O fool, fool, choked with the common maze

Of easy idiots, credulity!

Make him thine heir! What, thy sworn mur-

derer!

Pietro. O, can it be? Mal. Can!

Pietro. Discover'd he not Ferneze?

Mal. Yes, but why? but why? For love to

thee i Much, much! To be reveng'd upon his rival, Who had thrust his jaws awry; Who being slain, suppos'd by thine own hands, Defended by his sword, made thee most loath-

m01330,

Him most gracious with thy loose princess: Thou, closely 4 yielding egress and regress to her, Madest him heir; whose hot unquiet lust Straight tous'd thy sheets, and now would seize

thy state.
Politician! Wise man! Death! to be Led to the stake like a bull by the horns; To make even kindness cut a gentle throat! Life, why art thou numb'd? Thou foggy dulness, speak :

Lives not more faith in a home-thrusting tongue
Than in those fencing tip-tap courtiers?

Vanity, frivôlity.
 The same, continued.

Q Q omita; Q you.

Enter CBLSO, with a hermit's gown and beard.

[Pietro.] Lord Malevole, if this be true — Mal. If! Come, shade thee with this dis-[suguise. If! Thou shalt handle it; he shall thank thee for killing thyself. Come, follow my directions, and thou shalt see strange aleights. Pietro. World, whither wilt thou?

Mal. Why, to the devil. Come, the morn grows late:

A steady unishage is the cold of the strange and shade a standard unishage is the cold of the strange and standard and shade and shade

A steady quickness is the soul of state.

Exeunt.

ACT IV

SCENE I.6

Enter MAQUERELLE, knocking at the ladies' door.

Maq. Medam, medam, are you stirring, medam? If you be stirring, medam, — if I thought I should disturb ye—

[Enter Page.]

Page. My lady is up, forsooth.

Maq. A pretty boy, faith: how old art thou?

Page. I think fourteen.

Maq. Nay, an ye be in the teens—are ye a
gentleman born? Do you know me? My name
a Medam Maquerelle; I lie in the old Cunnycourt.

Enter BIANCA and EMILIA.

[Page.] See, here the ladies.

| Fage. | See, here the males.

Bian. A fair day to ye, Maquerelle.

Emil. Is the duchess up yet, sentine!?

Maq. O ladies, the most abominable mischance! O dear ladies the most piteous dissester! Ferneze was taken last night in the duchess' chamber. Alas, the duke catcht him and kill'd him!

Bian. Was he found in bed?
Maq. O, no; but the villanous certainty is, [** the door was not bolted, the tongue-tied hatch held his peace: so the naked troth is, he was found in his shirt, whilst I, like an arrant beast, lay in the outward chamber, heard nothing; and yet they came by me in the dark, and is yet I felt them not, like a senseless creature as I was. O beauties, look to your busk-points; if not chastely, yet charily: be sure the door be botted.—Is your lord gone to Florence?

Bian. Yes, Maquerelle.

Maq. I hope you'll find the discretion to purchase a fresh conv. 'force his return.—Now hy

chase a fresh gown 'fore his return. - Now, by my troth, beauties, I would ha' ye once wise. He loves ye; pish! He is witty; bubble! Fair-proportioned; mew! Nobly-born; wind! Let is this be still your fixed position: esteem me every man according to his good gifts, and so ye shall ever remain most worthy to be most dear ladies.

S Qq. Cel.

Palace of the Duke.
The tags of the laces fastening the "busk," the whale-bone in the front of the stays.

figure of eight, three singles broken down, je come up, meet, two doubles, fall back, and then dur. O Daedalus, thy maze! I have quite

forgot it.

Naq. Trust me, so have I, saving the fallingback, and then honour.

Enter PREPASSO.

Aur. Music, music!

Prep. Who saw the duke? the duke?

Enter EQUATO.

Aur. Music!

Equato. The duke? is the duke returned? Aur. Music !

Enter CELSO.

Celso. The duke is either quite invisible, or

else is not.
Aur. We are not pleased with your intrusive upon our private retirement; we are nut [o pleased : you have forgot yourselves.

Enter u Page.

Celso. Boy, thy master? Where 's the duke' l'age. Alas, I left him burying the earth with his spread joyless limbs: he told me he was heavy, would sleep; bade me walk off, is for that the strength of fantasy oft made him talk is independent. talk in his dreams. I straight obeyed, nor ere saw him since: but whereso er he us, he sand.

Aur. Music, sound high, as is our heart!

Sound high!

SCENE III.6

[To them] enter MALEVOLE, and PIETRO dir guised like an hermit.

Mal. The duke, - peace ! - the duke is dead.

Aur. Music! Mal. Is 't music?

Men. Give proof. Fer. How?

Fer. How?
Celso. Where?
Prep. When?
Mal. Rest in peace, as the duke does; quietly sit: for my own part, I beheld him but drad; that's all. Marry, here's one can give you a proper particular account of him.

Men. Speak, holy father, nor let any brow Within this presence fright thee from the truth:

Speak confidently and freely. Aur. Pietro. Now had the mounting sun's all-rip ening wings
Swept the cold sweat of night from earth's dank

breast,

When I, whom men call Hermit of the Rock, Forscook my cell, and clambered up a cliff.
Against whose base the heady Neptune deah'd
His high-curl'd brows; there 't was I cas'd my limbs:

When, lo ! my entrails melted with the moan

* The same, continued.

-- - No CHARLES BALL hus-· - t then A 40 MIN (M e sur thoua correce, she 's

THE PERSON NAMED IN

many servanta

often; for that's

la the duke re-

wow of him as yet in

you my servant, Ma-

bardly draw Ulysses' be to the formula of the formula of

SCHNE II.

in the stage on the stage a win to treed a measure.

Was all dance : music! - we will dance. pounto. 5 lady, Pensez bien, Passa

base forgot the brawl.

'T is wonder.

Way, 't is but two singles on the left, Why, 't is but two singles on the left, workt, three doubles forward, a trav-tound: do this twice, three singles whats trick-of-twenty, coranto-pace; a

continued.

- Les Guanto from Munday as the name of

the far 'bove me was climb'd, did

sthinks I hear him yet: -"O fengrateful sand, and love a woman! to be the souff of men? wittel-cuckold, even to hug whistle calm the ocean, re be extinct with tears, , yow'd to blushless impudence, behaviour and soft minioning on that where appetite is fix d.

Ethiop, who, for recompens hame; and must I, then, be fore'd = live thus black? Must! must! fie! bear with 'must,' he cannot die." sigh'd so passionately deep, Il air even groan'd : at last he crice, in in seas, sink deep enough!" so

blood! how thou dost slave their

iswed his body fall, and souse any main. O, then I saw, methinks I see, it was the duke; the nicer-stomach'd sea belch'd

a came I in; but, 'las, all was too

eight he sunk.

Such was the duke's sad fate. tter fortune to our Duke Mendoza! Cornets flourish. andoza! ard, a guard!

Enter a Guard.

We, full of hearty tears, I father's loss, all may call him ech your loves for our succession), thtly over-jump his denth wore revengeless. - (To AURELIA.) n of shame, hee for ever to the place this good man comes; nor permit, to thy body any ornament; was thy life, depart away. un, hear me !

d GUEBBINO lead away AURELIA.

one! My lords, public council; 't is most fit: fortune is borne up by wit. esenco shall be sudden ; haste, w All depart saving MENDOZA, MALyou egregious devil! Ha, ye mur-

I Prepare for.

dering politician! How dost, duke? How dost look now? Brave duke, i' faith. Men. How did you kill him? Mal. Slatted his brains out, then soused him

Mat. Statted his brains out, then soused him in the briny ses.

Men. Brained him, and drowned him too?

Mat. O 't was best, sure work; for he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or else 'ware, he'll prove no man. Shoulder not [se a huge fellow, unless you may be sure to lay him in the home. him in the kennel.

Men. A most sound brain-pan! I'll make you

Mal. Make us Christians, make us Christians.

Men. I 'Il hoist ye, ye shall mount.

Mal. To the gallows, say ye? Come: practical process of the stands.

mium incertum petit, certum scelus.2 How stands the progress?

Men. Here, take my ring unto the citadel; ...

Have entrance to Marin, the grave duchess
Of banish'd Altofront. Tell her we love her;
Omit no circumstance to grace our person; do't.
Mal. I'll make an excellent pander: duke,
farewell; 'dieu, adiou, duke.

Men. Take Maquerelle with thee; for 't is

Men. Tame
found

None cuts a diamond but a diamond.

Exit Malevole.

Hermit,

Thou art a man for me, my confessor: O thou selected spirit, born for my good, Sure thou wouldst make

An excellent elder in a deform'd church.
Come, we must be inward, thou and I all one.
Pictro. I am glad I was ordained for ye.

Pictro. I am glad I was ordained for ye.

Men. Go to, then; thou must know that Malevole is a strange villain; dangerous, very lies
dangerous; you see how brond a speaks; a
gross-jawed rogue: I would have thee poison
him: he 's like a corn upon my great tee, I cannot go for him; he must be cored out, he must.

Wilt do 't, ha?

Pietro. Anything, anything.

Men. Heart of my life! thus, then. To the

citadel; Thou shalt consort with this Malevole; There being at supper, poison him. It shall be laid I pon Maria, who yields love or dies.

Send quick.

Pietro. Like lightning: good deeds crawl. but mischief flies. Exit.

Re-enter MALEVOLE.

Mal. Your devilship's ring has no virtue: the huff-captain, the sallow Westphalian gam-mon-faced zaza cries, "Stand out!" must have a stiffer warrant, or no pass into the castle [m of comfort.

Men. Command our sudden letter. - Not en-ter! sha't; what place is there in Genoa but thou shalt? Into my heart, into my very heart: come, let 's love : we must love, we two, soul [100

and body. ¹ Adapted from Seneca, Phoen 632. "He seeks as uncertain reward, but certain guilt." I Intimate.

Mal. How didst like the hermit? A strange bermit, sirrah.

Men. A daugerous fellow, very perilous. He must die.

Mal. Av, he must die. Men. Thou 'st kill him. We are wise; we

must be wise.

Mal. And provident,
Men. Yea, provident: beware an hypocrite;
A churchman once corrupted, O, avoid !

A follow that makes religion his stalking-horse. He breeds a plague. Thou shalt potson him, Mal. O, 't is wondrous necessary: how?

Men. You both go jointly to the citadel;

There sup, there poison him: and Maria, Because she is our opposite, shall bear The sad suspect; on which she dies or loves us.

Mal. I run.

Men. We that are great, our sole self-good still moves us.

They shall die both, for their deserts crave more Than we can recompense: their presence still Imbraids our fortunes with beholdingness, Which we abhor; like deed, not doer: then

conclude, They live not to cry out "Ingratitude!"
One stick burns t'other, steel cuts steel alone:
'Tis good trust few; but, O, 't is best trust Exit. none!

SCENE IV.4

Enter MALEVOLE and PIRTHO, still disguised, at several doors.

Mul. How do you? How dost duke?

Pictro. O, let
The last day fall! drop, drop on our curs'd
heads!

Let heaven unclasp itself, vomit forth flames, Mal. O, do not rave, do not turn player; [sthere's more of them than can well live one by another already. What, art an infidel still?

Pietro. I am amazed, struck in a swoon with wonder: I am commanded to poison thee — Mal. I am commanded to poison thee at [10]

Supper —
Pietro, At supper —
Mal. In the citadel

Pietro. In the citadel.

Mal. Cross capers! tricks! Truth o' [as heaven! he would discharge us as hove do eldern guns, one pellet to strike out another.
Of what faith art now?

Pietro. All is damnation; wickedness extreme

There is no faith in man. Mal. In none but usurers and brokers; they deceive no man: men take om for blood-suckers, and so they are. Now, God deliver me from my friends!

Pietro. Thy friends!

Mal. Yes, from my friends; for from mine enemies I'll deliver myself. O, cut-throat friendship is the rankest villainy! Mark this

Qq. note on margin: Shoots under his belly.

Opponent. Dubraids. Court of the Palace. · Opponent.

Mendoza; mark him for a villain but heaven

Melidoza; mark film for a volume of will send a plague upon him for a rogue.

Pietro. O world!

Mul. World! 't is the only region of death, the greatest shop of the devil; the crudest prison of men, out of the which none pure with out paying their dearest breath for a fee. there's nothing perfect in it but extreme, estreme calamity, such as comes yonder.

SCENE V.

Enter AURELIA, two hulberts before and two after, supported by CELSO and FERRARDO; AU-RELIA in base mourning attire.

Aur. To banishment! led on to banishment' Pietro. Lady, the blessedness of repentance

to you! Aur. Why, why, I can desire nothing but Aur. Wu.

Nor deserve anything but hell. If heaven should give sufficiency of grace To clear my soul, it would make heaven grace

My sins would make the stock of mercy poor; O, they would tire heaven's goodness to re-

claim them!

Judgment is just, yet from that vast villain, But, sure, he shall not miss sad punishment 'Fore he shall rule. — On to my cell of shame' Pietro. My cell 't is, lady; where, instead of

Music, tilts, tourneys, and such court-like

The hollow murmur of the checkless winds shall groan again; whilst the unquiet sea shakes the whole rock with foamy battery. There usherless the air comes in and out:

The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep Whilst you behold true desolation.

A rocky barrenness shall pain your eyes, Where all at once one reaches where he stands. With brows the roof, both walls with both an

hands. Aur. It is too good. - Bless'd spirit of my lord,

O, in what orb so'er thy soul is thron'd, Behold me worthily most miserable! O, let the anguish of my contrite spirit Entreat some reconciliation ! If not, O, joy, triumph in my just grief! Death is the end of wees and tears' relie

Pietro. Belike your lord not lov'd you. unkind.

Aur. () heaven! As the soul loves " the body, so lov'd he: Twas death to him to part my present heaven

To see me pleas'd. Yet I, like a wretch given o'er to hell. Brake all the sacred rites of marriage To rlip? a base ungentle faithless villain; O God! a very pagan reprobate -What should I say? ungrateful, throws me

out.

. The same. 1 Qq. low'd. lost soul, body, fame, and honour.
at ht: why should a better fate ay who forsake chaste sheets; race of a devoted heart, lolems vow 'fore (fod' and man, brackish' flood ' of beastly lust ous touch? O ravenous immodesty! pudence of appetite! your end; for mark, what sap in

o sin, seven so much love in last. so bost, sweet lord! pardon to me! the duke's pleasure this night you

lurk in shades; run, shame, from ome skies :

blind man misses not his eyes. Exit [with CELSO, FERRARDO, and halberts].

ot weep, kind eackold: take comthy betters have been becomes emperor of all the merry (freeks, all the true Trojans, was a cornuto ; hur, that cut off twelve kings' [so a cornuto; Hercules, whose back even, and got forty wenches with

night, —
ay, 't was fifty.
h, furty 's enow, o' conscience. — [46] ornuto. Patience; mischief grows

on pinchest too deep; art too keen

a pitiful surgeon makes a dan-l'il tent thee to the ground. Il sustain myself by flattering thee, a art a prince? I had rather follow and live by licking up his vomit, ile flattery.

et great men ha' done 't. a coal-basket; though the com-f princes' presence, Fortune, ha' a them better place. I am [so thy affliction.

rithee, be:

misery, and he thou son to me. use you are an usurping duke. -

Enter BILIOSO.

ip's well returned from Florence. return'd, I praise my horse. thews from the Florentines?
I conceal the great duke's pleasure;
I his charge his pleasure is, that
die; Duke Pietro be banished les
g his blood's dishonour; and that
out be re-accepted. This is all; but Pietro is dead. and Mendoza is duke: what will

mdoza strongest? he in.

9 Qq. bland. is in good. Cuckolds. Probe. 's emoud. Qu, banishing,

Bil. Then yet I'll hold with him.

Mal. But if that Altofront should turn straight again?

Bil. Why, then, I would turn straight again.

'Tis good run still with him that has most might:

I had rather stand with wrong, than fall with

right.

!. What religion will you be of now? Mal. Bil. Of the Duke's religion, when I know what it is.

Mal. O Hercules!

Bul. Hercules! Hercules was the son of Jupi-

ter and Alemena.

Mal. Your lordship is a very wit-all.

Bil. Wittal!

Mal. Aye, all-wit.

Bil. Amphitryo was a cuckold.
Mol. Your lordship swears; your young lady will get you a cloth for your old worship's his brows. (Exit Billioso.) Here's a fellow to be damn'd: this is his inviolable maxim. — flatter the greatest and oppress the least: a whoreson flesh-fly, that still knaws upon the lean galled

Pietro. Why dost, then, salute him?
Mul. Faith, as bawds go to church, for fashion sake. Come, be not confounded; thou 'rt but in danger to lose a dukedom. Think this:

- this earth is the only grave and Golgotha | more than the wherein all things that live must rot; 'tis but the draught wherein the heavenly bodies discharge their corruption; the very muck-hill on which the sublunary orbs cast their excre-ments: man is the slime of this dung pit, [100] and princes are the governors of these men; for, for our souls, they are as free as emperors, all of one piece; there goes but a pair of shears be-twixt an emperor and the son of a bagpiper; only the dying, dressing, pressing, glossing, has makes the difference.

Now, what art thou like to lose?

A gaoler's office to keep men in bonds, Whilst toil and treason all life's good confounds.

letro. I here renounce for ever regency: 140 O Altofront, I wrong thee to supplant thy right, To trip thy heels up with a decilish sleight!
For which I now from throne am thrown:
world-tricks abjure;
For vengeance, though t comes slow, yet it

comes sure

O, I am chang'd! for here, 'fore the dread power.

In true contrition, I do dedicate

My breath to solitary holiness, My lips to prayer, and my breast's care shall

he,
Restoring Altofront to regency.

Mul. Thy vows are heard, and we accept thy

Undisquiseth himself.

Re-enter FERNEZE and CELSO.

Banish amazement: come, we four must stand

⁷ Are out out of the same cloth.

Full shock of fortune: be not so wonderstricken.

Pietro. Doth Ferneze live?

Fer. For your pardon, Pretro. Pardon and love. Give leave to recolleet.

My thoughts dispers'd in wild astonishment. My yows stand fix'd in heaven, and from hence I crave all love and pardon.

Mal. Who doubts of providence.

That sees this change? A hearty faith to all!

He needs must rise who can no lower fall:

For stall impetuous vicissitude Touseth the world; then let no maze intrude Upon your spirits: wonder not I rise;

For who can sink that close can temporize? 188
The time grows ripe for action: I'll detect My privat at plot, lest ignorance fear suspect. Let a close to counsel, leave the rest to fate: Mature discretion is the life of state. Excunt.

ACT V

ISCENE Is.1

Enter BILIOSO and PASSARELLO.

Bil. Fool, how dost thou like my calf in a long stocking

long stocking?
Pass. An excellent calf, my lord.
Bil. This calf hath been a reveller this twenty
year. When Monsieur Gundi lay here am [s
bassador, I could have carried a lady up and
down at arm's end in a platter; and I can tell
you, there were those at that time who, to try you, there were those at that time who, to try
the strength of a man's back and his arm, would
be coistered. I have measured calves with lo
most of the palace, and they come nothing near
me; besides, I think there be not many armours in the arsenal will fit me, especially for
the headpiece. I'll tell thee —
I'ass. What, my lord?

12. The strength was to see the second second.

Pass. What, my lord?

Bil. I can eat stewed broth as it comes seething off the fire; or a custard as it comes recking out of the oven; and I think there are not many lords can do it. A good pomander, a little decayed in the scent; but six grains of musk, [se ground with rose-water, and tempered with a little civet, shall fetch her again presently.

Pass. O. av. as a bawd with aqua-vitae.
Bil. And, what, dost thou rail upon the ladies as thou wert wont?

Pass. I were better roast a live cat, and might do it with more safety. I am as secret to the thiever as their painting. There's Maquerelle, oldest bawd and a perpetual beggar — did you never hear of her trick to be known in the [so city?

Bil. Never.

Pass. Why, she gets all the picture-makers

¹ A room in the Palace. Q₁ omits this scene.

² Meaning uncertain. "Colled up into a small compass." Narce. "Inconvenienced," Halliwell. Delighton would read hoistered, "an Essex word meaning 'supported," held-up, 'an extension of 'hoisted,' as 'hoisted' is an extension of 'hoisted.'

A perfume ball.

to draw her picture; when they have done, do most courtly finds fault with them one after, another, and never fetcheth them. They, in revenge of this execute her in pictures as they do in Germany, and hang her in their shops. In this means is she better known to the sunkarde than if she had been five times carted.

Bil. 'Fore God, an excellent policy

Bil. Fore trot, an excessed point in y lard Pass. Are there any revels to-night, my lard Bil. Yes.

Pass. Good my lord, give me leave to bresh a fellow's pate that hath abused me.

Bil. Whose pate?

Pass. Young Ferrardo, my lord.

Bil. Take heed, he's very valiant; I have known him fight eight quarrels in five days believe it.

Pass. O, is he so great a quarreller? Why, then, he's an arrant coward.

Bil. How prove you that?

Pass. Why, thus. He that quarrels seeks to fight; and he that seeks to fight seeks to die; and he that seeks to die seeks never to fight more; and he that will quarrel, and selvenenus never to answer a man more. I think he

a coward.

Bil. Thou canst prove anything.

Pass. Anything but a rich knave; for I can

flatter no man.

Bil. Well, be not drunk, good fool: | shall see you anon in the presence.

SCENE I.5

Enter, from opposite sides, MALEVOLE and MA-QUERELLE, singing.

Mal. "The Dutchman for a drunkard,"—
Maq. "The Dane for golden locks,"—
Mal. "The Irishman for usquebaugh,"—
Maq. "The Frenchman for the ()."
Mal. O, thou art a blessed creature! Had:
I a modest woman to conceal, I would put be: to the custody; for no reasonable creation would ever suspect her to be in the company. Ah, thou art a melodious Maquerelle, the picture of a woman, and substance of a beat!

[6 Enter PASSARELLO with wine.

Maq. O fool, will ye be ready anon to go with me to the revels? The hall will be so pretered 7 anon.

Pass. Ay, as the country is with attorneys.

Mal. What hast thou there, food?

Pass. Wine; I have learned to drink since I went with my lord ambassador: I'll druk to the health of Madam Maquerelle.

Mal. Why, thou wast wont to rail upon her. Pass. Ay; but since I borrowed mone; of her, I'll drink to her health now; as gentlemen visit brokers, or as knights send tensor to the city, either to take up more mone; of

to procure longer forbearance.

Mal. Give me the bowl. I drink a health | a to Altofront, our deposed duke. [Lireals

Stinking fellows: the mob. Before the Citadel.

Q omits 1 11-41

Pass. I'll take it [drinks]:—so. Now I'll spin a health to Madam Maquerelle. [Drinks.]
Mal. Pooh! I will not pledge her.

Pass. Not pledged your lord.

Mal. I care not.

Pass. Not pledge Madam Maquerelle! Why,

r ass. Not pleuge manam maquerelle! Why, then, will I spew up your lord again with this fool's finger.

Mal. Hold; I'll take it.

Mag. Now thou hast drunk my health, [so fool, I am friends with thee.

Pass. Art? art?

When Griffon 1 saw the reconciled quean Offering about his neck her arms to cast, He threw off sword and heart's malignant spleen,² And lovely her below the loins embrac'd.

Adieu, Madam Maquerelle. Mal. And how dost thou think o' this transformation of state now?

Maq. Verily, very well; for we women always other; some must be fat, some must be lean; some must be fools, and some must be lords; some must e knaves, and some must be officers; some [so must be beggars, some must be knights; some must be cuckolds, and some must be citizens. As for example, I have two court-dogs, the most fawning curs, the one called Watch, the other Catch: now I, like Lady Fortune, someother Catch: now I, like Lady Fortune, some-times love this dog, sometimes raise that [so dog, sometimes favour Watch, most commonly fancy Catch. Now, that dog which I favour I feed; and he 's so ravenous, that what I give he never chaws it, gulps it down whole, without any relish of what he has, but with a greedy [so expectation of what he shall have. The other

expectation of what he shall have. The other dog now—

Mal. No more dog, sweet Maquerelle, no more dog. And what hope hast thou of the [ss Duchess Maria? Will she stoop to the duke's lure? Will she come, thinkest?

Maq. Let me see, where's the sign now?

Ha'ye e'er a calendar? Where 's the sign, trow you?

Mal. Sign I why is these any moment in that?

Mal. Sign! why is there any moment in that? Mal. Sign! why is there any moment in that.

Maq. O, believe me, a most secret power:
look ye, a Chaldean or an. Assyrian, I am sure
't was a most sweet Jew, told me, court any
woman in the right sign, you shall not miss.
But you must take her in the right vein [a. then; as, when the sign is in Pisces, a fishmon-ger's wife is very sociable; in Cancer, a preci-sian's wife is very flexible; in Capricorn, a merchant's wife hardly holds out; in Libra, a lawyer's wife is very tractable, especially if [s] her husband he at the term; only in Scorpio 'tis very dangerous meddling. Has the duke sent any jewel, any rich stones?

Enter CAPTAIN.

Mal. Ay, I think those are the best signs to [as take a lady in. By your favour, signior, I must discourse with the Lady Maria, Altofront's dachers; I must enter for the duke.

1 A hero in Orlando Furioso. (Reed.)
2 Bullen's emend. Qq. stream.

Capt. She here shall give you interview. I [received the guardship of this citadel from the good Altofront, and for his use I'll keep't,

till I am of no use.

Mal. Wilt thou? O heavens, that a Christian should be found in a buff-jerkin! Captain Conscience, I love thee, captain. (Exit Captain.) we attend. And what hope hast thou of this

we attend. And what hope hast thou of this duchess' easiness?

Mag. 'IT will go hard, she was a cold creature ever; she hatted monkeys, fools, jesters, [so and gentlemen-ushers extremely; she had the vile trick on 't, not only to be truly modestly become being the control of honourable in her own conscience, but she would avoid the least wanton carriage that might inour suspect; as, God bless me, she had almost brought bed-pressing out of fashion; I [recould scarce get a fine for the lease of a lady's favour once in a fortnight.

Mal. Now, in the name of immodesty, how many maidenheads has thou brought to the block?

Maq. Let me see: heaven forgive us our mis-deeds! — Here's the duchess.

SCHNE ILS

| To them | enter MARIA with Captain.

Mal. God bless thee, lady!

Maria. Out of thy company !
Mal. We have brought thee tender of a husband.

Maria. I hope I have one already.

Maq. Nay, by mine honour, madam, as good
ha' ne'er a husband as a banished husband; he's in another world now. I'll tell ye, lady, I have heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleep the wife might law- [10 fully entertain another man, for then her husband was as dead; much more when he is banished.

ished.

Maria. Unhonest creature!

Maq. Pish, honesty is but an art to seem so:

Pray ye, what's honesty, what's constancy,

But fables feign'd, odd old fools' chat, devis'd

By jealous fools to wrong our liberty?

Mal. Molly, he that loves thee is a duke,

Mendoza; he will maintain thee royally, love [so thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marry thee sumptuously, and keep thee in despite of Rosicleer or Donzel del Phebo. There's jewels:

if thou wilt, so; if not, so.

Maria. Captain, for God's love, save poor wretchedness

From tyranny of lustful insolence! Enforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell Rather than here; here round about is hell. O my dear'st Altofront! where'er t O my qua. breathe

Let my soul sink into the shades beneath, Before I stain thine honour! 'T is 6 thou has 't, And long as I can die, I will live chaste.

Mal. Gainst him that can enforce how vain

is strife !

The same. 4 Heroes in The Mirrour of Knighthood. 6 Q. this.

Muria. She that can be enfore'd has ne'er a knife:

She that through force her limbs with lust enrolls,

Wants Cleopatra's asps and Portia's coals.

God amend you ! Exit with Captain. Mal. Now, the fear of the devil for ever go with thee! — Maquerelle, I tell thee, I have found an honest woman: faith, I perceive, [60] when all is done, there is of women, as of all other things, some good, most bad; some saints, some sinners; for as nowadays no courtier but has his mistress, no captain but has his cock-[so atrice, no cuckold but has his horns, and no fool but has his feather; even so, no woman but has her weakness and feather too, no sex but has his —I can hunt the letter no farther.—(.4side.) O God, how loathsome this toying is to me! That [a a duke should be forced to fool it! Well, stultoa duke should be forced to fool it? Well, state-rum plena suat omnio: 'better play the fool lord than be the fool lord. — Now, where's your sleights, Madam Maquerelte? Maq. Why, are ye ignorant that 't is said a squeamish affected niceness is natural to [44] women, and that the excuse of their yielding is

only, forsouth, the difficult obtaining? You must put her to't: women are flax, and will

fire in a moment.

Mal. Why, was the flax put into thy mouth,

and yet thou -

Thou set fire, thou inflame her!

Maq. Marry, but I'll tell ye now, you were

Mal. The fitter to have inflamed the flax,

woman.

Maq. You were too boisterous, spleeny, for, indeed —

Mal. Go, go, thou art a weak pandress; now I see.

ooner earth's fire heaven itself shall waste, Than all with heat can melt a mind that schaste, Go; thou the duke's lime-twig! I'll make the duke turn thee out of thine office: what, not get one touch of hope, and had her at such advan-

Mag. Now, o' my conscience, now I think in my discretion, we did not take her in the right sign; the blood was not in the true vein, sure. Exit.

SCENE III.

[Enter 2 Bilioso.

Bil. Make way there! The duke returns from the enthronement. - Malevole -

Mol. Out, rogue!

Bil. Malevole, —

Mal. "Hence, ye gross-jawed, peasantly [s. out, go!" s.

Bil. Nay, sweet Malevole, since my return I hear you are become the thing I always prophesied would be, — an advanced virtue, a worth-ily-employed faithfulness, a man o' grace, [10 dear friend. Come; what! Si quoties peccant homines 4 - if as often as courtiers play the

Cicero, Ad Fam. In. 22. (Bullen.)
Q₁ omits II. 1~37.
Ovid, Tristia, II. 33. (Bullen.) 1 Cf. 11. H. 64.

knaves, honest men should be angry - why, look ye, we must collegue a sometimes, foreven sometimes.

Mal. Be damned sometimes.

Bil. Right: nemo omnibus horis supit; "no man can be honest at all hours:" necessity often depraves virtue.

Mal. I will commend thee to the duke.

Bil. Do: let us be friends, man.

Mal. And knaves, man.

Bil. Right: let us prosper and purchase: our lordships shall live, and our knavery be for Mal. He that by any ways gets riches, ha

means never shames him.

Bil. True.
Mal. For impudency and faithlessness are the

main stays to greatness.

Bil. By the Lord, thou art a profound lad.

Mul. By the Lord, thou art a perfect knave

mit. By ancient damnation!
Bil. Peace, peace! and thou wilt not be a friend to me as I am a knave, be not a knave to me as I am thy friend, and disclose me. Peace' cornets! 1

Enter PREPASSO and FERRARDO, two Pages with lights, Cklso and Equato, Mendoza in duke's robes, and GUERRINO.

Men. On, on; leave us, leave us.

Erount all saving MALEVOLE | and MENDOZA].

Stay, where is the hermit?

Mal. With Duke Pietro, with Duke Pietro.
Men. Is he dead? Is he poisoned?

Mal. Dead, as the duke is.

Men. Good, excellent: he will not blab; securences lives in secrecy. Come hither, come hither.

Mal. Thou hast a certain strong villaines

scent about thee my nature cannot endure.

Men. Scent, man! What returns Maria, what
answer to our suit?

Mal. Cold, frosty; she is obstinate.

Men. Then she 's but dead; 't is resolute, she Men.

dies: "Black deed only through black deed safely flies."

Mal. Pooh I per scelera semper sceleribus ratus

est iter. Men. What, art a scholar? Art a politician?
Sure, thou art an arrant knave.

Mol. Who, 1? Tha been twice an under share

ff, msa.⁷
Well, I will go rail upon some great man, that I may purchase the bastinado, or else go many some rich Genom lady, and instantly go travel. Mes. Travel, when thou art married?

Talk closely together, as if consulring.
 Sensea, Agam. 116. (Bullen.)

1 Q, inserts here:

Mend, Hast been with Maria?
Mend, Hast been with Maria?
Mal As your serveres to your usures, I have deal
about taking of this community, but the world feeds.
These lune seems to have been meant to take the place
of Il 48-58, which were left in by mistake. Q₄ come 11. 59-72.

't is your young lord 's fashion to do he was so lazy, being a bachelor, that never travel so far as the uni- at, when he married her, tales off, b, for England!

ud why for England?

was there is no brothel-houses there.

courtesans?

ther; your whore went down with and your punk came up with your

at thou empoison? Canst thou em-

nellently; no Jew, 'pothecary, or pol-ter. Look ye, here 's a box : whom non empoison? Here 's a box (giving opened and the fume ta'en up in coneagh which the brain purges it- [we stantly for twelve hours' space bind of life in a deep senseless sleep: ther (giving it), which, being opened be per's mose, chokes all the pores of om suddenly.

try experiments; 't is good not to falls .

would fear that may destroy ! th hath no testh nor tongue he that 's great, to him are slaves, me, murder, fame, and wrong. -

Enter Celso.

honour'd lord? good Malevole, that plain-tongu'd

id on sudden, wondrous strangely! our esteem good place. Celso, wied, see him buried. shall observe ye.

id, Celso, prithee, let it be thy care ght me pretty show, to solemnize

fair entertain unto Maria, to the banish'd Altofront:

conduct her from the citadel clace. Think on some masquery. 101 f what shape, sweet lord? but 1 shape! Why, any quick-done

ave spirits of the Genoan dukes, at of Elysium, forsooth, Mercury, to gratulate fortune ; some such anything. trick good for ladies, some stale

matter, so't be of our devising. pare 't; 't is but for fashion sake, t shall be grac'd, man, it shall take.

thanks; our hand shall not be close ee; farewell.

2 Niggardly.

(Aside.) Now is my treachery secure, nor can we

Mischief that prospers, men do virtue call.
I'll trust no man: he that by tricks gets wreaths

Koops them breathes them with steel; no man securely

Out of deserved ranks; the crowd will mutter, "fool!"

Who cannot bear with spite, he cannot rule. The chiefest secret for a man of state

to live senseless of a strengthless hate. Mat. (starts up and speaks.) Death of the [18] damned thief! I'll make one i' the masque; thou shalt ha' some brave spirits of the an-

thou shalt ha some brave spirits of the antique dikes.

Celso. My lord, what strange delusion?

Mul. Most happy, dear Celso, poisoned with an empty box: I'll give thee all, anon. My lady comes to court; there is a whirl of fate comes tumbling on; the castle's captain stands for me, the people pray for me, and the [mgreat leader of the just stands for me: then

For no disastrous chance can ever move him That leaveth 5 nothing but a God above him.

[SCENE IV.] 4

Enter Bilioso and Phepanso, two Pagen before them; MAQUERELLE, BIANCA, and EMILIA.

Bil. Make room there, room for the ludies! Why, gentlemen, will not ye suffer the ladies to be entered in the great chamber? Why, gallants | and you, sir, to drop your torch where the beauties must sit too?

Pre. And there's a great fellow plays the knave; why dost not strike him?

Bil. Let him play the knave, o' God's name; thinkest thou I have no more wit than to strike a great fellow?—The music! more lights! [10] reveiling scaffolds! do you hear? Let there be oaths enow ready at the door, swear out the devil himself. Let's leave the ladies, and go see

if the lords he ready for them.

Execute Billoso, Precesso, and Pages.

Maq. And, by my troth, beauties, why do be you not put you into the fushion? This is a stale cut; you must come in fashion: look ye, you must be all felt, felt and feather, a felt upon your bare hair. Look ye, those tiring things are justly out of request now, and, do ye [se hear? you must wear falling-bands, by you must come into the falling fashion; there is such a deal o' pinning these ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth all : and again, if ye should chance to take a nap in the afternoon, your falling-band requires no poting-stick to recover his form: believe me, no fashion to the falling, I SAY.

S Deighton suggests feereth.

The Pressuce-Chamber.

A part of dress, now usually called a sandyke it fell flat upon the dress from the neck, and succeeded the stiff ruffs. (Nares)

Or poking-stick, for setting the plaits of ruffs.

Bran. And is not Signior St. Andrew a gallant fellow now.

May. By my maidenhead, la, honour and he gree as well together as a satin suit and woullen stockings.

Emilia. But is not Marshal Make-room, my

servant in reversion, a proper gentleman?

Mag. Yes, in reversion, as he had his office;
as, in truth, he hath all things in reversion. he has his mistress in reversion, his clothes in reversion, his wit in reversion; and, indeed, is a suitor to me for my dog in reversion; but, [so outfor to me for my dog in reversion: but, so in good verity, la, he is us proper a gentleman in reversion as and, indeed, as fine a man as may be, having a red heard and a pair of warpt legs.

Bran. But, i' faith, I am most monstrously in love with Count Quidlibet-in-quotilibet; [as is he not a pretty, dapper, unidle 'gallant?'

Maq. He is even one of the most busy-fingered lords; he will put the beauties to the squeak most hideously.

Re-enter Billioso.

Bil. Room! make a lane there! the duke [se is entering stand handsomely for beauty's sake, take up the ladies there! So, cornets, cornets!

SCENE V.

Re-enter Prepasso, joins to Billoso; then enter two Pages with lights, Feirnando, Mendoza; at the other door, two Pages with lights, and the Captain leading in Mahia; Mendoza meets Maria and closeth with her; the rest fall turel-

Men. Madam, with gentle ear receive my snit; A kingdom ssafety should o'er-peise slight rites; Marriage is merely nature's policy: Then, since unless our royal beds be join'd, Be were as you are fair, give way to fate.

Maria. What wouldst thou, thou affliction to
our house?

Thou ever-devil, 't was thou that banished'st My truly noble lord!

M. n. 1 ! Maria. Ay, by thy plots, by thy black stratagems :

Twelve moons have suffer'd change since I beheld

The loved presence of my dearest lord.

O thou far worse than Deart! he parts but soul
From a weak loady; but thou soul from soul to
Disseverst, that which God's own hand did

knit : Then seant of honour, full of devilish wit!

Men. We'll check your too-intemperate invishings:

I can and will, Waria, What canst?

Men. Go to; in banishment thy husband dies. Maria. He ever is at home that 's ever wise. Men. You 'st me'er meet more: reason should love control.

' So Q, Some copies of Q, windle. Bullen suggests imble, numble.

- Outweigh.

Maria, Not meet !

She that dear loves, her love's still in her soul You are but a woman, lady, you must Men. yield.

Maria. O, save me, thou innated bashfulness Thou only ornament of woman's modesty!

Men. Modesty! death. I'll torment thee.

Maria Do, urge all torments, all afflictions try.
'Il die my lord's as long as I can die.

Men. Thou obstinate, thou shalt die.— Cap

tain, that lady's life
Is forfeited to justice: we have examin'd bet,
And we do find she hath empoisomed
The reverend hermit; therefore we command
Severest custedy. — Nay, if you 'll do's me good
Yon 'st do's no harm: a tyrant's peace is blood
Maria. O, thought merceiful; O gracious devil

Rather by much let me condemned be or seeming murder than be damn'd for thee! I'll mourn no more; come, girt my brows with flowers:

Revel and dance, soul, now thy wish then hast Die like a bride, poor heart, thou shall do chaste.

Enter AURELIA in mourning habit.

Aur. "Life is a frost of cold felicity." And death the thaw of all our vanity: "*
Was't not an honest priest that wrote so?
Men. Who let her in?
Bil. Forbear!
Fre. Forbear!

Aur. Alas, calamity is everywhere:

ad misery, despite your double doors, Will enter even in court.

Bil. Peace!
Aur. I ha' done,
Bil. One word,—take heed!
Aur. I ha' done.

Enter MERCURY with loud music.

Mer. Cyllenian Mercury, the god of ghosts. From gloomy shades that spread the lever

Calls four high-famed Genoan dukes to come.

And make this presence their Elysum.

To pass away this high triumphal night
With song and dances, court a more soft delult.

Aur. Are you god of ghosts? I have a sat
pending in hell betwist me and my conscient
I would fain have thee help me to an advocate
Bil. Mercury shall be your lawyer, lady.

Aur. Nay, faith. Mercury has too good a feet
to be a right lawyer.

Pre. Pages fathers. Manager.

Pre. Pence, forbear! Mercury present the masque.

Cornets: the song to the cornets, which plans the masque enters; MALLYMER, PIFT HE FIR NEZE, and CELSO, in white robes, with date crowns upon laurel wreaths, pistolets and so swords under their roben.

Men. Celso, Celso, court Maria for our love -Lady, be gracious, yet grace.

Maria. With me, sir?

SALEVULE takes MARIA to dance. Mest. Yes, more loved than my breath;

Mal.
Yes, more loved than my breath;
With you I 'll dance.
Maria. Why, then, you dance with death.
But, come, sir. I was never more apt for mirth.
Death gives eternity a glorious breath:

O, to die honour'd, who would fear to die?

Mal. They die in fear who live in villainy.
Men. Yes, believe him, lady, and be rul'd by

him.

Pietro. Madam, with me.
Pietro takes AURELIA to dance. Aur. Wouldst, then, he miserable?

dur. O, yet forbear my hand! away! fly!

seek not her that only seeks to die!

Protect l'our loved soul!
Aur. What, wouldst court misery?

Pietro. Lady, ha' done, ha' done:

Come, let us dance: be once from sorrow free.

Aur. Art a sad man?

Fictro. Yes, aweet.

Aur. Then we'll agree.

FRENEZE takes MAQUERFILE and
CELSO, BIANCA: then the cornets sound the measure, one change and rest.

For. (to BIANCA.) Believe it, lady; shall I swear? Let me enjoy you in private, and I il

Bun. I had rather you would swear by your budy. I think that would prove the more re-

For. I'll swear by them both, to please you.

Bion. 10, damn them not both to please [we

me, for field's sake!

Fer. Faith, sweet creature, let me enjoy you to-night, and I'll marry you to-morrow fort-

might, by my troth, la. May, On his troth, la! believe him not; [100] May. On his troth, in; believe him not; leads that kind of cony-catching is as stale as Sir Olicer Anchory's perfumed jerkin; promise of matrimony by a young gallant, to bring a virgin lady into a fool's paradise; make her a great woman, and then cast her off; — 't is ascome [no mon and] anatural to a courtier, as jealousy to a citizen, gluttony to a puritan, wisdom to an adderman, pride to a tailor, or an empty hend-basket to one of these six-penny damnations; of his troth, la! believe him not; traps to [15] catch pole-cats.

Mul to Manna.) Keep your face constant,

let no sudden passion Speak in your eyes

Marin. O my Altofront!

Pretto, to Augusta. A tyrant's jealousies
Are very tomble: you receive it all? un
tur. My heart, though not my knees, doth
hembly full

Low as the earth, to thee.

1 Deceiving. 1 Qq. at. [Mal.] ³ Pence | next change; no words. Maria. Speech to such, ay, O, what will affords !

Cornets anund the measure over aguen; which danced, they unmask. Men. Malevole!

They environ MENDOZA, bending their pistols on him.

Mal. No.

Men. Altofront! Duke Pietro! Ferneze! hm!
All. Duke Altofront! Duke Altofront!
Cornets, a flourish. - They seize upon
MENDOZA.

Are we surpris'd? What strange de-

Men. Are we surprised? What alrange de-lusions meek
Our senses? Do I dream? or have I dreamt
This two days' space? Where am I?
Mal. Where an arch-villain is.
Men. O, lend me breath till I am fit to die!
For peace with heaven, for your own souls' eake, Vouchsafe me life!

Pictro. Ignoble villain! whom neither heaven nor hell, codness of God or man, could once make

Goodness of

good !

Mal. Base, treacherous wretch! what grace caust thou expect,
That hast grown impudent in gracelessness? 100
Men. O, life!
Mal. Slave, take thy life.
Wert thou defenced, th(o)rough blood and wounds,

The sternest horror of a civil fight, Would I achieve thee; but prostrate at my feet, I seem to burt thee: 't is the heart of slaves I scorn to burt thee: 'I is the heart or survey. That deigns to triumph over peasants' graves; For such thou art, since birth doth use'er curoil A man 'mong monarchs, but a glorious soul. [O, I have seen strange accidents of state ! ...

The flatterer, like the ivy, clip the oak, And waste it to the heart; lust so confirm'd, That the black act of sin itself not sham'd

To be term'd courtship.

O, they that are as great as be their sins, Let them remember that th' inconstant people Love many princes merely for their faces And outward shows; and they do covet more To have a sight of these than of their virtues. et thus much let the great ones still conceive,5 When they observe not heaven's impos'd comditions,

They are no kings, but forfeit their commis-

sions.

May, Ogood my lord, I have lived in the court

Maq. Ogood my lord. I have lived in the court this twenty year: they that have been old courtiers, and come to live in the city, they have a spited at, and thrust to the walls like apricocks, good my lord.

Bil. My lord, I did know your lordship in this disguise; you heard me ever say, if Altofront did return, I would stand for him; for besides, 't was your lordship's pleasure to call me wittel and cuckeld; you must not think, but that I knew you, I would have put it up so nationtly. patiently.

¹ Qq. Pietro. 4 Q1 omita 11. 148-172. 1 Qq. conceale.

night.

Mal. You o'er-joy'd spirits, wipe your longwet eyes. To PIETRO and AURELIA. Hence with this man (kicks out MENDOZA): an eagle takes not flies.

You to your vows (to PIETRO and AURELIA):
and thou into the suburbs.1

To MAQUERELLE.
You to my worst friend I would hardly give;
Thou art a perfect old knave (to Billioso): allpleas d live

You two unto my breast (to CELSO and the Captain): thou to my heart. (To MARIA.)
The rest of idle actors idly part:

And as for me, I here assume my right,
To which I hope all 's pleas'd: to all, good-

Cornets, a flourish. Exeunt omnes.

AN IMPERFECT ODE, BEING BUT ONE STAFF

SPOKEN BY THE PROLOGUE.

To wrest each hurtless thought to private sense
Is the foul use of ill-bred impudence:
Immodest censure now grows wild,
All over-running.
Let innocence be ne'er so chaste,
Yet to the last
She is defil'd

I The disreputable district.

With too nice-brained cunning.

O you of fairer soul,
Control
With an Herenlean arm
This harm;
teach all old freedom of a pea.

This harm;
And once teach all old freedom of a pea,
Which still must write of fools, whiles 't writes
of men!

EPILOGUS

Your modest silence, full of heedy stillness, Makes me thus speak: a voluntary illness Is merely 2 senseless; but unwilling error, Such as proceeds from too rash youthful far-

vour,
May well be call'd a fault, but not a sin:
Rivers take names from founts where they be

Then let not too severe an eye peruse
The slighter brakes of our reformed Muss,
Who could herself herself of faults detect,
But that she knows 't is easy to correct,
Though some men's labour: troth, to err is fit,
As long as wisdom's not profess'd, but wit.
Then till another's happier Muss appears,
Till his Thalia feast your learned ears,
To whose desertful lamps pleased Fates impart
Art above nature, judgment above art.
Receive this piece, which hope nor fear yet
daunteth:
He that knows most know most because

He that knows most knows most how much he wanteth.

2 Wholly.

I Flave.

4 Ben Jonson's.

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS

213

THOMAS HEYWOOD

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

TH ACTOR, Brother to Mistress Frankford.

AM MOUNTFORD.

GAIS FRANKFORD.

ALBY, friend to Sir Francis.

THEODIL, friend to Frankford.

RAFFOR, false friend to Sir Charles.

FEFFORD, Uncle to Sir Charles.

AMDY.

ANDY.

Nicholas, Rosen Brickaat, Household Servants to Jankin. Jack Shrift.

Spigor, Butler, Sheriff.
Keeper of Prison.
Sheriff's Officers, Serjaant, Huntsmen, Falcocers, Goachmen, Carters, Servants, Musicians.

Murrasa Anna Frankford. Susan, Sister to Sir Charles Mountford. Cuentz, Maid to Mistress Frunkford. Women Bervants in Master Frunkford's household.]

PROLOGUE

I come but like a harbinger, being sent
To tell you what these preparations mean.
Look for ne glorious state; our Muse is bent
Upon a harren subject, a bare scene.
We could afford this twig a timber-tree,
Whose strength might boldly on your favours build;
Our russet, tissue; drone, a honey-bes;
Our barren plot, a large and spacious field;
Our conse fare, banquets; our thin water, wine;
Our brook, a sen; our bat's eyes, engle's sight;
Our poet's dull and earthy Muse, divine;
Our ravens, doves; our crow's black feathers, white.
But gentle thoughts, when they may give the foil, 1
Save them that yield, and spare where they may spoil.

[ACT I]

(SCENE LIS

(ASTER JOHN FRANKFORD, MISTRESS (RFORD), SIR FRANCIS ACTON, SIR LES MOUNTFORD, MASTER MALEY, AR WENDOLL, AND MASTER CRAN-

Some music, there! None lead the ode a dance?
Yes, would she dance The Shaking of sheets:

s's the dance her husband means to lead

That's not the dance that every man igst dance, ag to the ballad.4

in Frankford's house.

Q. Acton,
Choking of the Sheets, or The Dance of Death,
1-known hallad and dance tune.

Sir F. Music, ho!
By your leave, sister, — by your husband's leave,

I should have said, — the hand that but this

Was given you in the church I'll borrow. -

This marriage music hoists me from the ground,
Frank. Ay, you may caper; you are light and
free!

Marriage hath yok'd my heels; pray, then, pardon me. Sir F. I'll have you dance too, brother! Sir C. Master Frankford,

Sir C. Master Frankford, You are a happy man, sir, and nuch joy Succeed your marriage mirth: you have a wife So qualified, and with such ornaments Both of the mind and body. First, her birth Is noble, and her education such

As might become the daughter of a prince; Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her own hand Can teach all strings to speak in their best

From the shrill'st treble to the hoarsest base. To end her many praises in one word, She 's Beauty and Perfection's eldest daughter,

Only found by yours, though many a heart hath sought her.

Frank. But that I know your virtues and

chaste thoughts.

I should be jealous of your praise, Sir Charles. Cran. He speaks no more than you approve.

Mal. Nor flatters he that gives to her her due.

Mrs. F. I would your praise could find a fitter theme

Than my imperfect beauties to speak on! Such as they be, if they my husband please, They suffice me now I am married. His sweet content is like a flattering glass, To make my face seem fairer to mine eye; But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow

Will blast the roses in my cheeks that grow.

Sir F. A perfect wife already, meek and
patient!

How strangely the word husband fits your mouth.

Not married three hours since! Sister, 't is

You that begin betimes thus must needs prove Pliant and duteous in your husband's love. --Gramercies, brother! Wrought her to 't al-

ready, -'Sweet husband,' and a curtsey, the first day? Mark this, mark this, you that are bachelors, And never took the grace 1 of honest man; of Mark this, against you marry, 2 this one phrase: In a good time that man both wins and woos That takes his wife down 1 in her wedding shoes.

Frank. Your sister takes not after you, Sir

Francis, All his wild blood your father spent on you; the got her in his age, when he grew civil.

All his mad tricks were to his land entail'd, And you are heir to all; your sister, she

Hath to her dower her mother's modesty. Sir C. Lord, sir, in what a happy state live

you! This morning, which to many seems a burden, Too heavy to bear, is unto you a pleasure. This lady is no clog, as many are; She doth become you like a well-made suit, In which the tailor hath us'd all his art; Not like a thick coat of unseason'd frieze, Fore'd on your back in summer. She 's no chain To tie your neck, and curb you to the yoke; But she's a chain of gold to adorn your neck. You both adoru each other, and your hands, ... Methinks, are matches. There's equality In this fair combination; you are both Scholars, both young, both being descended nobly.

There's music in this sympathy; it carries Consort and expectation of much joy, Which God bestow on you from this first day Until your dissolution. - that's for aye!

1 Gained the dignity.

In preparation for marrying. Reduces her to submission.

Sir F. We keep you here too long, god brother Frankford.

Into the hall; away! the cheer your gnests. What! Bride and bridegroom both withdrawn at once?

If you be mist, the guests will doubt their welcome,

And charge you with unkindness.

To prevent it. 1 'll leave you here, to see the dance within.

Mrs. F. And so will 1.

Excust (MASTER AND MISTRES

FRANKFORD.
To part you it were ain. Now, gallants, while the town musicians Finger their frets 'within, and the med lade And country lasses, every mother's child. With nosegnys and bride laces in their hats, Dance all their country measures, rounds, and

What shall we do? Hark! They 're all on the hoigh; 's

They toil like mill-horses, and turn as round,—
Marry, not on the toe! Ay, and they caper.
[Not] without cutting; you shall see, tomorrow,

The hall-floor peckt and dinted like a milstone,

Made with their high shoes. Though their shill

be small.
Yet they trend heavy where their hobrails fall.
Sir C. Well, leave them to their sports! Sir Francis Acton,

I'll make a match with you! Meet me to-DESTROW

At Chevy Chase; I'll fly my hawk with your.

Sir F. For what? For what?

Sir C. Why, for a hundred pound.

Sir F. Pawn me some gold of that!

Sir C. Here are ten angels.

I'll make them good a hundred pound to-mor DUW

Upon my hawk's wing.

Sir. F.

Another hundred pound upon your dogs;

Dare ye, Sir Charles?

Sir C.

I dare; were I sure to lose

Sir C. I dare; were I sure to low I durst do more than that; here is my hand, The first course for a hundred pound!

Sir F. A matri Wen. Ten angels on Sir Francis Actor. hawk :

As much upon his dogs! Cran. I'm for Sir Charles Mountford: I have

His hawk and dog both tried. What! Clap ;-

Or is 't no bargain? Yes, and stake them does Wer. Yes, and stake them down Were they five hundred, they were all my out. Sir F. Be stirring early with the lack to-Inorrow:

4 The points where the strings of a musical merment are stopped.

6 Streamers Bolsterous. Gold coins worth about \$2.50

Bhake hands on it.

into my saddle ere the sun om his bed.

If there you miss me, say p gentleman! I'll hold my day.
It holds on all sides. — Come, to-night ot's dance

o-morrow let 's prepare to ride : need be three hours up before the bride. Exeunt.

[SCENE II.]1

NICHOLAS and JENKIN, JACK SLIME, an BRICKBAY, with Country Weuches, two or three Musicians.

Come. Nick, take you Joan Miniver, to eithal: Jack Slime, traverse you with Milkpail; I will take Jane Trubkin, and Brickbat shall have Isabel Motley. And at they are busy in the parlour, come, is ap; we'll have a crush here in the

My humour is not compendious: dancpressess not though I can foot it; yet, am fallen into the hands of Cicely [10 il], I consent.

Truly, Nick, though we were never

ap like serving courtiers, yet we have ought up with serving creatures, - ay, ad's creatures, too; for we have been in t up to serve sheep, oxen, horses, hogs, h like; and, though we be but country it may be in the way of dancing we can borse-trick as well as the serving-men.

t, Ay, and the cross-point too, 20 O Slime! O Brickbat! Do not you know emparisons are odious? Now we are odi-

iselves, too; therefore there are no com-to be made betwirt us.

I am sudden, and not superfluous; secretsome, and not seditions;

accable, and not contentious;

cief. and not compendious.

b. Foot it quickly! If the musicovercome melancholy, I shall quarrel; and if to addenly do not strike up, I shall presently thre down.

No quarrelling, for God's sake! Truly, do, I shall set a knave between ye.

I come to dance, not to quarrel. So what shall it be? Regero 7 8
Regero 7 No; we will dance The Beginthe World.

I love no dance so well as John come

I that have ere now deserv'd a cush-l for the Cushion-dance.

For my part, I like nothing so well as

No : we'll have The Hunting of the [16

. The Hay, The Hay! There's nothing I have said, I do say, and I will say

2 Frolie, bout. ames of the dance-tunes here were all familJen. Every man agree to have it as Nick says ! All. Content.

Nich. It hath been, it now is, and it shall

Circly. What, Master Nicholas? What? Nich. Put on your Smock o' Monday.
Jen. So the dance will come cleanly off! Come,

for God's sake, agree of something: if you like not that, put it to the musicians; or let me speak for all, and we'll have Sellenger's | ... Round All. That, that !

for thee !

Nich. No, I am resolv'd thus it shall be ; Vich. No, I shi resolv a thus it shail be; First take hands, then take ye to your heels.

Jen. Why, would you have us run away? So Nich. No; but I would have you shake your heels. — Music, strike up!

They dance; Nich dancing, speaks stately and scarcely, the rest after

Jen. Hey! Lively, my lasses! Here's a turn

Exeunt. (SCENE III.)4

Wind horns. Enter Sib Charles Mountford, Sir Francis Acton, Maley, Uranwell, Wendoill, Falcouer, and Huntstuen.

Sir C. So; well cast off! Aloft, aloft! Well flown !

Oh, now she takes her at the souse, s and strikes her

Down to the earth, like a swift thunderclap. Wen. She hath struck ten angels out of my

Way.

Str E. A hundred pound from me.

Str C. What, falconer!

Fale, At hand, sir!

Str C. Now she hath seiz'd the fowl and 'gina

to plume 6 her, Rebeck 7 her not; rather stand still and check

her! So, seize her geta," her jesses, and her bells! 10

Sir F. My hawk kill'd, too.
Sir C. Ay, but 't was at the querre, 10
Not at the mount like mine.

Sir F. Andgment, my masters!

Cran. Yours mist her at the ferre. 11

Wen. Ay, but our merlin first had plum'd

the fowl,
And twice renew'd 12 her from the river too.
Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight, Nor was one semi-tune above the other. Methinks, these Milan bells do sound too full.

Methinks, these mounting of your hawk.

And spoil the mounting of your hawk.

'I' is lost, ** Sir C.
Sir F. I grant it not. Mine likewise seiz'd a fowl

Within her talons, and you saw her paws

F Pluck. 4 Chevy Chase

On the descent to the apparently it is the arm as person.

'Verity explains as "booty," but apparently it is the arm as person.

'Log attents.

'D Querry "the awoop upon the bird," (N. B. D.)

Not attinfactorily explained.

12 Attacked afresh.

Full of the feathers; both her petty singles 1 And her long singles grip'd her more than

other; The terrials 2 of her 8 legs were stain'd with blood,

Not of the fowl only; she did discomfit Some of her feathers; but she brake away. Come, come; your hawk is but a rifler.4

Sir C. Sir F. Ay, and your dogs are trindle-tails 5 and curs.

Sir C. You stir my blood.

You keep not one good hound in all your kenne

Nor one good hawk upon your perch.

How, knight ! Sir C. So, knight. You will not swagger.

sir? Sir F. Why, say I did?

Sir C. Why, say I did r Why, sir, I say you would gain as much by awagg'ring a As you have got by wagers on your dogs. You will come short in all things.

Not in this ! [Strikes Sir Charles.] Now I'll strike home. [Strikes Sir Charles.] Sir C. Thou shalt to thy long home, Or I will want my will.

Sir F. All they that love Sir Francis, follow

me! Sir C. All that affect Sir Charles, draw on my part!
Cran. On this side heaves my hand.

Wen.

Here goes my heart. They divide themselves. SIR CHARLES
MOUNTFORD, CRANWELL, Falconer, and Huntsman, fight
against SIR FHANCIS ACTON,
WENDOLL, his Falconer and
Huntsman; and SIR CHARLES hath the better, and boats them away, killing both of Sir Francis's men. Execute all but Sir Charles Mountford.

Sir C. My God, what have I done! What have I done!

My rage hath plung'd into a sea of blood, In which my soul lies drown'd. Poor innocents.

For whom we are to answer! Well, 't is done, And I remain the victor. A great conquest, When I would give this right hand, nay, this

hend. To breathe in them new life whom I have

slain! -Forgive me, God! 'T was in the heat of blood,

And anger quite removes me from myself. It was not I, but rage, did this vile morder; Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it. Sir Francis Acton, he is fled the field, With him all those that did partake his quarrel; And I am left alone with sorrow dumb, And in my height of conquest overcome.

2 Upexplained. The rest of the speech seems to refer to Mountford's

hawk Bungler. 5 Curly-tailed.

Enter SUBAN.

Susan. O God! My brother wounded 'money the dead !

Unhappy just, that in such carnest ends! The rumour of this fear stretcht to my cars, And I am come to know if you be wounded.

Sir C. Oh, sister, sister! Wounded at the

heart.
Susan. My God forbid!
Sir. C. In doing that thing which he forbad.

I am wounded, sister.

I hope, not at the heart. Susan. I nope, Sir C. Yes, at the heart.

Susan. (1 God : A surgeon, sister, for my O God! A surgeon, there. soul !

The sin of murder, it hath piere'd my heart And made a wide wound there; but for these scratches,

They are nothing, nothing.

Susan. Charles, what have you done?

Sir Francis hath great friends, and will purse.

Unto the utmost dangers of the law.

Sir C. My conscience is become mine enany, And will pursue me more than Acton can. Susan. Oh! Fly, aweet brother!

Shall I fly from thee? Sir C.

Why, Sue, art weary of my company?
Susan. Fly from your fee!
Sir C. You, sister, are my friend. And flying you, I shall pursue my end.
Susan. Your company is as my systall

Being far from you, no comfort can be near. "
Yet fly to save your life! What would I care
To spend my future age in black despair,
So you were safe? And yet to live one week
Without my brother Charles, through every cheek

My streaming tears would downwards run = rank,7

Till they could set on either side a bank, And in the midst a channel; so my face For two salt-water brooks shall still find place. Sir C. Thou shalt not weep so much; for I

will stay,

In spite of danger's teeth. I'll live with the. • Or I'll not live at all. I will not sell My country and my father's patrimons Nor thy sweet sight, for a vain hope of life.

Enter Sheriff, with Officers.

Sher. Sir Charles, I am made the unwilling instrument Of your attach and apprehension.

I'm sorry that the blood of innecent men
Should be of you exacted. It was told no
That you were gnarded with a troop of france.
And therefore I come thus arm'd. Oh, Master Sheriff! Sir C I came into the field with many friends,

a Limit of liability. 1 Abundantly. But see, they all have left me; only one lings to my sad misfortune, my dear sister. know you for an honest gentleman; I yield my weapous, and submit to you. I yield my weapons, and please!

To prison, then, 100

To answer for the lives of these dead men.

Susan. O God! O God!

Sweet sister, every strain Of sorrow from your heart augments my pain; Your grief abounds, and hits against my breast.

Sher. Sir, will you go? Ser C. Even where Even where it likes you best. 110 [Exeunt.]

[ACT II]

[SCENE I.]

Enter MASTER FRANKFORD in a study.

Frank, How happy am I amongst other men, That in my mean estate embrace content! I am a gentleman, and by my birth ompanion with a king; a king s no more, am possess'd of many fair revenues, afficient to maintain a gentleman; Touching my mind, I am studied in all arts; The riches of my thoughts and of my time Have been a good proficient; 2 but, the chief of all the sweet felicities on earth, An the sweet teneries on earth,
I have a fair, a chaste, and loving wife,
Perfection all, all truth, all ornament,
If man on earth may truly happy be,
Of these at once possest, sure, I am he.

Enter NICHOLAB.

Nich. Sir, there's a gentleman attends with-

To speak with you.

Frank. On horseback?

N.ch. Yes, on horseback. Frank. Entreat him to alight, I will attend

Know'st thou him, Nick?
Nich. Know him? Yes; his name 's Wendell. Ly seems, he comes in haste: his horse is booted.

Ly to the flank in mire, himself all spotted. And stain'd with plashing. Sure, he rid in fear,

Or for a wager. Horse and man both sweat; I be'er anw two in such a smoking heat.

I be'er saw two in such a snoking heat.

Frank. Entrest him in: about it instantly!

Ent Nicholas.]

This Wendell I have noted, and his carriage is
Hath pleas dime much; by observation
I have noted many good deserts in him.
He's affable, and seen 'in many things;
Discourses well; a good companion;
And though of small means, yet a gentleman is
I a good house, though somewhat prest by Of a good house, though somewhat prest by

I have preferr'd him to a second place In my opinion and my best regard.

1 Have made good progress.

2 Splanhed. 4 Verned.

Enter WENDOLL, MISTRESS FRANKFORD, and

Mrs. F. Oh, Master Frankford! Master Wendoll here

Brings you the strangest news that e'er you

heard.

Frank. What news, sweet wife? What news, good Master Wendoll?

Wen. You knew the match made 'twixt Sir

Wen. You knew conform francis Acton
Francis Acton
And Sir Charles Mountford?
Frank. True: with their hounds and hawks.
Wen. The matches were both play'd.
Wen. The matches were both play'd.
Wen. The matches were both play'd.
Wen. The matches were both play'd. the worst,

And lost the wager.

Why, the worse his chance;

Perhaps the lock.
Will change his luck.
Oh, but you hear not all. Mrs. F.

Oh, but you hear not all.

Sir Francis lost, and yet was loth to yield.

At length the two knights grew to difference,
From words to blows, and so to handing sides; 6
Where valorous Sir Charles slew, in his spleen,
Two of your brother's men, - his falconer.

And his good huntsman, whom he lov'd so
well.

More men were wounded, no more slain out-

right. 50
Frank. Now, trust me, I am sorry for the knight.

But is my brother safe? Wen.

All whole and sound,
His body not being blemish'd with one wound.
But poor Sir Charles is to the prison led,
To answer at th' assize for them that is dead.

Frank. I thank your pains, sir. Had the news

been better.

Your will was to have brought it. Master Wendoll.

Sir Charles will find hard friends; his case is heinons

I'm sorry for him. Sir, a word with you! I know you, sir, to be a gentleman In all things; your possibilities? but mean: Please you to use my table and my purse; Ben. O Lord, sir! I shall ne'er description.

O Lord, sir! I shall ne'ordeserve it. Frank. O sir, disparage not your worth too

much: You are full of quality and fair desert. Choose of my men which shall attend on you, And he is yours. I will allow you, sir. Your man, your gelding, and your table, all At my own charge, be my companion! "B'en. Master Frankford, I have oft been

bound to you By many favours; this exceeds them all, That I shall never merit your least favour; But when your last remembrance I forget. Heaven at my soul exact that weighty debt! "

Porming factions. · Judged.

Resources 1 Accomplishments. - Frank. There needs no protestation; for I know you

Virtuous, and therefore grateful. - Prithee,

Virtuous, and Nan,
Nan,
Nan,
Use him with all thy loving'st courtesy!
Mrs. F. As far as modesty may well extend,
It is my duty to receive your friend.
Frank. To dinner! Come, sir, from this pre-

Welcome to me for ever! Come, away!

Exeunt [FRANKFORD, MISTRESS
FRANKFORD, and WENDOLL].

Nich. I do not like this fellow by no means: I never see him but my heart still yearns. I Zounds! I could fight with him, yet know not

The devil and he are all one in mine eye.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. O Nick! What gentleman is that comes to lie at our house? My master allows him one to wait on him, and I believe it will fall to thy lot.

Nick. I love my master; by these hilts, I do; But rather than I'll ever come to serve him, I'll turn away my master.

Enter CICELY.

Cic. Nich'las! where are you, Nich'las? You must come in, Nich'las, and help the young gentleman off with his boots.

Nick. If I pluck off his boots, I'll eat the

spurs.

And they shall stick fast in my throat like burrs, Cic. Then, denkin, come you! Jen. Nay.'t is no boot? for me to deny it. [100 My master hath given me a coat here, but he takes pains himself to brush it once or twice a day with a holly wand.

Cir. Come, come, make haste, that you may wash your hands again, and help to serve [100

in dinner!

Jen. You may see, my masters, though it be afternoon with you, t is yet but early days with ms, for we have not din'd yet. Stay but a little; I'll but go in and help to bear up the first [no I'll but go in and neip to bea.
course, and come to you again presently.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.] a

Enter MALBY and CRANWELL.

Mal. This is the sessions-day; pray can you tell me

How young Sir Charles hath sped? Is he acquit,

Or must he try the laws' strict penalty?
Cron. He's clear'd of all, spite of his enemies,

Whose earnest labour was to take his life. But in this suit of pardon he hath spent All the revenues that his father left him ; And he is now turn'd a plain countryman, Reform'd in all things. See, sir, here he comes.

I The Gnol.

: Grieves.

4 Changed.

Enter SIR CHARLES and his Keeper.

Keep. Discharge your fees, and you are then at freedom.

Sir C. Here, Master Keeper, take the poor remainder

Of all the wealth I have! My heavy free Have made my purse light; but, alas! to me is wealth enough that you have set me free.

Mal. God give you joy of your delivers:

I am glad to see you abruad, Sir Charles.

Sir C. The poorest knight in England, Ma-

ter Malby. My life has cost me all my patriniony
My father left his son. Well, God forgive them That are the authors of my penury !

Enter SHAFTUN.

Shaft. Sir Charles! A hand, a hand! At liberty?

Now, by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it.
What want you? Wherein may I pleasure you.
Sir C. Oh me! Oh, most unhappy gentleman!

am not worthy to have friends stirt'd up, Whose hands may help me in this plunge of want.

would I were in Heaven, to inherit there h' immortal birthright which my Savieur Th' keeps,

And by no unthrift can be bought and sold; For here on earth what pleasures should we

Shaft. To rid you from these contemplations.
Three hundred pounds you shall receive of me;

Nay, five for fail. 5 Come, sir, the sight of gold Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy.

And will revive your spirits. You shall hald law

With your proud adversaries. Tush! let Fresh Acton

Wage, with his knighthood, like expense with

me, And he will sink, he will. - Nay, good Nir Charles,

Appland your fortune and your fair escape
From all these perils.
Sir C. Oh, sir! they have undone us.
Two thousand and five hundred pound a year

My father at his death possest me of; All which the envious Acton made me spend; And, not with standing all this large expense, I had much ado to gain my liberty; And I have only now a house of pleasure

With some five hundred pounds resert d. Both to maintain me and my loving sister. Shaft. [Aside.] That must I have, it lies convenient for me.

If I can fasten but one finger on him, With my full hand I'll gripe him to the how! 'T is not for love I proffer'd him this coin, But for my gain and pleasure. - Come. Su Charles,

I know you have need of money; take my offer

I To prevent fallure.

Sir C. Sir, I accept it, and remain indebted Even to the best of my unable 1 power. Come, gentlemen, and see it tend'red down 12 [Exeunt.]

[SCHME III.] a

Enter WENDOLL, melancholy.

Wes. I am a villain, if I apprehend 4. But such a thought! Then, to attempt the deed,

Slave, thou art damn'd without redemption. —
I 'll drive away this passion with a song.
A song! Ha, ha! A song! As if, fond a man. Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy noul

Lies drench'd and drowned in red tears of blood!

I 'll pray, and see if God within my heart Plant better thoughts. Why, prayers are meditations,

And when I meditate (oh, God forgive me!) 19

It is on her divine perfections.

I will forget her; I will arm myself
Not t'entertain a thought of love to her;
And, when I come by chance into her presence,
I'll hale these balls until my eye-strings crack.

From being pull'd and drawn to look that way. Enter, over the Stage, FRANKFORD, his Wife, and NICHOLAS [and exit].

O God, O God! With what a violence I'm hurried to mine own destruction! There goest thou, the most perfectest man That ever England bred a gentleman,
And shall I wrong his bed? — Thou God of thunder!

Stay, in Thy thoughts of vengeance and of

wrath, mighty, and all-indging hand From speedy execution on a villain,—A villain and a traitor to his friend,

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. Did your worship call? Wen, He doth maintain me; he allows me largely

Money to spend Jen. By my faith, so do not you me : I cannot

get a cross of you.

Wen. My gelding, and my man.

Jen. That's Sorrel and I.

Wen. This kindness grows of no alliance Wen. This a

Jen. Nor is my service of any great acquain-

tance. Wen. I never bound him to me by desert. * Of a mere stranger, a poor gentleman, A man by whom in no kind he could gain He hath plac'd me in the height of all his

thoughts, Nor laugh without me; I am to his body

1 Feeble. Paid over 4 Conceive.

* Frankford's house.

5 Foolish. Relationship.

As necessary as his digestion, And equally do make him whole or sick. And shall I wrong this man? Base man! In-

grate! Hast thou the power, straight with thy gory hands,

To rip thy image from his bleeding heart, To scratch thy name from out the holy book Of his remembrance, and to wound his name

That holds thy name so dear? Or rend his heart To whom thy heart was knit and join'd to-

gether !

And yet I must. Then Wendoll, be content!
Thus villains, when they would, cannot repent.
Jen. What a strange humour is my new master in! Pray God he be not mad; if he should be so, I should never have any mind to serve [shim in Bedlam. It may be he 's mad for mission. ing of me.

Wen. What, Jenkin! Where 's your mis-

tress?

Jen. Is your worship married?

Wen. Why dost thou ask?

Jen. Because you are my master; and if I have a mistress, I would be glad, like a good

nave a mistress, I would be glad, like a good servant, to do my duty to her.

Wen. I mean Mistress Frankford.

Jen. Marry, sir, her husband is riding out of town, and she went very lovingly to bring him on his way to horse. Do you see, sir? Here she comes, and here I go.

Wen. Vanish!

[Exit Jenkins.]

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD.

Mrs. F. You are well met, sir; now, in troth, my husband

Before he took horse, had a great desire To speak with you; we sought about the house.

Halloo'd into the fields, sent every way, But could not meet you. Therefore, he enjoin'd

To do unto you his most kind commends, Nay, more: he wills you, as you prize his love, Or hold in estimation his kind friendship, To make bold in his absence, and command Even as himself were present in the house; ••

tious tongues

Are tipt with gall and poison: as you would Think on a man that had your father slain, Murd'red your children, made your wives base strumpets,

So call me, call me so; print in my face The most stigmatic 7 title of a villain, For hatching treason to so true a friend! Mrs. F. Sir, you are much beholding to my husband;

You are a man most dear in his regard. Wen. I am bound unto your husband, and you too.

7 Opprobrious.

[Aside.] I will not speak to wrong a gentle-

Of that good estimation, my kind friend.

I will not; zounds! I will not. I may choose,
And I will choose. Shall I be so misled,
Or shall I purchase! to my father's creat
The motto of a villain? If I say
I will not do it, what thing can enforce me?
What can compel me? What sad destiny
Hath, such compand upon my vialding. such command upon my yielding

thoughts? I will not; - ha! Some fury pricks me on; The swift fates drag me at their chariot

wheel, And hurry me to mischief. Speak I must: 105
Injure myself, wrong her, deceive his trust!

Mrs. F. Are you not well, sir, that you seem
thus troubled?

There is sedition in your countenance.

Wen. And in my heart, fair angel, chaste and wise.

I love you! Start not, speak not, answer not; I love you, — nay, let me speak the rest; Bid me to swear, and I will call to record

The host of Heaven.

The host of Heaven forbid Wendoll should hatch such a disloyal thought? Wen. Such is my fate; to this suit was I bern.

To wear rich pleasure's crown, or fortune's

Mrs. F. My husband loves you. Wen. I know I know it.

Mrs. F. He esteems you, Even as his brain, his eye-ball, or his heart.

Wen. I have tried it. Mrs. F. His purse is your exchequer, and his table

Doth freely serve you. So I have found it.

Mrs. F. Oh! With what face of brass, what brow of steel,
Can you, unblushing, speak this to the face Of the espons'd wife of so dear a friend? is my husband that maintains your state. .

Will you dishonour him that in your power Hath left his whole affairs? I am his wife, It is to me you speak.

O speak no more; Wen.

O speak no more;

For more than this I know, and have recorded Within the red-leav'd table of my heart.

Fair, and of All belov'd, I was not fearful Bluntly to give my life into your hand, and at one hazard all my earthly means. Go, tell your husband; he will turn me off, And I am then undone. I care not, I; 126 "T was for your sake. Perchance, in rage he'll

kill me; I care not, 't was for you, Say I incur The general name of villain through the world, Of traitor to my friend; I care not, I. Boggary, shame, death, scandal, and re-

proach, —
For you I'll hazard all. Why, what care I?
For you I'll live, and in your love I'll die.

Acquire, add.

Mrs. F. You move me, air, to passion and to

pity.
The love I bear my husband is as precious

As my soul's health.

Wen.

I love your husband too, And for his love I will engage my life. Mistake me not; the augmentation Of my sincere affection borne to you Doth no whit lessen my regard to him.

I will be secret, lady, close as night;

And not the light of one small glorious star Shall shine here in my forehead, to bewray That act of night.

Mrs. F. What shall I say?
My soul is wandering, hath lost her way.
Oh. Master Wendoll! (th:
Wen. Sigh not, sweet saint:
For every sigh you breathe draws from my heart

A drop of blood. Mrs. F. I ne'er offended yet:
My fault, I fear, will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall, not quite bereft of graces.
Have their offences noted in their face.

I blush, sud am asham'd. Oh, Master Wu doll,
Pray God I be not born to enese your tongue.
That hath enchanted me! This maze I su

I fear will prove the labyrinth of sin.

Enter NICHOLAS [behind].

Wen. The path of pleasure and the gate to bliss,

Which on your lips I knock at with a kias!

Nich. I'll kill the rogue.

Wen. Your husband is from home, your beden to blab.

Nay, look not down and blush!

Ereunt Wentoll and Mistare.

FRANKFORD.] Zonnds! I'll each

Nich. Ay, Nick, was it thy chance to come just in the nick?

I love my master, and I hate that slave; I love my mistress, but these tricks I like not.

My master shall not pocket up this wrong.
I'll eat my fingers first. What say's then
metal?

Does not that rascal Wendoll go on legs That then must cut off? Hath he not have strings

That thou must hough? Nay, metal, thou sha! stand

To all I say. I'll henceforth turn a spy.
And watch them in their close conveyances?
I never look'd for better of that rascal.
Since he came miching i first into our house. It is that Satan bath corrupted her For she was fair and chaste. I'll have as

In all their gestures. Thus I think of them If they proceed as they have done before, Wendoll's a knave, my mistress is a

² Secret proceedings. 2 Sneaking.

[ACT III]

[SCENE I.]1

Enter SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD and SUSAN.

Sir C. Sister, you see we are driven to hard shift,

To keep this poor house we have left unsold.
I'm now enfore d to follow husbandry,
And you to milk; and do we not live well?

Well, I thank God. Susan. Oh, brother! here's a change, a Since old Sir Charles died in our father's house. Sir C. All things on earth thus change,

some up, some down Content 'a a kingdom, and I wear that crown.

Enter SHAPTON, with a Sergeant.

Shaft, Good morrow, morrow, Sir Charles! What! With your sister, Plying your husbandry? - Sergeant, stand off!-

You have a pretty house here, and a garden,
And goodly ground about it. Since it lies
So near a loriship that I lately bought,
I would fain buy it of you. I will give you

Ser C. Oh, pardon me; this house succes-

Hath long'd to me and my progenitors Three hundred years. My great-great-grand-father.

He in whom first our gentle style began.

Dwelt here, and in this ground increast this mole-hill

I nto that mountain which my father left me.
Where he the first of all our house began,
I now the last will end, and keep this house,— This virgin title, never yet deflower d By any anthrift of the Mountfords' line. In brief, I will not sell it for more gold 22 Than you could hide or pave the ground withal.

Shoft. Ha, hal a proud mind and a beggar's

Pillan Where 's my three hundred pounds, besides the

I have brought it to an execution

By course of law. What! Is my money ready?

Sir C. An execution, sir, and never tell me
You put my bond in suit? You deal extremely.

Shan, Sell me the land, and I'll acquit you

straight. Ser C. Alus, alus! 'T is all trouble hath left

To cherish me and my poor sister's life. If this were sold, our names should then be

quite
Raz'd from the head-roll of gentility.
You see what hard shift we have made to keep

Altied still to our name. This palm you see, Labour hath glow'd within; her silver brow, ... That never tasted a rough winter's blast Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace Defy cold winter, and his storms outface.

1 Sir Charles Mountford's house.
2 Interest. 2 Extremely rigorously. 4 List. Properly a list of unines to be prayed for. Susan. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labour hard.

We lie uneasy, to reserve to us And our succession this smal spot of ground.

Sir C. I have so bent my thoughts to hus-

bandry. That I protest I scarcely can remember What a new fashion is; how silk or satin Feels in my hand. Why, pride is grown to us so A mere, mere stranger. I have quite forgot The names of all that over waited on me.

I cannot name ye any of my hounds, Once from whose echoing mouths I heard all music

That e'er my heart desir'd. What should I suy? To keep this place, I have chang'd myself

away. Shuft. Arrest him at my suit! - Actions and

actions Shall keep thee in perpetual bondage fast; Nay, more, I'll sue thee by a late appeal,

And call thy former life in question.

The keeper is my friend; thou shalt have irons,
And usage such as I'll deny to dogs.

Away with him !

Sir C. You are too timorous.

Sir C. You are too timorous. But trouble is my master.
And I will serve him truly. — My kind sister,
Thy tears are of no use to mollify
The flinty man. Go to my father's brother.
My kinsmen, and allies; entreat them for me,
To ransom me from this injurious man That seeks my ruin.

Shoft. Come, irons! Come away ; " I'll see thee lodg'd far from the sight of day.

Exemple Aries of St. San.

Susan. My heart's so hard'ned with the frost

of grief,

Death cannot pierce it through. - Tyrant too fell!

So lead the fiends condemned souls to bell.

Enter SIR FRANCIS ACTON and MALBY.

Sir F. Again to prison! Malby, hust thou poor slave better tortur'd? Shall we hear

Throughly reveng'd. They say, he hath a pretty wench

Unto his sister; shall I, in mercy-sake
To him and to his kindred, bribe the fool
To shame herself by lewd, dishonest heat?
I'll proffer largely; but, the deed being done,
I'll smile to see her base confusion.
Mat. Methinks, Sir Francis, you are full re-

veng'd

For greater wrongs than he can proffer you.

See where the poor and gentlewonum stands!

Sir F. Ha, ha! Now will I than her poverty,

Deride her fortunes, seeff her lose estate;

My very soul the name of Mountford hates. But stay, my heart! Oh, what a look did fly

* Ed. couj. tyrannous. * Of the debter's prison.

To strike my soul through with thy piercing

I am enchanted; all my spirits are fled. And with one glance my envious spleen struck dead.

Susan. Acton! That seeks our blood!

Runs away.

O chaste and fair! " Mal. Sir Francis! Why, Sir Francis! Zounds, in a trance?

Sir Francis! What cheer, man? Come, come, how is 't?

Sir F. Was she not fair? Or else this judging eye

Cannot distinguish beauty.

She was fair. Mal. She was an angel in a mortal's shape, And ne'er descended from old Mountford's line. But soft, soft, let me call my wits together! A poor, poor wench, to my great adversary Sister, whose very souls denounce stern war One against other! How now, Frank, turn'd

Or madman, whether? But no! Master of My perfect senses and directest wits. Then why should I be in this violent humour Of passion and of love? And with a person So different every way, and so opposid
In all contractions 1 and still-warring actions? Fie, fie! How I dispute against my soul! Come, come; I'll gain her, or in her fair quest Purchase my soul free and immortal rest. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II.]

Enter three or four Serving-wen, one with a voi-der and a wooden knife, to take away ull; another the salt and bread; another with the table cloth and napkins; another the carpet; 4 JERKIN with two lights after them.

Jen. So; march in order, and retire in battle array! My master and the guests have supp'd already, all's taken away. Here, now spread for the serving-men in the hall!—But-

Butler, it belongs to your office.

But. I know it denkin. What d'ye call the
gentleman that supp'd there to-night?

Jen. Who? My master?

But. No, no, Master Wendoll, he's a daily
guest. I mean the gentleman that came [10]

but this afternoon.

Jen. His name 's Master Cranwell, God's

Jen. His name 's master calls to Jen. His mme 's Master Cranwell. God's light! Hark, within there; my master calls to lay more hillets upon the fire. Come. come ! Lord, how we that are in office here in the [18] house are troubled! One spread the carpet in the parlour, and stand ready to snuff the lights; the rest be ready to prepare their stomachs!
More lights in the hall, there! Come, Nichelas.

Exent [all but Ntcnol.as].

Nich. I cannot eat; but had I Wendoll's

heart.

I would eat that. The rogue grows impudent, Oh ! I have seen such vile, notorious tricks,

l Legal transactions.
Frankford's house.

4 Table-cover. 5 Small logs.

Tray for removing dishes.

Ready to make my eyes dart from my head.
I'll tell my master; by this air, I will;
Fall what may fall, I'll tell him. Here he

Enter MASTER FRANKFORD, as it were bruching the crumbs from his clothes with a naphin, as newly risen from supper.

Frank. Nicholas, what make you here? Why are not you

t supper in the hall, among your fellows? Nich. Master, I stay d your rising from the board,

To speak with you.
Frank. Be brief then, gentle Nicholm; My wife and guests attends me in the parlour. Why dost thou pause? Now, Nicholan, you

And, unthrift-like, would eat into your

Ere you had carn'd it. Here, sir, 's half-a-crown. Play the good husband,' — and away to support Nich. By this hand, an honourable genteman! I will not see him wrong'd.

Sir. I have serv'd you long; you entertain'd me Seven years before your beard; you know me, Bir,

Before you knew my mistress.
Frank. What of this, good Nicholas?
Nich. I never was a make-bate or a knew.

I have no fault but one — I 'm given to quarrel, But not with women. I will tell you, master. That which will make your heart leap from your breast,

Your hair to startle from your head, your our

to tingle.
Frank. What preparation's this to dismal

news?
Nich. 'Shlood! sir, I love you better than your wife.

I'll make it good.
Frank. You are a knave, and I have much

With wonted patience to contain my rage, And not to break thy pate. Thou art a knase. 'll turn you, with your base comparisons,

Out of my doors.

Nich.

Do. do.

There is not room for Wendoll and me too.
Both in one house. O master, master,
That Wendoll is a villain!

Frank.
Nich. Strike, strike, do strike; yet how m.
I am no fool;
I know a villain, when I see him act
Deeds of a villain. Master, master, the bar

slave

Enjoys my mistress, and dishonours you.

Frank. Thou hast kill'd me with a weapon whose sharp point

Hath prick'd quite through and through as shiv'ring heart.

Drops of cold swent sit dangling on my hairs. Like morning's dew upon the golden flowers,

> # Awnit. Recomment. Maker of quarrela.

And I am plung'd into strange agonies.

What did'st thou say? If any word that tought His credit, or her reputation It is as hard to enter my belief, As Dives into heaven. Nich. I can gain nothing :

They are two that never wrong'd me. I knew before

"I was but a thankless office, and perhaps "As much as is my service, or my life
Is worth. All this I know; but this, and more, More by a thousand dangers, could not hire

me To smother such a heinous wrong from you. I saw, and I have said.

Frank. 'T is probable. Though blunt, yet he is honest.

Though I durst pawn my life, and on their faith

Hazard the dear salvation of my soul, Yet in my trust I may be too secure.
May this be true? Oh, may it? Can it be?

Is it by any wonder possible?

Man, woman, what thing mortal can we trust, When friends and bosom wives prove so unjust?

What instance 1 hast thou of this strange re-

post?

Nich. Eyes, [master,] eyes.

Frank. Thy eyes may be deceiv'd, I tell

For should an angel from the heavens drop

down, And preach this to me that thyself hast told, He should have much ado to win belief;

In both their loves I am so confident. **

Nick. Shall I discourse the same by circumstance?

Frank. No more! To supper, and command your fellows

To attend us and the strangers! Not a word, I charge thee, on thy life! Be secret then;
For I know nothing.

Nick. I am dumb; and, now that I have

eas'd my stomach,2

I will go fill my stomach. [Exit.] Away! Begone ! -Frank. She is well born, descended nobly; Virtuous her education; her repute Honest and fair; her carriage, her demeanour, In all her actions that concern the love To me her husband, modest, chaste, and godly. is all this seeming gold plain copper?
But he, that Judas that hath borne my purse,
Hath sold me for a sin. O God! O God! 108
Shall I put up these wrongs? No! Shall I

trust The bare report of this suspicious groom Before the double-gilt, the well-hatch'd s ore Of their two hearts? No, I will lose these thoughts;

Distraction I will banish from my brew,

1 Evidence. 2 Resentment. 3 Of noble origin.

And from my looks exile sad discontent. Their wonted favours in my tongue shall flow;

Till I know all, I'll nothing seem to know. Lights and a table there! Wife, Master Wendoll,

And gentle Master Cranwell !

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD, MASTER WEN-DOLL, MASTER CHANWELL, NICHOLAS, and JENKIN with cards, carpets, stools, and other mecessaries.

Frank. O! Master Cranwell, you are a stranger her ger nere, balk * my house; faith, y'are a And often

churl ! -

Now we have supp'd, a table, and to eards!

Jen. A pair of cards, Nicholas, and a carpet
to cover the table! Where's Cicely, with her im to cover the table? Where is Cherly, which her his counters and her box? Candles and candlesticks, there! Fie! We have such a household of ser-ving-creatures! Unless it be Nick and I, there's not one amongst them all that can say be to a goose. — Well said, 6 Nick !

They spread a carpet: set down lights and cards.

Mrs. F. Come, Mr. Frankford, who shall take

Mrs. F. Come, Mr. Frankford, who shan take my part? 7
Frank. Marry, that will I, sweet wife. 122
Wen. No, by my faith, when you are together, I sit out. It must be Mistreas Frankford and I, or else it is no match.

Frank. I do not like that match.

Nich. [Aside.] You have no reason, marry.

knowing all.

Franc. 'Tis no great matter, neither.—
Come, Master Cranwell, shall you and I take them up? 8

Cran. At your pleasure, sir.

Frank. I must look to you, Master Wendoll, for you'll be playing false. Nay, so will my

wife, too.

Nich. [Aside.] Ay, I will be sworn she will.

Mrs F. Let them that are taken playing false, forfeit the set!

Frank. Content; it shall go hard but I'll take

Cran. Gentlemen, what shall our game be? Wen. Master Frankford, you play best at

noddy.9

Frank, You shall not find it so; indeed, you

shall not.

Mrs. F. I can play at nothing so well as
double-ruff. 10

Frank. If Master Wendoll and my wife be together, there's no playing against them at double-hand.

Nich. I can tell you, sir, the game that Master Wendoll is best at.

Wen. What game is that, Nick?

Nich. Marry, sir, knave out of doors.

Wen. She and I will take you at lodam. Mrs. F. Husband, shall we play at saint?

4 Avoid. 5 Pack. Well done.

Be their opponents.
A game like cribbage MAN earlier kind of whist.

⁷ Be my partner.

Frank. [Aside.] My saint 's turn'd devil. -No. we 'll none of saint:

You are best at new-cut, wife, you'll play at that.

West. If you play at new-cut, I'm soonest hit-

ter of any here. for a wager,

Frank. (Aside.) 'T is me they play on. —

Well, you may draw out;

For all your cunning, 't will be to your shame; I'll teach you, at your new-cut, a new game. Come, come!

Cran. If you cannot agree upon the game,

To post and pair!
Wen, We shall be soonest pairs; and my good hour,

When he comes late home, he must kiss the past.1

Frank. Whoever wins, it shall be to thy cust. Cran. Faith, let it be vide-ruff, and let 's

make honoure! Frank. If you make bonours, one thing let

me crave : Honour the king and queen, except the

knave.

Wen. Well, as you please for that. — Lift.²
who shall deal?

Mrs. F. The least in sight. What are you,
Master Wendell?

Wen. 1 am a knave. Nich. [Aside.] Mrs. F. I'll swear it. I a queen. Mrs. F.
Frank, [Aside.] A quean, thou should st say.

- Well, the cards are mine:

They are the grossest pair that e'er I felt. 180 Mrs. F. Shuffle, I'll cut: would I had never dealt!

Frank. I have lost my dealing.
Wen. Sir. the fault 's in me; This queen I have more than mine own, you see. Give me the stock ! 8

My mind 's not on my game. Frank. Many a deal I 've lost; the more 's your shame. You have serv'd me a bad trick, Master Wen-

doll. Wen. Sir, you must take your lot. To end this strife,

I know I have dealt better with your wife.
Frank. Thou hast dealt falsely, then.
Mrs. F. What 's trumps?
Wen. Hearts, Partner, I rub.

Frank. [.1side.] Thou robb'st me of my soul, of her chaste love; In thy false dealing thou hast robb'd my

heart.

heart. —
Booty you play; I like a loser stand,
Having no heart, or here or in my hand.
I will give o'er the set, I am not well.
Come, who will hold my cards?

Mrs. F. Not well, sweet Master Frankford?
Alas, what ails you? 'T is some sudden qualm.
Wen. How long have you been so, Master
Frankford?

Frank. Sir. I was laster and I had

Frank. Sir, I was lusty, and I had my health,

1 Be shut out. 1 Cut. # Pack. But I grew ill when you began to deal. -Take hence this table ! - Gentle Master Crapwell

Y' are welcome; see your chamber at your pleasure!

I am sorry that this megrini takes me so, -I cannot sit and bear you company.

Jenkin, some lights, and show him to his chamber!

Mrs. F. A nightgown for my husband, quickly, there!

directly, the last cold.

It is some rhourn or cold.

Now, in good faith, This illness you have got by sitting late

Without your gown.

I know it, Master Wendell. To, go to bed, lest you complain like me! Wife, prithee, wfo, into my hed chamber! The night is raw and cold, and rheamatic. Leave me my gown and light; I'll walk assy

my fit.

Wen. Sweet sir, good night ! Frank. Myself, good night! [Erit Wendell Mrs. F. Shill I strend you, hurband Frank. No. gentle wife, thou'lt catch old

in thy head. Prithee, begone, sweet; I'll make haste to

hed.
Mrs. F. No sleep will fasten on mine ema you know,

Until you come.
Frank. Sweet Nan, I prithes, go! I have bethought me; get me by degrees
The keys of all my deors, which I will mould

In wax, and take their fair impression.
To have by them new keys. This being com-

past.

At a set hour a letter shall be brought me And when they think they muy securely play,

They nearest are to danger. - Nick, I must rely

Upon thy trust and faithful secrecy.

Nich, Build on my faith!

Frank.

To had, then, not to rea!

Care lodges in my brain, grief in my breast.

[SCENE III.] 6

Enter Sir Charles's Sister, Old Mountroed Sandy, Roder, and Tidy.

Old Mount. You say my nephew is is great

Who brought it to him but his own lead life." cannot spare a cross. I neust confess He was my brother's son; why, nicce, what

then? This is no world in which to pity men. Susan. I was not born a beggar, though his

extremes Enforce this language from me. I protest No fortune of mine own could lead my tercts To this base key. I do beseech you, uncle,

4 This line should probably be given to Mes. F B not, Cranwell cut here with Jenkin.
5 Old Mountford's house.

For the name's sake, for Christianity, -Nay, for God's sake, to pity his distress. He is deni'd the freedom of the prison, And in the hole is laid with men condemn'd:

Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,
And it remains in you to free him thence.

Old Mount. Money 1 cannot spare; men
should take heed.

He lost my kindred when he fell to need. Erit. Susan. Gold is but earth; thou earth enough shalt have.

When thou hast once took measure of thy grave. You know me. Master Sandy, and my suit. 10 Sandy. I knew you, lady, when the old man Sandy. 1 liv'd;

knew you ere your brother sold his land. Then you were Mistress Sue, trick'd up in jewels;

Then you sung well, play'd sweetly on the lute; But now I neither know you nor your suit

Susan. You, Master Roder, was my brother's tenant; Rent-free he plac'd you in that wealthy farm,

Of which you are possest.

Roder. True, he did; There some business now; but, without doubt, They that have burl'd him in, will help him out. Exit, at Susan, Cold comfort still. What say you, cousin Tidy?

Tidy, 1 my this comes of roysting, 1 swag-g'ring.

Call me not cousin; each man for himself!

I am no cousin unto them that borrow. Exit. Susan. O Charity, why art thou fied to heaven.

And left all things up on this earth uneven? Their scoffing answers I will ne'er return, But to myself his grief in silence mourn.

Enter SIR FRANCIS and MALBY.

Sir F. She is poor, I'll therefore tempt her with this gold.

Go, Malby, in my name deliver it,
And I will stay thy answer.
Mal, Fair mistress, as I understand your grief
Doth grow from want, so I have here in store
A means to furnish you, a bag of gold,
Which to your hands I freely tender you,
Susan, I thank you, Reavens! I thank you,

gentle sir

God make me able to requite this favour!
Mal. This gold Sir Francis Acton sends by TT161

to enrun.

Hence, bawd; hence, broker! See, I spurn his gold,

Iv honour never shall for gain be sold.

Sir F. Stay, lady, stay!

1 Rioting.

Susan. From you I'll posting hie, Even as the doves from feather'd eagles fly,

how

Sir F. She hates my name, my face; how should I woo? I am disgrac'd in every thing I do. The more she hates me, and discuins my love, The more I am rapt in admiration of her divine and chaste perfections.

Woo her with gifts I cannot, for all gifts Sent in my name she spurns; with looks I cannot

For she abhors my sight; nor yet with letters, For none she will receive. How then? how then? Well, I will fasten such a kindness on her, As shall o'ercome her hate and conquer it. Sir Charles, her brother, lies in execution

For a great sum of money; and, besides.
The appeal is sued still for my huntsmen's death,
Which only I have power to reverse.
In her I'll bury all my bate of him. —
Go seek the Keeper, Malby, bring him to me!
To save his body, I his debts will pay;
To save his life, I his appeal will stay. [Excunt.]

[ACT IV]

[SCENE L.]

Enter SIR CHARLES [MOUNTFORD], in prison, with irons, his feet bare, his garments all ragged and turn.

Sir C. Of all on the earth's face most miserable,

Breathe in this hellish dungeon thy laments! Thus like a slave ragg'd, like a felon gyv'd,— That burls thee headlong to this base estate. Oh, unkind uncle! Oh, my friends ingrate! Unthankful kinsmen! Mountford 's all too base, To let thy name be fetter'd in diagrace A thousand deaths here in this grave I die; Fear, hunger, serrow, cold, all threat my death, And join together to deprive my breath. But that which most torments me, my dear

Hath left³ to visit me, and from my friends Hath brought no hopeful answer; therefore, I Divine they will not help my misery.
If it be so, shame, seemdal, and contempt

Attend their covetous thoughts; need make their graves!

Usurers they live, and may they die like slaves!

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee freedom

From all thy troubles.

Then, I am doom'd to die: Death is the end of all culamity. 20 Keep. Live I Your appeal is stay'd; the execution

Of all your debts discharg'd; your creditors Even to the utmost penny satisfied.

Fork Castle.

8 Conned.

In sign whereof your shackles I knock off. You are not left so much indebted to us As for your fees; all is discharg d; all paid. (in freely to your house, or where you please; After long miseries, embrace your ease.

Sir C. Thou grumblest out the sweetest

music to me That ever organ play'd. - Is this a dream? » Or do my waking senses apprehend The pleasing taste of these applausive news? Slave that I was, to wrong such honest friends, My loving kinaman, and my near allies!

Tongue, I will bite thee for the scandal breath'd Against such faithful kinsmen; they are all

Compos'd of pity and compassion,
Of melting charity and of moving ruth.
That which I spoke before was in my rage;
They are my friends, the mirrors of this age;
Bountsous and free. The noble Mountford's TREE

Ne'er bred a covetous thought, or humour base.

Enter SUBAN.

Susan. I cannot longer stay from visiting My woful brother. While I could, I kept My hapless tidings from his hopeful car. 48 Sir C. Sister, how much am I indebted to thee

And to thy travail!

Susan. What, at liberty? Sir C. Thou seest I am, thanks to thy indus-

try.
Oh! I'nto which of all my courteons friends
Am I thus bound? My uncle Mountford, he so
Even of an infant lov'd me; was it he?
So did my cousin Tidy; was it he?
So Master Roder, Master Sandy, too.
Which of all these did this high kindness do?
Susan. Charles, can you mock me in your

Knowing your friends deride your misery? Now, I protest I stand so much amaz'd, To see your bonds free, and your irous knock'd

That I am rapt into a maze of wonder; The rather for I know not by what means This happiness bath chanc'd.

This happiness hath chanc'd.

Sir C. Why, by my uncle,
My cousins, and my friends; who clse, I pray,
Would take upon them all my debts to pay?

Susan. Oh, brother! they are men [made] all
of flint,
Pictures of marble, and as void of pity

As chased bears. I begg'd, I sned, I kneel'd,
Laid open all your griefs and miscries,
Which they decided; more than that, deni'd us
A part in their alliance; but, in pride,
Said that our kindred with our plenty died.

Sir C. Drudges too much, 3— what did they?
Oh, known evil!

Oh, known evil!
Rich fly the poor, as good men shun the devil.
Whence should my freedom come? Of whom alive

Saving of those, have I deserv'd so well? Guess, sister, call to mind, remember me !

1 Joyful. 2 Too base in their conduct. (Ward.) These have I rais'd, they follow the world's guine.

Whom rich [they] bonour, they in woo despise. Swan. My with have lost themselves; let's ask the keeper! Sir C. Gaoler!

Kep. At hand, sir.
Sir C. Of courtesy resolve me one demand!
What was he took the burden of my debta From off my back, staid my appeal to death, Discharg'd my fees, and brought me liberty Keep. A courteous knight, one call'd Ser Francis Acton.

Sir C. Ha! Acton! Oh me! More distrem's in this

Than all my troubles! Hale me back. Double my irons, and my sparing meals Put into halves, and lodge me in a dangeon More deep, more dark, more cold, more con-

fortless! By Acton freed! Not all thy manacles Could fetter so my heels, as this one word Hath thrall'd my heart; and it must now be barand

In more strict prison than thy stony gaol.

I am not free, I go but under bail.

Keep. My charge is done, sir, now I have my

As we get little, we will nothing leese, sir C. By Acton freed and . By Acton freed, my dangerous oppo-

Why, to what end? On what occasion? Ha! Let me forget the name of enemy,
And with indifference balance this high fa-

YOUR!

Susan. [Aside.] His love to me, upon my soul, t is so !

That is the root from whence these strange

things grow.
Sir C. Hud this proceeded from my father, b.
That by the law of Nature is most bound In offices of love, it had deserv'd My best employment to requite that grace.

Had it proceeded from my friends, or him. -From them this action had deserv'd my life. And from a stranger more, because from such There is less execution b of good deeds. But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend. More than a stranger, both remote in blood, And in his heart oppos'd my enemy. That this high bounty should proceed from

him, —
Oh! there I lose myself. What should I say,
What think, what do, his bounty to repay

Susan. You wonder, I am sure, who are the

strange kindness
Proceeds in Acton; I will tell you, brother.

Ile dotes on me, and oft hath sent me citta,
Letters, and tokens; I refus d them all.

Sir C. I have enough, though poor; my heart

is set,

is set,
In one rich gift to pay back all my deht.

Escust.

² Ed. conj. Qq. in. ⁴ Lose. ⁵ Weigh impartially. ⁶ Verity emends to expectation.

SCENE II.1]

Enter FRANKFORD and NICHOLAS, with keys and a letter in his hand.

Frank. This is the night that I must play my

To try two seeming angels. - Where 's my keys?

Nich. They are made according to your mould in wax.

I bade the smith be secret, gave him money, And here they are. The letter, sir! Frank. True, take it, there it is:

And when thou seest me in my pleasant'st vein, Ready to sit to supper, bring it me! Neck. I'll do 't; make no more question, but

Nich. I il

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD, C WENDOLL, and JENKIN. CBANWELL,

Sirrah, 't is six o'clock already struck ; Go bid them spread the cloth, and serve in

supper!

Jen. It shall be done, forsooth, mistress,
Where 's Spigot, the butler, to give us out sult
and trenchers?

Wen. We that have been a hunting all the day, Come with prepared stomachs. - Master Frankford,

We wish'd you at our sport.
Frank. My heart was with you, and my mind

Fie, Master (ranwell! You are still thus sad.— A stool, a stool! Where 's Jenkin, and where 's Nick?

Tis supper time at least an hour ago.
What's the best news abroad?
Wen. I know none good.
Frank. [Aside.] But I know too much bad.

Enter Butler and JENKIN, with a table-cloth, bread, trenchers, and salt; [then exeunt.]

Cran. Methinks, sir, you might have that interest 2

In your wife's brother, to be more remiss 8 In his hard dealing against poor Sir Charles, Who, as I hear, lies in York Castle, needy

And in great want.

Frank. Did not more weighty business of mine own

Hold me away, I would have labour'd peace so Betwint them with all care; indeed I would,

Mrs. F. I'll write unto my brother earnestly In that behalf.

A charitable deed,

M all tour friends that love you, Mistress Frankford.

Frankford.

Frank That 's you, for one; I know you love Sir Charles.

[Acide.] And my wife too, well. Of all true gentlemen; be yourselves judge !

Frankford's boune. ! Influence with.

Frank. But supper, ho!—Now, as thou lov'st me, Wendoll,
Which I am sure thou dost, be merry, pleasant,
And frolio it to-night!—Sweet Mr. Cranwell,
D. you the like!—Wife, I protest, my heart as ne'er more bent on sweet alacrity.

Where be those lazy knaves to serve insupper?

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. Here's a letter, sir.

Frank. Whence comes it, and who brought it? Nich. A stripling that below attends your And, as he tells me, it is sent from York,

Frank. Have him into the cellar, let him

taste A cup of our March beer; go, make him

Arink!

Nich. I'll make him drunk, if he be a Trojan.4

Frank. [after reading the letter.] My boots and spurs ! Where 's Jenkin ? God forgive

How I neglect my business! - Wife, look here! I have a matter to be tri'd to-morrow By eight o'clock; and my attorney writes me, I must be there betimes with evidence, Or it will go against me. Where 's my boots?

Enter JRNKIN, with boots and apura.

Mrs. F. I hope your business craves no such despatch,

That you must ride to-night? Wen. [Aside.] I hope it doth. Frank. God's me! No such despatch? Jenkin, my boots! Where's Nick? Saddle my

And the grey dapple for himself! - Content ye,

concerns me. - Gentle Master Cran-It much well,

and Master Wendoll, in my absence use

The very ripest pleasure of my house!

Wen. Lord! Master Frankford, will you ride
to-night?

The ways are dangerous. Therefore will I ride Appointed well; and so shall Nick, my man.

Mrs. F. I'll call you up by five o'clock to-

morrow, ink. No, by my faith, wife, I'll not trust Frank.

to that: 'Tis not such easy rising in a morning From one I love so dearly. No, by my faith, I shall not leave so sweet a bedfellow, But with much pain. You have made me a

sluggard

Since I first knew yon.

Mrs. F. Then, if you needs will go
This dangerous evening, Master Wendoll,

Let me entreat you bear him company,

Wen. With all my heart, sweet mistress.—

Wen. With all my heart, sweet mistress.—
My hoots, there!
Frank: Fie, fie, that for my private husiness
I should disease n a friend, and be a trouble
To the whole house!—Nick!

4 Good fellow. 4 Armed. 4 Cause discomfort to.

Nich Anon, sir! Frank. Bring forth my gelding! - As you love me, sir,

Use no more words: a hand, good Master Cranwell !

Cran. Sir, God be your good speed! Frank. Good night, sweet Nan; nay, nay, a

kiss, and part! [Aside.] Dissembling lips, you suit not with my heart.

Ereunt FRANKFORD and Nicholas]. Wen. [.Inde.] How business, time, and hours,

all gracious prove,
And are the furtherers to my new-born love!
I am husband now in Master Frankford's place,
And must command the house. My pleasure

We will not sup abroad so publicly, But in your private chamber, Mustress Frank-

ford.

Mrs. F. Oh, sir! you are too public in your love.

And Master Frankford's wife — Cran. Might I crave favour, I would entreat you I might see my chamber.
I am on the sudden grown exceeding ill.
And would be spar d from supper.
Wen.
Light there, he!—

See you want nothing, sir, for if you do,
You injure that good nom, and wrong me too.
Cran. I will make bold; good night! [Exit.]
Wen.

To make our bosom sweet, and full entire 1 to Come, Nan, I pr'ythee, let us sup within!

Mrs. F. Oh! what a clog unto the soul is sin!
We pale offenders are still full of fear;

Every suspicious eye brings danger near; When they, whose clear hearts from offence are free,

Despise report, base scandals do outface,

And stand at mere defiance with disgrace.

Wen. Fie, fie! You talk too like a puritan.

Mrs. F. You have tempted me to mischief,

Master Wendoll:

I have done I know not what. Well, you plead

That which for want of wit I granted erst, I now must yield through fear. Come, come,

let 's in; Once over shoes, we are straight o'er head in sin. Wen. My jocund soul is joyful beyond meas-

I'll be profuse in Frankford's richest treasure. Exeunt.

[SCENE III.]2

Enter Cickly, Jenkin. Butler, and other Serving-men.

Jen. My mistress and Master Wendell, my master, sup in her chamber to-night. Cicely, you are preferr'd, from being the cook, to be chambermaid. Of all the loves betwirt thee and me, tell me what thou think'st of this? Cic. Mum; there's an old proverb,—when

the cut's away, the mouse may play.

3 Another part of the house.

Jen. Now you talk of a cat, Cicely, I smell a

Cic. Good words, Jenkin, lest you be call'd ["

Cir. Good words, Jenkin, lest you be call d [w to answer them!]

Jen. Why, God make my mistress an honest woman! Are not these good words? Fray God my new master play not the knave with my old master! Is there any hurt in this? God send [w no villainy intended; and if they do sup together, pray God they do not lie together! God neaks my nigtress cluster and make my nigtress cluster and make my all this make my mistress cluste, and make us all flis servants! What harm is there in all this? Nay. more; here in my hand, thou shalt never have my heart, unless thou say, Amen. Cic. Amen; I pray God, I say.

Enter Serving-man.

Serving man. My mistress sends that you should make less noise. So, lock up the doors, and see the household all got to bed! You, a Jenkin, for this night are made the porter to

Jenkin, for this night are made the porter, to see the gates shut in.

Jen. Thus by little and little I creep into office. Come, to kennel, my masters, to kennel, 't is eleven o'clock already.

Serving-man. When you have lock'd the gate in, you must send up the keys to my mistress. Cic. Quickly, for God's sake. Jenkin; for I must carry them. I am neither pillow nor bolster, but I know more than loth.

Jen. To bed, good Spigot; to bed, good honest serving-creatures; and let us aleep as sace as pigs in pease-straw!

[SCENP IV.]8

Enter FRANKPORD and NICHOLAS.

Frank. Soft, soft! We've tied our geldisgs. to a tree

Two flight-shot off, lest by their thundering hoofs

They blub our coming back. Hear'st thou no noise?
Nich. Hear? I hear nothing but the owl and

you. Frank. So; now my watch's hand points upon

And it is dead midnight. Where are my kep.

Nich. Here, sir. Frank. This is the key that open my outward Frank.

This, the hall-door; this, the withdrawar

chamber; But this, that door that is bawd unto my shure. Fountain and spring of all my bleeding thoughts
Where the most hallowed order and true knot Of nuptial sanctity bath been profan'd.

It leads to my polluted bed-chamber, Once my terrestrial heaven, now my earth-

The place where sins in all their ripers dwell .-

But I forget myself; now to my gate 1 Nich. It must ope with far less noise than Cripplegate, or your plot's dash'd.

" Outside the house.

4 Bow-shots

Frank. So; reach me my dark lantern to the Frest

Trend softly, softly!

Nich.

I will walk on eggs this pace.

Frank. A general silence hath surpris d the

house. And this is the last door. Astonishment, Fear, and amazement, bent upon my heart,

Even as a madman beats upon a drum.

Oh, keep my eyes, you Heavens, before I enter,
From any sight that may trousin my soul;
Or, if there be so black a speciacle,
Oh, strike mine eyes stark blind; or if not so, Land me such patience to digest my grief, That I may keep this white and virgin hand From any violent outrage, or ted murder! -And with that prayer I enter.

[Exeunt into the house.]

[SCENE V.] 1

[Enter NICHOLAS.]

Nich. Here's a circumstance | 2 A man may be made cuckeld in the time That he 's about it. An the case were mine, As 't is my master's, 'sblood! (that he makes me

would have plac'd his action, enter'd there; I would, I would!

Enter FRANKFORD.

Frank. Oh! oh! Nich. Master! 'Sblood! Master, master! Frank. Oh me unhappy! I have found them

Close in each other's arms, and fast asleep.
But that I would not damn two precious souls, Bought with my Saviour's blood, and send them,

With all their scarlet sins upon their backs, nto a fearful judgment, their two lives

Had met upon my rapier.

Nich. Master, what, have you left them sleeping still?

Let me go wake 'em !

Frank. Stay, let me pause awhile!—
Oh, God! Oh, God! That it were possible
To ando things done; to call back yesterday;
That Time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours! Or that the sun

Could, riving from the west, draw his coach

backward; Fake from th' account of time so many minutes, fill he had all these seasons call'd again, Prove minutes, and those actions done in them, Even from her first offence; that I might take

As spothes as an angel in my arms! But, oh! I talk of things impossible, And cast beyond the moon. God give me

patience: Erit

For I will in, and wake them. 1 The hall of the house. Note that in the Qq. these

Menes are continuous.

Leisy.

Established his case. (Ward.)

· Count backwards.

Nich. Here 's patience perforce! ** He needs must trot afoot that thes his horse

Enter WENDOLL, running over the stage in a night-gown, FRANKFORD after him with his sword drawn; a moud in her smork stays his hand, and clusps hold on him. He pauses for a while.

Frank. I thank thee, maid; thou, like the angel's hand,

Hast stay'd me from a bloody sacrifice. -Go, villain; and my wrongs sit on thy soul As heavy as this grief doth upon mine!

When thou record'st my many courtesies,
And shalt compare them with thy treacherous

heart, Lay them together, weigh them equally, T will be revenge enough. Go, to thy friend A Judas ; pray, pray, lest I live to see Thee, Judas-like, hang'd on an elder-tree!

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD in her smock, night-gown, and night-attire.

Mrs. F. Oh, by what word, what title, or what name,

Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! Oh! I am as far from hoping such sweet grace.
As Lucifer from Heaven. To call you husband, -

(Oh me, most wretched! I have lost that name; Oh me, most war.
I am no more your wife.
'Sblood, sir, she awoons.
I will ween

Frank. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee;

And keep thy count'nance, for I'll blush for thee.

Now, I protest, I think 't.is I am tainted, '65
For I am most asham'd; and '1:s more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face
Than on the sun's clear brow. What! Would'at
thou speak?

Mrs. F. I would I had no tongue, no cars, no

eyes,

No apprehension, no capacity, when do you spurn me like a dog? When tread

Under feet? When drag me by the bair? Though I deserve a thousand, thousand fold, More than you can inflict - yet, once my husband

for womanhood, to which I am a shame, Though once an ornament - even for His sake, That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face

Nor hack me with your sword ; but let me go Perfect and undeformed to my tomb I am not worthy that I should prevail In the least suit; no, not to speak to you, Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence; Yet, as an abject," this one suit I crave; -

This granted, I am ready for my grave.

Frank. My God, with patience arm me! Rise, nay, rise, And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want

* Dressing-gown.

Outcast.

Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not auppli'd

With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy,—
Nay, even beyond my calling?

Mrs. F.

Frank. Was it, then, disability m me;
Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer man?

Mrs. F. Oh, no?

Frank. Did I not lodge thee in my bosom?

Wear thee here in my heart?

Mrs. F. You did. Frank. I did, indeed; witness my tears, I did -

Go, bring my infants hither! -

[Two Children are brought in.]

Oh, Nan! Oh, Nan! If neither fear of shame, regard of honour, of The blemish of my house, nor my dear love, Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact; Yet for these infants, these young, harmless

souls, On whose white brows thy shame is character'd, And grows in greatness as they wax in years, — Look but on them, and melt away in tears!— Away with them; lest, as her spotted bedy Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bas-

turdy o her adulterous breath may blast their spirits With her infectious thoughts! Away with them! [Execut Children.] or

Mrs. F. Is deaths. In this one life, I die ten thousand

Frank. Stand up, stand up! I will do nothing rashly.

I will retire awhile into my study,

And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently.

Exit.

Mrs. F. 'T is welcome, be it death. Oh me,

That, having such a husband, such sweet children,

Must enjoy neither! Oh, to redeem mine honour,

I'd have this hand out off, these my breasts enr'd;

Be rack'd, strappado'd, put to any torment: 100 Nay, to whip but this seandal out, I'd hazard The rich and dear redemption of my soul! He cannot he so base as to forgive me,

Nor I so shameless to accept his pardon. Oh, women, women, you that yet have kept 100 Your holy matrimonial vow unstain'd,

Make me your instance; when you tread awry, Your sins, like mine, will on your conscience lie.

Enter CICKLY, SPIGOT, all the Serving-men, and JENKIN, as newly come out of bed.

All. Oh, mistress, mistress! What have you done, mistress?

Nich. 'Shlood, what a caterwauling keep you

here! Jen. O Lord, mistress, how comes this to pass? My master is run away in his shirt, and

never so much as call'd toe to bring his clother

Asham'd to look my servants in the face.

Enter FRANKPORD and CRANWELL; whom preing, she falls on her kneess.

Frank. My words are regist'red in Heaven already.

With patience hear me! I'll not martyr thee, Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage Of more humility torment thy soul,

And kill thee even with kindness.

Cran. Master Frankford —

Frank. Good Master Cranwell! — Woman.

hear thy judgment! Go make thee ready in thy best attire; Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel. Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress, Or by whose sight, being left here in the hour. I may remember such a woman by Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy cham-

ber: Take with thee every thing which hath thy

mark, And get thee to my manor seven mile of, Where live;— 'tis thine; I freely give it then My tenants by 2 shall founds thee with waim To carry all thy stuff within two hours; No longer will I limit 3 thee my sight

Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st best,

And they are thine to attend thee

Mrs. F. A mild sentence. Frank. But, as thou hop'st for Heaven, as thou believ'st

Thy name's recorded in the book of life, I charge thee never after this sad da To see me, or to meet me; or to send, By word or writing, gift or otherwise, To move me, by thy self, or by thy friends; Nor challenge any part in my two children. So farewell, Nan; for we will henceforth be so As we had never seen, note more shall see Mrs. F. How full my heart is, in mine sys-

appears;

What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

Frank. Come, take your coach, your staff,
all must along.

Servants and all make ready; all begine! It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one. Errau

[ACT V]

SCENE 1.14

Enter Sir Charles Mountpont, gentlementike, and his Sister, gentlewoman like.

Susan. Brother, why have you trick'd : me like a bride,

Bought me this gay affire, these ornaments? Forget you our estate, our poverty

1 Nearby. 1 Permi Before Sir Francis Acton's house. 1 Permit.

1 Rank.

Sir C. Call me not brother, but imagine me Some barbarous outlaw, or uncivil kern; ¹ ³ For if thou shutt'st thine eye, and only hear'st The words that Ishall utter, thou shalt judge me Some staring ruffian, not thy brother Charles. Ob. minter! -

Summ, Oh, brother! what doth this strange

language meun?

Sir C. Dast love me, sister? Wouldst thou see me live

A hankrupt beggar in the world's disgrace, and die indebted to mine enemies? Wouldst thou behold me stand like a huge beam In the world's eye, a bye-word and a scorn?

It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
And all my debt I may outstrip by thee.

Susan. By me? Why, I have nothing, nothing

left;

lowe even for the clothes upon my back; am not worth -

O sister, say not so ! t lies in you my downeast state to raise; l'o make me staud on even points with the

Come, sister, you are rich; indeed you are, And in your power you have, without delay Acton's live hundred pounds back to repay. 23 Susan. Till now I had thought you lov'd me.

By my honour

(Which I have kept as spotless as the moon).

I ne'er was mistress of that single doit 3

Which I reserv'd not to supply your wants;

And do you think that I would hoard from you?

Now, by my hopes in Heaven, knew I the

means

To buy you from the slavery of your debts
Especially from Acton, whom I hate.
I would redeem it with my life or blood!
Sir C. I challenge it, and, kindred set apart,
Thus, ruffian-like, I lay siege to thy heart.
What do I owe to Acton?
Susan. Why, some five hundred pounds; towards which, I swear,
In all the world I have not one denier.
Sir C. It will not prove so. Sister, now resolve.

solve ine

What do you think (and speak your conscience) Would Acton give, might be enjoy your bed? Susan. He would not shrink to spend a thou-

and pound
To give the Mountfords' name so deep a wound.
Sir C. A thousand pound! I but five hundred

Grant him your bod; he's paid with interest so.

Nor C. Oh. sister! only this one way, With that rich jewel you my debts may pay. In speaking this my cold heart shakes with shares;

ce do I woo you in a brother's name. But in a stranger's. Shall I die in debt To Acton, my grand foe, and you still wear The precious jewel that he holds so dear?

A Caltic foot-coldier often used in contempt.

A small coin.

Penny.

Tell. A email coin.

Susan. My honour I esteem as dear and precious

As my redemption. Ser C.

1 esteem you, sister, As dear, for so dear prizing it.

Will Charles Have me cut off my hands, and send them

Acton?

Rip up my breast, and with my bleeding heart

Present him as a token?

Neither, sister;

Neither, sister; But hear me in my strange assertion! Thy bonour and my soul are equal in my re-

gard; Nor will thy brother Charles survive thy shame. His kindness, like a burden, bath surcharg'd

And under his good deeds I stooping go, Not with an upright soul. Had I remain'd In prison still, there doubtless I had died. Then, unto him that freed me from that prison,

Still do I owe this life. What mov'd my foe To enfrauchise me? 'T was, sister, for your love

With full five hundred pounds he bought your love

And shall he not enjoy it? Shall the weight Of all this heavy burden lean on me, And will not you been part? You did partake The joy of my release; will you not stand In joint-bond bound to satisfy the debt?

Shall I be only charg'd?

Susian. But that I know These arguments come from an honour'd mind, As in your most extremity of need corning to stand in debt to one you hate, -

Nay, rather would engage your unsustain'd

honour,
Than to be held ingrate, - I should condemn you.

I see your resolution, and assent;

So Charles will have me, and I am content.

Sir C. For this I trick'd by you up.

But here's a knife. To save mine honour, shall slice out my life. M. Sir C. I know thou pleasest me a thousand

times More in that resolution than thy grant. -Observe her love; to soothe it to my suit, Her honour she will hazard, though not lose; To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand wo Will pierce her heart, - O wonder! - that will choose,

Rather than stain her blood, her life to lose. Come, you sad sister to a woful brother.
This is the gate. I'll bear him such a present. Such an acquittance for the knight to seal, As will amaze his senses, and surprise With admiration all his fantasies.

Enter 518 FRANCIS ACTON and MALBY. Susan. Before his unchaste thoughts shall

seize on me, 'T is here shall my imprison'd soul set free.

4 Dressed finely.

Ser F. How! Mountford with his sister, hand

What miracle's afoot?

Wai It is a sight

Begets in me much admiration. 1
Set C. Stand not amaz'd to see me thus at-

tonded ! Acton, I owe ther money, and, being unable To bring thee the full sum in ready coin, to being the more assurance, here is a pawn, — My arster, my dear sister, whose chaste honour prize above a million. Here! Nay, take her; She's worth your money, man; do not forsake

her.
Sir F. I would be were in earnest! My brother, being rich in nothing else But in his interest that he hath in me. According to his poverty hath brought you us Me. all his store; whom, howsoe er you prize, As torfest to your hand, he values highly, and would not sell, but to acquit your debt, For any emperor's ramsom.

Sir & Stern heart, relent, The former cruelty at length repent ! Was ever known, in any former age, wrested courtesy Such honourable, wrested courtesy? Lands, honours, life, and all the world forego,

Bather than stand engag'd to such a fee! Sir C. Acton, she is too poor to be thy bride, And I too much apposed to be thy brother. 122 There, take her to thee; if thou hast the heart l'u seize her as a rape, or lustful prey ; fo blur our home, that never yet was stain'd; To unnder her that never meant thee harm; l'o kill me now, whom once thou sav'dst from douth :

No them at once; on her all these rely, And perish with her spotless chastity. Sir F You overcome me in your love, Sir

Charles.

cannot be so cruel to a lady love so dearly. Since you have not spar'd 135 To engage your reputation to the world, Your stater's honour, which you prize so dear, Your motamorphosed foe receives your gift in in satisfaction of all former wrongs.

This jewel I will wear here in my heart; And where before I thought her, for her wants, Too have to be my bride, to end all strife, 166 I coal you my dear brother, her my wife, Saans. You still exceed us. I will yield to

fute. and learn to love, where I till now did hate.

charm'd my soul

and made ma rich even in those very words! no
roy no delet, but am indebted more;

k is your laye, I never can be poor.

Set F All 'a mine is yours; we are alike in

in live what was opposed in hate!

Come, for our nuptials we will straight provide, Blest only in our brother and tair brid-

SCENE II. 18

Enter CRANWELL, FRANKFORD, and NICHOLAN.

Cran. Why do you search each room about your house,

Now that you have despatch'd your wife away? Frank. Oh, sir! To see that nothing may be luft.

That ever was my wife's. I lov'd ber dearly; And when I do but think of her unkindness, My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which tor-

ment I would not have a bodkin or a cuff. A bracelet, necklace, or rabate wire.⁵ Nor anything that ever was call d hers.

Left me, by which I might remember her .- " Seek round about.

Nich. 'Sblood! master, here's her lute flung in a corner.

Frank, Her lute! Oh, God! Upon this isstrument

Her fingers have rung quick division.4 Sweeter than that which now divides our hearts.

These frets have made me pleasant, that have BOW

Frets of my heart-strings made. Oh, Master Cranwell,

Oft hath she made this melancholy wood Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance! Speak sweetly many a note, should many a STRUIT

To her own ravishing voice; which being well strung, What pleasant strange airs have they jointly

sung!Post with it after her! - Now nothing 's left;
Of her and hers I am at once bereft.
Nich. I'll ride and overtake her; do my

message And come back again.

Cran.

Meantime, sir, if you please.
I'll to Sir Francis Acton, and inform him
Of what hath past betwirt you and has sistet.

Frank. Do as you please.— How ill am I be

sted.

To be a widower ere my wife be dead ! Erron.

[SCENE III.]

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD; with JENEIS. her maid Cicely, her Conchimen, and time Carters.

Mrs. F. Bid my coach stay! Why should! ride in state,

Being burl'd so low down by the hand of fate? A seat like to my fortunes let me have.— Earth for my chair, and for my bed a grave!

Jen Comfort, good mistress, you have a watered your coach with tears already You have but two miles now to go to your mator.

Prankford's house

Wire used to support a ruff.

Road near Mistress Frankford's manor.

muot say by my old master Frankford y say by me, that he wants manors; th three or four, of which this is one to going to now.

od mistress, be of good cheer! Sorrow, jurts you, but helps you not; we all

se you so sad.

Mistress, I spy one of my landlord's og post: 't is like he brings some news. Comes he from Master Frankford, he elcome :

ews, because they come from him.

Enter NICHOLAB.

here I I know the lute. Oft have I sung to wine out of tune, both out of time.
Would that had been the worst instrute'er you played on! My master comin to ye; there is all he can find was
ighthat hothing left that ever you
claim to but his own heart,—and [so
afford you that! All that I have to in is this: he prays you to forget him ; bids you farewell. I thank him; he is kind, and ever was. hat have true feeling of my grief, w my loss, and have relenting hearts, bout, and help me with your tears my spotted sins! My lute shall groan;

Enter WENDOLL [behind].

Pursu'd with horror of a guilty soul, the shurp scourge of repentance

weep, but shall lament my mean. w. | She plays.]

mine own shadow. O my stars! o my parents in their lives deserv'd, a should lay this penance on their son? int think of Master Frankford's love, to my treason, or compare aring him for his relieving me, the terror like a lightning's flash, imy blood up. Thus I, like the owl, of day, live in these shadowy woods, overy last or murmuring blast. by to receive some perfect knowledge both dealt with her. Seeing Misterses ANKYORD. Omy sad fate! so far from home, and thus attended! I have divorc'd the truest turtles at liv'd together, and, being divided, places make their several mean; a fields laments, and he at home; wite that Orphous made the trees to dance to his melodious harp, the rustic and the barbarons hinds, no understanding part in them: on these rade carters tears extracts, down rivers from their rocky eyes. to Nicholas. If you return unto muster, say

ot from me, for I am all unworthy

To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue) That you have seen me weep, wish myself dead!

Nay, you may say, too (for my vow is past), Last night you saw me cat and drink my last. This to your master you may say and swear;
For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.

Nich. I'll say you wept; I'll swear you made

me sad. Why, how now, eyes? What now? What's here to do?

I 'm gone, or I shall straight turn baby too. Wen. [. Iside.] I cannot weep, my heart is all on fire.

Curs'd be the fruits of my unchaste desire!

Mrs. F. Go, break this lute upon my coach's wheel,

As the last music that I e'ershall make,-Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell To all earth's joy; and so your master tell I Nich. If I can for crying. Wen. [Aside.] Grief, have do

Grief, have done, Or, like a madman, I shall frantie run.

on earth,

woman made of teurs; would you had words Fo express but what you see! My inward grief No tongue can atter; yet unto your power on may describe my sorrow, and disclose

To thy sad master my abundant wees. Nich. I'll do your commendations.² Mrs. F. Oh, po!

dare not so presume; nor to my children! am disclaim'd in both; alas! I am. Oh, never teach them, when they come to

speak. To name the name of mother: chide their tongue,

If they by chance light on that hated word; Tell them 't is naught; for when that word

they nume, Poor, pretty souls! they harp on their own shame.

Wen. [Aside.] To recompense their wrongs, what canst thou do

Thou hast made her husbandless, and childless

Mrs. F. I have no more to say. - Speak not for me:

Yet you may tell your master what you see.

Nich. I'll do't.

Wen. [Aside.] I'll speak to her, and comfort her in grief.

Oh, but her wound cannot be cur'd with words! No matter, though; I'll do my best good will Fo work a cure on her whom I did kill. Mrs. F. So, now anto my coach, then to my

home.

So to my death-bed; for from this sad hour, 100 I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste. Of any cates 3 that may preserve my life.

never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest; But when my tears have wash'd my black soul white,

Sweet Saviour, to thy hands I yield my sprite.

2 Food. 1 Commands. 1 Sworn.

Wen. [coming forward.] Oh, Mistress Frank-

ford!

Mrs F. Oh, for God's sake, fly! The devil doth come to tempt me, ere I die. My coach! - This sin, that with an angel's

face Conjur'd 1 mine honour, till he sought my

wrack,

wrack.

In my repentant eye seems uglv, black.

Excunt all [except Wendoll and Jennin]: the Carters who sling.

Jen. What, my young master, that fled in his shirt! How come you by your clothes again? You have made our house in a sweet pickle, ha' ye not, think you? What, shall I serve you still, or cleave to the old house? To Wen. Hence, slave! Away, with thy unseasoned mixth!

son'd mirth !

Unless thou caust shed tears, and sigh, and bowl,

Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaim on fate,

Thou art not for my turn. Jen. Marry, an you will not, another will; farewell, and be hang'd! Would you had [as never come to have kept this coil 2 within our doors! We shall ha' you run away like a sprite

Wen. She's gone to death; I live to want [Exit.]

and woe, Her life, her ains, and all upon my head. And I must now go wander, like a Cain, In foreign countries and remoted climes, Where the report of my ingratitude Cannot be heard. I'll over first to France, And so to Germany and Italy ;

Where, when I have recovered, and by travel Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these rumours

May in their height abate, I will return: And I divine (however new dejected), My worth and parts being by some great man prais'd. At my return I may in court be rais'd. Exit.

[SCENE IV.] 4

Enter SIR FRANCIS ACTON, SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, CRANWELL, [MALBY,] und SUBAN.

Sir F. Brother, and now my wife, I think these troubles,

Fall on my head by justice of the heavens, For being so strict to you in your extremi-

ties; But we are now aton'd. I would my sister Could with like happiness o'ercome her griefs . As we have ours.

Susan. You tell us, Master Cranwell, wondrone things

Touching the patience of that gentleman, With what strange virtue he demeans 5 his grief.

| Enchanted, seduced. | Made this trouble.

Acquired these las guages perfectly. Before the Manor House.

· Conducta.

Cran, I told you what I was a witness of; " It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

Sir F. Oh, that same villain, Wendol!

'T was his tongue

That did corrupt her; she was of hersolf Chaste and devoted well. Is this the house? Cran. Yes, sir; I take it, here your sister

lies. 7
Sir F. My brother Frankford show'd too mild a spirit

In the revenge of such a loathed crime Less than he did, no man of spirit could do.

That I commend it. Had it been my case, "
Their souls at once had from their breasts been freed :

Death to such deeds of shame is the due meed.

Enter JENKIN and CICKLY.

Jen. Oh, my mistress, mistress ! my poor mistress! Cicely. Alas! that ever I was born; what ["

shall I do for my poor mistress? Sir C. Why, what of her?

Jea. Oh, Lord, sir! she no sooner heard that her brother and her friends had come to am how she did, but she, for very shame of her is guilty conscience, fell into such a swoon, that we had much ado to get life in hor

Susan. Alas, that she should bear so hard a fate !

Pity it is repentance comes too late.

Sir F. Is she so weak in body?

Jen. Oh, sir! I can assure you there's no hope of life in her; for she will take mosust 'nauce she hath plainly starv'd herself, and now she a so lean as a lath. She ever looks for the good hour. Many gentlemen and gentlewomen of the country are come to comfort her.

[SCHER V.]

[SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, SIR FRANCIS AC-TON, MALBY, CRANWELL, und SUBAN.

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD in her bed.

Mal. How fare you, Mistress Frankford?

Mrs. F. Sick, sick, oh, sick! Give me some air, I pray you!

Tell me, oh, tell me, where is Master Frankford?

Will not he deign to see me ere I die?

Mal. Yes, Mistress Frankford; divers gentle men. Your loving neighbours, with that just request Have mov'd, and told him of your weak estate

Who, though with much ado to get belief, Examining of the general circumstance, Seeing your sorrow and your pentence, And hearing therewithil the great desire You have to see him, ere you left the world, He gave to us his faith to follow us, And sure he will be here immediately.

The Manor House. The scene was really unchanged

· Condition.

Mrs. F. You have half reviv'd me with the pleasing news.

Roise me a little higher in my bed.—
Blush 1 not, brother Acton? Blush 1 not, Sir
Charles?

Can you not read my fault writ in my check? In not my crime them? Tell me, gentlemen. Sir C. Alas, good mistress, sickness hath not left you

Blood in your face enough to make you blush.

Mrs. F. Then, sickness, like a friend, my fault would hide.

Is my husband come? My soul but tarries this arrive; then I am ht for heaven.

Sir F. I came to chide you, but my words of

Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief. I came to rate you, but my brawls, you see, Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee. -Here's Muster Frankford now.

Enter FRANKFORD.

Frank. Good morrow, brother; morrow,

gentlemen!

God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might shad He pleas'd) have made our cause of

On a more fair and more contented ground; But He that made us made us to this woe.

Mrs. F. And is he come? Methinks, that voice I know.

Frank. How do you, woman?

Mrs. F. Well, Master Frankford, well; but shall be better.

hope within this hour. Will you vouchsafe, Out of your grace and your humanity. Frank. This hand once held my heart in

faster bonds.

Than now 't is gripp'd by me. God pardon them

That made us first break hold!

Mrs. F. Amen, amen!
Out of my real to Heaven, whither I'm now bound,

was so impudent to wish you here; And once more beg your pardon. O, good

and father to my children, pardon me.

Pardon, oh, pardon me: my fault so heinous

That if you in this world forgive it not, Heaven will not clear it in the world to come. .. Faintness bath so usurp'd upon my knees, That kneel I cannot; but on my heart's knees My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your

To beg your gracions pardon, Pardon, oh, par-don me !

Frank. As freely, from the low depth of my

As my Redeemer hath forgiven His death, I pardon thee. I will shed tears for thee; pray with thee;
And, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I'll wish to die with thee.
So do we all.

So will not I; I'll sigh and sob, but, by my fuith, not die. Sir F. Oh. Master Frankford, all the near

alliance

I lose by her, shall be suppli'd in thee. You are my brother by the nearest way; Her kindred hath fall'n off, but yours doth

Frank. Even as I hope for pardon, at that

CHY When the Great Judge of heaven in scarlet

sits, So be thou pardon'd! Though thy rash of-

fence Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears

Unite our souls.

Sir C. Then comfort, Mistress Frankford!
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;

Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul!

Susan. How is it with you?

Mrs. F. Not of this world.

Frank. I see you are not, and I weep to see

My wife, the mother to my pretty babes! Both those lost names I do restore thee back, And with this kiss I wed thee once again. Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,

And with that grief upon thy death-hed liest, Monest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest. Mrs. F. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in

heaven art free; Once more thy wife, dies thus embracing thee. I [Dies.]
Frank. New-married, and new-widow'd. -

Oh! she's dead,

And a cold grave must be her nuptial hed. Sir C. Sir, be of good comfort, and your heavy sorrow

Part equally amongst us; storms divided Abate their force, and with less rage are

guided. Cran. Do, Master Frankford; he that hath

least part. Will find enough to drown one troubled heart. Sir. F. Peace with thee, Nan! - Brothers Sir. F.

and gentlemen. All we that can plead interest in her grief,

Bestow upon her body funetal tears!
Brother, had you with threats and usage bad
Punish'd her sin, the grief of her offence
Had not with such true sorrow touch'd her

heart. Frank. I see it had not; therefore, on her grave

Will I bestow this funeral epitaph, Which on her marble tomb shall be engrav'd. In golden letters shall these words be fill'd. Here lies she whom her husband's kindness kill'd.

¹ Verity auggests. Once more (i. e. Kiss me once more), the well deep etc.
2 Cut and filled in with gold.



THOMAS HEYWOOD

THE EPILOGUE

An honest crew, disposed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine.
The drawer brought it, smiling like a cherry,
And told them it was pleasant, neat 1 and
fine.
'Taste it,' quoth one. He did so. 'Fie!'
(quoth he)
'This wine was good; now't runs too near the
lee.'

Another sipp'd, to give the wine his due, And said unto the rest, it drunk too flat;

1 Pure.

The third said, it was old; the fourth, too new; Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me

Thus, gentlemen, you see how, in one hour, The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.

Unto this wine we do allude sour play,
Which some will judge too trivial, some too grave:

You as our guests we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.
Excuse us, then; good wine may be diagrae'd,
When every several mouth hath sundry taste.

² Compare.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A CITIZAN. His WIFE. RALPH, bis Apprentice.

VENTUREWELL, a Merchant. HUNDHART MERETTHOUGHT. JASPHE, MIGHARL, His Sons.

Tim. Apprentices.

WILLIAM HAMMENTON. GRURGE GREENOOUSE. Host. Barber. Three Men, supposed captives. Berrent Boldiers and Attendants.

Lucs, Daughter of Venturewell.
MISTRES MERRYTHOUGHT.
PONTIONA, Daughter of the King of Moldavia. Woman, supposed a captive.

SCENE - London and the neighbouring Country, excepting Act IV, Scene II, where it is in Moldavia.

TO THE READERS OF THIS COMEDY?

GENTLEMEN;

The world is so nice s in these our times, that for apparel there is no fashion; for music (which is a rare art, though now slighted) no instrument; for diet, none but the French kickshaws that are delicate; and for plays, no invention but that which now runneth an invective way, touching some particular persons, or else it is contemned before it is thoroughly understood. This is all that I have to say: that the author had no intent to wrong any one in this comedy; but, as a merry passage, here and there interlaced it with delight, which he hopes will please all, and be hurtful

PROLOGUE 4

Where the bee can suck no honey, she leaves her sting behind; and where the bear cannot find origanum to to heal his grief, he blasteth all other leaves with his breath. We fear it is like to fare so with us; that, seeing you cannot draw from our labours sweet content, you leave behind you a sour mislike, and with open reproach blame our good meaning, because you cannot reap the wonted mirth. Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness; and is to breed (if it might be) soft smiling, not loud laughing; knowing it, to the wise, to be a great pleasure to hear counsel mixed with wit, as to the foolish, to have sport mingled with rudeness. They were banished the theatre of Athens, and from Rome hissed, that brought parasites on the stage with apish actions, or fools with uncivil habits, or courtesans with immedest words. We have endeavoured to be as far from unseemly speeches, to make your cars glow, as we hope you lowell be free from unkind reports, or mistaking the authors'? intention, (who never aimed at any one particular in this play,) to make our cheeks blush. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine own censure, to like or dislike. — VALE.

[INDUCTION]

[Several Gentlemen sitting on Steels upon the Stage. The Citizen, his Wife, and RALPH sil-ting below among the Audience.]

Enter PROLOGUE.

[Prof.]" From all that 's near the court, from all that 's great,

Within the compass of the city-walls, We now have brought our scene -

Citizen leuge on the stage.

Cit. Hold your peace, goodman boy!
Prol. What do you mean, sir?
Cit. That you have no good meaning: this

1 Q. authors.

The Q spellings Rate and Raph indicate the pronunciation.

From the Second Edition, 1635.

Idea. "This Prologue is almost an exact Transcript of 'The Prologue at the Black fryers' profixed to Lyly's spho and Phaon." (Murch.)

1 Disapproval.

Yes, and will perform Luce.

My part exactly. I desire no more. Farewell, and keep my heart; 't is yours. I take it ; Luce. He must do miracles makes me forsake it. Exeunt [severally].

Cit. Fie upon 'em, little infidels! what a matter's here now! Well, I'll be lung'd for a halfpenny, if there be not some abomination knavery in this play. Well; let 'em look to 't; Ralph must come, and if there be any tricks [...

Ralph must come, and if there be any tricks [wa-brewing — Wife. Let em brew and bake too, husband, a God's name; Ralph will find all out, I warrant you, an they were older than they are.—[Enter Boy.]—I pray, my pretty youth, is [walph ready?

Boy. He will be presently.

Wife. Now, I pray you, make my commendations unto him, and withal carry him this stick of liquorice. Tell him his mistress sent it to [walph him; and bid him bite a piece; 't will open him; and bid him bite a piece; 't will be a piece; 't pipes the better, say. Exit Boy.]

[SCENE II.]1

Enter Merchant [VENTUREWELL] and Master HUMPHREY.

Vent. Come, sir, she 's yours ; upon my faith,

she's yours; You have my hand: for other idle lets 2 Between your hopes and her, thus with a wind They are scattered and no more. My wanton rentice

That like a bladder blew himself with love, have let out, and sent him to discover

I have let out, and sent him to discover

New masters yet unknown.

Hum.

I thank you, sir; and, ere I stir,
Indeed, I thank you, sir; and, ere I stir,
It shall be known, however you do deem,
I am of gentle blood and gentle seem.

Vent. Oh, sir, I know it certain.

Hum. Sir, my friend, Although, as writers say, all things have end, And that we call a pudding bath his two, Oh, let it not seem strange. I pray, to you, If in this bloody simile I put

My love, more endless than frail things or gut!

Wife. Husband, I prithee, sweet lamb, tell me one thing; but tell me truly.—Stay, youths, I beseech you, till I question my husband.

Cit. What is it, mouse?

Wife. Sirrah, didat thou ever see a preftier child? how it behaves itself. I warrant ye, and speaks and looks, and perts up the head!—I pray you, brother, with your favour, were you never none of Master Moncaster's schedurs? St. Cit. Chicken, I prithee heartily, contain thyself: the childer are pretty childer; but when Ralph comes, lamb.—

Ralph comes, lamb -

Another room in the same.

Richard Mulcaster, heedmaster of St. Psul's School, 1506-1608. He trained the pupils to act.

· Restrain.

Wife. Ay, when Rulph comes, cony ! - Will, my youth, you may proceed.

Vent. Well, sir, you know my love, and ret,

Assur'd of my consent; get but my daughter's, And wed her when you please. You must be bold.

And clap in close unto her : come, I know You have language good enough to win a wench.

Wife. A whoreson tyrant ! h'as been an old atringer 6 in 's days, I warrant him.

Hum. I take your gentle offer, and withal Yield love again for love reciprocal.

Vent. What, Luce! within there!

Enter LUCE.

Call'd you, su? Luce. Vent. I did . "

Give entertainment to this gentleman; And see you be not froward. - To her, sir And see you be not howard.

My presence will but be an eye-sore to you.

Ent

Hum. Fair Mistress Luce, how do you do? Are you well?

Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell . How doth your little sister and your brother; And whether you love me or any other. Luce. Sir, these are quickly answered

So they are, Where women are not cruel. But how far Is it now distant from the place we are in.
Unto that blessed place, your father's warrer
Luce. What makes you think of that, sir?

Even that face; Llum. For, stealing rabbits whilem in that place. God Cupid, or the keeper, I know not whether, Unto my cost and charges brought you thather. And there began-

Your game, sir. Luce. Hum. Let no game, " Or any thing that tendeth to the same Be evermore rememb'red, thou fair killer.
For whom I sat me down, and brake my tiller.6

Wife, There 's a kind gentleman, I war- 's rant you; when will you do as much for me, George?

Luce. Beshrew me, sir, I am corry for your losses,

But, as the proverb says, I cannot cry. I would you had not seen me!

So would 1. 0 Hum. Unless you had more maw? to do me good Luce. Why, cannot this strange passion is withstood?

Send for a constable, and raise the town.

Hum. Oh, no! my valiant love will better down

Millions of constables, and put to flight

Bake. 1 Crossbow. 1 Inclination. Even that great watch of Midsummer-day at night.¹
Luce. Beshrew me, sir, 't were good I yielded,

then;

Yeak women cannot hope, where valiant men

Have no resistance.
Yield, then; I am full Of pity, though I say it, and can pull Out of my pocket thus a pair of gloves Look, Lucy, look; the dog's tooth nor the

Are not so white as these; and sweet they be, And whipt sabout with eilk, as you may see. If you desire the price, shoot from your eye A beam to this place, and you shall espy FS, which is to say, my sweetest honey,

They cost me three and twopence, or no money.

Luce. Well, sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you:

What would you more?

Hum. Nothing.

Luce. Hum. Nor so, nor so; for, lady, 1 must tell,
Before we part, for what we met together:
God grant me time and patience and fair weather!

Luce. Speak, and declare your mind in terms

so brief. Hum. I shall: then, first and foremost, for relief

L call to you, if that you can afford it; L care not at what price, for, on my word, it Shall be repaid again, although it cost me More then I'll speak of now; for love hath tost me

In furious blanket like a tennis-ball,
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.

Luce. Alas, good gentleman, alas the day!

Hum. I thank you heartily; and, as I say,

Thus do I still continue without rest,
I' th' morning like a man, at night a beast,
Rearing and bellowing mine own disquiet,

That mach I fear foraking of my dist That much I fear, forsaking of my diet Will bring me presently to that quandary, I shall bid all adieu. LAICE. Now, by St. Mary,

That were great pity!

So it were, beshrew me; 105 Then, ease me, lusty Luce, and pity show me.
Luce. Why, sir, you know my will is nothing worth

Without my father's grant; get his consent,
And then you may with assurance try me.
Hum. The worshipful your sire will not deny

me; For I have askt him, and he hath repli'd, "Sweet Master Humphrey, Luce shall be thy bride."

Luce. Sweet Master Humphrey, then I am content.

Hum. And so am I, in truth.
Luce. Yet take me with you; 8

1 The "annual military muster of the citizens, embodying all the companies, for the purpose of forming a regular guard for the city during the ensuing year." (Dyce.) Embroidered.

I Hear me out.

There is another clause must be annext, And this it is: I swore, and will perform it, No man shall ever joy me as his wife But he that stole me hence. If you dare vent-

I am yours (you need not fear; my father loves

you); If not, farewell for ever! Stay, nymph, stay: 199 Hum.I have a double gelding, colour'd bay, Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind; Another for myself, though somewhat blind, Yet true as trusty tree.

I am satisfied; Luce. And so I give my hand. Our course must

Through Waltham-forest, where I have a friend lie

Will entertain us. So, farewell, Sir Humphrey, And think upon your business. Though I die, Hum,

I am resolv'd to venture life and limb For one so young, so fair, so kind, so trim. Exit.

Wife. By my faith and troth, George, and as I am virtuous, it is e'en the kindest young man that ever trod on shoe-leather. — Well, go thy ways; if thou hast her not, 't is not thy fault, faith.

Cit. I prithee, mouse, be patient; 'a shall have her, or I'll make some of 'em smoke

Mife. That's my good lamb, George. — Fie, this stinking tobacco kills me! would there [16] were none in England! — Now, I pray, gentlemen, what good does this stinking tobacco do you? Nothing, I warrant you: make chimneys o' your faces! Oh, husband, husband, now, now! there 's Ralph, there 's Ralph.

[SCENE III.]

Enter RALPH, like a Grocer in's shop with two Prentices [TIM and GEORGE], reading "Pal-merin of England."

Cit. Peace, fool! let Ralph alone. — Hark you, Ralph; do not strain yourself too much at the first. — Peace! — Begin, Ralph.

Ralph. [reads.] Then Palmerin and Trineus, snatching their lances from their dwarfs, [s and clasping their helmets, gallopt amain after the giant; and Palmerin, having gotten a sight of him, came posting amain, saying, "Stay, traitorous thief! for thou mayet not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest lord in [16 the world;" and, with these words, gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he struck him besides is elephant. And Trineus, coming to the knight that had Agricola behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with his neck [18 broken in the fall; so that the princess, getting out of the throng, between joy and grief, said, "All happy knight, the mirror of all such as

1 Qq. men.

Off.

follow arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me." I I wonder why the [se kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fif-teen hundred thousand men, as big as the army that the Prince of Portigo brought against Rosicleer, and destroy these giants; they do much hurt to wand ring damsels, that go in [22] quest of their knights.

Wife. Faith, husband, and Ralph says true; for they say the King of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but the giants and the ettins will come and snatch it from him.

Cit. Hold thy tongue. - On, Ralph !

Ralph. And certainly those knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their posses-sions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the deserts to relieve poor ladies.

Wife. Ay, by my faith, are they, Ralph; let em say what they will, they are indeed. Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

Ralph. There are no such courteous and [o fair well-spoken knights in this age: they will call one "the son of a whore," that Palmerin of England would have called "fair sir;" and one that Rosieleer would have call'd "right beauteous damsel," they will call "damn'd [as bitch."

Wife. I'll be sworn will they, Ralph; they have call'd me so an hundred times about a scurvy pipe of tobucco.

Ralph. But what brave spirit could be [10] content to sit in his shop, with a flappet of wood, and a blue apron before him, selling mithridatum and dragon's-water to visited houses, 5 that might pursue feats of arms, and, through his noble schievements, procure such a fam- [43 ous history to be written of his heroic prowess?

Cit. Well said, Ralph; some more of those words, Ralph!
Wife. They go finely, by my troth.

Ralph. Why should not I, then, pursue [so this course, both for the credit of myself and our company? for amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a grocer-errant. I will be the said knight. rend of a grocer-errant. I will be the said knight.

Have you heard of any that hath wand'red [so unformished of his squire and dwarf? My elder prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, and little George my dwarf. Hence, my blue apron! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be portray'd a Burning Pestle, [wand I will be call'd the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

platted by the plague.

Wife. Nay, I dare awear thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever meek.

Ralph. Tin !

Ralph. Tim!

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved squire, and George my dwarf. I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name but "the right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning."

Peatle;" and that you never call any female is the name of a woman or wench, but "fair lad; if she have her desires, if not, "distressed dansel; "that you call all forests and heaths "deserts," and all horses "palfreys."

Wife. This is very fine, faith.— Do the grademen like Ralph, think you, husband?
Cit. Ay, I warrant thee; the players would

give all the shoes in their shop for him.

Ralph. My beloved squire Tim, stand out. A Admit this were a desert, and over it a knighterrant pricking, and I should bid you inquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. Sir, my mastersent me to know whithat you are riding?

Ralph. No, thus: "Fair sir, the right conteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Peals

commanded me to inquire upon what advenure you are bound, whether to relieve some di-tressed damsels, or otherwise."

Cit. Whoreson blockhead, cannot remember' Wife. I' faith, and Ralph told him on 't before: all the gentlemen heard him. - Did he we gentlemen? Did not Ralph tell him on 't?

George. Right courteons and valiant is Knight of the Burning Postle, here is a di-tressed damsel to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper.

Wife. That's a good boy! See, the little boy can hit it; by my troth, it's a fine child.

Ralph. Relieve her, with all courteous language. Now shut up shep; no more my pretiers, but my trusty squire and dwarf. I must be speak my shield and arming postle.

[Exeunt Tim und Guongs]

Cit. Go thy ways. Ralph! As I'm a true? bu man, thou art the best on 'em all.
Wife. Ralph, Ralph!
Ralph. What say you, mistress?
Wife. I prithee, come again quickly, sweet

Ralph.

(SCENE IV.) Enter JASPER and his mother, MISTRESS MERET-THOUGHT.

Mist. Mer. Give thee my blessing? No. 1 71 ne er give thee my blessing; I'll see thee

7 Heraldic. Spurring. Heraldic.
A room in Merrythought's bouse . Houset.

Ralph. By and by.

¹ The passage is condensed from Palmeria d'Oliva, the romance to which Palmeria of England is a sequel.
2 Giants 2 I.e. a counter.
Specifics used against the plague.

hang'd first; it shall ne'er be said I gave thee my blessing. Th' art thy father's own son, of the right blood of the Merrythoughts. I may [a curse the time that e'er I knew thy father; he hath spent all his own and mine too; and when I tell bim of it, he laughs, and dances, and sings, and cries, "A merry heart lives long-a." And thou art a wastethrift, and art run he away from thy master that lov'd thee well, and art come to me; and I have laid up a little for my younger son Michael, and thou think'st to bezzle I that, but thou shalt never be able to do it. — Come hither, Michael!

Enter MICHAEL.

Come, Michael, down on thy knees; thou shalt

have my blessing.

Mich kniels.] I pray you, mother, pray to God to bless me.

Mest. Mer. God bless thee ! but Jasper shall [20 never have my blessing; he shall be hang'd first; shall be not, Michael? How sayst thou? Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother, and grace of

Mist. Mer. That's a good boy!

Wife. I' faith, it 's a fine spoken child.

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a parent's love I must preserve the duty of a child. I can not from my master, nor return To have your stock maintain my idleness,

Wife. Ungracious child, I warrant him; hark, how he chops logic with his mother! Then hadst best tell her she lies; do, tell her

e hea. Cit. If he were my son, I would hang him |20 up by the heels, and flay him, and salt him, whoreson haltersack.2

Jasp. My coming only is to beg your love, Which I must ever, though I never gain it;
And, howsoever you esteem of me, There is no drop of blood hid in these veins But. I remember well, belongs to you That brought me forth, and would be glad for you

To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mid. Mer. I faith, I had sorrow enough [a for thee, God knows; but I'll hamper thee well enough. Get thee in, thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother Michael.

[Exeunt JASPER and MICHAEL.]

Mer. (within.)

Nose, nose, jolly red nose, And who gave thee this jolly red nose?

Mist. Mer. Hark, my husband! he is singing and hoiting; and I 'm fain to cark? and care, and all little enough. — Husband! Charles! Charles Merrythought!

Enter old MERRYTHOUGHT.

Mer. |sings.]

Naturegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves . And they gave me this joily red nose.

Bouander. 1 Gallows-bird. I To be careful.

Mist. Mer. If you would consider your state, you would have little list to sing, i-wis.
Mer. It should never be considered, while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoil [10]

my singing.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou do, Charles? Thou art an old man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drink, [4 and laughest.

Mer. And will do. Mest. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it,

Charles?

Mer. How! why, how have I done hitherto to this forty years? I never came into my dining room, but, at eleven and six o'clock, I found excellent meat and drink a' th' table; my clothes were never worn out, but next morning a tailor brought me a new auit; and with in out question it will be so ever; use makes perfectness. If all should fail, it is but a little straining myself extraordinary, and laugh myself to death.

Wife. It's a foolish old man this; is not [en he. George? Cit. Yes, cony. Wife. Give me a penny i' th' purse while I live, George.

Cit. Ay, by lady, cony, hold thee there.

Mist. Mer. Well, Charles; you promis'd to provide for Jasper, and I have had up for Mi-chael. I pray you, pay Jasper his portion: he's come home, and he shall not consume Michael's stock; he says his master turn'd him away, [wo but, I promise you truly, I think he ran away.

Wife. No, indeed. Mistress Merrythought; though he be a notable gallows." yet I 'll assure you his master did turn him away, even in this place; 't was, i' faith, within this half [12] hour, about his daughter; my husband was

Cit. Hang him, rogue! he serv'd him well enough: love his master's daughter l By my troth, cony, if there were a thousand boys, lie thou wouldst spoil them all with taking their parts; let his mother alone with him.
Wife. Ay, George; but yet truth is truth.

Mer. Where is Jasper? He 's welcome, however. Call him in; he shall have his portion. | on Is he merry

Mid. Mer. Ah, foul chive him, he is too merry! - Jasper! Michael!

Re-enter JASPER and MICHARL.

Mer. Welcome, Jusper! though thou run at away, welcome! God bless thee! "I is thy [iis mather's mind thou shoulds! esceive thy portion; thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learn'd experience enough to govern it; thou art of sufficient years. Hold thy hand — one,

4 Cartainly Dinner and supper hours. Gallowa-bird.
Ill luck to him.

Stick to your opinion.

Heaven bless the knight w That thus relieves pour errant gentlewomen!

Wife. Ay, marry, Ralph, this has some savour in 't; I would see the proudest of them all our in 't; I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his books after him. But, George, I will not have him go away so soon; I shall be sick if he go away, that I shall. Call Ralph [a again, George, call Ralph again; I prithee, sweetheart, let him come fight before me, and let 's ha' some drums and some trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, an thou lov 'st me, George!

Cit. Peace a little, bird: he shall kill them all, an they were twenty more on 'em than there

Enter JARPER.

Jasp. Now, Fortune, if thou be'st not only ill, Show me thy better face, and bring about

Thy desperate wheel, that I may climb at

length,
And stand. This is our place of meeting,
If love have any constancy. Oh, age Where only wealthy men are counted happy! of How shall I please thee, how deserve thy smiles, When I am only rich in misery? My father's blessing and this little coin

my inheritance; a strong revenue! From earth thou art, and to the earth I give Throws away the money. thee: There grow and multiply, whilst fresher air 101 Breeds me a fresher fortune. - How! illusion?

What, hath the devil coin'd himself before me? 'T is metal good, it rings well; I am waking, And taking too, I hope. Now, God's dear bless-

Joon his heart that left it here! 'T is mine; Upon his heart that lett it here:
These pearls, I take it, were not left for swine.

Exit [with the casket].

Wife. I do not like that this unthrifty youth should embezzle away the money; the poor gentlewoman his mother will have a heavy

Cit. And reason good, sweetheart.

Wife. But let him go; I'll tell Ralph a tale

in's ear shall fetch him again with a wanion,1 I warrant him, if he be above ground; and besides, George, here are a number of suffi-cient gentlemen can witness, and myself, and yourself, and the musicians, if we be call'd in question. But here comes Ralph, George: thou shalt hear him speak as he were an emperal.2

[SCENE III.] a

Enter RALPH and Dwarf [GEORGE].

Ralph. Comes not sir squire again? Right courteous knight, George.

1 With a vengence.

* Imperial, : c. emperor. Another part of the forest. Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady,

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, MICHAEL, and Squire [TIM].

For and 4 the Squire of Damsels, as I take it. Ralph. Madam, if any service or dovoir of a poor errant knight may right your wrongs. Command it; I am prest to give you succeur. For to that holy end I bear my armour.

Mist. Mer. Alas, sir, I am a poor gentle-woman, and I have lost my money in this forest.

. Italph. Desert, you would say, lady; and not

Whilst I have sword and lance. Dry up your

Which ill befits the beauty of that face, And tell the story, if I may request it, Of your disastrous fortune.

Mist. Mer. Out, alas! I left a thousand to pound, a thousand pound, e'en all the money! had laid up for this youth, upon the eight of your mastership, you lookt so grim, and, as I may say it, saving your presence, more like a giant than a mortal man.

Ralph. I am as you are, lady; so are they;
All mortal. But why weeps this gentle square?

Mist. Mer. Has he not cause to weep, do you think, when he hath lost his inheritance?

Ralph. Young hope of valour, weep not; I am

That will confound thy foe, and pay it dear Upon his coward head, that dates deny Distressed squires and ladies equity. have but one horse, on which shall ride This fair lady behind me, and before, This courteous squire : fortune will give us more Upon our next adventure. Fairly speed Beside us, squire and dwarf, to do us need!

Cit. Did not I tell you, Nell, what your man would do? By the faith of my body, weach, of for clean action and good delivery, they may all

for clean action and good delivery, they may all cast their caps at him.

Wife. And so they may, i'faith; for I dark speak it boldly, the twelve companies of Leadon cannot match him, timber for timber.
Well, George, an he be not inveigled by some of these paltry players, I ha' much marvel; but, George, we ha done our parts, if the boy have any grace to be thankful. any grace to be thankful. Cit. Yes, I warrant thee, duckling.

[SCENE IV.]

Enter HUMPHREY and LUCK.

Hum. Good Mistress Luce, however I in fault am

For your lame horse, you 're welcome unto Waltham;

But which way now to go, or what to say, I know not truly, till it be broad day,

And also. · Ready. Salute him se superior. (Moorman.)

Livery companies, guilds for man. Another part of the forest. Man for man.

Luce. Oh, fear not, Master Humphrey; I am guide

For this place good enough.

Then, up and ride; Or, if it please you, walk, for your repose; Or sit, or, if you will, go pluck a rose; ¹ Either of which shall be indifferent

To your good friend and Humphrey, whose conmer er E.

ie so entaugled ever to your will,
As the poor harmless horse is to the mill.
Luce. Faith, an you say the word, we 'll e'en sit down,

And take a nap. 'Tis better in the town, Where we may nap together; for, believe me, To sleep without a snatch would mickle grieve

Lucy. You're merry, Master Humphrey. Hum.

And have been ever merry from my dam.

Luce. Your nurse had the less labour.

Hum.

Faith, it may be,
Unless it were by chance I did beray 2 me,

Enter JASPER.

Jasp. Luce! dear friend Luce!

Here, Jasper. You are mine. Luce. Hum. If it he so, my friend, you use me fine. What do you think I am?

Jasp. An arrant noddy.

Hum. A word of obloquy! Now, by God's body,
I'll tell the master; for I know thee well.

Jasp. Nay, an you be so forward for to tell,
Takes that, and that, and the source of the source. Take that, and that; and tell him, sir, I gave it:

And say, I paid you well.

Hum.

Oh, sir, I have it,

And do confess the payment! Pray, be quiet.

Jasp. Go, get [you] to your night-cap and the diet,

To cure your beaten bones.

Alas, poor Humphrey; Get thee some wholesome broth, with sage and comfrey; 5

A little oil of rises and a feather
To noint thy back withal.

Hum.
Would I had gone to Paris with John Dory! Luce. Farewell, my pretty namp; I am very BUTTY

I cannot bear thee company.

Farewell: Hum. The devil's dam was ne'er so bung'd in hell. Exeunt LUCE and JASPER.

Wife. This young Jasper will prove me another thing, a my conscience, an he may be suffered. George, dost not see, George, how a swaggers, and flies at the very heads a' folks, |10

Cf. Changeling, L. II. 76 and note.

Befoul.

A healing herb.
John Dory, according to the legend, engaged with the Kung of France to bring the crew of an English ahip prisoners to Paris, but was himself captured whilst making the attempt. The song and tune were for a long rime popular in England. (Strachey.)

s he were a dragon? Well, if I do not do his

as he were a dragon? Well, if I do not do his lesson for wronging the poor gentleman, I am no true woman. Its friends that brought him up might have been better occupied, i-wis, than ha' taught him these fegaries. he is e'en in [at the high way to the gallows, God bless him!

Cit. You're too bitter, cony; the young man may do well enough for all this.

Wife. Come hither, Master Humphrey; has he hurt you? Now, beshrew his fingers for 't! Here, sweetheart, here's some green ginger for thee. Now, beshrew my heart, but 'a has peppernel? in 's head, as big as a pullet's egg! Alas, sweet lamb, how thy temples beat! Take the peace on him, sweetheart, take the peace on him.

the peace on him.

Cit. No, no; you talk like a foolish woman:
I'll ha' Ralph fight with him, and swinge him
np well-favour'dly. - Sirrah boy, come hither.

(Enter Bay) Let Ralph come in and fight [a
with Jusper.

Wife. Ay, and beat him well; he's an unhappy boy.

Boy. Sir, you must pardon; the plot of our play lies contrary; and 't will hazard the spoil-

ing of our play.

Cit. Plot me no plots! I'll ha' Rulph come out; I'll make your house too hot for you else.

Boy. Why, air, he shall; but if any thing fall out of order, the gentlemen must parden us.

('ii. Go your ways, goodman hoy! Exit Boy.]
I'll hold! him a penny, he shall have his bellyful of fighting now. Ho, here comes Ralph! No more!

[SCENE V.]11

[HUMPHREY manet.] Enter RALPH, MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, MICHARL, Squire [Tim], and Dwarf (GEORGE).

Ralph. What knight is that, squire? Ask him if he keep
The passage, bound by love of lady fair,
Or else but prickant. It

Hum. Sir, I am no kuight, But a poor gentleman, that this same night Had stolen from me, on yonder green, My lovely wife, and suffered to be seen Yet extant on my shoulders such a greeting, That whilst I live I shall think of that meeting.

Wife, Ay, Ralph, he beat him unmercifully, Ralph; an thou sparest him, Relph, I would for thou wert hang'd.

Cit. No more, wife, no more,

Ralph. Where is the caitiff-wretch bath done this deed?

In leaving the great venture of the purse And the rich casket, till some better leisure.

Teach him.
 Vagaries.
 A lump.
 Appease (?) (Moorman.) Perhaps, have him bound

to keep the peace.

Mischievous. 10 Wager. m The same. M Traveling, spurring along.

Enter JASPER and LUCE.

Hum. Here comes the broker hath purloin'd my treasure.

Ralph, Go, squire, and tell him I am here, se An errant knight-at-arms, to crave delivery Of that fair hely to her own knight's arms, If he deny, bid him take choice of ground, And so defy him.

Tim. From the Knight that bears
The fielden Pestle, I defy thee, knight,
Unless thou make fair restitution

Of that bright lady.

Jasp. Tell the knight that sent thee, He is an ass; and I will keep the wench,

He is an ass; and A. And knock his head-piece.

And knock his head-piece.

Knight, thou art but dead If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms.

Wife. Break 's pate, Ralph; break 's pate, Ralph, soundly!

Jasp. Come, knight; I am ready for you. Now your Postle (Snatches away his postle.)

Shall try what temper, sir, your mortar's of.
"With that he stood upright in his starups, [24 and gave the Knight of the calf-skin such a knock [Knocks Ralph down.] that he forsook his horse, and down he felt; and then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his helmet —

Hum. Nay, an my noble knight be down so

SOOD, Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run.

Exeuni HUMPBREY and RALPH.

Wife. Run, Ralph, run, Ralph; run for thy life, boy; Jasper comes, Jasper comes!

Jasp. Come Luce, we must have other arms for you: Humphrey, and Golden Pestle, both adieu! ...

Exeunt.

Wife. Sure the devil (God bless us! is in this apringald! ¹ Why, George, didst ever see such a fire-drake? ² I am afraid my boy's miscarried: if he be, though he were Master Merrythought's

son a thousand times, if there be any law in [50 England, I'll make some of them smart for t. Cit. No. no; I have found out the matter, weetheart; Jasper is enchanted; as sure as we are here, he is enchanted; he could no more have stood in Ralph's hands than I can in [82 my lord mayor's, I'll have a ring to discover all enchantments, and Ralph shall beat him yet. Be no more vext, for it shall be so.

[SCENE VI.]

Enter RALPH, MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, MICHAEL, Squire [Tim], and Dwarf [George].

Wife, Oh, husband, here's Ralph again! — Stay, Ralph, let me speak with thee, How dost thou, Ralph? Art thou not shrewdly

1 Fiery dragon. Before the Bell Inn, Waltham.

hurt? - The foul great lungies 5 laid namesesfully on thee; there's some sugar-candy for Proceed; thou shalt have another bout with him.

Cit. If Rulph had him at the fencing-school, if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down the school, he should ne'er [come in my shop more.

Mist. Mer. Truly Master Knight of the Bun-ing Pestle, I am weary. Mech. Indeed, la, mother, and I am very

hungry.

Hulph. Take comfort, gentle dame, and you

fair squire; For in this desert there must needs be plac'd Many strong castles held by courteous kinghts, And till I bring you safe to one of those, I swear by this my order ne'er to leave you.

Wife. Well said, Ralph! - George, Ralph was ever comfortable, was he not?

Cit. Yes, duck. Wife, I shall ne'er forget him. When we had Wife, I shall ne'er forget him. When we had lost our child, you know it was stray'd allowers, alone, to Puddle-Wharf, and the cross were abroad for it, and there it had drawn'd itself but for a sculler. Halph was the most comfortablest to me: "Peace, nistress." "" he, "let it go! I'll get you another as good." "Did he not, tieorge, did he not say so?

Cit. Yes, indeed did he, mouse.

Grorge. I would we had a mess of pottage and a pot of drink, squire, and were going to led!

Tim. Why, we are at Waltham town's send, and that is the Bell Inn.

George. Take courage, valiant knight, dam-ael, and squire!

I have discovered, not a stone cast off, An ancient castle, held by the old knight Of the most holy order of the Bell, Who gives to all knights-errant entertain. There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd By the white hands of his own lady dear. He hath three squires that welcome all his

The first, hight Chamberlino, who will see Our beds prepar'd, and bring us snowy sheets.
Where never footman stretch'd his butter'd hams;

The second, hight Tapstero, who will see Our pots full filled, and no froth therein; The third, a gentle squire, Ostlero hight, Who will our palfreys slick with with of straw. And in the manger put them oats enough. And never grease their teeth with candle-anuff.8

Wife. That same dwarf 's a pretty boy, but the squire 's a groutnol.9

Great dirty lout.

Great dirty lout.

Counciling
Running footmen had their legs greated to keep their supple.

A common trick of the cellers of the time to pre-ent the horses from eating the hay. (Weber)

* Blockhead.

Ralph. Knock at the gates, my squire, with stately lance. [Tim knocks at the door.] Enter TAPPTER.

Tap. Who's there? - You're welcome, gen-tlemen: will you see a room?

George. Right courteous and valuant Knight of the Burning Pestle, this is the Squire | Tapstero.

Ralph. Fair Squire Tapstero, I a wandering

knight,
Right of the Borning Pestle, in the quest
Of this fair lady's casket and wrought purse,
Losing myself in this vast wilderness,
Am to this castle well by fortune brought; Where, hearing of the goodly entertain Your knight of holy order of the Bell Gives to all damsels and all errant knights, I thought to knock, and now am hold to enter.

Tap. An't please you see a chamber, you are Exeunt. very welcome.

Wife. George, I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is.
Cit. What is it, Nell?
Wife. Why, George, shall Ralph beat nobody again? Prithee, sweetheart, let him.
Cit. So he shall, Nell; and if I join with him,

we'll knock them all.

[SCENE VII.] 1

Enter HUMPHREY and Merchant [VENTURE-WELL.]

Wife. Oh, George, here's Master Humphrey again now, that lost Mistress Luce, and Mis-tress Luce's father. Master Humphrey will do somebody's errand, I'll warrant him.

Hum. Father, it 's true in arms I ne'er shall clasp her; For she is stoln away by your man Jasper.

Wife. I thought he would tell him,

Vent. Unhappy that I am, to lose my child? Now I begin to think on Jasper's words, Who oft hath arg'd (to) me thy foolishness. why dight thou let her go? Thou lov'st her not, That wouldst bring home thy life, and not

bring her.

Hum. Father, forgive me. Shall I tell you true?

Look on my shoulders, they are black and blue, Whilst to and fro fair Luce and I were wind-

He came and basted me with a hedge-hinding.2 Vent. Get men and horses straight: we will be there

Within this hour. You know the place again?
Hum. I know the place where he my loins did swaddle;

1 A room in the house of Venturewell.
2 Something used to bind together the bushes composing a hedge. (N. E. D.)

I'll get six horses, and to each a saddle. Vent. Mean time I will go talk with Jasper's Escuni [neverally]. futber

Wife. George, what wilt thou lay with me now, that Master Hamphrey has not Mistress Luce yet? Speak, George, what wilt thou lay with me?

with me?

Cit. No, Noll; I warrant thee Jasper is at Puckeridge with her by this.

Wife. Nay, George, you must consider Mistress Luce's feet are tender; and besides 't is dark; and, I promise you truly, I do not see how he should get out of Waltham-forest with

her yet.

Cit. Nay, cony, what wilt thou lay with me, that Ralph has her not yet?

Wife. I will not lay against Ralph, honey, because I have not spoken with him. But Jook, George, peace! here comes the merry old gentleman again.

[Scene VIII.]4

Enter old MERRRTHOUGHT.

Mer. [nings.]

When it was grown to dark midnight, And all were fast saleep, In came Margaret's grimly ghost, And stood at William's feet.

I have money, and ment, and drink before- la hand, till to-morrow at noon, why should I be sad? Methinks I have half-a-dozen jovial spirits [Sings.] within me!

I am three merry men, and three merry men!

To what end should any mun be sad in this [in world? Give me a man who when he goes to hanging cries.

Troul blie black bowl to me!

and a woman that will sing a catch in her travail! I have seen a man come by my door [14 with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a hatband, carrying his head as if he lookt for pins in the street; I have lookt out of my window half a year after, and have spied that man's head upon London-bridge. Tis vilc: never [20] trust a tailor that does not sing at his work ; his mind is of nothing but filehing.

Wife, Mark this, George; 't is worth noting: Godfrey my tailor, you know, never sings, and he had fourteen yards to make this gown: 22 and I 'll be sworn, Mistress Penistone the draper's wife had one made with twelve.

Mer. [ningn.]

Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood, More than wine, or sleep, or food; Let each man keep his heart at ease, No man dies of that disease.

³ Thirteen miles beyond Waltham.

A room in Merrythought's house.

Pass.

Where the heads of traitors and heretics were exposed.

He that would his body keep From diseases, must not wrop; But whoever laughs and sings, Never he his body brings Into fevers, gosta, or rheims, Or ling'ringly his lungs consumes, Or meets with aches in the bone, Or catarris or griping atone; But contented lives for aye; The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife. Look, George; how sayest thou by this, George? Is't not a fine old man? - Now, God's blessing a' thy sweet lips! - When wilt thou be so merry, George? Faith, thou art to the frowning'st little thing, when thou art angry, in a country.

Enter Merchant [VENTUREWELL].

Cit. Peace, cony; thou shalt see him taken down too, I warrant thee. Here's Luce's father come now.

Mer. [sings.]

As you came from Walsingham, From that holy land, There met you not with my true love By the way as you came?

Vent. Oh, Master Merrythought, my daughter's gone!
This murth becomes you not; my daughter's

gone! Mer. [sings.]

Why, an if she be, what care I? Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Vent. Mock not my misery; it is your son (Whom I have made my own, when all forsook him)

Has stoln my only joy, my child, away. Mer. [nings.]

> He set her on a milk-white steed, And himself upon a grey; He never turn'd his face again, But he bore her quite away.

Vent. Unworthy of the kindness I have shown

To thee and thins! too late I well perceive
Thou art consenting to my daughter's loss.

Mer. Your daughter! what a stir's here wi'
your daughter? Let her go, think no more [ro
on her, but sing lond. If both my sons were on the gallows, I would sing,

Down, down, down they fail; Down, and arise they never shall.

Vent. Oh, might I behold her once again, 75 And she once more embrace her aged sire!

Mer. Fie, how seurvily this goes! "And she once more embrace her aged sire?" You'll make a dog on her, will ye? She cares much for her aged sire, I warrant you. (Sings.)

> She cares not for her daddy, nor the cares not for her manimy, For she is, she is, she is, she is My lord of Lowgave's leasy.

Vent. For this thy soorn I will pursue that

Of thine to death. Mer.

Do; and when you ha' kill'd him. Give him flowers enow, palmer, give him flowers enow Give him red, and white, and blue, green, and yellow

Vent, I 'll fetch my daughter — Mer. I 'll hear no more a' your daughter; it

spoils my mirth.
Vent. I say, I'll fotch my daughter.
Mer. [sings.]

Was never man for lady's cake, Down, down, Tormented as I, noor Sir Guy, De derry down, For Lucy's aske, that lady bright, Down, down, As ever men belield with eye,

De derry down. Vent. I'll be reveng'd, by Heaven!
Excunt (avverally

Muxic.

Music.

Wife. How dost thou like this, George?
Cit. Why, this is well. cony; but if Ralph were hat once, thou shouldst see more.
Wife. The fiddlers go again, husband.
Cit. Ay, Nell; but this is accurry music I gave the whoreson gallows money, and I think has not got me the waits of Southwark If I hear 'em not anon. I'll twinge him by the cars. — You musicians, play Baloa!
Wife. No, good George, let's ha' Lachrymar!
Cit. Why, this is it, cony.
Wife. It's all the better, George. Non.
weet lamb, what story is that printed upon the cloth? The Confutation of St. Paul?

Cit. No, lamb; that 's Ralph and Lucreec.
Wife. Ralph and Lucreec! Which Ralph?
Our Ralph?
Cit. No, mouse; that was a Tartarian.
Wife. A Tartarian! Well. I would the infiddlers had done, that we might see our Ralph again!

again!

ACT III

SCENE I.3

Enter JASPER and LUCE.

Jasp. Come, my dear dear; though we have lost our way,

We have not lost ourselves. Are you not weary With this night's wand'ring, broken from your

And frighted with the terror that attends.
The darkness of this wild unpeopled place?
Luce. No, my best friend; I cannot either fear,

Or entertain a weary thought, whilst you The end of all my full desires) at and by me Let them that lose their hopes, and live to lasguish

I Thief.

2 Waltham-forest.

85

Amongst the number of foreaken lovers.
Tell the long weary steps, and number time,
Start at a shadow, and shrink up their blood,
Whilst I possest with all content and quiet)
Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.

Jasp. You have caught me, Luce, so fast, that, whilst I live,

I shall become your faithful prisoner.

And wear these chains for ever. Come, ait down,

And rest your body, too, too delicate For these disturbances. — [They set down.] So:

will you sleep?

Come, do not be more able 1 than you are; I know you are not skilful in these watches, For women are no solutions.

But take it;

sleep, I say.

I cannot sleep; For women are no soldiers. Be not nice,2

Luce. Indeed, I cannot, friend. Why, then we'll sing, And try how that will work upon our senses. M. Luce. I'll sing, or say, or any thing but

Jasp. Come, little mermaid, rob me of my

heart

With that enchanting voice.

Luce. You mock me, Jasper. [They sing.]

Tell me, dearest, what is love?
This a lightning from above;
'The en arrow, 't is a fire,
'The a boy they call Desire; T is a amile Doth beguile

Jasp. The poor hearts of men that prove.

Tell me more, are women true? Some love change, and so do you.

Are they fair and never kind? Yea, when men turn with the wind. Luce. Are they froward? Three that love, to love anew.

Jasp. Dissemble it no more; I see the god Of heavy sleep lay on his heavy mace

Upon your eyelids. I am very heavy, [Sleeps.] Jasp. Sleep, sleep; and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts!

keep from her fair blood distempers, startings, Horrors, and fearful shapes! Let all her dreams

joys, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes,

And such new pleasures as the ravisht soul 50 Gives to the senses! - So; my charms have touk. -

Keep her, you powers divine, whilst I contem-

I'pon the wealth and beauty of her mind ! She is only fair and constant, only kind.
And only to thee, Jasper. Oh, my joys! as
Whither will you transport me? Let not ful-

Capable of endurance. 2 Foolish. 2 Give in.

Of my poor buried hopes come up together And overcharge my spirits! I am weak. Some say (however ill) the sea and women Are govern'd by the moon; both ebb and How.

Both full of changes; yet to them that know, And truly judge, these but opinions are, And heresies, to bring on pleasing war Both won our tempers, that without these were Both void of after-love and present fear; as Which are the best of Cupid. Oh, thou child Bred from despair, I dare not entertain thee, Having a love without the faults of women, And greater in her perfect goods than men! Which to make good, and please myself the

atronger,
Though certainly I am certain of her love,
I'll try her, that the world and memory May sing to after-times her constancy. -[Draws his sword.]

Luce! Luce! awake!
Luce. Why do you fright me, friend,
With those distempered looks? What makes your sword Drawn in your hand? Who hath offended you?

I prithee, Jasper, sleep; thou art wild watching.

Jasp. Come, make your way to Heaven, and bid the world, With all the villanies that stick upon it,

Farewell; you're for another life Oh, Jasper. Luce. How have my tender years committed evil, Especially against the man I love, Thus to be cropt untimely?

Jasp. Foolish girl, Canst thou imagine I could love his daugh-

ter That flung me from my fortune into nothing? Discharged me his service, shut the doors Upon my poverty, and scorn'd my prayers, Sending me, like a beat without a mast, To sink or swim? Come; by this hand you

die;

I must have life and blood, to satisfy Your father's wrongs.

Wife. Away, George, away ! raise the watch at Ludgate, and bring a mittimus from the justice for this desperate villain! Now, I charge you, gentlemen, see the king's peace by kept! Oh, my heart, what a variet is this to offer manslaughter upon the harmless gentle-woman!

Cit. I warrant thee, sweetheart, we'll have him hampered.

Luce. Oh, Jasper, he not cruel!

If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,
And let not many deaths appear before me.

I am a woman, made of fear and love, A weak, weak woman; kill not with thy eyes, They shoot me through and through. Strike, I am ready

And, dying, still I love thee.

4 Doss. 5 Warrant for arrest.

Enter Merchant [VENTUREWELL], HUMPHREY, and his men.

Whereabouts? Jusp. No more of this ; now to myself again. [.lside.]

Hum. There, there he stands, with sword, like martial knight,

Drawn in his band; therefore boware the fight, You that be wise; for, were I good Sir Bevis, I would not stay his coming, by your leaves, in Vent. Sirrah, restore my daughter!

Sirrah, no.

Vent. Upon him, then !

They attack JABPER, and force Luce from him.)

Wife. So; down with him, down with him, down with him!
Cut him i' th' leg, boys, out him i' th' leg! no

Vent. Come your ways, minion: I'll provide

For you, you're grown so tame, - Horse her

Away.

Hum. Truly, I'm glad your forces have the day.

Exeunt all except JASPER.

Jasp. They are gone, and I am hurt; my love is lost,

Never to get again. Oh, me unhappy!
Bleed, bleed and die! I cannot. Oh, my folly,
Thou hast betray'd me! Hope, where art thou
fled?

Tell me, if thou be'st any where remaining, Shall I but see my love again? Oh, no! She will not deign to look upon her butcher, Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venture. Oh, Chance, or Fortune, or whate'er thou art, That men adore for powerful, hear my cry, And let me loving live, or losing die !

Wife. Is 'n gone, George?

Wife, 18 a goas, Cir. Ay, cony.
Wife, Marry, and let him go, sweetheart. By the faith a my body, 'a has put me into such a fright, that I tremble as they say) as [with were an aspen-leaf, Look a' my little finger, George, how it shakes. Now, i' truth, every member of my body is the worse for 't.

Cit. Come, hug in mine arms, sweet mouse; he shall not fright thee any more. Alas, mine own dear heart, how it quivers! mi

[SCENE II.]1

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, RALPR, MI-CHAIL, Squire [Tim], Dwarf [GRORGE], Host, and Tapster.

Wife. Oh, Ralph! how dost thou, Ralph? How hast thou slept to-night? Has the kuight us'd thee well?

Cit. Peace, Nell; let Ralph alone.

Tap. Master, the reckoning is not paid. Ralph Right courteous knight, who, for the order's sake

Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the holy Bell.

As I this flaming Pestle bear about, We render thanks to your puissant self, Your beauteous lady, and your gentle squires, a For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs, Stiff ned with hard achievements in wild desert.

Tap. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay. Rulph. Thou merry Squire Tapstero, thanks to thee

For comforting our souls with double jug And, if advent rous fortune prick thee forth, And, if advent rous fortune price they forth,
Thou poyal squire, to follow feats of arms.
Take heed thou tender every lady's cause,
Every true knight, and every damsel fair;
But spill the blood of treacherous Sararens,
And take enchanters that with magic spells
Have done to death full many a not le knight.
Hust. Thou valiant Knight of the Bureing

Pestle, give ear to me; there is twelve shillings to pay, and, as I am a true knight, I will not is

bate a penny.

Wife. George, I prithee, tell me, must Ralph pay twelve shillings now?
Cit. No, Nell, no; nothing but the old knight is merry with Ralph.
Wife. Oh, is 't nothing else? Ralph will be as merry as he.

Ralph. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours be-

comes you well;
But, to requite this liberal courtery. If any of your squires will follow arms, He shall receive from my heroic hand

A kuighthood, by the virtue of this Pentle.

Host. Fair knight, I thank you for your noble offer

Therefore, gentle knight, Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap? you.

Wife, Look, George! did not I tell thee as much? The knight of the Bell is in earnest. Ralph shall not be beholding to him; give him

his money, George, and let him go spick up. *
Cit. (ap Ralph? No. — Hold your hand, to
Sir Knight of the Bell; there's your money

Gives money.; have you any thing to say to Ralph now? Cap Ralph!

Wife. I would you should know it. Ralph has friends that will not suffer him to be capt a for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that. - Now take thy course, Ralph.

Mist. Mer. Come, Michael; thou and I will go home to thy father; he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll set fellows abroad to cry our purse and our casket: shall we. Michael?

Mich. Ay. I pray, mother; in truth my feet are full of chilblains with travelling.

Wife, Faith, and those chilblains are a foul trouble. Mistress Merrythought, when

A room in the Bell lnn, Waltham.

I Arrest

your youth comes home, let him rub all the with a mouse-skin; or, if none of your people can catch a mouse, when he goes to bed, let him roll his feet in the warm embers, and, I warrant you, he shall be well; and you may make him put his fingers between his toes, and smell to them; it's very sovereign for his head, if he be costive.

Mid. Mer. Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, my son Michael and I bid you farewell: I thank your worship heartily for your kind-

Kalph. Farewell, fair lady, and your tender souire.

If pricking through these deserts, I do hear any traitorous knight, who through his

Hath light upon your casket and your purse, I will dispoil him of them, and restore them. Mest. Mer. I thank your worship.

Kalph. Dwarf, hear my shield; squire, elerate my lance:

And now farewell, you Knight of holy Bell.

Cit. Ay, ay, Ralph, all is paid.

Ralph. But yet, before I go, speak, worthy knight,

If aught you do of sad 1 adventures know, 53 Where errant knight may through his provess

Eternal lame, and free some gentle souls From endless bonds of steel and ling ring pain. Host. Sirrah, go to Nick the barber, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before, [~

quickly.

Top. I am gone, sir.

Host. Sir. Knight, this wilderness affordeth

none But the great venture, where full many a

knight Hath trid his prowess, and come off with

And where I would not have you lose your life Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

Ralph. Speak on, Sir Knight; toll what he is and where:

For here I vow, upon my blazing hadge,
Never to blaze a day in quistness,
But bread and water will I only eat,

And the green herb and rock shall be my couch,

Till I have quell'd 2 that man, or beast, or fiend,

That works such damage to all errant knights.

Host. Not far from bence, near to a enggy

At the north end of this distressed town, There doth stand a lowly house, Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave In which an ugly giant now doth won,⁸ Yeleped Barbaroso; in his hand

I Berious. 2 Killed. 1 Dwell. He shakes a naked lance of purest steel. With sleeves turn'd up; and him before he

A motley garment, to preserve his clothes From blood of those knights which he mussa-

And ladies gent : 4 without his door doth hang A copper basin on a prickant 5 spear; At which no sooner gentle knights can knock, But the shrill sound fierce Barbaroso hears, And rushing forth, brings in the errant knight And sets him down in an enchanted chair; Then with an engine, which he hath prepar'd, With forty teeth, he claws his countly crown; Next makes him wink, and underneath his Shin

He plants a brazen piece of mighty bord. And knocks his bullets round about his

Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill The wretch's ears with a most hideous noise. Thus every knight-adventurer he doth trim, And now no creature dares encounter him.

Ralph. In God's name, I will fight him. Kind sir.

Go but before me to this dismal cave, Where this huge giant Barbaroso dwells, And, by that virtue that brave Rosicleer That damned brood of ugly giants slew, And Palmerin Frannarco overthrew I doubt not but to curb this traiter foul, And to the devil send his guilty soul.

Host. Brave-sprighted knight, thus far I will

perform This your request: I'll bring you within sight Of this most loathsome place, inhabited By a more loathsome man; but dare not stay,

For his main force swoops all he sees away.

Rulph. Saint George, set on before! March squire and page!

Wife. George, dost think Ralph will con-found the giant?

Cit. I hold my cap to a farthing he does.
Why, Noll, I saw him wreatle with the great Dutchman, and hurl him.

Wife. Faith, and that Dutchman was a goodly man, if all things were answerable to his ton bigness. And yet they say there was a Scotchnight met, and saw one another for nothing. But of all the sights that ever were in Lon- low ton, since I was married, methinks the little

was the prettiest; that and the hermaphredite. Cit. Nay, by your leave, Nell, Ninivie * was

Wife. Ninivie! Oh, that was the story of Jone and the wall, " was it not, George? Cit. Yes, lamb.

Flegant, courteous, noble.

Finting upward. The reference is, of course, to the usual sign of the barbor-surgeon

Bails of soap.

* Circumference. Thatla
* I. c. The pupper-show of Ninevel.
* Jonah and the whale.

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[SCENE III.] 1

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT.

Wife. Look, George, here comes Mistress Merrythought again: and I would have Ralph come and hight with the giant; I tell you true, I long to see

I long to see 't.

Cit. Good Mistress Merrythought, begone, [s. I pray you, for my sake; I pray you, forbear a little; you shall have audience presently; I have a little business.

Wife. Mistress Merrythought, if it please you to refrain your passion a little, till Ralph [so have despatcht the giant out of the way, we shall think awayless much bound to you. thank you, good Mistress Merrythought.

Exit Mistress Merrythought.

Enter a Boy.

Cit. Boy, come hither. Send away Ralph and

this whoreson giant quickly.

this whoreson giant quickly.

Boy. In good faith, sir, we cannot; you'll utterly spoil our play, and make it to be hist; and it cost money; you will not suffer us to go on with our plot. — I pray, gentlemen, rule him.

Cit. Let him come now and despatch this, to and I'll trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy hand, George, do; and I'll kiss him, I warrant thee, the youth means

plainly.

Bay, I'll send him to you presently.²
Wite. [kissing him.] I thank you, little youth.
(Exit Boy.) Faith, the child hath a sweet breath,
(George; but I think it be troubled with the
worms; cardius benedictus and mare's milk [so were the only thing in the world for 't.

[SCENE IV.] B

Enter RALPH, Host, TIM, and GEORGE.

Wife. Oh, Ralph 's here, George! - God send thee good luck, Ralph!

Host. Puissant knight, yonder his mansion is. Behold that string, on which hangs many a

tooth, Drawn from the gentle jaw of wand'ring knights!

I dare not stay to sound; he will appear.4

Ralph. Oh, faint not, heart! Susan, my lady

The cobbler's maid in Milk-street, for whose sake

I take these arms, oh, let the thought of thee Carry thy knight through all adventurous deeda;

And, in the honour of thy beauteous self, May I destroy this monster Barbaroso! -Knock, squire, upon the basin, till it break With the shrill strokes, or till the giant speak. [Tim knocks upon the busin.]

The street before Merrythought's house.

Before a barber's shop, Waltham. 4 Knock.

Enter Barber.

Wife. Oh, George, the giant, the giant!-Now, Ralph for thy life!

Bar. What fond b unknowing wight is this, that dares

So rudely knock at Barbaroso's cell, Where no man comes but leaves his fleece be-

hind? Ralph. I, traitorous caitiff, who am sent by fate

To punish all the sad enormities

Then hast committed against ladies gent
And errant knights. Traiter to God and men,
Prepare thyself! This is the dismal hour Appointed for thee to give strict secount
Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.

Bar. Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou shalt

ahy 6

This fond reproach: thy body will I bang; Takes down his price

And, lo, upon that string thy teeth shall hang!
Prepare thyself, for dead soon shalt thou be.
Ralph. Saint George for me! They fight. Bar. Gargantua for me

Wife. To him, Ralph, to him! hold up the giant; set out thy leg before, Rulph!

Cit. Falsify? a blow, Rulph, falsify a blow!
The giant lies open on the left side.

Wife. Bear't off, bear't off still! there,

boy !-

Oh, Ralph's almost down, Rulph's almost down!

Ralph. Susan, inspire me! Now have up again.

Wife. Up, up, up, up, up! so. Ralph! down with him, down with him, Ralph!
Cit. Fetch him o'er the hip, boy!
[RALPH knocks down the Barber.]
Wife. There, boy! kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.
Ralph!

Cit. No, Ralph; get all out of him first.

Ralph. Presumptuous man, see to what deperate end

Thy treachery hath brought thee! The just gods,

Who never prosper those that do despise them. For all the villanies which thou hast done

To knights and ladies, now have paid thee home

By my stiff arm, a knight adventurous. But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soul To sad Avernus, whither it must go,

What captives holdst thou in the sable cave?

Bar. Go in, and free them all; thou hast the day.

Ralph. Go, squire and dwarf, search in this

dreadful cave.

And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds. Exeunt Tim and Growne.

2 Feign. s Foolish. Pay for.

Bur. I crave for mercy, as thou art a knight, And scorn'st to spill the blood of those that

beg, Ralph. Thou show'd'st no mercy, nor shalt thou have any;
Prepare thyself, for thou shalt surely die.

Re-enter Squire [Tim], leading one winking, with a Basin under his Chin. Tim, Behold, brave knight, here is one

prisoner, Whom this wild man hath used as you see.

Wife. This is the first wise word I heard the equire speak.

Ralph. Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd.
That I may give him condign punishment.
1 Kn. I am a knight that took my journey

Northward from London; and in courteons

10 12542 This giant train'd me to his loathsome den, to Under pretence of killing of the itch; And all my body with a powder strew'd. That smarts and stings; and cut away my

beard,
And my curl'd locks wherein were ribands ti'd;
And with a water washt my tender eyes, Whilst up and down about me still he skipt,) Whose virtue is, that, till my eyes he wipt With a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace, I shall not dare to look a dog i' th' face.

Wife. Alas, poor knight! - Relieve him, [48 Ralph; relieve poor knights, whilst you live.

Ralph. My trusty squire, convey him to the

Where he may find relief. - Adien, fair knight. Exit 1 Knight.

Re-enter Dwarf [GRONGE], leading one, with a patch o'er his none.

George. Puissant Knight, of the Burning Peatle bight,

See here another wretch, whom this foul beast Hath scorcht I and scor'd in this inhuman wise.

Raiph. Speak me thy name, and eke thy place of birth.

And what hath been thy usage in this cave.

2 Kn. I am a knight, Sir Pockhole is my

And by my hirth I am a Londoner, so Pree by my copy, 2 but my aucestors Were Frenchmen all; and riding hard this

pon a trotting horse, my hones did ache; And I, faint knight, to easo my weary limbs, Light at this cave; when straight this furious

With sharpest instruments of purest steel,

1 014 form of scotched, cut.

Certificate of citirenship.

The pox or ayphilia was also known as the French

Did cut the gristle of my nose away. And in the place this velvet plaster stands. Relieve me, gentle knight, out of his hunds! ...

Wife, Good Ralph, relieve Sir Pockhole, and send him away; for in truth his breath stinks.

Ralph. Convey him straight after the other knight. -

Sir Pockhole, fare you well. 2 Kn. Kind sir, good night. Erit. Man. [within.] Deliver as! Cries within, Cries within. Woman, [within.] Deliver us!

Wife. Hark, George, what a woeful cry there is! I think some woman lies-in there.

Man. [within.] Deliver us! Women. |within.] Deliver us! Ralph. What ghastly noise is this? Speak, Barbaroso,

Or, by this blazing steel, thy head goes off!

Bar. Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet keep.

Send lower down into the cave,

And in a tub that's leated smoking hot,
There may they find them, and deliver them.

Ralph. Run, squire and dwarf; deliver them
with speed. Exeunt Tim and GROBGE.

Wife. But will not Ralph kill this giant? Surely I am afeard, if he let him go, he will do

as much hart as ever he did.

Cit. Not so, mouse, neither, if he could con-

wert him.

Wife. Ay, George, if he could convert him; but a giant is not so soon converted as one of us ordinary people. There's a pretty tale of a witch, that had the devil's mark about her, (Ind bless us!) that had a giant to her son, [not that was call'd Lob-lie-by-the-fire; didst never hars it Canage.] hear it, George?

Reenter Squire [Tim], leading a Man, with a glussof lotion in his hand, and Dwarf Grouge], leading a Woman, with dret-bread and drink [in her hand].

Cit. Peace, Nell, here comes the prisoners.

George. Here be these pined wretches, man-ful knight.

That for this six weeks have not seen a wight.

Ralph. Deliver what you are, and how you

came

To this sad cave, and what your usage was? Man. I am an errant knight that followed LITTLE

With spear and shield; and in my tender years I stricken was with Cupid's fiery shaft, And fell in love with this my lady dear,

And stole her from her friends in Turnbullstreet,4

And bore her np and down from town to town, Where we did out and drink, and music hear; Till at the length at this unhappy town We did arrive, and coming to this cave,

I The resort of prostitutes.

This beast us caught, and put us in a tub. Where we this two mouths sweat,1 and should have done

Another month, if you had not reliev'd us. 168
Woman. This bread and water hath our diet been,

Together with a rib cut from a neck Of burned mutton; hard hath been our fare.
Release us from this ugly giant's snare!
Man. This hath been all the food we have

receiv'd; But only twice a-day, for novelty, He gave a spoonful of this hearty broth

To each of us, through this same slender quill. Pulls out a syringe Ralph. From this infernal monster you shall

EU, That useth knights and gentle ladies so! - 158

Convey them hence. Exeunt Man and Woman.

Cit. Cony, I can tell thee, the gentlemen like

Ralph. Wife. Ay, George, I see it well enough. — Gentlemen, I thank you all heartily for heavy gracing my man Ralph; and I promise you, you shall see him off her.

Bar. Mercy, great knight! I do recant my

And henceforth never gentle blood will spill. Ralph. I give thee mercy; but yet shalt thou sweat

pon my Burning Peatle, to perform

Thy promise attered. Bar. I swear and kiss. [Kisses the Pestle.] Depart, then, and amend.-[Erit Barber.] Ralph.

Come, squire and dwarf; the sun grows towards

And we have many more adventures yet Exeunt.

Cit. Now Ralph is in this humour, I know he would ha' beaten all the boys in the house, if

they had been set on him.
Wife. Ay, George, but it is well as it is. I warrant you, the gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a giant. But, look, find George; here comes Mistress Merrythought, and her son Michael.— Now you are welcome, Mistress Merrythought; now Ralph has done, you may go on.

[SCENE V.] 3

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT and MI-CHAEL.

Mist. Mer. Mick, my boy -

Mich. Ay, forsooth, mother. Mist. Mer. Be merry, Mick; we are at home now; where, I warrant you, you shall find the house flung out of the windows. [Music within.] a Hurk! hey, dogs, hey! this is the old world,³ i' faith, with my husband. If I get in among

A common method of treating syphilis.
The street before Merrythought's house.
His old habits.

'em, I'll play 'em such a lesson, that they dall have little list to come scraping hither sgain .-Why, Master Merrythought! husband! Charles Merrythought!

Mir. (appearing above, and singing.)

If you will sing, and dance, and laugh,

And hollow, and hugh again,
And then ery, "There, boys, there!" why, then.
One, two, three, and four, We shall be merry within this hour.

Mist. Mer. Why, Charles, do you not know your own natural wife? I say, open the dos. and turn me out those mangy companions, is more than time that they were fellow and a fellow-like with you. You are a gentleman Charles, and an old man, and father of two children; and I myself, (though I say it) by my mather, side mines to a worshipful gentleman. mother's side niece to a worshipful gentlemand a conductor; the has been three times in his majesty's service at Chester, and is now the fourth time, God bless him and his charge. upon his journey.

Mer. [sings.]

Go from my window, love, go; Go from my window, my dear? The wind and the rain Will drive you back again; You cannot be lodged here.

Hark you, Mistress Merrythought, you that walk upon adventures, and forsake your bushand, because he sings with never a penny in his purse; what, shall I think muself the worse? Faith, no, I'll be merry. You come not here; here's none but lads of mettle, lives of a hundred years and upwards; care never drunk their bloods, nor want made 'em wards' Heigh-ho, my heart is heavy."

Mist. Mer. Why, Master Merrythought, what

am I, that you should laugh me to seom the abruptly? Am I not your fellow-feeder, as we may say, in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sickness? Have I not be upon thildren? Are they not like you, Charles' look upon thime own image, hard-hearted man' and yet for all this -

Mer. [sings.]

Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy, Begone, my love, my dear! The weather is warm, 'T will do thee no harm Thou canst not be lodged here. -

Be merry, boys! some light music, and more Ent wor.

Wife. He's not in earnest, I hope, George is he

Cit. What if he be, sweetheart?
Wife. Marry, if he be, George, I'll make
hold to tell him he's an ingrant old man to one I'll make

bold to tell him he's an ingrant" old man to cash his hed-follow so scurrily.

Cit. What! how does he use her, honey?

Wife. Marry, come up, sir sance-box I I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord, how hot you are grown! You are a fine man, an you had a fine dog; it becomes you sweetly!

· Military leader.

* Ignorant (?) ingvate(*)

Cit. Nay, prithee, Nell, chide not; for, as I am an honest man and a true Christian grocer, [70]

I do not like his doings,

M'i/c. I cry you mercy, then, George! you know we are all trail and full of infirmaties.

D'ye hear, Master Merrythought? May I crave word with you?

Mer. [appearing above.] Strike up lively,

Wife, I had not thought, in truth, Master Merrythought, that a man of your age and discretion, as I may say, being a gentleman, [as and therefore known by your gentle conditions, I could have used so little respect to the weakness of his wife; for your wife is your own flesh, the staff of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose help you draw through the mire to this for transitory world; nay, she s your own rib: and Mer. [sings.]

I come not hither for thee to teach,

I have no pulpit for thee to preach, would thou hadst kist me under the breech, ... As then art a lady gay.

Wife. Marry, with a vengenuce! I am heartily sorry for the poor gentlewoman: but if I were thy wife, i' faith, greybeard, i' faith—Cat. I prithee, sweet honeysackle, be con-

Wife. Give me such words, that am a gentlesome drink, George; I am almost molten with fretting: now, bestrew his knave's heart [100 [Exit Citizen.]

Mer. Play me a light lavolta.2 Come, be frolic.

Fill the good fellows wine.

Mist. Ver. Why, Master Merrythought, are you disposed to make me wait here? You'll imposen, I hope, I'll fetch them that shall open

Mer, Good woman, if you will sing, I'll give you something; if not -[Sings.]

You are no love for me, Margaret, 1 am no love for you.—

Come aloft, boys, aloft! | Exit above. | Mut. Mer. New a churl's fart in your teeth. sir! - Come, Mick, we'll not trouble him; 'a shall not ding us i' th' teeth with his bread [us and his broth, that he shall not. Come, boy; I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee. We'll go to Master Venturewell's, the merchant: I'll get his letter to mine host of the Bell in Waltham; there I'll place thee with the tapster: [inwill not that do well for thee, Mick? And let me alone for that old cuckoldly knave your father; I'll use him in his kind, I warrant ye. [Ereunt.]

[Re-enter Citizen with Beer.]

Bife. Come, George, where's the beer? This old fornicating fellow will not out

of my mind yet. — Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all; and I desire more of your acquaintance with all my heart. [Prodes.] Fill the gentlemen some beer, George, Music, Boy denorth. [150] Look. George, the little boy's come again: methinks he looks something like the Prince of Orange in his long stocking, if he had a little harness about his neck, George, I will have him dance Fading. - Fading is a fine jig, [10] I'll assure you, gentlemen. - Begin, brother.

- Now a capers, sweetheart! - Now a turn i'th' toe, and then tumble! cannot you tumble, youth?

Bay. No, indeed, forsooth, Wife. Nor eat fire? Boy. Neither.

Wife, Why, then, I thank you heartily; there's twopence to buy you points 7 withal.

ACT IV

SCENE I.

Enter JASPER and Boy.

Jusp. There, boy, deliver this; but do it

Hast thou provided me four lusty fellows, Giver a letter.

Able to carry me? and art thou perfect In all thy business?

Boy. Sir, you need not fear; I have my lesson here, and cannot miss it: The men are ready for you, and what else

The men are ready Pertains to this employment. There, my boy; Take it, but buy no land. [Gives money]

Boy.

To see so young a purchaser. I fly.

And on my wings carry your destiny.

Jasp. Go and be happy! [Exit Boy.] Now,

toy latest hope,
Forsake me not, but fling thy anchor out,
And let it hold! Stand fixt, thou rolling stone,
Till I enjoy my dearest! Hear me, all

You powers, that rule in men, celestial! Exit. 10

Wife. Go thy ways; thou art 2s crooked a sprig as ever grew in London. I warrant him, he'll come to some anughty end or other; for his looks say no less; besides, his father (you know, George is none of the best; you heard to him take me up like a flirt-gill," and sing bawdy songs upon me; but i' faith, if I live,

Cit. Let me alone, sweetheart: I have a trick in my head shall ledge him in the Arches for one year, and make him sing peccare ere to I leave him; and yet he shall never know who have him paither.

hurt him neither. Wife. Do, my good George, do!

* Qq, begin Act IV here. Armour.

Tagged laces used to attach the hose or breeches to the doublet.

A Afrect, A Apparently a prison attached to the Court of

Qualities. * A lively dance. * Be lively. * After his own nature.

Cit. What shall we have Ralph do now, [se

boy?

Boy. You shall have what you will, sir.

Cit. Why, so, sir, go and fetch me him then, and let the Sophy of Persia come and christen him a child.\(^1\)

Boy. Believe me, sir, that will not do so well; tis stale; it has been had before at the Red

Bull.2

Wife. George, let Ralph travel over great hills, and let him be very weary, and come [40 to the King of Cracovia's house, covered with velvet; and there let the king's daughter stand in her window, all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a comb of ivery; and let her spy Ralph, and fall in love with him, and is come down to him, and carry him into her father's house; and then let Ralph talk with her. Cit. Well said, Nell; it shall be so. — Boy, let 's ha't done quickly.

Boy, Sir if you will imparing all this to be less.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be led done already, you shall hear them talk together; but we cannot present a house covered with black velvet, and a lady in beaten gold. Cit. Sir boy, let's ha't as you can, then. Boy. Besides, it will show ill-favouredly [55]

to have a grocer's prentice to court a king's

daughter.

Cit. Will it so, sir? You are well read in histories! I pray you, what was Sir Dagonet? Was not be prentice to a grocer in London? [so Read the play of "The Four Prentices of London," the the they toss their pikes so. I pray you, fetch him in, sir, fetch him in.

Boy. It shall be done.—It is not our fault,

gentlemen.

Wife. Now we shall see fine doings, I warrant 'ee, George.

[SCENE II.] 5

Enter the Lady [POMPIONA], RALPH, Squire, and Dwarf.

Wife. Oh, here they come, how prettily the

King of Cracovia's daughter is drest!

Cit. Ay, Nell, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant 'ee,

Pomp. Welcome, Sir Knight, unto my father's

King of Moldavia: unto me Pompionn, His daughter dear! But, sure, you do not like Your entertainment, that will stay with us

No longer but a night.

Ralph. Damsel right fair, am on many sad 6 adventures bound, 10 That call me forth into the wilderness; Besides, my horse's back is something gall'd, Which will enforce me ride a soher pace. But many thanks, fair lady, he to you For using errant knight with courtesy!

1 An allusion to an incident in a play called The Travatice of the Three English Brothers, by Day, Rowley,
and Wilkins.
2 Austhur theatre

Another theatre.

* By Heywood But Dagonet is in Malory.

* A Hall in the King of Moldavia's Court.

* Serious.

Pomp. But say, brave knight, what is your name and birth?

Ralph. My name is Ralph; I am an English-HIGHER.

As true as steel, a hearty Englishman, And prentice to a grocer in the Strand
By deed indent," of which I have one part: By deed indent, or which I have one part:

But fortune calling me to follow arms,
On me this holy order I did take
Of Burning Pestle, which in all men's eyes
I bear, confounding ladies' enemies.

Pomp. Oft have I heard of your brave con-

trymen,

trymen,
And fertile soil, and store of wholesome food;
My father oft will tell me of a drink
In England found, and nipitate 5 call'd.
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.
Raiph. Lady, 't is true; you need not lay your

To better nipitato than there is.

Fomp. And of a wild fowl he will often speak,
Which powd'red 9-beef-and-mustard called is:
For there have been great wars 'twist us and

you;
But truly, Ralph, it was not 'long of me.
Tell me then, Ralph, could you contented be
To went lady's favour in your shield?
Ralph. I am a knight of religious order,
And will not went a favour of a lady

That trusts in Antichrist and false traditions.

Cit. Well said, Ralph! convert her, if then

Ralph. Besides, I have a lady of my own In metry England, for whose virtuous sake I took these arms; and Susan is her name, A cobbler's maid in Milk Street; whom I

Ne'er to forsake whilst life and Pestle last, Pomp. Happy that cobbling dame, whoe'er

she be, That for her own, dear Ralph, hath gotten

thee! Unhappy I, that ne'er shall see the day To see thee more, that bear'st my heart

Ralph. Lady, farewell; I needs must take

my leave,
Pomp. Hard-hearted Ralph, that ladies don
deceive!

Cit. Hark thee, Ralph: there's money for ther [gives money]; give something in the King of Cracovia's house; be not beholding to him.

Ralph. Lady, before I go, I must remember Your father's officers, who truth to tell.

Have been about me very diligent. Hold up thy snowy hand, thou princely maid!
There's twelve-pence for your father's chamberlain;
And another shilling for his cook.

Indenture.

A mock learned form of sipitate, or strong als.

Salted.

For, by my troth, the goose was roasted well; And twelve-pence for your father's horse keeper,

For nointing my horse' back, and for his butter 1

There is another shilling; to the maid That washt my boot-hose 2 there 's an English groat,

And two-pence to the boy that wipt my boots; And lost, fair lady, there is for yourself Three-pence, to buy you pins at Bumbo Fair. Pomp. Full many thanks; and I will keep

them safe
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake, Ralph.
Rulph. Advance, my squire and dwarf! I

cannot stay.

Pomp. Thou kill'st my heart in passing thus away.

Wife. I commend Ralph yet, that he will fanot atoop to a Cracovan; there's properer women in London than any are there, I-wis. But here comes Master Humphrey and his love again now, George. Cit. Ay, cony; peace.

SCENE III.4

Enter Merchant [VENTUREWELL], HUMPHREY, LUCE, and Boy.

Vent. Go, get you up; 5 I will not be entreated;

and, gossip mine, I'll keep you sure hereafter From golding out again with boys and un-

Come, they are women's tears; I know your fashion. -

Go, sierah, lock her in, and keep the key afe as you love your life

Exeunt Luce and Boy.

Now, my son Humphrey,

In this, and reap your own desire.

Hum. I see this love you speak of, through

your daughter,
Although the hole be little; and hereafter
Will yield the like in all I may or can,

Fitting a Christian and a gentleman. Vent. I do believe you, my good son, and

thank you; For 't were an impudence to think you flattered.

Hum. It were, indeed: but shall I tell you why?

I have been beaten twice about the lie. Vent. Well, son, no more of compliment. My

daughter Le yours again: appoint the time and take her.

W. 'll have no stealing for it; I myself And come few of our friends will see you mar-

1 Cord as cintment.

Stockings without feet, worn with boots.

Randsomer.

A room in the house of Venturewell.

Hum. I would you would, i' faith! for, be it known, I ever was afraid to lie alone.

Vent. Some three days hence, then. Hum. Three days! let me see: 'T is somewhat of the most; 4 yet I agree, Because I mean against? the appointed day ** To visit all my friends in new array,

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir. there's a gentlewoman without would speak with your worship.

Vent. What is she?

Serv. Sir. I sakt her not.

Vent. Bid her come in. [Exit Servant.]

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT and MI-

as a poor suitor to you, sir, in the behalf of this child.

child.

Vent. Are you not wife to Merrythought?

Mist. Mer. Yes, truly. Would I had never to seen his eyes! Ha has undone me and himself and his children; and there he lives at home, and sings and hoits and revels among his drunken companions! but, I warrant you, to where to get a penny to put bread in his mouth he knows not. and therefore, if it like your worship. I would entreat your letter to the honest host of the Bell in Waltham, that I may place my child under the protection of his tanster, in some settled course of life.

When I was ripe in sorrows, laught at me;
Thy son, like an unthankful wretch, I having Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine

To show his love again, first stole my daughter.

Then wronged this gentleman, and, last of all, Gave me that grief had almost brought me down

Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand Reliev'd my sorrows. Go, and weep as I did, And be unpitied: for I here profess

An everlasting hate to all thy name.

Mist. Mer. Will you so, sir? how say you by that? — Come, Mick; let him keep his wind to cool his porridge. We'll go to thy nurse's, [see Mick; she knits silk stockings, boy; and we'll knit too, boy, and be beholding to none of them all. Exit with MICHAEL.

Enter a Boy with a letter.

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the master of this bouse.

Vent. How then, boy?
Boy. Then to yourself, sir, comes this letter.

Vent. From whom, my pretty boy?
Boy. From him that was your servant; but no more

Shall that name ever be, for he is dead:

Pretty long. ! In anticipation of. Grief of your purchas'd 1 anger broke his heart.

I saw him die, and from his hand receiv'd This paper, with a charge to bring it hither:

This saper, with a charge to bring it hither:
Read it, and satisfy yourself in all.
Ved. [reads.] Sir, that I have wronged your
love I must confess; in which I have purs [we chust to myself, besides mine own undoing, the ill opinion of my friends. Let not your
anger, good sir, outlive me, but suffer me to
rest in peace with your forgiveness; let my [we
look (f. a deline man may a much reason) with body (if a dying man may so much prevail with you be brought to your daughter, that she may truly know my hot flames are now buried, and withal receive a testimony of the zeal I bore her virtue. Farewell for ever, and be ever 103 JASPEH. happy?
God's hand is great in this. I do forgive him;
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite again. — Boy, bring the body,
And let him have his will, if that be all.

Boy. 'T is here without, sir.
Vent.
So, sir; if you please,
You may conduct it in; I do not fear it.

Hum. I'll be your usher, boy; for, though I

any it, He ow'd me something once, and well did pay it.

[SCENE IV.] 9

Enter LUCE.

Luce. If there he any punishment inflicted Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel, Let it together seize me, and at once Press down my soul! I cannot bear the pain Of these delaying tortures. - Thou that art a The end of all, and the sweet rest of all. Come, come, ob. Death! bring me to thy peace, And blot out all the memory I nourish Both of my father and my cruel friend! - Oh, wretched maid, still living to be wretched, To be a say to Fortune in her changes, And grow to number times and wees together! How happy had I been, if, being born, My grave had been my cradle!

Enter Servant.

By your leave, Young mistress; here's a boy hath brought a coffin: 'a would say, I know not; but your What father Charg'd me to give you notice. Here they come. Est.

Enter two bearing a Coffin, JASPER in it.

Luce. For me I hope 't is come, and 't is most welcome.

Boy. Fair mistress, let me not add greater grief

To that great store you have already. Jasper * (That whilst he liv'd was yours, now dead And here enclos'd) communded me to bring His body hither, and to crave a tear

1 Acquired.

Another room in the house of Venturewell.

From those fair eyes, (though he deserv'd out

rom those pity.)
To deck his funeral; for so he bid me
Tell her for whom he died.

Luct.
Good friends, depart a little, whilst I take
My leave of this dead man, that once I lood.

Excunt Coffin-carrier and Berting of the died of the little and then I give thee

Hold yet a little, life! and then I give thee
To thy first heavenly being. Oh, my fraud
Hast then deceived me thus, and got before me
I shall not long be after. But, believe me.
Thou wert too cruel, Jasper, 'gainst thyself,
In punishing the fault I could have parden de With so untimely death: thou didst not wrong

But ever wert most kind, most true, most les

ing;
And I the most unkind, most false, most crus!
Didst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thes all.
Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sigh.
And all myself, before theu goest from me
These are but sparing rites; but if thy soul
Be yet about this place, and can behold
And see what I prepare to deck thes with,
It shall go up, borne on the wings of peace,
And satisfied. First will I sing thy dirge.
Then kiss thy pale lips, and then die myself,
And fill one coffin and one grave together.

Come, you whose loves are dead, Come, you whose loves are dead,
And, while I sing,
Weep, and wring
Every hand, and every head
Bind with cypress and and yew;
Ribands black and candles blue
For him that was of men most true!

Come with heavy meaning,3 And on his grave

And on his grave

Let him have
Barrifleo of sighs and groaning;
Let him have fair flowers whow,
White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men most true!

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joys,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.
[Removes the Cloth, and JASPER
rises out of the Coffin.]

Jasp. And thus you meet the living.
Luce.
Save me, Heaven'
Jasp. Nay, do not fly me, fair; I am so spirit:

Look better on me; do you know me yet"
Luce. Oh, thou dear shadow of my friend!

Josp. I swear I am no shadow; feel my hand, It is the same it was; I am your Josper. Your Jasper that 's yet living, and yet loving. 'Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proof' I put in practice of your constancy; For sooner should my sword have drunk my hand.

blood, And set my soul at liberty, than drawn The least drop from that body, for which bold-

* 80 ed. 1750. Qq. mourning.

1 Test

Young.

Doom me to any thing ; if death, I take it,

And willingly.
This death I 'll give you for it:

o, now I am satisfied you are no spirit, But my own truest, truest, truest friend: Why do you come thus to me?

Jan. First, to see you; 40

Then to convey you hence.

It cannot be ; For I am lockt up here, and watcht at all hours, That 't is impossible for me to scape, Jasp. Nothing more possible. Within this

cottin

Do you convey yourself. Let me alone, I have the wits of twenty men about me; Only I crave the shelter of your closet.

A little, and then fear me not.1 Creep in, That they may presently convey you hence: **
Fear nothing, dearest love; I'll be your second;
Lyck less down in the Coffin, and

JABPER covers her with the cloth.] Lie close: 2 so; all goes well yet. - Boy !

[Re-enter Boy and Men.]

At hand, sir. Boy. "T is done already.

[Excust Men with the Coffin.] Now must I go conjure. Jusp. Exit [into a Closet].

Enter Merchant [VENTUREWELL].

Vent. Boy, boy!
Boy. Your servant, sir.
Vent. Do me this kindness, boy; (hold, here 's a crown :)

Before then bury the body of this fellow, Carry it to his old merry father, and salute him From me, and bid him sing; he hath cause.8

Boy. I will, sir.

Vent. And then bring me word what tune he

and have another crown; but do it truly. I have fitted him a bargain now will vex him,
Boy. God bless your worship's health, sir!
Vent. Farewell, boy! Exeunt (severally).

(SCENE V.14

Enter MERRYTHOUGHT.

Wife. Ah, old Merrythought, art thou there again? Let's hear some of thy songs.

Mer. [sings.]

Who can sing a merrier note Than he that cannot change a great?

Not a denier left, and yet my heart leaps. I [a do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walk the streets. My wife and both

Feer not for me.
In tiq. this speech is in proce; probably correctly.
A street before Morrythought's house.

my sons are I know not where; I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by meat to supper; yet am I merry still, for I know I shall find it upon the table at six o'clock; therefore, hung thought!

I would not be a serving-ma

To carry the clock-bag* still, Nor would I be a falconer The greedy hawks to fill; But I would be in a good house, And have a good master too.

But I would gat and drink of the best,
And no work would I do.

This is it that keeps life and soul together, mirth; this is the philosopher's stone that they write so much on, that keeps a man ever

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your money is gone, and they will trust you for no more drink.

Mer. Will they not? let 'em choose! The best is, I have mitth at home, and need not is send abroad for that; let them keep their drink to themselves.

For Jillian of Berry, she dwells on a hill, And she hath good beer and ale to sell, And of good fellows she thinks no ill. And thither will we go now, now,

And thither will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay, You need not ask what is to pay. But kiss your hostess, and go your way; And thither will we go new, now, now, And thither will we go now

Enter another Boy.

2 Boy, Sir, I can get no bread for supper. Mer. Hang bread and supper! Let's preserve our mirth, and we shall never feel hunger. [42] I'll warrant you. Let's have a catch; boy, follow me, come sing this catch.

Ho, ho, nobody at home! Meat, nor drink, nor money ha' we none. Fill the pot, Esdy, Nover more need I.

Mer. So, boys; enough. Follow me: let's change our place, and we shall laugh afresh.

Wife. Let him go, George; 'n shall not have any countenance from us, nor a good word from any i' th' company, if I may strike stroke; in 't. Cit. No more 'a sha'not, love. But, Nell, I swill have Ralph do a very notable matter now, to the eternal honour and glory of all grocers.

Sirrah! you there, boy! Can none of you hear?

[Enter Boy.]

Boy. Sir, your pleasure? Cit. Let Ralph come out on May-day in the morning, and speak upon a conduit, with all his

· Portmanteau.

1 Have a my.

made a sect time and ine feathers, and his By ar or to out think if our plat

end will be more of that, "two"

to the same and what become on a I was a seen set as I have an a d as to construct the table to a local section of the table to t the state of the size of the state of the first

the first would remember the four moments on the are the to gay for it. "

(is trong aim away then !

Ers Bur The vill be brave, i furth from and he hance the materia time for the consist of no time!

Ye are etheart, it will be too much for the term of the transfer to a had be a received and the term and the term of the term minungh.

Las Ricon dround as a Mapieri.

Rays Lindon, to thee I do present the more mines of Mar.

Lot sach tree mayor be content to hour me Brand I mad

For from the top of combatt-head, as pinnally

I will with sell my name to you, and wherefure I dame here

My mane . Relph. by due descent though next

The far infering to the flock I of gracious gro-

And by the remains commel of my fellows to the remark.

With gritted stuff and cround scarf, the Mayof twee I stand

Roysee de Emplois hourts, rejoice ! rejoice ok, breeze done !

Reprise th stry, town, and country! rejuice, eko erege alien

For my the fragrant flowers do spring and sprout in owner or

The fittie brade do ut and sing, the lambs do make the spect.

And man the turnion-tree doth had, that makes Combination in

The morre wage while hobby-borne doth foot

The lands and all as now abroad, for their dis-

por and pag. Do kins a cost over open the grass, and somecorner de hay

Now hatter with a leaf of sage is good to purge

My Versa and philebotomy, for they are resident and.

Now little fall in tender stone begin to cast

the star mas And durgish couls that ent were mew'd,4 do

ereop out of their shellies;

1 Of Special Trapeds, 2 1 2 Drice emends to seach.

1 Nestry, experies - Riced Letting - Spawn.

2 Shart np, combaned Sympson emend. Qq mass.

The community rivers now do warm, for little mir a paidle .

The stanty steed him goes to gram, and up they mang itte saddie;

The news hart the bellowing buck, the resual and the pricket,

her new among the proman's peus, and leave

hant be like them, oh, you, I say, of this came Beillie to Willia

Ami litt to fr your velvet heads, and alipping With below bega and napkins clean unto your

absorbers ried.

With starts and garters as you please, and " flor for our town!" cried,

March out, and show your willing minds, by To Bierden or to Newington, where ale and

cases are clearly

And let a ne er he and for shame, that we the much-of London Lay thrumming of our cape 10 at home, and left

me cast un undene. Up, then, I are both young and old, both man

and maid s-meaving With drums, and guns that hounce aloud, and

meer wher playing! Which to presions God save our king, and send

his roughly peaker, Ami rout let treasun from the land I and so, my

friends, I cease.

ACT V

SCENE LI

Enter Merchant VENTURBWELL].

Few. I will have no great store of company as the weiding, a comple of neighbours and there were, and we will have a capun in second be the with marriw, and a good piece of bod stuck with resentary.

Euror Jaspen, his face mealed.

Jerp Fortees thy pains, fund 12 man | it o side was

Vest. Heaven bless me! Jasper! Ay, I am his ghost Janz. When then has injur'd for his constant love. la death that true bearts cannot parted be First know, thy daughter is quite borne away the wings of angels, through the liquid au, To far at of the reach, and never more Will to another world onjoy our loves; Where asither father's anger, poverty. Nor any cross that troubles earthly men, Shall make me wer our united hearts. And never shalt thou sit or be alone

* A loan -horr A bank in his second year Brakes Section for the description or tofte out a cap. (Murch.) Pages

ing Mercenan is the house of Venturewell. P Foots

In any place, but I will visit thee
With ghastly looks, and put into thy mind
The great offences which thou didst to me.
When thou art at thy table with thy friends,
Merry in heart, and fill'd with swelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth, so

Invisible to all men but thyself,
And whisper such a sad tale in thine car
Shall make thee'let the cup fall from thy hand,
And stand as mute and pale as death itself.

Vent. Forgive me, Jasper! Oh, what might I do,

Tell me, to satisfy thy troubled ghost?

Juan. There is no means; too late thou

think'st of this. But tell me what were best for me to

do? Jasp. Rep Repent thy deed, and satisfy my

And beat foud Humphrey out of thy doors.

Wife. Look, George; his very ghost would have folks beaten.

Enter HUMPHREY.

Hum. Father, my bride is gone, fair Mistress

My soul's the fount of vengeance, mischief's eluice.

Vent. Hence, fool, out of my sight with thy fond passion !

Thou hast undone me. Hold, my father dear, [Beats him.] For Luce thy daughter's sake, that had no

Vent. Thy father, fool ! There's some blows more; begone .-[Beats him.] Jasper, I hope thy ghost be well appeared To see thy will perform'd. Now will I go as To satisfy thy father for thy wrongs. Exit.

Hum. What shall I do? I have been beaten

And Mistress Luce is gone. Help me, device I Since my true love is gone, I never more, Whilst I do live, upon the sky will pure; Dut in the dark will wear out my shoe-soles In passion I in Saint Faith's church under

Paul's.

Wife. George, call Ralph hither; if you love me, call Ralph hither: I have the bravest thing for him to do, George; prithee, call him quickly. George, call Ralph hither; if you love Cit. Ralph ! why, Ralph, boy !

Enter RALPH.

Rulph. Here, sir. Cet. Come hither, Ralph; come to thy mis-Cit.

trees, boy.
Wife, Ralph, I would have thee call all [so the youths together in battle-ray, with drums, and guns, and thugs, and march to Mile-End in beards from burning, Ralph; and then skir-[ss

1 Sorrow, melancholy. 1 Magnificent. mish, and let your flage fly, and cry, "Kill, kill, kill." My husband shall lend you his jerkin, Ralph, and there's a scarf; for the rest, the house shall furnish you, and we'll pay for 't. Do it bravely, Ralph; and think before [whom you perform, and what person you re-

Halph, I warrant you, mistress; if I do it not for the honour of the city and the credit of my master, let me never hope for free- in

Wife. 'Tis well spoken, i' faith. Go thy ways; thou art a spark indeed. Cit. Ralph, Ralph, double your files bravely.

Ralph!

Rulph. I warrant you, sir. Cit. Let him look uarrowly to his service; a shall take him else. I was there myself a pikeman once, in the hottest of the day, wench; had my feather shot sheer nway, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate a broken with a scouring-stick, and yet, I thank

God, I am here.

Wife. Hark, George, the drums!

Cu. Ran, tan, tan, tan; ran, tan! Oh, wench, an thou hadst but seen little Ned of Aldgate, by Drum Ned, how he made it roar again, and Irrin Ned, how he made it rost again, and laid on like a tyrant, and then struck softly till the ward 5 came up, and then thund'red again, and together we go ! "Sa, sa, sa, bounce!" [96 quoth the guns; "Courage, my hearts!" quoth the pikemen; and withal, here they lay, and there they lay; and yet for all this I am here, wench.

Wife. Be thankful for it, George; for indeed

't is wonderful.

[SCENE II.] 6

Enter RALPH and Company of Soldiers (among whom are William HAMMERION, and GEORGE GREENGOOSE), with drums and

Rulph. March fair, my hearts! Lientenant, beat the rear up. — Ancient, let your colours fly; but have a great care of the butchers! hooks at Whitechapel; they have been the death of many a fair ancient. — Open your [s files, that I may take a view both of your persons and munition. — Sergeant, call a muster.

Sorg. A stand! — William Hammerton, pew-

terer!

Ham. Here, captain!
Ralph. A corselet and a Spanish pike; 't is well: can you shake it with a terror?
Ham. I hope so, captain.

Raiph, Charge upon me. [He charges on RALPH.] - Tis with the weakest: put more [st strength, William Hammerton, more strength.
As you were again! - Proceed, Sergeant.
Serg. George Greengoose, poulterer!

I. e. full membership in his Company.

Rannod
Guard (Moorman); regiment (Murch),
A street cand afterwards Mile-End).
Ensign (the flag or its bearer).

Green. Here! Rulph. Let me see your piece, neighbour [so

Greengoose: when was she shot in?
Green. An't like you, master captain, I made shot even now, partly to acour her, and partly

for audacity.

Ralph. It should seem so certainly, for her [25] breath is yet inflamed; besides, there is a mainand I tell you moreover, and believe it, ten such touch-holes would breed the pox in the army. Get you a feather, neighbour get you for feather, sweet oil, and paper, and your piece may do well enough yet. Where 's your powder?

Green. Here. Rulph. What, in a paper! As I am a soldier and a gentleman, it craves a martial court! (45)
You ought to die for 't. Where 's your horn?

Answer me to that.

Green. An't like you, sir, I was oblivious.
Rulph. It like sme not you should be so; 't is a shame for you, and a scandal to all our | or neighbours, being a man of worth and estimaneighbours, being a man of worth and estima-tion, to leave your horn behind you. I am afraid 't will breed example. But let me tell you no more on 't.— Stand, till I view you all. What 's become o' th' nest of your flosk?

with powder.

Ralph. Put on a new one at the city's charge.

Where 's the stone' of this piece?

2 Sold. The drummer took it out to light [so

tobacco.

tobacco, Ralph, 'T is a fault, my friend; put it in again. You want a nose, —and you a stone. Sergeant, take a note on 't, for I mean to stop it in the pay. —Remove, and march! (They is march! Soft and fair, gentlemen, soft and fair! Double your files! As you were! Faces about! Now, you with the sodden face, keep in there! Look to your match, sirrah, it will be in your fallow's flock anon. So: make a creacent now: '60 fellow's flask anon. So; make a crescent now : [60 mivance your pikes : stand and give ear! -Gentlemen, countrymen, friends, and my fellow-soldiers. I have brought you this day, from the shops of security and the counters of content, to measure out in these furious fields honour by [the ell, and prowess by the pound. Let it not, oh, let it not, I say, be told herenfter, the noble issue of this city fainted; but bear yourselves in this fair action like men, valuant men, and free men! Fear not the face of the enemy. 10 nor the noise of the guns, for, believe me, brethren, the rude rumbling of a brewer's car is far more terrible, of which you have a daily experience; neither let the stink of powder offend you, since a more valiant stink is nightly with To a resolved mind his home is every-where:

speak not this to take away

The hope of your return; for you shall see I do not doubt it) and that very shortly Your loving wives again and your sweet children.

Whose care doth bear you company in baskets.

| Musket 2 Serious. a Plint 4 Bloated.

Remember, then, whose cause you have in hand, And, like a sort 6 of true-born seavengers, Scour me this famous realm of encures I have no more to say but this: stand to your tacklings, lade, and show to the world you can Saint George, and on, my hearts!

All. Saint George, Saint George! Exeust.

Wife. Twas well done, Ralph! I'll send thee a cold capon a field and a bottle of March beer, and, it may be, come myself to see thee.

Cit. Nell, the boy has deceived me much; I

did not think it had been in him. He has leperformed such a matter, wench, that, if I have next year I 'll have him captain of the galley-foist or I 'll want my will.

[SCENE III.] Enter MERRYTHOUGHT.

Mer. Yet, I thank God. I break not a wrinkle more than I had. Not a strap, boys 'Care, live with cars: I defy thee! My heart is a sound as an oak; and though I want druk to wet my whistle, I can sing:

[Sings.]

Come no more there, boys, come no more there. For we shall never whilst we live come any more there.

Enter Boy, and two Men with a Coffin.

Boy. God save you, sir !

Mer. It's a brave boy. Caust thou sing?
Boy. Yes, sir, I can sing; but 't is not so !" necessary at this time. Mer. | sings.]

Sing we, and chant it; Whilst love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to !! Mer. [sings.]

Oh the Mimon round, Full long, long I have thee soughs, And now I have thee found, And what hast thou here brought?

Boy. A coffin, sir, and your dead son Juster it. [Exet with Mon., Mer. Dead! | bango.

Why, farewell he! Thou wast a houny boy, And I did love thee.

Enter JABPKIL

Jusp. Then, I pray you, sir, do so still Mer. Jasper's ghost!

Thou art welcome from Stygian lake so soon; Declars to me what wondrous things in Plato's comare done.

Jasp. By my troth, sir, I ne'ar came there, 't is too hot for me, sir.

Mer. A merry ghost, a very merry ghost!

And where is your true love? Oh, where to visure "

Band. Wespons The Lar. A room in Merrythought's house. The Lord Mayor's turpe Jasp. Marry, look you, sir! Heaves up coffin. at that, i faith? Mer. Ah, ha! art thou good at that, i [Sings.]

With hey, trixy, teriery-whiskin, The world it runs on wheels: When the young man's —— ,¹ Up goes the maiden's heels.

MRS. MERRYTHOUGHT and MICHAEL within.

Mest. Mer. [within.] What, Master Merry-thought! will you not let's in? What do you think shall become of us?

Mer. [sings.]

What voice is that, that calleth at our door.

Mid. Mer. [within.] You know me well as enough; I am sure I have not been such a Mer. [sings.]

And some they whistled, and some they sung,
Hey, down, down!
And some did loadly say,
Ever as the Lord Barnet's horn blow,
Away, Musgrave, away!

Mist. Mer. [within.] You will not have us starve here, will you, Master Merrythought? p. Nay, good sir, be persuaded; she is my mother. Jasp.

If her offences have been great against you, Let your own love remember she is yours,

And so forgive her

Good Master Merrythought, Let me entreat you; I will not be denied.

Mist. Mer. [within.] Why. Master Merry-[60]

thought, will you be a vext thing still?

Mer. Woman, I take you to my love again;

but you shall sing before you enter; therefore

but you shall ang before you enter; therefore despatch your song and so come in.

Mist. Mer. [within.] Well, you must have [ss your will, when all 's done. — Mick, what song cause thou sing, hoy?

Mich. [within.] I can sing none, forsooth, but A Lady's Daughter, of Paris properly.

Mist. Mer. [Song.]

It was a lady's daughter, &c.

MERRYTHOUGHT opens the Door; enter Mis-THESE MERRYTHOUGHT and MICHAEL.

Mer. Come, you're welcome home again. [Sings.]

If such danger be in playing, And jest must to earnest turn, You shall go no more a maying --

Vent. (within.) Are you within, sit? Master |n Mercythought I

Jasp. It is my master's voice! Good sir, go hold him

In talk, whilst we convey ourselves into

Mer. What are you? Are you merry?

You must be very merry, if you enter.

Vent. [within.] I am, sir.

Mer. Sing. then.

Vent. [within.] Nay, good sir, open to me. Vent. iscithin.) Nay, good sir, open to me.

Mer. Sing, I say, or, by the merry heart, you
come not in!

1 So printed in Qq.

Vent. [within.] Well, sir, I'll sing. [Sings.] Fortune, my foe, &c.

[MERRYTHOUGHT opens the Door : Enter VEN-TUREWELL.

Mer. You are welcome, sir, you are welcome: you see your entertainment; pray you, be merry.

Vent. Oh, Master Merrythought, I'm come to ask you Forgiveness for the wrongs I offered you And your most virtuous son! They're infinite; Yet my contrition shall be more than they : I do confess my hardness broke his heart, so For which just Heaven hath given me punishment

More than my age can carry. His wand'ring

spirit,

Not yet at rest, pursues me every where. Crying, "I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty." My daughter, she is gone, I know not how, to Taken invisible, and whether living Or in [the] grave, 't is yet uncertain to me. Oh, Master Merrythought, these are the

weights

Will sink me to my grave! Forgive me, sir, Mer. Why, sir, I do forgive you; and be merry And if the wag in 's lifetime play'd the knave.

Can you forgive him too?

With all my heart, sir. Mer. Speak it again, and heartly.

Vent. Now, by my soul, I do.

Re-enter LUCE and JASPEH.

Mer. [nings.]

With that came out his parameur; She was as white as the his flower; Hey, troul, troly, jolly! With that came out her own dear knight; 110 He was as true as ever did fight, &c.

Sir, if you will forgive him, clap their hands (us together; there is no more to be said i'th' Went. I do, I do,

Cit. I do not like this. Peace, boys! Hear me, one of you! Every body's part is come to an end but Kalph's, and he's left out. Boy. 'T is long of yourself, air; we have

nothing to do with his part.

Cit. Ralph, come away! -- Make (an end) 2 on him, as you have done of the rest, boys: Wife. Now, good husband, let him come out

and die.

Cit. He shall, Nell. — Ralph, come away quickly, and die, hoy!

Bay. 'T will be very unfit he should die, sir,

upon no occasion - and in a consedy too.

Cit. Take you no care of that, sir boy not his part at an end, think you, when he dead? - Come away, Ralph!

* Qq. omit. Added in Ed. of 1778.

Enter RALPH, with a forked Arrow through his Head.

Rulph. When I was mortal, this my costive согря Did lap up figs and raisins in the Strand;

Where sitting, I espi'd a lovely dame,
Whose muster wrought with lingel 1 and with

And underground he vamped many a boot, 160 Straight did her love prick forth me, tender

To follow feats of arms in warlike wise Through Waltham-desert; where I did per-

form Many achievements, and did lay on ground Huge Barbaroso, that insulting giant, And all his captives soon set at liberty.
Then honour prickt me from my native soil
Into Moldavia, where I gain'd the love
Of Pompiona, his beloved daughter;
But yer provid constant to the black thumb'd maid

Susan, and scorned Pompiona's love; Yet liberal I was, and gave her pins, And money for her father's officers. I then returned home, and thrust myself I then returned home, and thrust myself
In action, and by all men chosen was
Lord of the May, where I did flourish it,
With scarfs and rings, and posy in my hand.
After this action I preferred was.
And chosen city-captain at Mile-End,
With hat and feather, and with leading-staff,
And train'd my men, and brought them all off clear,

Save one man that beray'd him a with the noise.

But all these things I Ralph did undertake Only for my beloved Sasan's sake. Then coming home, and sitting in my shop With appen blue, Death came into my stall To cheapen ' aqua vitue; but ere I ('ould take the bottle down and fill a taste, Death caught a pound of pepper in his hand, And sprinkled all my face and body o'er, 170 And in an instant vanished away.

Cit. 'T is a pretty fiction, i' faith.

Ralph. Then took I up my bow and shaft in hand,

And walkt into Moorfields to cool myself; But there grim cruel Death met me again, And ahot this forked arrow through my head;

Shoemaker's thread.
Batun. Befouled himself. 4 Ask the price of, bargain for.

And now I faint; therefore be warn'd by me. My fellows every one, of forked heads . Farewell, all you good boys in merry Londan!

Ne'er shall we more upon Shrove-Tuesday

meet,
And pluck down houses of iniquity;
My pain increaseth I shall never more Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs, Nor daub a satin gown with rotten eggs. Set up a stake, oh, never more I shall! I die! fly, fly, my sonl, to Grocers' Hall! Oh, oh, oh, &c.5

Wife. Well said, Ralph! do your obeisance to the gentlemen, and go your ways: well said, Rulph!

RALPH [rises, makes obeisance and]

Mer. Methinks all we, thus kindly and unespectedly reconciled, should not depurt ' without a song.

Vent. A good motion. Mer. Strike up, then!

Better music ne'er was known Than a choir of hearts it one. Let each other, that hath been Troubled with the gall or splean Learn of us to keep his brow Beart of us to seep ine orow:
Smooth and plain, as ours are now:
Whey, ho, 't's nought but murth
That keeps the body from the earth!"

EPILOGUS.

Cit. Come, Nell, shall we go? The play's

done.

Wife. Nay, by my faith, George, I have more manners than so; I'll speak to these generation of the second states. your patience and countenance to Kalph, a poor your patience and countenance to Kalph, a pour fatherless child; and if I might see you at my house, it should go hard but I would have a pottle of wine and a pipe of tobacco for you for, truly, I hope you do like the youth but of I would be glad to know the truth; I refer to your own discretions, whether you will applaul him or no; for I will wink, and whilst you shall do what you will. I thank you with all my heart ford give you good night!— Come heart. God give you good night! - Come George.

As the London prentices did on Shrove Tuesday, 4 Cf. the speech of Andrea's Ghost in The Speech Tragedy, 1. 1., many lines of which are here parades!

Park.

Meanwhile.

PHILASTER

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING

RV

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

or Sichy.

Heir to the Crown.

Prince of Spain. P. | Noble Gentleman, his amodiates aptain. Fallow.

Two Woodmen. The King's Guard and Train.

ARETHUSA, Daughter of the King. RUPHEADIA, Daughter of Dion, but disquised like a Page and called Bellanto.
Magna, a lasticious Lady.
Galarra, a wise, modest Lady attending the Princess.
Two other Ladies.

SCENE. - Sicily.] 1

ACT I SCENE I.2

DION, CLEREMONT, and TERASILINE.

Here 's nor lords nor ladies,

Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. eiv'd strict charge from the King to here; besides, it was boldly published ficer should forbid any gentleman [s

and to attend and hear. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish Prince

ome to marry our kingdom's heir and

Many that will seem to know much poke not on him like a maid in love. Faith, sir, the multitude, that seldom y thing but their own opinions, speak y would have; but the prince, be [b] own approach, receiv'd so many confi-sages from the state, that I think she 's

to be rul'd. it is thought, with her he shall en-these kingdoms of Smily and Calabria. Sir, it is without controversy so in But twill be a troublesome labour for njoy both these kingdoms with safety, their to one of them living, and living asly: especially, the people admir-[a

Who Philaster? Yes; whose father, we all know, was late King of Calabria unrighteously [so from his fruitful Sicily, Myself drew list is taken with slight changes from Q. Q.

some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why. Philaster being heir to one [4] of these kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir. it seems your nature is more constant than to inquire after state-news. But the King, of late, made a hazard of both the less kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster; at which the city was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleas'd and swithout a guard: at which they threw their hats and their arms from them; some to make boulires, some to drink, all for his deliverance; which wise men say is the cause the King In-bours to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with.

Enter GALATEA, a Lady, and MEGBA.

Thra. See, the ladies! What's the first? Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough and ill-favour'dly dance her measure; simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Faith, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes; she'll cog and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break. Her name is common through the kingdom and the trocommon through the kingdom, and the tro-

esence chamber in the palace.

2 Chest.

phies of her dishonour advanced beyond Her-cules' Pillars. She loves to try the several con-stitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body by making experiment upon it for the good of the com- [70

monwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

Meg. Peace, if you love me! You shall see those
gentlemen stand their ground and not court us.

Gal. What if they should?

La. What if they should!

La. What if they should!

Meg. Nay, let her alone. — What if they should! Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad. What foreigner would do so? [7] It writes them directly untravell'd. Gal. Why, what if they be?

Gal. Why, what if the La. What if they be!

Meg. Good madam, let her go on, — What if they be! Why, if they be, I will justify, [st they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg 1 nor say "Excuse me." Gal. Ha, ha, ha!

M.g. Do you laugh, madam? Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies! Meg. Then you must sit beside us,

Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady. Meg. Near me, perhaps; but there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

La. Methinks he 's not so strange; he would

quickly be acquainted.

Thra. Peace, the King !

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUNA, and Train.

King. To give a stronger testimony of love Than sickly promises which commonly In princes find both birth and burial In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy

To make your fair endearments to our daugh-

ter. And worthy services known to our subjects, Now lov'd and wondered at; next, our intent To plant you deeply our immediate heir 103 Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady, The best part of your life, as you confirm me, And I believe, though her few years and sex Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,

Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge

Only of what herself is to herself, Make her feel moderate health; and when she

Blooms, In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams. Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts, That must mould up a virgin, are put on To show her so, as borrowed ornaments To speak her perfect love to you, or add An artificial shadow to her nature. -No, sir: I boldly dare proclaim her yet No woman. But woo her still, and think her

modesty A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.

Last, noble son (for so I now must call you), What I have done thus public, is not only To add a comfort in particular To you or me, but all; and to confirm

The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms

Within this month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 't is at best, 't will be but half
done, whilst

So brave a gentleman is wrong'd and flung of ... Thra, I fear. C'le. Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I feet tuo.

Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, matres, 1 take leave

To thank your royal father; and thus far To be my own free trumpet. Understand, Great King, and these your subjects, mine that

must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, air,
And so deserving I dare speak myself,)
To what a person, of what eminence, Ripe expectation, of what faculties

Manners and virtues, you would wed your bue doms:

You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country' By more than all the gods. I hold it happy. Happy in their dear memories that have Kings great and good; happy in yours that w; And from you cas a chronicle to keep Your noble name from eating age: do I Opine myself most happy Gentlemen, Opine myself most happy Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word.
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded and obsyect.
But through the travails of my life 1'll finds.
And tie it to this country. By all the gods,
My reign shall be so easy to the subject.
That every man shall be his prince himself.
And his aven law yet I his prince and less And his own law - yet I his prince and law. And dearest lady, to your dearest welf (Dear in the choice of him whose name and in

tine Must make you more and mightier let me as You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet pu

You shall enjoy a man of men to be Your servant; you shall make him yours, ie whom

Great queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous!

Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, less nothing but a large inventory of his own con

mendations.

Dian, I wonder what's his price; for setainly

He 'Il sell himself, he has so prais'd his shape

Enter PHILASTER.

re comes one more worthy those large

peeches, to large speaker of them, be swallowed quick, if I can find, he anatomy of you man's virtues. w sound enough to promise for him, I be constable. By this sun, er make king unless it be of trifles, por judgment. [kneeling. | Right noble sir, as low as my

melianen

th a heart as loyal as my knee, our favour.

Rise; you have it, sir. PHILASTEB rises.] Mark but the King, how pale he looks le fears!

anme whorson conscience, how it jades

Speak your intents, sir.

Shall I speak 'em freely? 100 my royal sovereign.

you freedom.

Now it heats.

Then thus I turn uage to you, prince; you, foreign man! are nor put on wonder, for you must me, and you shall. This earth you tread tion

y, as you hope, with this fair princess), dead father (oh, I had a father, memory I bow to!) was not left inheritance, and I up and living myself about me and my sword, bof all my name and memories, irms and some few friends beside the

to calmly with it, and ait still "I might have been." I tell thee,

aramond, ou art king, look I be dead and rot-

hame ashes: 1 for, hear me, Pharamond!

y ground thou goest on, this fat earth, for's friends made fertile with their Stha, that day of shame shall gape and swal-

d thy nation, like a hungry grave, no hidden bowels. Prince, it shall: inst gods, it shall! He's unad; beyond cure, mad. Here is a fellow has some fire in's

andish prince looks like a tooth-drawer. Sir Prince of popinjays, I'll make it

to you I am not mad. You displease us:

No, sir, I am too tame, h a turtle, a thing born without pas-Hills

1 Q, and Q, insert of I.

A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud Sails over, and makes nothing.

I do not fancy this. 200 Call our physicians; sure, he's somewhat tainted.2

Thra. I do not think 't will prove so. Dion. H'us given him a general purge already,

For all the right he has; and now he means To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen: no By heaven, I'll run his hazard.
Although I run my name out of the kingdom!
Cle. Pence, we are all one soul.

Pha. What you have seen in me to stir offence I cannot find, unless it be this lady,

Offer'd into mine arms with the succession; Which I must keep, (though it hath pleas'd

your fury To mutiny within you,) without disputing Your genealogies, or taking knowledge Whose branch you are. The King will leave it

And I dure make it mine. You have your an-

Phr. If thou wert sole inheritor to him That made the world his, and couldst see no SHE

Shine upon any thing but thine; were Pharumond

As truly valiant as I feel him cold. And ring'd amongst the chorcest of his friends (Such as would blush to talk such serious follies, Or back such bellied * commendations),

And from this presence, spite of all these bugs. You should hear further from me. King. Sir, you wrong the prince; I gave you

not this freedom To brave our best friends. You deserve our

frown,

Go to; he better temper'd.

Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler us'd.

Gal. Ladies. This would have been a pattern of succession. a Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life, He is the worthiest the true name of man

This day within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge; But the other is the man set in mine eye. Oh, 't is a prince of wax! ?

Gal. A dog it is,4

King. Philaster, tell me The injuries you aim at " in your riddles. Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance, My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes, My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,

My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at. Dare you be still my king, and right me not? King. Give me your wrongs in private.

2 Unbalanced in mind.

I. s Alexander the Great. Swollen. Q1 and Q2 belied. 4 To succeeding kings.

Bugbears.

7 A model prince

The phrase, a dog of war, is used elsewhere in a
contemptuous sense, but has not been explained.

Refer to.

Take them, Phi. And case me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

They whisper.

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him; there's danger in 't. Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their actions [170 through : men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view you stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true tenant. If he give not back his 1250 crown again upon the report of an elder-gun, I have no angury.

King, Go to; Remore yourself, as you respect our favour; and You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know, That y' are and shall be, at our pleasure, what Fushion we will put upon you. Smooth your

brow,

Or by the gods —— Phi. I am dead, sir; y' are my fate. It was

not I
Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak for-

tones. Who dares in all this presence speak, (that is But man of flesh, and may be mortal,) tell me I do not most entirely love this prince, And honour his full virtues!

King. Sure, he 's possess'd. 20 Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit. It's here, () King,

A dangerous spirit! Now he tells me, King, I was a king's heir, bids me be a king, And whispers to me, these are all my subjects. 'T is strange he will not let me sleep, but dives Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes That kneel and do me service, cry me king, But I 'll suppress him; he is a factious spirit, And will undo me. - [To Phar.] Noble sir,

your hand;

I am your servant. King. Away! I do not like this: ...
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of your life and spirit. For this time I pardon your wild speech, without so much As your imprisonment.

Exeunt King, Pharamond, Are-thusa [and Train].

Dion. I thank you, sir; you dare not for the Gal. Ladie

brave fellow? what think you now of this

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand. But eye you stranger: is he not a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely! They do the rarest flome last things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Gods comfort your poor head-piece, lady! 'T is a weak one, and had need of a nightcap. Exeunt Ladies, as

Dion. See, how his fancy labours! not

Spoke home and bravely? What a dam train

Did he give fire to! How he shook the & Made his soul melt within him, and his Run into whey! It stood upon his brow Like a cold winter dew.

Gentlemen, You have no suit to me? I am no minic You stand, methinks, like men that we courtiers

If I 'could well be flatter'd at a price. Not to undo your children. You're all be Go, get you home again, and make you

try A virtuous court, to which your gree

In their diseased age, retire and live rec Cle. How do you, worthy sir? Phi. Well, ver

And so well that, if the King please you I may live many years. Dion. The King must please.

Whilst we know what you are and who ! Your wrongs and virtues. Shrink note

But add your father to you; in whose a We'll waken all the gods, and conjur-The rods of vengeance, the abused peop Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell And so begint the dens of these nucleals. That, through the atrongest asfety, the

For mercy at your sword's point,

Our cars may be corrupted; t is an age We dure not trust our wills to. Do me?

Thra. Do we love Heaven and Honose Phi. My Lord Dion, you had A virtuous gentlewoman call'd you fad Isshe yet alive?

Most honour'd zir, she

Most honour'd sir, she Dion. And, for the penance but of an idle dre-Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage,

Enter a Lady

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these gen

you come?

Lady. To you, brave lord; the prince entreat

Your present company.

Phi. The princess send for me! You

taken.

Lady. If you be called Philaster. 'tichen.

Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will

[Eri-

Dion. Do you know what you do? Phi. Yes; go to see a woman. Cle. But do you weigh the danger;

in?
Phi. Danger in a sweet face! By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman!

Mason conj. Qq. F. you. 11 you could f
without ruining your families loy antagonising
 Q_i. Other edd. injuries.

Ostentation, swagger.
Probably corrupt. Q. Iruani. Mod. edd. conjecture tyrunt; recreant; in a true tertian.

Thra. But are you sure it was the princess sent?

It may be some foul train to catch your life. Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she snoble. Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red And white friends in her cheeks may steal my soul out;

There is all the danger in 't'. But, be what may, Her single I name bath arm'd me. Exit.

And be as truly happy as thou 'rt fearless!-Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,

Lest the King prove false.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.19

Enter ARETHUBA and a Lady.

Are. Comes he not?

Madam? Lady. Will Philaster come? 1rr. Lady. Dear madam, you were wont to credit me

At first. .1re. But didst thou tell me so? I am forgetful, and my woman's strength About my marriage, that these under-things Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.

How look the when he told thee he would come?

Lady. Why, well.

Are. And not a little fearful?

Lady. Fear, madam! Sure, he knows not

what it is,

Are. You all are of his faction; the whole

court Is bold in praise of him; whilst I May live neglected, and do noble things, As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But, I know he fears.
Lady. Fear, madam! Methought, his looks
hid more

Of love than fear.
Of love! To whom? To you? Did you deliver those plain words I sent, With such a winning gesture and quick look That you have caught him?

Lady. Madam, I mean to y Are. (M love to me! Alas, thy ignorance Lots thee not see the crosses of our births! Nature, that loves not to be questioned. Madam, I mean to you. Why she did this or that, but has her ends, And knows she does well, never gave the world Two things so opposite, so contrary
As he and I am: if a bowl of blood
Deawn from this arm of mine would poison

thee,

A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me! Ludy. Madam, I think I hear him.

Bring him in. [Exit Lady.] Irr. your dooms withstood,

These holy wisdoms at this time it is o make the passion of a feeble maid The way unto your justice, I obey.

[Re]-enter [Lady with] PHILASTER.

Lady. Here is my Lord Philaster Oh, 't is well. [Evit Lady.] Withdraw yourself.

Phi. Madam, your messenger Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me. Are. 'T is true, Philaster; but the words are such

I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you
known

That I have aught detracted from your worth? Have I in person wrong'd you, or have act My baser instruments to throw disgrace

Upon your virtues? Never, madam. you. Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,

Injure a princess, and a scandal lay

Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great. Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak

will be Foolish: but, for your fair and virtuous self,

could afford myself to have no right To any thing you wish'd. Philaster, know, " . Inc.

I must enjoy these kingdoms.

Phi.

Madam, both?

Are. Both, or I die: by hoaven, I die, Phil-

aster,

If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life; Yet would be loth to have posterity Find in our stories, that Philaster gave His right unto a sceptre and a crown To save a lady's longing.

Are.
I must and will have them, and more ...
What more ! Nay, then, hear:

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

Phi. Madam, what more?

Arc.

Turn, then, away thy face.

Phi. No.
Arc. Do.
Phi. I can endure it. Turn away my face!

I never yet saw enemy that bookt
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk 5 as he; or spake
So horrible, but that I thought my tongue Bore thunder underneath, as much as his; a Nor beast that I could turn from. Shall I then Begin to fear sweet sounds? A lady's vorce, Whom I do love? Say you would have my life; Why, I will give it you; for 't is of me A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask Of so poor use, that I shall make no price: If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

Arc. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks. Pht. I do. Arc. Then know, I must have them and thee.

Phi. And me?

3 Mere.

I Arethusa's apartment in the palace.

² A fabulous serpent that killed with a glance.

- 123 000

*sapect ... TO YOU! truen you

ar 'mdy shot . " more strength and

t is the gods, an and surv, our love to better blest, of the gods leave, and kiss;

'T will be ill

'T is true; and worse How shall we devise and that our true loves, may agree

I have a boy, h code I hope, to this intent, in the court. Hunting the buck, m setting by a fountain's side, berrow'd some to quench his thirst, he grouph again as much in tears. to him by, made by himself was a retal flowers bred in the vale, that mystic order that the rareness and one but ever when he turn'd ke eyes upon 'em, he would weep, the myster again. and pretty helples innocence
to he face, I ask'd him all his story,
the hard his parents gentle died,
the glant to the mercy of the fields,

Which give him roots; and of the crystal aprings, Weath did not stop their courses; and the sun, Weath still, he thank'd him, yielded him his

light. hon took he up his garland, and did show What every flower, as country-people hold, that equity, and how all, ordered thus, haprost his grief; and, to my thoughts, did

Linear I'm muttinst lecture of his country-art

1 Suspicious.

That could be wisht: so that methought I could

Mave studied it. I gladly entertain'd lim, who was glad to follow, and have get The trustiest, loving st, and the gentlest boy of That ever master kept. Him will I send To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Are. 'T is well; no more.

Re-enter Lady.

Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with your self?
Phi. Why, that which all the gods have pointed out for me.

Irr. Dear, hide thyself.

Bring in the prince.

Phi. Hide me from Pharament When thunder speaks, which is the voice of

God, Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not: 38 And shall a stranger-prince have leave to brag Unto a foreign nation, that he made Philaster hide himself?

Ire. Phi. Though it should skeep for ever to the

It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.
Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way

In what he says; for he is apt to speak What you are loth to hear. For my onke, do.

[Re]-enter [Lady with] PHARAMOND.

Pho. My princely mistress, as true lover ought, [Et ad., I come to kiss these fair hands, and to show, In outward ceremonies, the dear love

Writ in my heart.

I'hi. If I shall have an answer no directlis.

I am gone.

Pha. To what would be have answer?

Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the King
Phi. Good air, do so still; I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter. Do but offer To make mention of right to any kingdom, Though it be source habitable

Good sir, let me p.

Phi. Good or, let a
Pha. And by the gods — Good or, let a
Phi. Peace, Pharamond! if thee Are. Leave us, Philaster.
Phi. I have done. [Goin
Phi. The good of the Heaven I'll Phi. You are gone! by Heaven I'll fold

you back. Phi. You shall not need. Returning.

Thi. Know, Pharament, I loathe to brawl with such a blast as then.
Who art nought but a valiant voice; but if Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall RBY,

Thou wert, and not lament it.

Do you slight w tues so, and in the chamber of oess?

t is a place to which I must confess reverence; but were 't the church, us he altar, there 's no place so safe, thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill

your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp your greatness thus, thus into nothing. a word, not a word back ! Farewell.

T is an odd fellow, madam; we must ath with some office when we are

on were best make him your controller. I think he would discharge it well. But,

er hearts are knit; but yet so slow moures of state are, that 't will be

ar hands be so. If then you please, need in heart, let us not wait ming form, but take a little stolen and so prevent! our joys to come.

I you dare speak such thoughts,
ithdraw in honour.

E. Exit. The constitution of my body will never till the wedding; I must seek else-Erit. | 205

ACT II

SCHNE L2

fer PHILASTER and BELLARIO.

and thou shalt find her honourable.

gard unto thy tender youth, own modesty; and, for my sake, give than thou wilt be to ask,

Sir, you did take me up was nothing; and only yet am some-

yours. You trusted me unknown; which you were apt to conster a innocence in me, perhaps
we been craft, the cunning of a boy
in lies and theft: yet ventur'd you
my miseries and me: for which, in expect to serve a lady in expect to serve a many more than you.

lat, boy, it will prefer thee. young, est a childish overflowing love

that clap thy cheeks and speak thee thy judgment comes to rule those

tions. R remember best those careful friends d thee in the noblest way of life. rincess I prefer thee to.

2 An apartment in the palace. interpret. . Advance.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world.

never knew a man hasty to part Mith a servant he thought trusty. I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.
Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In they helpeviour.

I'm. Why, gent In thy behaviour.

In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault in ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand so

For once. What master holds so strict a hand so Over his boy, that he will part with him Without one warning? Let me be corrected To break my stubbornness, if it be so, Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend. Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay, That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee. Alas, I do not turn thee off! Thou knowest It is my business that doth call thee hence; And when them are with her thom dwell'st And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st

with me,
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full, so
That then hast well discharg 'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will!
Nay, weep not, gentle boy. 'T is more than
time
Than diller.

Thou didst attend the princess.

I am gone. se But since I am to part with you, my lord, And none knows whether I shall live to do More service for you, take this little prayer: Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!

May sick men, if they have your wish, be well; And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be Exit

one! Exit strange; I have read wonders of it: yet this boy

For my sake (if a man may judge by looks And speech) would out-do story. I may see A day to pay him for his loyalty.

[SCENE II.]6

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? That. Why should these ladies stay so long r They must come this way. I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother's sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest' now, I were [s in a fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and, in my conscience, 't is not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies!

Enter GALATEA.

Here 's one bolted; I'll hound at her. - Madam! Gal. Your grace !

A gallery in the palace.
In charge of the maids of honor.

! Chaste.

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Not to me, sir. 11 Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand—
Gal. You'll be forsworn, sir; 't is but an old

glove.

If you will talk at distance, I am for you:
But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not
brsg;
These two I bar;
And then, I think, I shall have sense enough
To answer all the weighty apophthegus

Your royal blood shall manage.

Pha. Dear lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repeutance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, air, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair covers; and this face has [a been so far from being dear to any, that it ne er cost penny painting; and, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous mercer's

wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so; would you or I could help it!

[Pha. You're very dangerous bitter, like a

potion.

Gal. No. sir, I do not mean to purge you, though

I mean to purge a little time on you. | 2 Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give No more respect to men of my full being? Gal. Full being! I understand you not, anless your grace means growing to futness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, | 40 prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white wine brewed with carduus, then fast till supper; about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a

and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller: 'but, of all, your grace must fly phle- le botomy, 'b fresh pork, conger, 'b and clarified whey; they are all duller of the vital spirits. Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while. Gal. 'T is very true, sir; I talk of you. Pha. [Aside.] This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 't will be rare to stir up a leaden appetite. She's a Danaë, and must be courted in a shower of gold.—Madam, look here; all these, and more than these, and more than -

Gal. What have you there, my lord? Gold! now, as I live, 't is fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages. You could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver and keep your gold for you. .

Pha. Lady, lady! Gal. She's coming, sir, behind, will take

white money,

Aside. Yet for all this I'll match ye.

Exit behind the hangings. Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even [#

2 Only in Q1.

Note of indebtedness.
A kind of thistle used as a medicine.
Cross-bow.
Blood letting. · Conger-eal.

hang up our harps. Ten such camphire constitutions as this would call the gulden acagain in question, and teach the old way for every ill-fac d husband toget his own children. and what a mischief that would breed, let all consider !

Enter MEGRA.

Here 's another: if she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her ou .- Many fair morning

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days
Fair, sweet and hopeful to your grace!

Pha. [Aside.] She gives good words yet; sur-

this wench is free. -If your more serious business do not call you.

Let me hold quarter with you; we will talk

An hour out quickly.

M.y. What would your grace talk of " Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself

I'll go no further than your eye, or hy; There's theme enough for one man for an age. Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are

vet even. Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough.

Or my glass wrongs me.

Pho. Oh, they are two twinn'd charries dy'd

Which those fair sums above with their bright

Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty. Bow down those branches, that the longing

tosta Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings.

And taste and live,

And taste and live,

(Acide.) Oh, delicate sweet prime She that hath snow enough about her heart To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off. May be a nun without probation. - Sir. You have in such neat poetry gathered a king. That if I had but five lines of that number. Such pretty begging blanks, I should com-

Your forehead or your cheeks, and kies you

100. Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss s. madam

Meg. I shall, I shall,

Phu. By my life, but you shall not. I'll prompt you first. Kieses ber | Can you be

it now?

Meg. Methinks 't is easy, now you ha' done to before me;
But yet I should stick at it. | Krases him Pha. Stick till to morrow. I'll ne'er part you, sweetest. But we loss time.

Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my lord! How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence cause I will not load your memory; this is all

love me, and lie with me.

Meg. Was it "lie with you" that you said 'T is impossible.

Besponsive.

7 A. c. cold.

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour. If I do not teach you to do it as easily in one night as you'll go to bed, I'll lose my royal blood for t.

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your

own

That yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures 1 than teach her anything belonging to 100 the function. She's afraid to lie with herself if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By mine honour, that's a foul fault, indeed;

But time and your good help will wear it out,

Sir. Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the schoolmaster, and leap a dairy-maid,

madam.

M.a. Has your grace seen the court-star,

Pha. Out upon her! She's as cold of her fa-vour as an apoplet; she sail'd by but now. Meg. And how do you hold her wit, sir? us Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the

guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it ishe would blow emout of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: look well about you, and you may find a tongue- 100 bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely

welcome.

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed. If you mistrust my faith,
you do me the unnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not, I'Aa. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal em, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal. Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come I know you are bashful;

Speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep

this,

And with it, me : soon I will visit you.

Meg. My lord, my chamber 's most unsafe;
but when 't is night,

Il find some means to slip into your lodging Till when ther Pha. Till when, this and my heart go with Exeunt several ways.

Re-enter GALATEA from behind the hangings.

Gal. Oh, thou perpicious petticost prince lare these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman; and, Lady Towsabel, I'll fit you for 't. Exil. 100

[SCENE III.]2

Enter ARETHUSA and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy? Lady. Within, madam.

Arr. Gave you him gold to buy him clothes?

1 Stately dances.
2 Arethusa's spartment in the palace.

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he done 't? Ludy. Yes, madam.

Lady. Yes, macham.

Are. 'T is a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not?

Asked you his uame? Lody. No, madam.

Enter GALATEA.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news? (Ial. As good as any one can tell your grace, That says the has done that you would have wish'd.

Are. Ilast thou discovered?

Gal. I have strain'd a point of modesty for

Are. I prithee, how? Gal. In list ning after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sare to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry. Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!

dre. With whom?
Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected. I can tell the time and place.

Are. Oh, when, and where? Gal. To-night, his lodging.

Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there again

With other ladies; leave the rest to me.

Esit GALATEA. If destiny (to whom we dare not say, "Why didst thou this?") have not decreed it so, In lasting leaves whose smallest characters Were never alter'd yet), this match shall

break. Where's the boy? Lady. Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service ;

t not so? Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on You, To do him service. Thou disclaim'st in me.

Tell me thy name.

Bel. Bellario.

Are. Thou caust sing and play? Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

Are. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know?

Hadat thou a curst master when thou went'st to school?

Thou art not capable of other grief: Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be When no breath troubles them. Believe me.

boy, Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes, And builds himself caves, to abide in them Come, sir, tell me truly, doth your lord love

me Bel. Love, madam! I know not what it is Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew at love?

Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he speak of me As if he wish'd me well?

If it be love To forget all respect of his own friends With thinking of your face; if it be love To set cross-arm'd and sigh away the day, Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud And linstily as men i' the streets do fire; If it he love to weep himself away When he but hears of any lady dead Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;

If, when he goes to rest (which will not be).

Twist every prayer he says, to mane you once,
As others drop a bend, be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dure swear he loves you.

Arc. Oh you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie

For your lord's credit! But thou know'st a lie That bears this sound is welcomer to me Than any truth that says he loves me not. Lead the way, boy. - [To Lady.] Do you attend me too.

'T is thy lord's business hastes me thus, Away! Escunt.

[SCENE IV.] 1

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, MEGRA, and GALATEA.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men

Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour After supper: 't is their exercise. Gal. 'T is late. Meg. 'T is all

My eyes will do to lead me to my bed. Gal. 1 i I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce

The way to your own lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Thra. The prince! Phu. Not a-bed, ladies? You're good sitters-up. What think you of a pleasant dream, to last Till morning?

Meg. I should choose, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter ARETHUSA and BELLARIO.

'T is well, my lord; you're courting of Are. these Indies.

these ladies.—

It is the not late, gentlemen?

Clo. Yes, madam.

Are. Wait you there.

Mey. [Avide. She's jealons, as I live.—Look you, my lord.

The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.

Pha. His form is angel-like.

Mey. Why. this is he that must, when you are wed.

are wed, Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with His hand and voice binding your thoughts in sleep.

The princess does provide him for you and for

1 Refore Pharamond's lodging in the court of the palace.

Pha. I find no music in these boys. Meg. They can do little, and that small they do. They have not wit to hide.

Serves he the princes! Thru, Yea, Tis a sweet boy: how brave the Pho. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck

To-morrow morning ere you've done your dreams.

Mrg. All happiness attend your grace! [Em Pharamond.] Gentlemen, good rest.— Come, shall we go to bed?

Gul. Yes. - All good night.

Dion. May your dreams be true to you! Exeunt GALATEA and MEGRA.
What shall we do, gallants? 't is late. The King

Is up still : see, he comes ; a guard along With bim.

Enter KING, ARETHUBA, and Guard.

King. Look your intelligence be true. Arc. Upon my life, it is; and I do hope Your highness will not tie me to a man That in the heat of wooing throws me off,

And takes another.

What should this mean *

King. If it be true, That lady had been better have embrac'd Curcless diseases. Get you to your rest: You shall be righted.

We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond S. Come to his ledging?

Kiny. Haste, some of you, and cunningly dis-

COVET If Megra be in her lodging. [Exit Dies.

Cle. Sir, She purted hence but now, with other ladies. " King. If she be there, we shall not need to

make A vain discovery of our suspiciou.
[Aside,] You gods, I see that who unrighteously Holds wealth or state from others shall be cont In that which meaner men are blest withal.

Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be
Blotted from earth; if he have any child,
It shall be crossly match'd; the gods them-

selves Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her. Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin I have committed; let it not fall I pon this understanding child of I pon this understanding child of mine! She has not broke your laws. But how can I Look to be heard of gods that must be just. Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Re-enter Drox.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swet abe is within; but they, I think, are bands

t Finely dressed.

I told 'em, I must speak with her; they laught, and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, in my business was important; they said, their lady was about it. I grew hot, and cried, my lady was about it. I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter that concern'd life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urg'd again, she had scarce in time to be so since last I saw her: they smil dagain, and seem'd to instruct me that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more direct I could not get; in short, and them are there. sir. I think she is not there.

King. 'T is then no time to dally. - You o'

King. 'T is the

Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging, And see that none pass thence, upon your live [Ereunt (inurds.]

Knock, gentlemen; knock lond; londer vet.
[Dion, Clerk, &c. knock at the door
of Pharamond's Ladying.]

What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?

1 Il break your meditations. — Knock again. —
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him. — Once more. — Pharamond!
prince! Pharamond (appears) above.

prince! PHARAMOND (appears) anove, What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?

Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul, so He meets his death that meets me, for his bold-

Ming. Prince, prince, you wro thoughts; we are your friends: wrong your

Come down.

Pha. The King!

The same, sir. Come down, sir:

Come down, sir:

Come down, sir:

Pha. If your grace please
To use me, I'll attend you to your chamber.

Enter PHARAMOND below.

King. No. 't is too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private reasons to myself Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot.

Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must too Come through my life that comes here.

King. Sir. be resolv'd 2 I must and will come.

— Enter.

Pha, I will not be disbonour'd.

He that enters, enters upon his death. 't is a sign you make no stranger of me, 100

To bring these renegators to my chamber At these unseasoned hours.

King.

Why do you

King. Chafe yourself so? You are not wrong'd nor shall be;
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To ourself known. — Enter, I say,
Pha.
I say, no. 10

Enter MEGRA above.

Meg. Let 'em enter, prince, let 'em enter; I am up and ready: I know their business;

Closing the eyes. 2 Convinced. Dressed.

T is the poor breaking of a lady's honour They hunt so hotly after; let em enjoy it. - 116 You have your business, gentlemen; I lay here. Oh, my lord the King, this is not noble in you To make public the weakness of a woman!

King. Come down.

Meg. I dare, my lord. Your hootings and your

clamours,

Your private whispers and your broad fleerings, Can no more vex my soul than this base carriage.4

But I have vengeance yet in store for some Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me, Be joy and nourisbnient.

Will you come down? King. Will you come down? Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst; but I shall wring you,

If my skill fail me not. [Exit above.] King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness;

You have wrong'd a worthy lady; but, no

Conduct him to my lodging and to bed.

[Excust Phanamone and Attendants.] Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed.

Dion. 'T is strange a man cannot ride a stage

Or two, to breathe himself, without a warrant. If his gear hold, that lodgings be search'd thus, Pray God we may lie with our own wives in

safety.

That they be not by some trick of state mistaken I

Enter [Attendants] with MEGRA [below].

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your bonour now

No man can fit your palate but the prince. Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness, thou piece Made by a painter and a pothecary,
Thou troubled sea of lust, thou wilderness
Inhabited by wild thoughts, thou swoln cloud
Of infection, thou ripe mine of all diseases,
Thou all-sin, all-hell, and last, all-devils, tell me, Had you none to pull on with your courtesies to But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?

By all the gods, all these, and all the pages, And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court,

Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes

And sear thy name with candles upon walls! 150 Do you laugh, Lady Venus?

Meg. Faith, sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, O King! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many 150
More of my own, I will have fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mith! The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me

On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover

all: Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy · Behavior.

She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen; Know what she does with him, where, and when.

Come. sir, you put me to a woman's madness, The glory of a fury; and if I do not

Do't to the height —

King. What boy is this she raves at?

Mey. Alas! good-minded prince, you know not these things! I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault.

As you would keep your health from the hot

Air Of the corrupted people, or, by Heaven, I will not fall alone. What I have known Shall be as public as a print; all tongues Shall speak it as they do the language they Are born in. as free and commonly; I II set it, Like a prodigious; star. for all to gaze at, 18 And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms far and foreign

Shall read it there, may, travel with it, till they find

No tongue to make it more, nor no more peo-

ple;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess: King. Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait

On her, a fair boy.

Go, get you to your quarter: For this time I will study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me. and I'll stud v

To forget you.

Exeunt KING, MEGRA, and Guard. Cb. Why, here's a male spirit fit for Her-cules, If ever there be Nine Worthies of women, this wench shall ride astride and be their captain.

Dion. Sure, she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she uttered such halls of wild-fire. She has so nettled the King, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange-found-out antidote to cure her 106 infection; that boy, that princess' boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else—but there I leave you. gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you.

Exeunt. :

ACT III

SCENE L2

Enter Dion, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 't is true.

Dion. Ay; and 't is the gods
That rais'd this punishment, to scourge the King

With his own issue. Is it not a shame For us that should write noble in the land, For us that should be freemen, to behold A man that is the bravery of his age,

> * The court of the palace. ™a, ominous.

Philaster, prest down from his royal righ: By this regardless King? and only loss And see the sceptre ready to be east lute the hands of that laseivious lady That lives in lust with a smooth boy, a married

To you strange prince, who, but that people pleam

To let him be a prince, is born a alave lu that which should be his most noble part, a His mind?

Thra. That man that would not stir with you To aid Philaster, let the gods forget That such a creature walks upon the earth.

Cle. Philaster is too backward in 't hunseli. The gentry do await it, and the people, Against their nature, are all bent for him. Against their nature, are all sent for ann.
And like a field of standing corn, that a most
With a stiff gale, their heads how all one way
Dion. The only cause that draws. Philane

From this attempt is the fair princess' love. "

Which he admires, and we can now continua.

Thra. Perhaps he 'll not believe ix.

Dion. Why, gentlemen, 't is without quant

ю. Cle. Ay, 't is past speech she lives disherestly.

But how shall we, if he be curious." work

Upon his faith?
Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.
Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his cut good.

I'll make this new report to be my knowledge ;

I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it =

Enter PHILASTER.

Dion. Here he comes Good morrow to your honour: we have spent Some time in seeking you.

My worthy friends. Phe. You that can keep your memories to know Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown On men disgrac'd for virtue, a good day Attend you all! What service may 1 do Worthy your acceptation?

My good lord. Dion. We come to urge that virtue, which we know Lives in your breast, forth. Rise, and make a

head:4 The nobles and the people are all dull'd With this usurping king; and not a man. That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing

As virtue, but will second your attempts. Phi. How honourable is this love in you. To me that have deserved none! Know. E. friends,

· You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster With too much courtery,) I could afford

To melt myself in thanks: but my designs

3 Scrupulous. 4 Raiss an armed force Are not yet ripe. Suffice it, that ere long I shall employ your loves; but yet the time Is short of what I would.

Dion. The time is fuller, air, than you ex-

pect; which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd

By violence, may now be eaught. As for the King,

You know the people have long hated him ; But now the princess, whom they lov'd -Phi. Why, what of her?

Dion.

Phi. By what strange means?
Sha's k Is loath'd as much as he. She's known a whore.

Thou liest.

Phi. Dion. My lord — Phi. Thou liest,

Offers to draw and is held. And thou shalt feel it! I had thought thy mind

Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady Of her good name is an infections ain Not to be pardon'd. Be it false as hell, "T will never be redeem'd, if it be sown Amongst the people, fruitful to increase All evil they shall hear. Let me alone That I may cut off falsehood whilst it springs! Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man " That utters this, and I will scale them all,

And from the utmost top fall on his neck, Like thunder from a cloud. This is most strange: Dion.

Sure, he does love her. I do love fair truth.

She is my mistress, and who injures her Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.

Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient. Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd

friend, That comes to do his service, and will show you

Why he utter'd this. I ask your pardon, sir; ** My zeal to truth made me unmannerly Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,

Behind your back, untruly, I had been As much distemper'd and enrag'd as now. Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.

Oh, say not so! se Good sir, forbear to say so: 't is then truth, That womankind is false: urge it no more; It is impossible. Why should you think

The princes light?

Dion. Why, she was taken at it. **

Phi. 'T is false! by Heaven, 't is false! It

cannot be ! Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for God's love, speak!

Is 't possible? Can women all be damn'd? Dion. Why, no, my lord.

Why, then, it cannot be.

Dion. And she was taken with her boy. Phi. What boy? " Dion. A page, a boy that serves her. Oh, good gods!

Phi.

A little boy?

Bion. Ay; know you him my lord?
Phi. [Aside.] Hell and sin know him! — Sir,
you are deceiv'd;

you are deceived;
I'll reason it a little coldly with you.
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? She would have

ODe Should meet her thoughts and know the sin he

Which is the great delight of wickedness.
You are abus'd,' and so is she, and I.
Dion. How you, my lord?
Phi.
Why, all the world 's abus'd

In an unjust report.

Dion. Oh, noble sir, your virtues Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman!

In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.

Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly

from my rage! Would thou hadst ta'en devils engend'ring plagues

When thou did'st take them! Hide thee from mine eyes!
Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast. When thou didst take them; or been strucken

dumb For ever; that this foul deed might have alept

In silence

Thra. Have you known him so ill-temper'd?

Cle. Never before.

Phi. The winds that are let loose use From the four several corners of the earth, And spread themselves all over sea and land, Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword

To run me thorough?

Dion. Why, my lord, are you So mov'd at this?

When any fall from virtue, 188 Phi. I am distract : I have an interest in 't.

Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself, and think What's best to be done.

selves

Phi. I thank you; I will do it. Please you to leave me; I 'll consider of it. To-morrow I will find your lodging forth, And give you answer. All the gods direct you

Dion. The readiest way!

He was extreme impatient. Thra. Cle. It was his virtue and his noble mind. Exeunt DION, CLEREMONT, and

THRASILINE. Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them :

'll follow him. Oh that I had a sea Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel! More circumstances will but fan this fire: It more afflicts me now, to know by whom This deed is done, than simply that 't is done; And he that tells me this is honourable, As far from lies as she is far from truth. Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve our-

1 Deceived.

With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight To keep their females standing in their sight; But take 'em from them, and you take at Their spleens away; and they will fall again Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat, And taste the waters of the springs as sweet a 't was before, finding no start in sleep; But miserable man

Enter BELLARIO.

See, see, you gods, He walks still; and the face you let him wear When he was innocent is still the same, Not blasted! Is this justice? Do you mean To intrap mortality, that you allow Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now Think he is guilty.

Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life, And this, unto you. Gives a letter.

Phi. Oh, Bellario, Now I perceive she loves me: she does show it In loving thee, my boy, she has made thee

Bel. My lord, she has attir'd me past my wish, Past my desert; more fit for her attendant, Though far unfit for me who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy. — Oh, let

all women,

That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here, Here, by this paper! She does write to me As if her heart were mines of adamant To all the world besides; but, unto me, I maiden-snow that melted with my looks. -Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?

For I shall guess her love to me by that, Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I

Something allied to her, or had preserv'd Her life three times by my fidelity; As mothers fond do use their only sons,
As I 'd use one that 's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,

So she does use me.

Why, this is wondrous well: But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bel. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth

With all her loving secrets, and does call me Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more For leaving you; she'll see my services Regarded: and such words of that soft strain That I am nearer weeping when she ends Than ere she spake.

Phy. This is much better still. Bel. Are you not ill, my lord? Ill? No, Bellario.

Bel. Methinks your words Fall not from off your tongue so evenly, Nor is there in your looks that quietness That I was wont to see.

Thou art deceiv'd, boy:

And ahe strokes thy head?

Bel.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?

Bel.

She does, my had.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, buy? had.

Bel.

How, my lord?

Phi. She kisses thee?

Bel.

Never, my lord, by heaven.

Phi. That 's strange, I know she does.

Rel.

No. by my life.

Phi. Why then she does not love me. Come. she does.

I bade her do it; I charg'd her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace.
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights =
Naked as to her bed; I took her oath
Thou shouldst enjoy her. Tell me gentle boy.
Is she not parallelless? Is not her breath Sweet as Arabian winds when fruits are ripe? Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls? Is she not all a lasting mine of joy

Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughta

Were so perplex'd. When first I went to be.
My heart held augury. You are abus'd;
Some villain has abus'd you; I do see
Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you! "T is some subtle train

To bring that noble frame of yours to nought

Ph. Thou think'st I will be angry with
thee. Come, Thou shalt know all my drift. I hate her more Than I love happiness, and plac'd there there To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds. Hast thou discovered? Is she fullen to last, As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to

Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you

Had she the lust of sparrows or of goats, Had she a sin that way, hid from the world, Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid Her base desires; but what I came to know As servant to her, I would not reveal. To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh, my heart ! This is a salve worse than the main disease. -Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the

lenat That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart To know it. I will see thy thoughts as plans

As I do now thy face. As I do now thy face.

Bel.

She is (for aught I know) by all the gods.
As chaste as ice! But were she foul as hell.
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings.
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,

Should draw it from me. Then it is no time Thi.
To dally with thee; I will take thy life.
For I do hate thee. I could curse there may.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse; The gods have not a punishment in store Greater for me than is your hate.

So young and so dissembling! Tell me when

And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues Fall on me, if I destroy thee not!

Bel. By heaven, I never did; and when I

To save my life, may I live long and loath'd! How me anunder, and, whilst I can think, I'll love those pieces you have cut away Better than those that grow, and kiss those

limbs

cause you made 'em so. Phi. Fear'st thou not death?

Can boys contemn that?

Bel. Oh, what hoy is he Can be content to live to be a man, That sees the best of men thus passionate,

Thus without reason? I'ht. What 't is to die. Oh, but thou dost not know

Yes, I do know, my lord: 200 Bel. "T is less than to be born; a lasting sleep; A quiet resting from all jealousy.

A thing we all pursue. I know, besides,

is but giving over a game

That must be lost.

Phi.

But there are pains, false boy,
For perjur'd souls. Think but on those, and

then Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,

If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
send me to suffer in those punishments You speak of ; kill me!

Phi. Oh, what should I do? Why, who can but believe him? He does BUILD'S MODITOR

So earneatly, that if it were not true, The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario:

Thy protestations are so deep, and thou Dost look so truly when then utter'st them, That, though I know 'em false as were my

hopes, I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert To blame to injure me, for I must love Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon Thy tender youth. A love from me to thee Is firm, whate'er thou dost; it troubles me That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks, That did so well become thee. But, good boy, Let me not see thee more: something is

That will distract me, that will make me mad, if I behold thee. If thou tender'st me, Let me not see thee.

I will fly as far As there is morning, ere I give distaste to that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,

Shed at my lopeless parting, I can see A world of treason practis d upon you, And her, and me. Farewell for evermore! If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead, And after find me loyal, let there be A tear shed from you in my memory, And I shall rest in peace. Exit.

Blessing be with thee, Whatever thou deserv'st! Oh, where shall I Go bathe this body? Nature too unkind; That made no medicine for a troubled mind!

[Scene II.]1

Enter ARETHUBA.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again: But that I know my love will question him Over and over. — how I slept, wak'd, talk'd, How I rememb'red him when his dear name Was last spoke, and how when I sigh'd, wept, aung.

And ten thousand such, - I should be angry at his stay.

Enter KING.

King. What, at your meditations! Who attends you?

Arc. None but my single self. I need no guard;

I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me, have you not a boy?

King. What kind of boy?

Are. A page, a waiting-boy.

King. A handsome boy?

Are. I think he be not ugly:

Well qualified and dutiful I know him;

I took him not for beauty.

King, He speaks and sings and plays?

Yes, sir. 15

Are.
King. About eighteen?
I never ask'd his age.

King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
King. Put him away.

Are.

Sir! Put him away, I say. H'as done you that good service shames me to speak of.

Are. Good sir, let me understand you.

King. If you fear me, King.

Show it in duty; put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then Your will is my command.

King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cost him

Or I shall do the same to you. You're one Shame with me, and so near unto myself,

That, by my life, I dare not tell myself
What you, myself, have done.
Are. What have I done, my lord?
King. 'T is a new language, that all love to

The common people speak it well already; They need no grammar. Understand me well; There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off, And suddenly. Do it! Farewell. Erit. Are. Where may a maiden live accurely free, Keeping her honour fair? Not with the living.

They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams, And make 'em truths; they draw a nourish-

³ Arethusa's spartment in the palace.

Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces, And, when they see a virtue fortified Strongly above the batt'ry of their tongues. Oh, how they cast 'to sink it! and, defeated, Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments 4 Where noble names lie alceping, till they sweat, And the cold marble melt.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest mistress !

Arc. (th, my dearest servant,2 I have a war within me!

Phi. He must be more than man that makes

these crystals Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause? And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature, made again from what I was
And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.
Are. Oh, my best love, that boy?
Phi.
What boy?
What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you gave me—
Phi.

Ire. Must be no more mine. Phi.

Why?
They are jealous of him. Are. Phi. Jealous! Who?

The King.

Phi. [Aside.] Oh. my misfortune!
Then 't is no idle jealousy. — Let him go.
Are. Oh. cruel!

Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell

How much I lov'd you? Who shall swear it to you,

weep the tears I send? Who shall now bring you

Letters, rings, bracelets? Lose his health in service?

Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise? Who shall now sing your crying elegies, And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures, And make them mourn? Who shall take up his

Inte.

And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eye-lids, making me dream, and cry,
"Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!"

Phi. [Aside.]
Would be had broken thee, that made me know
This lady was not loyal! — Mistress,
Forget the boy; I'll get thee a far better.

Are the pare reversing a boy eggin.

Arc. Oh, never, never such a boy again As my Bellario!

'T is but your fond affection. " Phi. Arc. With thee, my boy, farcwell for ever All secreey in servants! Farewell, faith, And all desire to do well for itself!

Let all that shall succeed thee for thy wrongs Sell and betray chaste love!

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

Arc. He was your boy, and you put him to me, And the loss of such must have a mourning for.

Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman! Are. How, my lord?

I LOVET.

Phi. False Arethusa! Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits, When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk, And do thus.

And do thus.

Are. Do what, sir? Would you sleep?

Ph. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, you gods

Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood.

Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes? Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken Danger as stern as death into my besom.
And laught upon it, made it but a mirth.
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners? Do I Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length Under a woman's falsehood? (th, that boy, That cursed boy! None but a villain boy To ease your lust?

Nay, then, I am betrayed I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.

Oh, I am wretched!

Phi. Now you may take that little right I

have To this poor kingdom. Give it to your joy; For I have no joy in it. Some far place, Where never womankind durst set her foot

For 8 bursting with her poisons, must I seek. And live to curse you ;

There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts What woman is, and help to save them from

How heaven is in your eyes, but in your bearts More hell than hell has; how your tongues, like scorpions,

Both heal and poison; thow your thoughts are woven

With thousand changes in one subtle web. And worn so by you; how that foolish man, That reads the story of a woman's face And dies believing it, is lost for ever; How all the good you have is but a shadow, many the morning with you, and at night behand

YOU Past and forgotten; how your vows are feeste. Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone; How you are, being taken all together. A mere confusion, and so dead a chars,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.

So, farewell all my woe, all my delight! Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!

What way have I deserv'd this? Make my breast

Transparent as pure crystall, that the world. Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her

To find out constancy?

Enter BRLLARIO.

Save me, how black And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now!

For fear of twas believed that scorpions, applied to the wound they made, cured it.

1 Plan.

Oh, thou dimembler, that, before thou spak'st, Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou May glory in the ashes of a maid Fool d by her passion; but the conquest is Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away ! Let my command force thee to that which

shame Would do without it. If thou understood'at he loathed office thou hast undergone Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,

hills, Lest men should dig and find thee. Oh, what god. Angry with men, bath sent this strange dis-

Into the noblest minds! Madam, this grief You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell.
My lord hath struck his anger through my beart.

And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever? I durst not run away in honesty From such a lady, like a boy that stole Or made some grievous fault. The power of

Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time Reveal the truth to your abused lord

And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I

Go seek out some forgotten place to die! Exit.

Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown

Ket, if I had another Troy to lose, Thou, or another villain with thy looks, Might talk me out of it, and send me naked, My hair dishevell'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lody. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you

With carnestness. I am in tune to hunt! Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid As with a man, let me discover thee Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind, I hat I may die pursued by cruel hounds, 1 70 A ad have my story written in my wounds!

Exeunt.

ACT IV

SCENE 1.2

Rater King, Pharamond, Amethusa, Gala-na, Mugha, Dion, Clememont, Theasi-ine, and Attendants.

Arao. What, are the hounds before and all

hornes ready and our bows bent?

All, sir. no. its Pharamond. You are cloudy, sir.

Before the palace.

Your venial trepass; let not that sit heavy

Upon your spirit; here's none dare utter it. A Dion. He looks like an old surfeited stallion, dull as a dormonse. See how he sinks! The wench has shot him between wind and water,

and, I hope, sprung a leak.

Thro. He needs no teaching, he strikes is sure enough. His greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purhous; would be would leave off

poaching!

Dion. And for his born, h'as left it at the lodge where he lay late. Oh, he is a precious in limehound! Turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' the slip. When my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, alip. When my to I'll borrow him.

King, Is your boy turn'd away? Are. You did command, sir, and I obey'd you.

King. 'T is well done. Hurk ve further. [They talk apart.] Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? Methinks, that were not noble in him; and [se yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve 'in 's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical b justice or other would presently (without the help of an almanack o have opened the ob- o-structions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

Dion. See, see how modestly you lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbours! Why, what a devil can a man see in [15] her face but that she 's honest! 7

Thra. Faith, no great matter to speak of; a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat; but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.

Dion. See how they muster one another ! Oh, there's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours and his dam drum-major! Now the world and the flesh come behind with the car-

Ch. Sure this lady has a good turn done her against her will; before she was common talk, new none dare say cantharides 10 can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and dog-days. Oh, [8] if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these

licences!

King. To horse, to horse! we lose the morning. Exeunt. 10 gentlemen.

4 A hunting dog. Lyme = leash.
4 An allusion to a religious work, Thomas Bacon's
The Sicke Man's Sales, 1661.
5 Acting as a shock of

Acting as a doctor

Almanace gave the proper seasons for blood-letting

4 Coat of arms. Mason explains that the reference to to the introduction of stars into a cost of arms, denoting a younger branch.

Baggage.

Spanish fly, used as a provocative.

[Scene II.]1

Enter two Woodmen.

What, have you lodged the deer? Yes, they are ready for the bow. Who shoots?

Wood.

1 Wood. 2 Wood.

1 Wood. Who shoots?
2 Wood. The princess.
1 Wood. No, she 'll hunt.
2 Wood. She 'll take a stand, I say.
1 Wood. Who else?
2 Wood. Why, the young stranger-prince.
1 Wood. He shall shoot in a stone-how? for me. I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship since [10 he forsock the say, 3 for paying ten shillings. He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, his steward would have the velvet-head ' into the bargain, to [a turf' his hat withal, I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristrem; for, if you be rememb'red, he foresook the stag once to strike a raseal ' miching' in a mendow, and her he kill'd in the eye. Who shoots else?

2 Wood. That 's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She 's liberal, and by the Gods, they say she 's honest, and whether that he a is fault. I have nothing to do. There 's all?

2 Wood. No, one more; Megra.

1 Wood. That's a firker, 'i 'faith, boy. There 's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds as a hunting is addile, and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her needs out of his mightiness) give ten groats

saddle, and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable), and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and [as he has sweat for it. She rides well and she pays well. Hark ! let 's go.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these

woods

With milk of goats and acorns, and not known The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains Of women's looks; but digg'd myself a cave at Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed, Might have been shut together in one shed; And then had taken me some mountain-girl,

Beaten with winds, chaste as the hard'ned rocks

Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my bed

With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of

Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts

1 A forest.
2 With a cross-bow for shooting stones.
3 The assay or slitting of the deer, in order to test the quality of the flesh, which involved a fee to the

The hart's horns, which are covered with velvet pile when now.

Re-cover. 7 Creeping stealthily. · Buitable.

A lenn doe. A fast one.

My large course issue! This had been a life Free from veration.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel.

An innocent may walk safe among heasts.

Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd lord. Sits as his soul were searching out a way To leave his body! - Parden me, that must Break thy last commandment; for I must speak.

You that are griev'd can pity; hear, my lord! Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable, That I can pity?

Oh, my noble lord, Bel. View my strange fortune, and bestow on me, According to your bounty if my service Can merit nothing), so much as may serve To keep that little piece I hold of life From cold and hunger!

Is it thou? Be gone! Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear ot, And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them!

The silly country-people think 't is treason

To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by the gods, this is Unkindly done, to vex me with the -ight Thou 'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade, How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?

Remains there yet a plague untried for me? Even so thou wept'st, and lookt'st, and spok'st when first

I took thee up. Curse on the time! If thy commanding tease

Can work on any other, use thy art I'll not betray it. Which way wilt then take, That I may shun thee, for thineey or are putter To mine, and I am loth to grow in rage?

This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve; but I will choose to That puth in chase that leads unto my grave

Excess wereally

Enter [on one side] DION, and [on the other, the two Woodmen.

Dios. This is the strangest sudden charce!
-- You, woodmen!
1 Wood. My lord Dion?

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way on a make horse studded with stars of whate?

2 Wood. Was she not young and talk?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain."

Dion. Pox of your questions then!

Enter CLEREMONT.

What, is she Im und "

Cle. Nor will be, I think. Dion. Let him seek his dangletse him self She cannot stray about a little necessary to stard business, but the whole court must be in arma. When she has done, we shall have posses.

Cle. There's already a thousand father- [os less tales amongst us. Some say, her horse ran away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, 't was a plot to kill her, and that arm'd men were seen in the wood; but questionless she rode away willingly.

Enter KING and THRASILINE.

King. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell. How 's that? King.

Answer me so again !

Sir, shall I lie?

King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.

I say again, where is she? Mutter not! -Sir, speak you; where is she?

Sir, I do not know, 100 Dion.

King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heaven.
It is thy last! — You, fellows, answer me; Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your

king: I wish to see my daughter ; show her me ; To show her me! What! as you are subjects, no To show her me! What! am I not your king?

If ay, then am I not to be obeyed?

Dion. Yes, if you command things possible

and honest.

King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,—

Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy King to things

Possible and honest! Show her me, Or, let me perish, if I cover not All Sicily with blood!

Dean. Faith, I cannot,

Unless you tell me where she is.

King. You have betray'd me; you have let

me loss

The jewel of my life. Go, bring her to me, And set her here before me. "I is the king Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,

Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea, And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can it not?

Dion. No. No! cannot the breath of kings do King. No! cannot the breath of kings do Dron. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs

Be but corrupted.
Is it so? Take heed!

King. Is it so I man down dare the Dion. Sir, take you heed how you dare the

That must be just. King. Alas! what are we kings! 130 Why do you gods place us above the rest, To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we Believe we hold within our hands your thunder? And when we come to try the power we have,

There's not a leaf shakes at our threat nings.

I have sinn'd, 't is true, and here stand to be punish'd;

Yet would not thus be punish'd. Let me choose My way, and lay it on l

Dion. [Aside.] He articles with the gods.

Would somebody would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwint them !

Enter PHAHAMOND, GALATEA, and MEGHA.

King. What, is she found?

Pho. No; we have ta'en her horse; He gallopt empty by. There is some treason. You, Galatsa, rode with her into the wood; Why left you her?

Gal. She did command me. 160
King, Command! you should not.
Gal. 'T would ill become my fortunes and my birth

To disobey the daughter of my king.

King. You're all cunning to obey us for our
hurt;

But I will have her.

But I will have her.

Pha.

If I have her not,

By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.

Dion. [Aside.] What, will he carry it to Spain
in 's pocket?

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the

king.

A cook, and a tailor.

Dion. [.laide.] Yes; you may do well to spare
your lady-bedfellow; and her you may keep for a spawner.

King. [Aside.] I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd.

Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

King. Ron all, disperse yourselves. The man
that finds her,

Or (if she be kill'd) the traitor, I'll make him great.

Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.

Pha. Come, let us seek. King. Each man a several way; here I myself.

Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here, Clr. Lady, you must go search too. Mrg. I had rather be search'd myself.

Exeunt (severally).

[SCENE III.] 1

Enter ARKTHUSA.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a

Without the counsel of my troubled head. I'll follow you boldly about these woods, () 'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and

floods. Heaven, I hope, will ease me: I am sick.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. [Aside.] Yonder's my lady. God knows I want nothing.

Recause I do not wish to live; yet I Will try her charity. — Oh hear, you have plenty!
From that flowing store drop some on dry

ground. - See.
The lively red is gone to guard her heart!

Another part of the forest.

I fear she faints. - Madam, look up ! - She breathes not .-

Open once more those rosy twins, and send Unto my lord your latest farewell! - Oh, she stirs.

How is it, Madam? Speak comfort.
T is not gently done,

To put me in a miserable life, And hold me there. I prithee, let me go; I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage.
I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate In speaking, and as just in hearing. —
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, you gods! good gods,

Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has

a heart.

he must ease it here! Bel My lord, help, help! The princesa! so Are. I am well: forbear.

Phi. [Aside.] Let me love lightning, let me be embrac'd

And kist by scorpions, or adore the eyes Of bustlesks, rather than trust the tongues Of hell-bred women! Some good god look down,

And shrink these veins up! Stick me here a stone,

Lasting to ages in the memory Of this damn'd act! — Hear me, you wicked

Con have put hills of fire into this breast, Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may guilt

Sit on your bosoms! At your meals and beds Despair await you! What, before my face? Poison of asps between your lips! Diseases Be your best issues! Nature make a curse, And throw it on you!

Dear Philaster, leave " ATP.

To be enrag'd, and hear me.

I have done ; Phi. Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea, When Aeolus locks up his windy brood, Is less disturb'd thun I. I'll make you know 't.

Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword, Offers his driven moord.

And search how temperate a heart I have; Then you and this your boy may live and reign In lust without control. - Wilt thou, Bellario? prithee kill me; thou art poor, and may'st

Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead. Thy way were freer. Am I raging now? If I were mad, I should desire to live. Sirs,1 feel my pulse, whether you have known

A man in a more equal time to die.

Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps mad-man's time!

So does your tongue.
You will not kill me, then?

! Formerly med to women as well as to man.

Are. Kill you!

Not for the world.

Bel. Phi. I blame not thee, Bellario; thou hast done but that which gods Would have transform'd themselves to do. Be

Leave me without reply; this is the last Of all our meetings - Exit Bellakio, Kill

me with this sword; Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,

Or suffer Or suffer.

Are. If my fortune he so good to let me fall Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death. Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders, No jealousy in the other world; no ill there?

Phi. No.

Are. Show me, then, the way.

Phi. Then guide my feeble hand,
You that have never to do it, for I must

You that have power to do it, for I must Perform a piece of justice! - If your youth Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers Short and effectual reconcile you to it. Are. I am prepared.

Enter a Country Fellow.

C. Fell. I'll see the King, if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours. If I should come home and not see him, my isters would laugh at me. I can see nothing [8] but people better hors'd than myself, that out ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting These kings had need of good brains; the whooping is able to put a mean non out of his wits. There is a courtier with his award drawn; by this hand, upon a woman, I think

Phi. Are you at peace? With heaven and earth Phi. May they divide thy soul and body; Wounds het

C. Fell. Hold, dastard I strike a women Thou'rt a craven. I warrant there, thou is wouldst be loth to play half a dozen venier'at wasters a with a good fellow for a broken head. Phi. Leave us, good friend, Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude

thyself Upon our private sports, our recreation?

C. Fell. God 'uda' me, I understand you not; but

I know the rogue has hart you.

Phr. Pursue thy own affairs: it will be ill o multiply blood upon my head; which then

Wilt force me to.

C. Fell. I know not your rhetorie; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman.

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest!

Are.

C. Fell. Oh, do you breathe?

I'hi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt.

The gods take part against me: could the

Have held me thus else? I must shift for life. Though I do loathe it. I would find a coarse

8 Boute. 1 Cudgele.

. God judge.

To lose it rather by my will than force. Exit.

C. Fell. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come and kiss me now.

Dion, Cles PHARAMOND, DI THRASILINE, and CLEREMONT.

Pha. What art thou?

C. Fell. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen! — Where's the wound, madam! Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

C. Fell. By God, she lies; h'as hurt her in the breast.

the breast;

Look else.

Pha. O sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. Tis above wonder! Who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the prin-

C. Fell. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay. C. Fell. Then I have seen something yet. 188

Pha. But who has hurt her?
C. Fell. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw
him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wreten;
Alas, I know him not, and do forgive him!
C. Fell. He's hurt too; he cannot go far; [us
I made my father's old fox I fly about his ears.
Pka. How will you have me kill him?
Are. Not at all; 't is some distracted fellow.
Pka. By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece
of him bigger than a nut, and bring him [us
all to you in my hat.

all to you in my hat.

Are. Nay, good sir,

If you do take him, bring him quick 2 to me, And I will study for a punishment Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. Cha. But swear. By all my love, I will. Woodmen, conduct the princess to the King, And bear that wounded fellow to dressing. —

And bear that wounded fellow to dressing.

Come, gentlemen, we 'll follow the chase close.

Exeunt (on one side) PHARAMOND,
DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE; [exit on the other] ARETHUSA [attended by] 1 Woodman.

C. Fell. I pray you, friend, let me see [144
the King.
2 Wood. That you shall, and receive

thanks. C. Fell. If I get clear with this, I'll go see

no more gay sights. Exeunt, 180

[Scene IV.] 8

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow, And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,

> 1 Broad sword. a Another part of the forest.

For ever, if thou wilt, You sweet ones all [Lies down.] Let me unworthy press you; I could wish I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you Than quick above you. Dulness a shuts mine

And I am giddy: oh, that I could take So sound a sleep that I might never wake! [Sleeps.]

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me

To strike at her that would not strike at me. se When I did fight, methought I heard her pray

The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd, And I a loathed villain; if she be, She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds She will conceal who nurt her. He has wounds
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.
Who's this? Bellario sleeping! If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast
wrong'd,
So hashon (Can within) Hash! I am manual

So broken. (Cry within.) Hark! I am pursued.
You gods
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape.

They have no mark to know me but my blood, If she be true; if false, let mischief light On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds

Upon this alceping boy! I ha' none, I think, Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee. ** Wounds Brilario.

Bel. Oh, death, I hope, is come! Blest be that hand

It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake! Phi. I have caught myself; Falls. The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here,

Is he that struck thee: take thy full revenge; Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death; I 'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless han Wounded the princess; tell my followers 5 Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,

And I will second thee; get a reward.

Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself!

Phi. How's this?

Wouldst thou I should be safe? Else were it vain For me to live. These little wounds I have Ha' not bled much. Reach me that noble

hand; I'll help to cover you.

Art thou then true to me? .. Bel. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good lord,

Creep in amongst those bushes; who does

But that the gods may save your much-lov'd breath?

Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for

this, That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?

4 Bleepiness.

5 Pursuers.

Bel. Shift for myself well. Pence! I hear'em come. [Philaster creeps into a bush.] [Voices] within. Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.

Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my

own sword.

need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows That I can stand no longer.

Enter Phahamond, Dion, Cleremont, and Thrabiline.

Pha. To this place we have trackt him by his blood.

Cle. Youder, my lord, creeps one away. Dion. Stay, sir! what are you?

Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these

By beasts, remoorder of the boy.

This is he, my lord,

This is he, my lord,

This is he, my lord,

This is he, my lord, By beasts. Relieve me, if your names be men,

Upon my soul, that hurt her. 'T is That wicked boy, that serv'd her. Pha.

Oh, thou damn'd In thy creation:
To hurt the princess?
Then I am betrayed. n thy creation! What cause couldst thou shape

Bel.
Dion. Betrayed! No, apprehended,
I confess,

(Urge it no more) that, big with evil thoughts I set upon her, and did make my nim,

Her death. For charity let fall at once The punishment you mean, and do not load . This weary flesh with tortures.

Pha. I will know

Who hir'd thee to this deed.

Bd. Mine own revenge,
Pha. Revenge! for what?

Bel. It pleas'd her to receive Me as her page and, when my fortunes obbid, That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower

Her welcome graces on me, and did swell My fortunes till they overflow'd their banks, Threat'ning the men that crost 'em; when, as

awift As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes To burning suns upon me, and did dry

The streams she had bestow'd, leaving me DATE TO THE And more contemn'd than other little brooks,

Because I had been great. In short, I knew could not live, and therefore did desire To die reveng'd.

If tortures can be found Pha. Lang as thy natural life, resolve to feel

The utmost rigour.

PHILASTER creeps out of the bush. Help to lead him hence. Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence! Know ye the price of that you bear away So rudely ?

Who's that?
'T is the Lord Philaster. " Thus.

The the Lord Philader.

Phi. 'T is not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl

That pare the court of Neptune, can weigh
down That virtue. It was I that hurt the princess. Place me, some god, upon a pyramia ¹ Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice Loud as your thunder to me, that from hence

I may discourse to all the word.
The worth that dwells in him!
Pha. How's thin?
My lord, some man Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courteness, Bellario.

Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep, And gods to punish most when men do break, He touch'd her not. -- Take heed, Bellario,

How thou dost drown the virtues thou has ahown

With perjury. — By all that 's good, 't was I!
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.
Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge!

lt was Philaster. Dion. Is 't not a brave boy? Well, sirs, I fear me we were all deceived.

ell, sirs, I tear me we ware an decerPhi. Have I no friend here?

Dion.
Yes.
Phi.
Then show it: some Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer. Would you have tears shed for you when you

die ? Then lay me gently on his neck, that there in

I may weep floods and breathe forth my quint. 'T is not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold [Embraces Bellewiczes B Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy name. This arm-full from me; this had been a re-

To have redeem'd the great Augustus Count. Had he been taken. You hard hearted men, More stony than these mountains, can you see

Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your Hash To stop his life, to bind whose bitter wounds, Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their

tears Bathe 'em? - Forgive me, thou that art the Of poor Philaster!

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, and Guard.

King. Is the villain to en?
Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but BUTE

It was Philaster. Phi. Question it no more:

Are.

It was. King. The fellow that did fight with him. Will tell us that.

Aye me! I know he will King. Did not you know him ! Sir. if it was be

He was disguis'd.

I was so.—Oh, my stars. Phi. I was

1 Pyramid.

Thou ambitious fool, Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life! low I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.

Bear them to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd, I should to earth go weeping. Grant me, then, By all the love a father bears his child, Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths.
Dion. Death! Soft; our law will not reach
that for this fault.
King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you with a

guard.

Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,

We may with security go on
To your intended match,

[Excunt all except DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.]

Cle. I pray that this action lose not Philas-

ter the hearts of the people.

Dion. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will

think it but a trick. Excunt.

ACT V

SCHOOL L.1

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.

Thra. Has the King sent for him to death? Dion. Yes; but the King must know 't is not this power to war with Heaven.

Cle. We linger time; the King sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All; they were but scratches; but the

loss of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, gentlemen.

Thra. Away!

Dron. We'll scuffle hard before we perish. Exeunt.

(SCENE II.)2

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, and BELLARIO.

Are. Nay, faith, Philaster, grieve not; we are

Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we're wondrous well.

Phi. Oh. Arethusa, oh, Bellario,

Leave to be kind:

I shall be shut from Heaven, as now from earth,

If you continue so, I am a man

False to a pair of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore; can it bear us nil?

Forgive, and leave me. But the King hath sent Fo call me to my death; oh, shew it me, of And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,

I shall deliver words will mollify.

The hearts of beasts to spare thy innocence. Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing Worthy your noble thoughts! 'T is not a life, a T is but a piece of childhood thrown away. hould I ontlive you, I should then outlive Virtue and honour; and when that day comes,

Before the palace.

3 A prison.

If ever I shall close these eyes but once,

May I live spotted for my perjury.

And waste my limbs to nothing !

Are. And I (the woful stymaid that ever was,
Fore'd with my hands to bring my lord to death)

Do by the honour of a virgin swear To tell no hours beyond it !

Make me not hated so. .. Are. Come from this prison all joyful to our deaths!

Phi. People will tear me, when they find you true

To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd. Enjoy your kingdoms peacably, whilst I For ever sleep forgotten with my faults. Every just servant, every maid in love,

Will have a piece of me, if you be true.

Are. My dear lord, say not so.

Bel.

A piece of you! He was not born of woman that can cut

It and look on. Phi. 1. heart Take me in tears betwirt you, for my

Will break with shame and sorrow.
Why, 't is well. Bel. Lament no more.

Phi. Why, what would you have done
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
Your's life no price compar'd to mine? For love, sirs,

Deal with me truly.

Bel.

Then, sir, we would have ask'd.

You pardon. Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?

Are. Enjoy it! ay.
Would you indeed? Be plain. Phi. Bel. We would, my lord. Forgive me, then.

Arc. Su, 80. 48 Bel. 'T is as it should be now.

Phi. Lead to my death. Exeunt.

ISCENE III.14

Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline and Attendants).

Ring. Gentlemen, who saw the prince? Cle. So please you, sir, he s gone to see the

city And the new platform, with some gentlemen

Attending on him.

Attending on him.

King.

Is the princess roady

To bring her prisoner out?

Thra.

She waits your grace.

King. Tell her we stay.

Exit Therasiline.

Jion. [Axide.] King, you may be deceived yet.

The head you aim at cost more setting on

Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off.—

Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him

A golden stack, and with it shakes down

bridges,

Mason conf. Qq. F. my . . . yours.
A state-room in the palace.

Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cablerunts

Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders.

And, so made mightier, takes whole villages Upon his back, and in that heat of pride to Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces, And lays them desolate; so shall thy head, Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands. That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice, In thy red ruius.

Enter Arethusa, Philaster, Bellanio in a robe and garland (und Thrabiline).

King. How now? What masque is this? Bel. Right royal sir, I should Sing you an epithalamion of these lovers, But having lost my best airs with my fortunes, And wanting a celestial harp to strike This blessed union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,
The moblest of the mountain where they grew, traightest and tallest, under whose still shades The worthier beasts have made their lairs, and slept

Free from the fervour of the Sirian star And the fell thunder-stroke, free from the

clouds When they were hig with humour, and deliver'd In thousand spouts their issues to the earth; Oh, there was none but silent quiet there! Till never-pleased Fortune shot up shrubs, Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches; And for a while they did so, and did reign Over the mountain, and choke up his beauty With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the SUL

Scorcht them even to the roots and dried them there.

And now a gentle gale hath blown again.
That made these branches meet and twine together,

Never to be divided. The god that sings His holy numbers over marriage-beds Hath knit their noble hearts; and here they stand

Your children, mighty King; and I have done.

King. How, how?

Arc. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,

(For now there is no masquing in 't,) this gentleman,

The prisoner that you gave me, is become My keeper, and through all the bitter throes as Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him.

Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length Arrived here my dear husband. Your dear husband! -

King. Call in the Captain of the Citadel -There you shall keep your wedding. I'll pro-

vide A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saf-fron

Into a sullen coat, and sing sad requiems To your departing souls, Blood shall put out your torches; and, instead Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,

An axe shall hang, like a prodigious moteor. Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, you

gods! From this time do I shake all title off Of father to this woman, this base woman: And what there is of vengennee in a hon Chaft among dogs or robb'd of his dear young.
The same, enforc'd more terrible, more mighty. Expect from me !

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to awear by. There's nothing that can stir me from myself What I have done, I have done without repent

For death can be no bugbear unto me, So long as Phuramond is not my headaman. Dion. [Ande.] Sweet peace upon thy wal.

thou worthy maid, Whene'er thou diest! For this time I 'll exces thee.

Or be thy prologue. Phi. Sir, let me speak next; And let my dying words be better with joe Than my dull living actions. If you aim You are a tyrant and a savage monester.
[That feeds upon the blood you gave a life to] Your memory shall be as foul behind you, As you are living; all your better deeds.
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own.
But for the shame of men. No monument.
Though high and big as Pelion, shall be able o cover this base murder : make it rich With brass, with purest gold, and shining

Like the Pyramides; lay on epitaphs Such as make great men gods; my little mer

That only clothes my ashes, not my faulta, Shall far outshine it. And for after-somes. Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdom That they will give you more for your mal

To cut off, unless it be some sanke, or something Like yourself, that in his birth shall strange you.

Remember my father, King! There was fault,

But I forgive it. Let that sin persuade you To love this lady; if you have a soul, Think, save her, and be saved. For myself, I have so long expected this glad hour.
So languisht under you, and daily withered.
That, Heaven knows, it is a joy to die;
I find a recreation in t.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess, Where is the King? Mess. Here. Get you to your strength
And recone the Prince Pharamond from any King.

He's taken prisoner by the citizens. Fearing 2 the Lord Philaster.

¹ Q. Other edd. omit.

Dion. [Aside.] Oh, brave followers! futiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny! 110 Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your Weapons

In honour of your mistresses!

Enter a Second Messenger.

2 Mess. Arm, arm, arm, arm!
King. A thousand devils take 'em!
Dion. [Aside.] A thousand blessings on 'em!
2 Mess. Arm, O King! The city is in mutiny,

Led by an old gray ruffian, who comes on In rescue of the Lord Philaster.

Away to the citadel! I'll see them King. safe,

And then cope with these burghers. Let the

And then cope with these burgners. Let the guard

And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.

Excust all except Dion, ClereMONT, and THEASILINE.

Cle. The city up! This was above our wishes.

Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceiv'd us all.

A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues, as
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour!

Oh, I could beat myself! Or do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.
Cle. No no, 't will but lose time.

Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp.

- Well, my dear countrymen What-ye-lacks, 1 if you continue, and fall not back upon the first broken skin, I'll have you chronicled and beronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all-to be-prais'd and sung in sounets, and bawled [:ss in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troil

you in saccula sacculorum, my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What, if a toy 2 take 'em i' th' heels
now, and they run all away, and cry, "the
devil take the hindmost"?

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly among them, and be speeding! May they have murrains reign to keep the gentlemen at home un- [1:5] bound in easy frieze! May the moths branch their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes! May their false lights undo 'em, and discover presses,4 holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop. [180] rid! May they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! May they have many children, and none like the father! May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to [188 their parcels, unless it be the goatish Latin they write in their bonds - and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Re-enter King.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them! How they swarm together! [100 What a hum they raise!— Devils choke your 1 f. s. shopkeepers, who were in the habit of thus addressing passers-by.

2 Triffe, whim.

3 Eat patterns on.

4 Creases.

wild throats! - If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat. They will not hear me speak, but [is fling dirt at me and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the Lord Philaster! Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him. Oh, my [170 wits, my wits! Exit CLEREMONT.

wits, my wits!

Bit CLEREMONT.

Dion. [Aside.] Oh, my brave countrymen!
as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls
for this. Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll
thank you, and send you brawn and bacon, and soil 5 you every long vacation a brace of fore- [178 men, 5 that at Michaelmas shall come up fat

Ming. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. [Aside.] Why, sir, they'll flay him, and make church-buckets on sakin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in 's sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter CLEREMONT with PHILASTER.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me! Do not make Your miseries and my faults meet together.

To bring a greater danger. Be yourself, Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd you;

And though I find it last, and beaten to it, Let first your goodness know it. Calm the peo-

ple, And be what you were born to. Take your love

And with her my repentance, all my wishes, And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks this;
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be struck with thunder!
Phi.
Mighty sir, 185

Mighty sir, 186 I will not do your greatness so much wrong, As not to make your word truth. Free the

princess
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock Of this mad sea-breach, which I'll either turn.

Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them. 200
Phi Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,

And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly, And be not mov'd, sir. I shall bring you peace Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee.

[Scene IV.]7

Enter an old Captain and Citizens with PHAR-AMOND.

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall Let your caps swarm, my boys, and your aimble tongues

5 Fatten. 4 Geess. 7 A street. Forget your mother gibberish of "what do you lack?"

And set your mouths ope, children, till your palate

Fall frighted half a fathom past the cure of hay salt and gross papper, and then cry "Philaster, brave Philaster!" Let Philaster

Be deeper in request, my ding-dongs.'
My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs.2 Than your cold water-camlets, or your paint-

Spitted with copper. Let not your hasty ailks, Or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your

Dearly belov'd of spiced cake and custards, Your Kobin Hoods, Scarleta, and Johns, tie your affections

In darkness to your shops. No dainty duckers.6 Up with your three-pil'd spirits, your wrought valours;

And let your uncut cholers a make the King feel The measure of your mightiness. Philaster! Cry. my rose-nobles, cry!

Philaster! Philaster! Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince? These are mad boys, I tell you; these are

things That will not strike their top-sails to a foist,16

Hull 3 and cry cockies, 12

Phu. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know;

and give your greatness warning that you talk No more such bug's-words,12 or that solder'd crown

Shall be scratch'd with a musket. 14 Dear prince Pippin,

Down with your noble blood, or, as I live, > I'll have you coddled. 15 - Let him loose, my spirits :

Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hec-Towns.

And let us see what this trim man dares do.

Now, sir, have at you! here I lie; And with this swashing blow (do you see, sweet

prince?

I could hulk 15 your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd. Like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with this

wiper.17

2 Apprentices, who were bound by indentures, and whose usual weapons were clubs Throughout these scenes, it is, of course, London estimes who are to view.

1 A cloth, made of wool, sometimes mixed with allk,

with a watered surface

Colored cioth interwoven with copper.

Embroidered cloth, originally of gold and silk.

Cringers 'i, duck-hunters (')

A pun on relour

A pun on collars. Another pun Rose-nobles were gold coins.

A small ressel.

Be basely occupied.

Bloat ally

Swaggering words.

is hwaggering words. 14 A male sparrow-hawk, with a pun on the w weapon.

17 Instrument for cleaning a gun.

Pha. You will not see me murder'd, without villains?

1 Cit. Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one

For a great . bile.

C.121. He would have weapons, would be " . Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your

pikes . Branch me his skin in flowers like a satin, And between every flower a mortal cot. -Your royalty shall ravel ! 14 - Jag him, geatle men:

I'll have him cut to the kell, 19 then down the seams.

O for a whip to make him galloon-laces! D I'll have a coach-whip. Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen

Cap. Hold, hold; The man begins to fear and know himself.

He shall for this time only be seel'd up." With a feather through his nose, that he may only

ee beaven, and think whither he is guing.

Nay, my beyond sea sir, we will proclaim yar You would be king!
Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale.
Thou shight prince of single sarcenet.
Thou royal ring-tail, is fit to fly at nothing But poor men's poultry, and have every by Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!

Dutter:
Pha. Gods keep me from these hell house
1 Cit. Shall's geld him, captain?
Cop. No, you shall spare his dowerts, as
dear donsels;
As you respect the ladies, let them flourisk.

The curses of a longing woman kill

The curses of a ronging.
As speedy as a plague, boys.

1 Cit. I'll have a leg, that 's certain.

I'll have an im-2 Cit.

1 'Il have an am 3 Cit. I'll have an am more, and at mine out

charge build A college and clap 't upon the gate.28
4 Cit. I 'll have his little gut to string a kil.5

with;
For certainly a royal gut will sound like allow
Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and

past
My pain once :
5 Cit. Good captain, let me have his here b

feed ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? Speak.

Phu. Good gods, consider me! I shall to tertur'd.

1 Cit. Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your two-hand sword,

And let me have his skin to make false and burds.

is Fray out.

is The carl about the hart's pures

is Ribbors, tape.

is Have his exclide sewed together like a prot's

if it is heatard, one born after the convincions is

a church feast. 24 Thin mik

A sort of kite. Diminutive of de Diminutive of days.

E Cittern.

2 Cut. He had no horns, sir, had he? Cap. No, sir, he 's a pollard.' What wouldst thou do with horns?

Oh, if he had had, so I would have made rare bafts and whistles of

But his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve

Enter PHILASTER.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave Prince

Philaster!
I thank you, gentlemen. But why are

Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands

l'neivil trades? Com. My royal Rosicleer.2 We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roar-OF B

And when thy noble body is in durance, Thus do we clap our musty murrious 4 on, And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace, Phou Mars of men? Is the King sociable, And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foe-

And free as Phoebus? Speak. If not, this

Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,

And run even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold, and be satisfied. I am myself; Free as my thoughts are; by the gods, I am!

Cup. Art thou the dainty darling of the

King?

Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules? No the lards bow, and the regarded searlets a Kiss their gumm'd golls, and cry, "We are your servants"?

Is the court navigable and the presence stuck With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy custle.

And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I desire to be, your friend; am what I was horn to be, your prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
on have a noble soul. Forget my name. And know my misery; set me safe aboard from these wild cannibals, and as I live, us I il quit this land for ever. There is nothing,— Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,

The worst company of the worst men, madness, To be as many creatures as a woman, And do as all they do, nay, to despair, — But I would rather make it a new nature, And live with all these, than endure one hour

Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you. - Friends, discharge your fears;

Horoless animal.

A hero in The Mirrour of Enighthood, a romance from the Spanish. See The Enight of the Burning

Rosstering blades.

6 Courtiers clad in scarlet.

Cask (Pheramond). 7 Perfumed hands.

Deliver me the prince. I'll warrant you I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 Cit. Good sir, take heed he does not hurt vou:

He is a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.
Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,

And make you like a hawk. [Phar.] strives, Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him: Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off! Look you, friends, how gently he leads! Upon my word,

He's tame enough, he needs no further watch-

Good my friends, go to your houses, And by me have your pardons and my love; And know there shall be nothing in my power You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.

To give you more thanks, were to flatter you. Continue still your love; and for an earnest, Drink this. [fires money.]

Long mayst thou live, brave prince, All. brave prince, brave prince!

Excust PHIL. and PHAR. Cap. Go thy ways, thou art the king of courtesy !

Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come, And every man trace to his house again, And hang his pewter up; then to the tavern, And bring your wives in muffs. We will have

And the red grape shall make us dance and rise. boys. Exeunt.

SCENE V. 10

Enter King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, Bellario, and Attendants.

King. Is it appear'd?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster Brings on the prince himself.

King. Kind gentleman! I will not break the least word I have given In promise to him. I have heap'd a world Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope To wash away.

Enter PHILASTER and PHARAMOND.

My lord is come. King. My son ! Blest be the time that I have leave to call Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms, Methinks I have a salve unto my breast For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief

That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy That I repent it, issue from mine eves Let them appearse thee. Take thy right; take her;

She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory.

40 An apartment in the palace.

Past and forgotten. - For you, prince of Spain, Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full

To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company.
How like you this piece?

Meg. Sir, he likes it well, us Meg. Sir, he likes it well, 'For he hath tried it, and hath found it worth His princely liking. We were to'en abed; I know your meaning. I am not the first That nature taught to seek a fellow forth; Can shame remain perpetually in me.

And not in others? Or have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Ph. What meaner you?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship, To bear the princess and her boy together,

Dion. How now! se Meg. Others took me, and I took her and Mey:

him At that all women may be ta'en sometime. Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure Weather and wind alike.

King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me

for father. 60 This earth, how false it is! What means

Are. This earth, how false it is! What mee is left for me
To clear myself? It lies in your belief.
My lords, believe me; and let all things class
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great King, that I

may speak As freedom would! Then I will call this lady As base as are her actions. Hear me, sir; Believe your heated blood when it rebels

Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely.

Phi. This lady! I will sooner trust the wind With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl, This lady! I will sooner trust the wind Than her with any thing. Believe her not, Why, think you, if I did believe her words, I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take Revenge on you; then what were to be known But death?

Forget her, sir, since all is knit One favour, and will sadly be denied.

Phi. Command, whate or it be.

To what you promise.

By the powers above, King. Swear to be true .

Let it not be the death of her or him, And it is granted!

King. Bear away that boy To torture ; I will have her clear'd or buried. Phi. Oh, let me call my word back, worthy sir!

Ask something else: bury my life and right ... In one poor grave; but do not take away My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him! It stands irrevocable. Phi. Turn all your eyes on me. Here stands a man.

I Shall be corry to be denied.

The falsest and the basest of this world. Setswords against this breast, some honest man, For I have liv'd till I am pitied! My former doods were hateful; but this last la pitiful, for I unwillingly

ls pittlui, for I unwinnings
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture. Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?

(Hers to state himself. Dear sir, be patient yet ! Oh, stay that

Are. Dear hand! King. Sirs, strip that boy.

Dion.

Connection of the constancy of the constance of th Dion. No. - Help, sirs.

Bel.

Why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my row.
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? Will be confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King, Speak then. Bel. Great King, if you command

This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thought My youth hath known; and stranger things than these

You hear not often.

King. Walk saide with hin. . [DION and BELLARIO wash apart

Dion. Why speak st thou not?
Bel. Know you this face, my lord

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily I know not where,

13.6. I have been often told In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwist whom and no
They that would flatter my bad face would seat There was such strange rescuiblance, that ..

two Could not be known asunder, drest alike.

Dion. By Heaven, and so there is:

Bet.

For her fair sal

For her fair sake. " Who now doth spend the spring-time of her lib-In holy pilgrimage, move to the King, That I may scape this torture.

But thou speak at As like Euphrasia as thou dost look.

How came it to thy knowledge that she live a In pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my shame! is it possible? Irre

That I may gaze upon them. Art thou she.
Or else her murderer ? Where wert the
born?

Rel. In Syracusa. What's thy name? Dian. Bel.

In some barbarone countries, it was beneat the the murderer interties. the form and qualities of he victim. (Mason.)

Dion. Oh, 't is just, 't is she! Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst died, And I had never seen thee nor my shame! How shall I own thee? Shall this tongue of mine

E'er call thee daughter more?

Bel. Would I had died undeed! I wish it too And so I must have done by vow, ere publish'd What I have told, but that there was no means To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this, no The princess is all clear.

King. What, have you done?

Dion. All is discovered.
Why then hold you me? All is discovered! Pray you, let me go.

Offers to stab himself.

King. Stay him.

What is discovered?

Why, my shame. It is a woman; let her speak the rest.

Phi. How? That again!

It is a woman. Phi. Blest be you powers that favour innocence !

King. Lay hold upon that lady.
[Mgs;RA is seized.]
Phi. It is a woman, sir! — Hark, gentlemen, it is a woman! - Arethusa, take My soul into thy breast, that would be gone With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair, and virtuous still to ages, in despite (If malice,

King. Speak you, where lies his shame?

Bel. I am his daughter. us Phi. The gods are just.

Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you

The virtue of our age, I bend my knee

For mercy.

Phi. raising him. Take it freely; for I know,
Though what thou didst were undiscreetly done,

T was meant well,

Irr. And for me, have a power to pardon sins, as oft As any man has power to wrong me. Cle. Noble and worthy!

Phi. But, Bellario, For I must call thee still so, tell me why I'hou didat conceal thy sex. It was a fault, fault, Bellario, though thy other doeds of truth outweigh'd it, all these jealousies lad flown to nothing if thou hadst discovered

What now we know

My father oft would speak 110 Bel. Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow More and more apprehensive, I did thirst To see the man so praised. But yet all this Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw n god, I thought, but it was you, enter our gates, My blood flew out and back again, as fast As I had puft it forth and suckt it in Like breath. Then was I call'd away in haste

1 Quick to understand.

To entertain you. Never was a man, To entertain you. Never was a man, Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, rais'd So high in thoughts as I. You left a kiss Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep From you for ever. I did hear you talk, so Far above singing. After you were gone, I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd What stirr'd it so: alas, I found it love! Yet far from lust; for could I but have liv'd In presence of you, I had had my end. For this I did delude my noble father with a feight'd nilerimage, and dreat myself For this I did delide my noble father With a feign'd pilgrimage, and drest myself In habit of a boy; and, for I knew My birth no match for yon, I was past hope Of having you; and, understanding well That when I made discovery of my sex I could not stay with you, I made a yow, I could not stay with you, I made a yow, By all the most religious things a maid Could call together, never to be known, Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's

For other than I seem'd, that I might ever Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,

Abide with you. Also me up.

Search out a match

Search out a match Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt, And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself will will deserve him.

Bel. Never, sir. will I Marry; it is a thing within my vow: But, if I may have leave to serve the princess, To see the virtues of her lord and her, I shall have hope to live.

I, Philaster Are Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady Drest like a page to serve you; nor will I Suspect her living here. - Come, live with me; Live free as I do. She that loves my lord, Curst be the wife that hates her!

Phi. I grieve such virtue should be laid in

earth Without an heir. - Hear me, my royal father: Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much. To think to take revenge of that base woman; Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

King. Set her at liberty.— But leave the

court : This is no place for such .- You, Pharamond, Shall have free passage, and a conduct home Worthy so great a prince. When you come

there,
Remember 't was your faults that lost you her. And not my purpos'd will.

Pha. I do confesa,

Renowned sir. King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,

This kingdom, which is yours, and, after me, no Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you! All happy hours be at your marriage joys, That you may grow yourselves over all lands, And live to see your plenteens branches spring Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn By this to rule the passions of their blood; For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.

Exeunt omnex.



THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE.]

a noble Gene ASTIRA, | brothers to Eva-

CALLANAE, am old b

Gentler

Lords, Gentler

EVADUR, wife to Aminter.

Asparta, truth-physic wife to Ami ASTRONA, | waiting guntlewomen to As Dena, a Lady, [att at on Evadae.]

Night, Cynthia, Noptune, Acolus, [See Gods, Wink.]

[SCHOUR. - The City of Rhodes.]

ACT I

SCENE L1

Enter CLEON, STRATO. LYSIPPUS, and DIPHI-LUS.

Cle. The rest are making ready, sir. Lys. So let them ; there s time enough. Diph. You are the brother to the King, my lord; We'll take your word.

Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetry; s What think'st thou of the masque? Will it be well?

Stra. As well as masques can be.

Lys. As masques can be : Stra. Yes; they must commend their king. and speak in praise

Of the assembly, bless the bride and bridegroom In person of some god; they're tied to rules 10 Of flattery.
Cle. See. good my lord, who is return'd!

Enter MELANTIUS.

Lys. Noble Melantius, the land by me Welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes; Thou that with blood abroad buyest our peace! The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;

My brother wisht thee here, and thou art here. He will be too kind, and weary thee With often welcomes; but the time doth give thee

A welcome above his or all the world's.

Mrl. My lord, my thanks; but these scratcht limbs of mine

Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends, More than my tongue e'er could. My mind 's the

1 An apartment in the palace.

It ever was to you: where I find worth. I love the keeper till he let it go, And then I follow it.

Dipl. Hail, worthy He that rejoices not at your return Hail, worthy brother! #

In safety is mine enemy for ever.

Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus, But thou at

faulty:
I sent for thee to exercise thine arms
With me at Patria; thou cam'st not, Diphiles; T was ill.

I was in.

Ny noble brother, my excuse
Is my king's strict command, which you, my lord,

Can witness with me.
'T is most true, Melastis; He might not come till the solemnities

Of this great match were past. Diph. Have you heard of it? # Mel. Yes, and have given cause to those that

here

Envy my deeds abroad to call me gamesome: I have no other business here at Rhodes.

Lys. We have a masque to-night, and yes must tread

A soldier's measure.

Mel. These soft and silken wars are not fet. me:

The music must be shrill and all confus'd That stirs my blood; and then I dance with reins.

But is Amintor wed?

This day. Diph. Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend. Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend:

His worth is great; valiant he is and temper ate

And one that never thinks his life his own, If his friend need it. When he was a boy, As oft as I return'd (as, without boast,

I brought home conquest), he would gaze upon

And view me round, to find in what one limb The virtue lay to do these things he heard; Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel The quickness of the edge, and in his hand so Weigh it. He oft would make me smile at this. His youth did promise much, and his ripe years Will see it all perform'd.

Enter ASPATIA, passing by.

Hail, maid and wife! Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot.
That thou hast tied to-day last till the hand.
Of age undo 't! May'st thou bring a race Unto Amintor, that may fill the world Successively with soldiers!

My hard fortunes Asp. Deserve not scorn, for I was never proud

Lys. You are mistaken, sir; 🕶 She is not married.

Mel.

You said Amintor was.

Diph. 'Tis true; but -Pardon me ; I did receive etters at Patria from my Amintor,

That he should marry her. Diph. And so a And so it stood Made me imagine you had heard the change.

Mel. Who hath he taken then?

A lady, sir, That bears the light about 1 her, and strikes dead

With flashes of her eye : the fair Evadne. Your virtuous sister.

Peace of heart betwixt them! 78 But this is strange.

The King, my brother, did it

Lys. The King, my brother, did it To honour you; and these solemnities

Are at his charge.

Mel. "T is royal, like himself. But I am sad

My speech bears so unfortunate a sound To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage Hid in her father's breast, Calianax, Bent long against me; and he should not think, If I could call it back, that I would take So base revenges, as to soom the state
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still
His greatness with the King?
Lys. Yes. But this lady

Lys. Yes. But this may Walks discontented, with her watery eyes Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods Are her delight; where, when she sees a bank Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell a Her servants what a pretty place it were To bury lovers in; and make her maids Plack em, and strow her over like a corse. She carries with her an infectious grief. She carries with her an infectious grief, That strikes all her beholders: she will sing The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,

And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest

¹ So Q_1 , Q_1 above. The choice of reading depends on whether her refers to Aspatia or Evadne.

Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course, that fill the room
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase that, ere she end,
She'll send them weeping one by one away.

Mel. She has a brother under my command,
I like here a force are groundly as love.

Like her; a face as womanish as hers; But with a spirit that hath much outgrown

The number of his years.

Enter AMINTOR.

My lord the bridegroom! My lord the bridegroom?

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily,
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;
Thou art my friend, but my disordered speech Cuts off my love.

Thou art Melantius; Amin. All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,
To thank the gods Melantius is return'd
In safety! Victory sits on his sword,
As she was wont. May she build there and dwell:

And may thy armour be, as it hath been, Only thy valour and thine innocence! What endless treasures would our enemies give, That I might hold thee still thus!

Mel. I am poor In words; but credit me, young man, thy Could do no more but weep for joy to see thee After long absence. All the wounds I have Fetcht not so much away, nor all the cries Of widowed mothers. But this is peace,

And that was war. Amin. Pardon, thou holy god Of marriage-bed, and frown not, I am fore'd, In answer of such noble tears as those, To weep upon my wedding-day!

Mel. I fear thou art grown too fickle; for I

hear

A lady mourns for thee, nieu say, to death, Forsaken of thee, on what terms I know not. Amin. She had my promise; but the King

forbad it, And made me make this worthy change, thy sister.

Accompanied with graces [far] 5 above 6 her, With whom I long to lose my lusty youth And grow old in her arms.

Mel.

Be prosperous! 140

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, the masquers rage for you.

Lys. Cleon, Strato, Diphilus! We are gone.

Amin. We'll all attend you. —

Excunt Lysippus, Cleon, Strato,

Diphilus [and Messenger].

We shall trouble you

We shall trouble you

With our solemnities.

Not so, Amintor; Mel.

* In turn. * Cf. V. ii. 42. ⁵ Theo. emend. Qq. omit. ⁶ So Q_3 . Q_1 and Q_2 about.

4 Under what circumstances.

But if you laugh at my rude carriage. In peace, I'll do as much for you in war, When you come thither. Yet I have a mistress To bring to your delights; rough though I

I have a mistress, and she has a beart There is no place that I can challenge in 't. But you stand still, and here my was here.

Escus weerally).

SCHNE II. P

ERRY CALLANAX WITH DIAGORAS.

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better, for shame! You let in all the world, and anon the King will rail at mr. Why, very well said. By Jore, the King will have the show i' th' court.

Ling. Why do you swear so, my lord? You know he'll have it here.

Co. By this light, if he ho wise, he will not, Doug. And if he will not be wise, you are for-

Cal. One may wear his heart out with swearing, and get thanks on no side. I'll be gone, in I cal dienil

Dear My herd, I shall never keep them out.

Pray stay, your books will torrify them, tily esa, you' I'll be judged by all the company whether then hast not a worse face than I.

Desg I mean, because they know you and

Cal. Office! I would I could put it of! I im am aure I awast quite through me office. might have made mann at my daughter's worddrug, they he' near kill'd her smoog them; and now I must do service for him that bath

foresken her Serve that will hid a foresken her Serve that will hid a foresken! Anne offers. Hack, hark! there there to a cadea to the What now?

Mel. without Open the door.

Drag Who there's Melantina

thing I hope your lardship brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them. "Denne the down.

Ever MELANTICS and a Lady.

Mel. Nowe but this lady, sir.

Done. The ladice are all placed above, save to these that come in the King's troop, the best of Rhydes ett there, and there is resun.

hear has k there is no piece for such routh and their tralls "- let the done short again No." - do not beads itch" I'll serated them for a 1 4 hall in the palace, with a gailery full of spectatore

* A corruption of God's (?)

* Wenthen.

· Mandy.

you. [Shuts the door.] - So, now thrust and hang. Knocking within.] - Again! who is 't now? - I cannot blame my Lord Calianna for going away; would be were here! He would run away; would be were here! He would run-raging among them, and break a direct where heads than his own in the twinkling of an eye.

What a the news now?

(Voice) within. I pray you, can you help me to the speech of the mater-cook?

Drag. If I open the door, I'll cook some of your calves-heads. Peace, rogues! [Knocking within.]—Again! who is 't?

Mt. (within.) Malanting.

Mel. (within.) Melantins.

Re-enter CALIANAX.

Cal. Let him not in.
Ding. O, my lord, I must. Opening the dow. Make room there for my lord. Is your laty plac'd?

Recenter MELANTIUS.

Mel. Yes, sir. thank you. -- My Lord Calianax, well met. our causeless hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do service for your sister here.
That brings my own poor child to timeless

She loves your friend Amintor; such another

False-hearted lurd as you. Mel. You do me wrong. A most unmanly one, and I am slow

In taking vengionee, but be well advis'd, It may be so. - Who plac'd the inte Call. there

So near the presence of the King?

Med. My lord, she must not air there. Why?

Cal. The place is kept for women of more worth.

Mei. More worth than she! It mishecome your age And place to be thus womanish : forbear!

What you have spoke, I am content to think

What you have spent tongue to.

The palsy shook your tongue to.

Why, 't is well. If I stand here to place men's wenches.

Shall quite forget this place, thy age, my safety And, through all, out that poor sichly weak Thou has to live away from thee. Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for ros

Mel. Bo. blead. Fixte me the King, and, be he first and

He lies that sats it! Thy mother at tiffees He lies that says Was black and simful to her. Good my led

I has Some god plack threeness years from that feed a man,

That I may kill him, and not stain mine brown They chall be breed by soldiers, that in person They chall be breed by such grants men As, if the land were troubbed would with ters And knows beg snecour from 'ene, Would the

blood, · Freits

That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight, Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee

Apt to say less, or able to maintain, Should'st thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is nought

But a place privileg'd to do men wrong. Cal. Ay, you may say your pleasure.

Enter AMINTOR.

What vile injury 100 Has stirr'd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words as he is quick of hand?

Mel. That heap of age, which I should rever-

If it were temperate, but testy years Are most contemptible.

Amin. Good sir, forbear. 188
Cal. There is just such another as yourself.
Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose,
Since this our match. The King is coming in; I would not for more wealth than I enjoy
He should perceive you raging. He did hear
You were at difference now, which hast'ned him.

Hautboys play within.

Cal. Make room there!

Enter King, Evadne, As Ladies. ASPATIA, Lords, and

King. Melantius, thon art welcome, and my love

Is with thee still; but this is not a place
Te brabble ¹ in. — Calianax, join hands.
Cal. He shall not have mine hand.
Kina.
This is no time

To force you to 't. I do love you both: — Calianax, you look well to your office; — And you, Melantius, are welcome home.

Begin the masque.

Mel. Sister, I joy to see you and your choice;
You lookt with my eyes when you took that man.
Be happy in him!

Recorders 2 [play].

Evad.

O, my dearest brother,

O, my dearest brother, Your presence is more joyful than this day 126 Can be unto me.

THE MASOUE

NIGHT rises in mists.

Night. Our reign is come; for in the raging *

The sun is drown'd, and with him fell the Day. Bright Cynthia, hear my voice! I am the Night,

For whom thou bear'st about thy borrowed light.

Appear! no longer thy pale visage shroud, s But strike thy silver horns quite through a cloud,

And send a beam upon my swarthy face, By which I may discover all the place And persons, and how many longing eyes Are come to wait on our solemnities.

2 Flageolets.

2 Q1 quenching.

Enter CYNTHIA.

How dull and black am I! I could not find This beauty without thee, I am so blind: Methinks they show like to those eastern streaks

That warn us hence before the morning breaks. Back, my pale servant! for these eyes know To shoot far more and quicker rays than

thou Cynth. Great queen, they be a troop for whom alone

One of my clearest moons I have put on ; A troop, that looks as if thyself and I Had pluckt our reins in and our whips laid

by.

To gaze upon these mortals, that appear Brighter than we.

Night. Then let us keep 'em here, nd never more our chariots drive away, But hold our places and outshine the Day.

Cynth. Great queen of shadows, you are pleas'd to speak Of more than may be done. We may not

break The gods' decrees; but, when our time is come,

Must drive away, and give the Day our room. Yet, while our reign lasts, let us stretch our

To give our servants one contented hour, With such unwonted solemn grace and state, As may forever after force them hate

Our brother's glorious beams, and wish the Night

Crown'd with a thousand stars and our cold light:

For almost all the world their service bend To Phoebus, and in vain my light I lend, Gaz'd on unto my setting from my rise Almost of none but of unquiet eyes.

Night. Then shine at full, fair queen, and by

thy power Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour, Of nymphs and shepherds; let their songs discover.

Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover; Or, if thou woo b 't, then call thine own Endymion

From the sweet flow'ry bed he lies upon, On Latmus' top, thy pale beams drawn away, a And of his long night let him make a day.

Cynth. Thou dream'st, dark queen; that fair

boy was not mine, Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and wine Have bred these bold tales: poets, when they

rage,
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age. ** But I will give a greater state and glory, And raise to time a nobler memory Of what these lovers are. - Rise, rise, I say, Thou power of deeps, thy surges laid away, Neptune, great king of waters, and by me. Be proud to be commanded!

4 I. s. of the court ladies.

s Will.

NEPTUNE PAREN.

Nept. Cynthia, see Thy word hath fetcht me hither; let me know Why I ascend.

Cynth. Doth this majestic show Give thee no knowledge yet?

Yes, now I see

Something intended, Cynthia, worthy thee. of Go on, I'll be a helper.

Cynth. Hie thee, then,
And charge the Wind fly from his rocky den,
Let loose his subjects; only Borens,
Too foul for our intentions as he was.

Still keep him fast chain'd: we must have none here

But vernal blasts and gentle winds appear, Such as blow flowers, and through the glad boughs sing

Many soft welcomes to the lasty spring;
These are our music. Next, thy wat'ry race
Bring on in couples (we are pleas'd to grace
This noble night), each in their richest things Your own deeps or the broken vessel brings. Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind And shine at full upon you.

Nept. Oh, the Wind!

Commanding Acolus!

Enter A EOLUR out of a Rock.

Aeol. Nept. Great Neptune!

He. 73 leal.

What is thy will?
We do command thee free Nept. Favonius and thy milder winds, to wait L'pon our Cynthia; but tie Boreas strait, He's too rebellious.

I shall do it. [Exit Agonus.] Nept.

Acol. [within.] Great master of the flood and

Thy full command has taken. - Oh, the Main!

Neptune ! Here.

Re-enter Abouts, followed by FAVONIUS and other Winds.

Boreas has broken his chain,

And, struggling with the rost, has got away.

Nept. Let him alone, I'll take him up at sea :

I will not long be thence. Go once again, And call out of the bottoms of the main Blue Proteus and the rest; charge them put on Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling

stone The beaten | rock breeds; tell this night is

done By me a solemn honour to the Moon : Fly, like a full saft.

1 am gone. Durk Night, dent. [Erit.] Cynth. strike a full silence, do a thorough right To this great chorus, that our music may

1 Crushed (?) or beaten by the waves (?).

Touch high as Heaven, and make the break day At midnight. Mus

[Finat] Sone.

During which PROTEUS and other Son-deit enter.

Cynthia, to thy power and thee
We obey.
Joy to this great company?
And no day
Come to steal this night away.
Till the rites of lose are ended,
And the listy bridegressus say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended?

Pace out, you watery powers below; Let your feet,

Like the galleys when they row, Even beat Let your unknown measures, set

To the stid winds, tell to all.
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great nuptial

SECOND SONG.

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, tall we have a The Day will come too s-on:

Foung maids will curse thee, if then stead at a warmen their lesses open to the day Stay, stay, and hide

The blushes of the bride.

Btay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cores.

The kisses of her lover.

Btay, and contound her tears and her shrill cryic.

But help not, though she call.

Nept. Great queen of us and Heaven, hat I bring

To make this hour a full one.2

Speak, sen's king Cynth. Speak, sen's king Nept. The tunes my Amphitrite jos

When she will dance upon the rising wave, And court me as she sails. My Trions, pla Music to lay a storm! I'll lead the way A Measure, NETTURE leaf

[THIRD] BONG.

To bed, to bed! Come, Hymen, lend the tride And lay her by her husband's anie, Bring in the virgins every one,

That grieve to lie slone,
That they may kine while they may any a make
To-morrow 't will be other kint and asid.
Hesperus, be long achitting,
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.

Acol. [within.] Ho, Neptune! Nept. Acoins !

[Re-enter ABOLUB.]

Acal. The sea goes Boreas hath rais'd a storm: go and apply Thy trident, else, I prophesy, ere day

² Q₁ adds here if not her measure, placeby plained by Floay as a stage-direction, dancher

Many a tall ship will be cast away.

Descend with all the gods and all their power. To strike a calm.

Cynth. [We thank you for this hour: My favour to you all.] 1 To gratulate So great a service, done at my desire, Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher Than you have wisht for; and no ebb shall dare To let the Day see where your dwellings are. Now back unto your governments in haste, Lest your proud charge should swell above the waste,

And win upon the island. Nept.

We obey. NEPTUBE descends and the Soc-Gods. Exeunt FAVONIUS and other Winds.]

Cyath. Hold up thy head, dead Night; see'st thou not Day?

The east begins to lighten. I must down.

And give my brother place.

Night.

Oh, I could frown:
To see the Day, the Day that flings his light
Upon my kingdom and contemns old Night! Oh, I could frown 186 Let him go on and flame! I hope to see Another wild-fire in his axle-tree,
And all fall drencht, But I forget: — speak.

queen:
The Day grows on; I must no more be seen.
Cynth. Heave up thy drowsy head and see A greater light, a greater majesty, Between our set 2 and us 1 Whip up the team: The Day breaks here, and you same flashing

stream 8

Shot from the south. Say, which way wilt thou

go? Night. I'll vanish into mists. I into Day. Cynth.

Exeunt NIGHT and CYNTHIA. Finis Masque.

King. Take lights there! - Ladies, get the bride to bed. We will not see you laid; good night, Amintor; We 'll ease you of that tedious ceremony. Were it my case, I should think time run

slow.

If thou be at noble, youth, get me a boy, That may defend my kingdoms from my foes. Amin. All happiness to you!

King. Good night, Melantius. Exeunt. King.

ACT II

[SCENE I.]4

Enter EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, and other Ladies.

Dula. Madam, shall we undress you for this fight? The wars are nak'd that you must make to-

night.

So Q_i. Q_i A thanks to every one, and.
 Setting, the West. Qc. Sect, emended by Seward.
 The effulgence of the court. (Thorndike.)
 Aste-room to Evadne's bed-chamber.

Evad. You are very merry, Dula.
I should be Far merrier, madam, if it were with me

As it is with you. How's that?

Evad. Dula. That I might go To bed with him wi' th' credit that you do.

Evad. Why, how now, wench?
Dula. Come, ladies, will you help? Dula. Evad. I am soon undone.

And as soon done: Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.

Dula. Why, here 's none but we. 16

Evad. Thou think 'st belike there is no mod-

esty When we 're alone.

Dula. Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts

aright.
ad. You prick me, lady.
"I'is against my will.
"To more and lie Evad.still;

You're best to practise. Evad. Sure, this wench is man. Dula. No, faith, this is a trick that I have Sure, this wench is mad.

had

Since I was fourteen.

Evad. 'T is high time to leave it.

Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it till the trick leave me.

A dozen wanton words put in your head
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.

Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.⁵
Dula.

Take it, madam! Where?

Dula. Take it, madam i vv.
We all, I hope, will take it that are here.
Evad. Nay, then I 'll give you o'er.
So will I

So will I make The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ache. **
Evad. Wilt take my place to-night?
Dula.

I'll hold your eards

Against any two I know. What wilt thou do? Dula. Madam, we'll do't, and make'em

leave play too.

Evad. Aspatia, take her part.

I will refuse it: She will pluck down a side; 6 she does not

use it.
Evad. Why, do, I prithee. You will find the play Dula.

Quickly, because your head lies well that way.

Evad. I thank thee, Dula. Would thou couldst instil

Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!
Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do
dwell:

Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well. Dula. She is in love: hang me, if I were

But I could run my country. I love too
To do those things that people in love do.

Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek.

I. e. the trick. (Thorndike.)

Cause the loss of the game.
Drive at a fast pace.

² Untimely.

e a fitter hour forme to be at the situr the religions edying th F. 8 in: . di . . . d weath art or love could frame. If he was not or love could frame. If field want a, you safely may fraging that two; have lost many that I had frame you e I been best seen that I had f Road. Nay, have this and talk of. See, if you have not spelfel all Dubts rth . Then think at the he et hand ; het, 🛣 thou be at a ber me ; the de. That 's not so good on shoot saything but fire. I fear Asp. Well, wench, thou may st be taken. Road. Ladies, good-night; I'll do the rest mynelf.
Dula. Nay, let your lord do som
Asp. singing. Loy a garland on my her Of the dismal yes --Ecod. That 's one of your and songs, made Asp. Beliave me, 't is a very pretty one. Lead. How is it, medam? Asp. singing. Lay a garland on my house Of the diseast yew; Maidean, willow-brunches bear; flay I died true. My love was false, but I was firm From my hour of birth: Upon my buried body lie Lightly, gentle earth: Ecod. Fie on 't, madem! The words are so strange, they Are able to make one dream of hobgoblins. — Dula.

Dula. ininging.]

Ecod. So, leave me now. Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.

I could never have the power
To love one above an bour,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On some other man to fly.

Venus, fix mine eyes fast, Or, if not, give me all that I shall see at last!

1 So Dyes. Q, right. Other Qq. and F night.

i sight. May all the su 4 ay as un I go to earth; ivy class my colli w my fortune; le morang try class my collin round; so m my bow my fortune; let my his n by vizzine, that shall sing by come! that mails and parinting made and passes.

s. I pity thee.
fashen, good night. Reit Evanue.
ane, we'll let in the bridageon.
Where 'e my led? Where 's my led? "
Lody. Here, take this light. Enter Auguston. Dule. You 'Il find her in the dark.

1 Lody. Your lady 's source a-bed yet; yes must halp her.

Asp. Go. and he happy in your lady's love.
May all the wrongs that you have done to me. Be utherly forgotten in my death!

I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting kim, and will not be defied.

[Kisses Amurros.] weep when I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself
Into this willow-garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love, though new refue'd,
Then the You'll come, my lord, and see the virgin Then to have had another true to me. So with my prayers I leave you, and must to Same yet unpractis'd way to grieve and dis. at try Dula. Come, ladies, will you go?
All. Good night, my led.
Amis. Much happiness unto you all!

Eresst [Dula and] Ladie.
I did that lady wrong. Methinks, I feel
A grief shoot suddenly through all my veins;
Mine eyes rain: this is strange at such a
time.
It was the King first mov'd me to 't; but he
Has not my will in keeping. Why do I
Perplex myself thus? Something whispeen me.
Go not to bed. My guilt is not so great
As mine own conscience, too sensible. As mine own conscience, too sensible, Would make me think; I only brake a And 't was the King that fore'd me. Timerou flosh, Why shak'st thou so? Away, my idle feers! 2 Artful. 1 By turns.

Re-enter EVADNE.

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye Can blot away the sud remembrance of all these things. — Oh, my Evndue, spare That tender body; let it not take cold! The vapours of the might will not fall here. to bed, my love: Hymen will punish us or being slack performers of his rites. Cam'st thou to call me?

Evail. Come, come, my love, And let us loss ourselves to one another.
Why art thou up so long?

Event. I am not well. Amin. To bed then; let me wind thee in these arms

Till I have banisht sickness. Good any lord, 180 Evad. I cannot aleep.

Evadne, we will watch; .1 min. I mean no sleeping. I'll not go to bed.

Ecad.
Amin. I prithee, do.
Evad.
I will not for the world.
Amin. Why, my dear love?
Evad.
Why! I have sworn I will not. dmin. Sworn!

Erud. How? Sworn, Evadne! Amon.

Evad. Yes, sworn, Amintor; and will swear again,

If you will wish to hear me.

Amin. To whom have you sworn this?

Evad. If I should name him, the matter were

Amin. Come, this is but the coyness of a bride.

Evad. The coyness of the bride! How prettily

That frown becomes thee! Kend.

Amin. Thou canet not dress thy face in such a look Do you like it so?

But I shall like it. What look likes 1 you best? at I shall fixe it.

What look likes 1 you best?

Amin. Why do you ask?

Kead. That I may show you one less pleasing to you.

Amin. How is that?

Evad. That I may show you one less pleas-

ing to you.

Amin. I prithee, put thy jests in milder looks;

It shows as thon wert angry. So perhaps

I am indeed.

Min. Why, who has done thee wrong? Name me the man, and by threelf I swear.
Thy yet unconquered self, I will revenge thee !

Evad. Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost love me, Thom weigh'st not anything compar'd with

me: Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights This world can yield, or hopeful people feigu,

Or in the life to come, are light as air To a true lover when his lady frowns, And bids him, "Do this." Wilt thou kill this man ?

Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin

Off from thy lipe.

I wo' not swear, sweet love. Amin.
Till I do know the cause.

I would thou wouldst.

I hate

Why, it is thou that wrong'st me; I hate thee:

Thou should'st have kill'd thyself. Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill

The man you hated. Evad. Know it, then, and do 't. put on

To try my faith, I shall not think thee false; I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where fulsehood should abide. Leave, and to

If you have sworn to any of the virgins That were your old companions, to preserve Your maidenhead a night, it may be done Without this means.

A maidenhead, Amintor, 100 Ennd. At my years!

Amin. Sure the raves; this cannot be Her natural temper. - Shall I call thy maids? Either thy healthful sleep liath left thee long. Or else some fever ruges in thy blood. Evad. Neither, Amintor: think you I am

mad, Because I speak the truth?

Amin. (Is this t [Is this the truth ? | 2

To-night! Erad. You talk as if [you thought] I would hereafter.

Amin. Hereafter! yes, I do.

Evad.

You are deceiv'd.

Put off amazement, and with patience mark we What I shall utter, for the oracle Knows nothing truer. 'T is not for a night

Knows nothing truer. 'T is not for a night Or two that I forbear thy bed, but ever. Amin. I dream. Awake, Amintor!

Evad. You hear right I sooner will find out the beds of snakes, as And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,

Letting them carl themselves about my limbs, Than aleep one night with thee. This is not feign'd,

Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.

Amin. Is thesh so earthly to endure all

Are these the joys of marriage? Hymen, keep This story, that will make succeeding youth Neglect thy ceremonies, from all ears; Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine To after ages: we will seen thy laws, if thou no better bless them. Touch the heart Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world Shall know; there's not an altar that will

Only in Q1.

amoke

5 Pleases.

In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons; Then cirtue shall inherit, and not blood. If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet, berving ourselves as other creatures do; And never take note of the female more, Nor of her issue. — I do rage in vain; She can but jest. — (b), pardon me, my love! 200 So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee, That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear; It is a pain, beyond the hand of death, To be in doubt. Confirm it with an oath, If this be true.

Ecol. Do you invent the form; et there he in it all the hinding words Devils and conjurers can put together.
And I will take it. I have sworn before, And here by all things holy do again. Never to be acquainted with thy bed! In your doubt over now?

Amin. I know to doubted still! too much; would I

Was ever such a marriage-night as this! You powers above, if you did ever mean Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a

WAT How he may bear himself, and save his honour: Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no mean, no moderate course to run;
I must live scown d, or be a murderer.
Is there a third? Why is this night so calm? Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us,
And drown her voice."

Evad. This rage will do no good.

Amea. Evadne, hear me. Thou hast ta'en an

outh. But such a rash one, that to keep it were Worse than to swear it. Call it back to thee; 285 Such vows as that never ascend to Heaven; A tear or two will wash it quite away. Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth, If thou be pitiful for, without beast, This land was proud of me. What lady was

That men call'd fair and virtuous in this isle, That would have shunn'd my love? It is in

thre To make me hold this worth. On, we vain

That trust [out] 1 all our reputation To rest upon the weak and yielding hand Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone; Thy flosh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard. Come, lead me from the bottom of despair To all the joys thou hast; I know thou wilt; 170 And make me careful lest the sudden change

O'ercome my spirits.
When I call back this oath, The pains of hell environ me!

Amin. I sleep, and am too temperate. Come to bed !

Or by those hairs, which, if thou hadst a soul 275 Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to

About their arms -

Why, so perhaps they are Amin. I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue

ndo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh 'Il print a thousand wounds to let out life' "
Evod. I fear thee not: do what thee dar'st to me!

Every ill-sounding word or threat'ning look Thou shew is to me will be reveng'd as full.

Amin. It will not sure. Evadue?

Evad. Do not you hazard that.

Amin. Ha ye your champions? = Evod. Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I ter French

To sleep with thee, because I have put on A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks

And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart There dwells as much desire and as much will To put that wished 2 act in practice as ever jet Was known to woman; and they have loss shown

Both. But it was the folly of thy youth To think this beauty, to what land hoe'er It shall be call'd, shall stoop to any second. I do enjoy the best, and in that height Have sworn to stand or die. You gues the

Amin. No; let me know the man that wrong me so,

That I may but his body into motes, And scatter it before the northern wind. Evad. You dare not strike him.

Amin. Do not wrong me a. Yes, if his body were a poisonous plant That it were death to touch, I have a soul Will throw me on him.

Why, 't is the King. The King! Eval. Amin.

Evad. What will you do now? Amin. T is not the King Evad. What did he make this match for

dull Amintor? Amin. Oh, thou hast nam'd a word, that

wipes away All thoughts revengeful! In that encred many "The King," there lies a terror. What free

Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods Speak to him when they please: till when, let a

Suffer and wait.

Evad. Why should you fill yourself so full d

heat.
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.
Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy, then To marry me?

Evad. Alas, I must have one To father children, and to bear the name Of husband to me, that my sin may be

More honourable! What strange thing am !! Evad. A miserable one; one that myself Am sorry for.

Amin. Why, show it then in this:

I In Q only.

³ So Q₁. Q₂ wisht. ³ Bullen conjectures hand

If thou hast pity, though thy love be none, Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall live in after ages crost in their desires, hall bless thy memory, and call thee good, Because such mercy in thy heart was found, To rid a ling'ring wretch. Evad. I must have one

To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;

See, by this night, I would! I pity thee.

Amia. These strange and sudden injuries

have fall'n So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
If what they are. Methinks, I am not wrong'd;
Yor is it aught, if from the censuring world
can but hide it. Reputation. Thou art a word, no more! - But thou hast shown

impudence so high, that to the world fear thou wilt betray or shame thyself. Evad. To cover shame, I took thee; never

That I would blaze 2 myself.

Nor let the King 300 min.

Nor lot the mine now I conceive he wrongs me; then mine Will thrust me into action, though a my flesh

ould bear with patience. And it is some ease to me in these extremes, that I know this efore I toucht thee; else, had all the sins If mankind stood betwixt me and the King, had gone through 'sm to his heart and thine. have lost 'one desire: 't is not his crown Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve b Le has dishonour'd thee, Give me thy hand: Be careful of thy credit, and sin close;
T is all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floor
I rest to-night, that morning visitors
May think we did as married people use:
And prithee, smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleased

Vith what we did. Erad. Fear not; I will do this. Amin. Come, let us practise; and, as wantonly a ever loving bride and bridegroom met, et is laugh and enter here.

Evad. I am content.

Amin. Down all the swellings of my troubled

heart! Then we walk thus intwin'd, let all eyes see F over lovers better did agree. Exeunt.

[SCHNE II.] 8

Enter ASPATIA, ANTIPHILA, and OLYMPIAS.

Asp. Away, you are not sad! force it no furfood godn, how well you look! Such a full

colour oung bashful brides put on : sure, you are

new married!
Ant. Yes, madam, to your grief. Asp.

Alas, poor weaches! 1 Despatch.
2 So old 1778. Early Qq. and F that.
4 Secret 1 Proclaim.

4 Q lett 4 Q, left
4 Secretly.
5 Am convinced.
7 Q, longing.
6 An apartment in the house of Calianax. Go learn to love first; learn to lose yourselves; a Learn to be flattered, and believe and bless. The double tongue that did it; make a faith Out of the miracles of ancient lovers. Such as spake truth and died in't; and, like 1111

Believe all faithful, and be miserable.

Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak,

Olympias:

Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp. Olym. Never.

dsp. Nor you, Antiphila?

Ant. Nor I. Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise

At least be more than I was; and be sure You credit any thing the light gives life to, Before a man. Rather believe the sea Weeps for the ruin'd merchant, when he roars; Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails, When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the SHIP

Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn, When all falls blasted. If you needs must love, Two dead-cold aspies, and of them make lovers,
They cannot flatter nor forswear, one kiss
Makes a long peace for all. But man

Oh, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my

girls: That down-east of thine eye, Olympias, Shows a fine sorrow. — Mark, Autiphila; Just such another was the nymph Oenone, When Paris brought home Helen. - Now, a tear

And then thou art a piece expressing fully The Carthage queen, when from a cold searock.

Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them, Just as thine-does, down stole a tear. - Antiphila.

What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia? Here she would stand, till some more pitying

Turn'd her to marble! - 'Tis enough, my wench!

Show me the piece of needlework you wrought.

Ant. Of Ariadne, madain?

Asp. Yes, that piece,- a This should be Theseus; h'as a cozening face. You meant him for a man?

Ant.

Asp. Why, then, 'tis well enough. - Never look back;

You have a full wind and a false heart, The-

MH1114.

Does not the story say, his keel was split, (Ir his masts spent, or some kind rock or other Met with his vessel?

Ant.
Asp. It should ba' been so. Could the gods

Was well exprest; just such another caught

me. -

120 -Dist. Total -THE 124-12 1300 -TO ALL PROPERTY AND ADDRESS. . Inflate Fall محمد مد مد م to to se admini THE NAME THAT ARE DESCRIPTIONS - 4 man not be sentral by my mine. 医二基苯基甲基 医

-V.... Et. -F _ ACOUNT TO A Please . To let ---الأستحد والمشتر is the same of the second of t i rimer

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Frankline

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سنجوامة فالأواع متأتي Vi miv se o e super allumino. Per pue un

ীৰিকাৰিকাৰ বিভাগ কৰে মাজৰকাত আৰক্ষা সুৰুষ্টে ($W_{\pi^{-2}\mathbb{Z}^{n+1}}$ o de Artie di tre Giames ye ili tuat

Ast. My lir it we do no more than we are Lys.

It is the bulb's pleasure we be thus

In grief she is torsaken. Can. There's a rogue too.

A young dissembling slave! - Well, get you iu.

I'll have a bout with that boy. 'T is high time Now to be valiant: I confess my youth way never proue that way. What, made an 866 !

of in Theorem. Address ² Q, bravely. 4 / . . now.

Vol. I will be valing, and a di those whelps; I vill! attest of 'one, a trin cheste -00 445 64 THE THE PARTIES OF years that meets'; has out-bear'd no

THE THE THIRD THE COME I am valiant.—

ACT III

NAME IN

Law Mars. Marc. and Director.

The same a new up yet.

The main new take their mornig's

The main a republishmen. THE BUT BUT BUTHER, CO.

material white the has not my sister's i

The Total States are story with my sister; you I make it allow me the same freedom with a

THE BACKE

The survey of service.

The survey sucresses of hemit;
to reside to teking. Knock at the door,

The survey of the survey of them.

... N. matter: they have the year before ERATO knocks at the det. 711-TL The again,

I'm AMINTOR.

main. The 's there? My brother! I'm me maint yet.
I am sate a slut now up.
I de Tallek as you had lost your eyes to

33211

the nak you had not slept.

I' faith I have not I' faith I have not I' a You have done better, then. I' faith I have not.

A shall o minand against the foes of Rhodes.

A self- o minand against the roes of knows.

Self- we be merry?

Self- You cannot; you want aleep.

Line. Tis true.—(Aside.) But the

As if she had drank Lethe, or had made Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleep, >> ≤w ← t and sound —

Iry. What 's that? Your sister fres Anin. This morning; and does turn her eyes upon me.
As people on their headsman. She does chafe.
And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my checks:

She is in another world.

Diph. Then I had lost: I was about to lay You had not got her maidenhead to-night.

Amin. [Aside.] Ha! does he not mack me.

You'd lost indeed;

I do not use to bungle.

Laughing-stock.
 Ante-room to Evadne's bed-chamber.
 No more dressed.

Cleo. You do deserve her. Amin. (Aside.) I laid my lips to hers, and that wild breath,

That was so rude and rough to me last night,
Was sweet as April. I'll be guilty too, If these be the effects.

Enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. Good day, Amintor; for to me the name Of brother is too distant: we are friends, And that is nearer.

Doar Melantius! Amin.

Let me behold thee. Is it possible?

Mel. What sudden gaze is this?

Amin. 'T is wondrous strange! Amin.

The wondrous security Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a

Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here

at is not thine.

I wonder much, Melantius, Amin. To see those noble looks, that make me think How virtuous thou art : and, on the sudden, Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honour

Or not be base, and false, and treacherous, And every ill. But—

Mel. Stay, stay, my friend; fear this sound will not become our loves.

No more : embrace me. 1 Amin. Oh, mistake me not! know thee to be full of all those deeds That we frail men call good; but by the course Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd As are the winds; dissembling as the sea, That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be, Tempting the merchant to invade his face, And in an hour calls his billows up, And shoots 'em at the sun, destroying all

'A carries on him .- (Aside.) Oh, how near am

To utter my sick thoughts!

Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?

Amin. I have wed thy sister, who hath virtuous thoughts

Enough for one whole family; and it is strange That you should feel no want. Mel. Believe me, this is compliment too cun-

ning for me.

Diph. What should I be then by the course of nature

They having both robb'd me of so much virtue? Stra. Oh, call the bride, my Lord Amintor, That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes down.

It is the prettiest sport!
Amin. Evadne!

Evad. (within.) My lord? Amin.

Come forth, my love; Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.

Evad. [within.] I am not ready yet. Amin. Enough, enough.

Amin. Evad. [within.] They'll mock me. Faith, thou shalt come in. Amin.

1 The Qq. have no point after more; F, has a comma.

Enter EVADNE.

Mel. Good morrow, sister. He that understands

Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy; You have enough: take heed you be not proud.

Diph. Oh, sister, what have you done?

Evad. I done? why, what have I done?

Stra. My Lord Amintor swears you are no maid now.

maid now.

Evad. Pish!

Str.t. I' faith, he does.

I knew I should be mockt. ••

If 't were to do again,

In faith I would not marry.

Amin. (Aside.) Nor I, by Heaven!

Diph. Sister, Dula swears She heard you cry two rooms off.

Evad. Fie, how you talk! Diph. Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my

troth, You 're spoil'd. Mel. Amintor.-

Mel. Thou art sad.

Amin. Ha! Who, I? I thank you for that.

Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?

Mel. How!

Amin. Prithee, let 's.

Mel. Nay, that 's too much the other way.

Amin. 1 'm so light'ned with my happiness!

How doet thou, love? Kiss me.

Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of

me.
Amin. Nothing but what becomes us.-

Would you had all such wives, and all the world,

That I might be no wonder! You 're all sad: What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so fight.

Mel. 'T is well you are so.

Amin.

Well! how can I be other,

When she looks thus? - Is there no music

there? Let 'a dance. Why this is strange, Amintor! Mel.

Amin. I do not know myself; yet I could wish

My joy were less.

Diph. I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.

Evad. (Aside.) Amintor, hark.
Amin. What says my love?—I must obey.
Evad. You do it scurvily, 't will be perceiv'd.
Cleo. My lord, the King is here.

Enter KING and LYSIPPUS.

Amin. Where? Stra. And his brother. King. Good morrow, all!— Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee!— And, madam, you are alter'd since I saw you;

² In Qq. and F this sentence is given to Evadue, her name becoming a speech-tag.

I must salute you; you are now another's. How lik'd you your night's rest? Evill. Indeed. Iman. She took but little. You'll let her take more, And thank her too, shortly, King. Amintor, wert thou truly honest till in Yes, sir. Tell me, then, how shows Amin. King. The sport unto thee? Why, well. What did you do? Amin. Amin. No more, nor less, than other couples You know what 't is; it has but a course name. King. But. prithee, I should think, by her black eye. And her red cheek, she should be quick and stirring In this same business; ha? I cannot tell: Amin. I ne'er tried other, sir; but I perceive
She is as quick as you delivered.

King. Well, you'll trust me then, Amintor, to choose A wife for you again? Amin. No, never, sir. King. Why, like you this so ill? So well I like her. . Imin. For this I bow my knee in thanks to you.

And unto Heaven will pay my grateful tribute
Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out A long contented life together here, And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day: For which the thanks is yours. But if the That rule us please to call her first away, Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife Worthy to take her room.

King. I do not like this. - All forbear the room, But you, Amintor, and your lady.

[Exeunt all but the Kino, Aminton, and EVADNE. I have some speech with you, that may concern Your after living well.

Amin. [Aside.] 'A will not tell me that he lies with her! If he do, something heavenly stay my heart, For I shall be apt to thrust this arm of mine To acts unlawful! You will suffer me King. To talk with her, Amintor, and not have A jealous pang? .1min. Sir, I dure trust my wife With whom she dures to talk, and not be jeal-[Retires.] ous. King. How do you like Amintor?

Evad.

King. How is that?

Evad. As one that, to fulfil your will and

pleasure,

I have given leave to call me wife and love. King. I me there is no lasting faith in sin;

They that break word with Heaven will break With all the world, and so dost thou with me. Ered. How, sir?

Nam. The subtle woman's ignorance? Will not excuse you, thou hast taken oute. So great that, methought, they did misbecome A woman's mouth, that thou wouldst ne'er se A man but me. Eval. I never did swear so: You do me wrong. King. Day and night have heard it = Evad. I swore indeed that I would by love A man of lower place; but, if your fortune Should throw you from this height, I bade you I would forsake you, and would bend to him That won your throne. I love with my and tion. Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet Toucht any other, leprosy light here Upon my face! which for your royalty would not stain! Why, thou dissemblest, and King. It is in me to punish thee.

Evad.

Why, it is in me, a
Then, not to love you, which will more afflict Your body than your punishment can mue
King. But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee. Evad. I ha' not. Impudence! he says himself so. King. Evad. 'A lies. 'A does not. King. Evad.

By this light, he does of Strangely and basely I and I'll prove it so.
I did not only shun him for a night.
But told him I would never close with him. King. Speak lower; it is false. Frail. I am no may To answer with a blow; or, if I were,
You are the King. But urge me not; 't is not true. King. Do not I know the uncontrolled thoughts That youth brings with him, when his blood is high With expectation and desire of that He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit, Though he be temperate, of a valient strate As this our age hath known? What could is do, If such a sudden speech had met his blood But ruin thee for ever, if he had not build thee He could not bear it thus: he is as we. Or any other wrong'd man. Evad.

King. Take him! farewell: henceforth land thy foe;

And what disgraces I can blot thre with, local for, Road. Stay, sir! - Amintor! - You she hear, - Amintor!

Amin. [coming forward.] What, my lore. "

mintor, thou hast an ingenious 1

it be virtuous: it amazeth me anst make such base malicions lies !

hat, my dear wife?

Dear wife! I do despise thee. onn be baser than to sow unongst lovers.

Lovers! Who?

king and me -Oh. God!

he should live long, and love withfor such pickthanks 2 as thyself. with me? Swear now, and be pun-

hint The faithless sin I made atia is not yet reveng'd; is. — I will not lose a word woman: but to you, my King. of my soul thrusts out this truth: mant! and not so much to wrong nan thus, as to take a pride ith him of it.

Now, sir, see is fellow lied! ou that can know to wrong, should how men hemselves. What punishment is due thin that shall abuse my bed?

th? Nor can that satisfy,
if your limbs through all the land,

nobly I have freed myself. w not thy sword; thou know'st I fenr

hand; but thou shalt feel the

the weight of that! words; for, as you are mere man, we tily kill you for this deed, think to do it. But there is out you that strikes dead esions: as you are my King, you, and present my sword own flash, if it be your will, nothing but a multitude triefs! Yet, should I murder you, ere the world take the excuse for, compare my injuries, ill well appear too sad a weight o endure. But, fall I first sorrows, ere my treacherous hand hings! But why I know not what r), why did you choose out me we wretched? There were thousands,

k on, and of state enough,

I would not have a fool; edit for me.

Worse and worse I ass

2 Tala-tellers. Sympson. Qq. and F lives.

Thou, that dar'et talk unto thy husband thus, Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so, Resolve to be so still! — It is my fate To bear and bow boneath a thousand griefs, To keep that little credit with the world!— But there were wise ones too; you might have ta en

Another.
King. No: for I believ'd thee honest, As thou wert valiant.

Amin. All the happiness bestow'd upon me turns into diagrace.
Gods, take your honesty again, for I
Am londen with it!—Good my lord the King, Be private in it.

Aing. Then mayst live, Aminter, Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this, And be a means that we may meet in secret.

Amin. A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast! A

bitter curse Seize me, if I forget not all respects That are religious, on another word Sounded like that; and through a sea of sins Will wade to my revenge, though I should call

Pains here and after life upon my soul!

King. Well, I am resolute by you lay not with her;

And so I leave you.

Evid.

Evid.

You must needs be prating:

And see what follows! Prithee, vex me not. .Imin. eave me; I am afraid some sudden start

Will pull a murder on que. I am gone ; Evad. I love my life well. Exit.

Amin. I hate mine as much. This 't is to break a troth! I should be glad, If all this tide of grief would make me mad.

[SCENE II.]

Enter MELANTICS.

Mel. I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs, Or friendship shall be idle.

Enter CALLANAX.

Oh, Melantius,

My daughter will die!
Trust me, I am sorry:

Would thou hadst ta'en her room! Thou art a slave. A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave ! >

Mel. Take heed, old man; thou wilt be heard to rave,

And lose thine offices. At all these years, and thou art but a slave!

Mel. Leave ! Some company will come, and I respect Thy years, not thee, so much, that I could wish The laugh at thee alone.

I 'll spoil your mirth:

I mean to fight with thee. There lie, my cloak.

· Convinced.

Fortunate qualities.

A room in the palace

: het i ville ...

. .

a: The gard

قا عاد

4 42 wil me make a supervisor life.

l dest light with it of more to be to be را جد النظ مدنور الله . The providence a like in. I would have him. Til he mis me meny.

in vil ya h Annual Course our surge out I will go

BANKLING, RESEL SPREET No second all over her ton. No. The anti-claw manne me. Lat

Kan me descented surrage of non-bounder Taken begins in me. I will find the same I have his momentume true, he wrong a disputa-

Last Lastin.

Ann. Ano. Mes e epa un un m minio Br permer-My inware mass, I seek mit tieng

Had from the worst, him us than worthing

Thet For augin laner al metance un line me

And every one talk with of the wife Is but a well dimensioner of the wood As I am. Would I show to during Afflicts me mer.

Mel. Aminton, we take that enjoyed one is friendship of inte for we were worn to manage

our souls it talk.

Asia. Memarina I cm tell these a greet just of Secretary and a large the man ting.
Mer. Here was a secretary.
Amer. Why such as that the

Ames. Why man an acte true.

Mes. I have annue on month with work month midle jest, that e fore to but if matter you are

bound to union to me Assis. What is that, my freeze's Ma. I have comerc a your worse full from your langue

Care has be

materia. د اتو . e witt.b e miley in es d'ur sen Ann. Inst

Ann. Bidings, my yet shell know that then it. He. Yes how you play it with federable? It

POVE É

Bur yak gira-i nets remarks to our Im in the street Lain. Sugar what I ha doe: For I am so s'augune with injuries

uneart at. that a law a (E want i marie to m. Ch.

What is " May I may had been the man

liett mer i ser innet s nd to other at feet. Amn. Bur That

I hake it meet me Amir. For work to known. Public die met know it yn Mes. Those me'nt my liven, what will !

A 15 gree it some juneauggibt of communic र्रेग प्रान्त ने हेजन्य और अवस्थ से बीच की West more the sensor I'V misses more. My resolution, and cut through thy foes, Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart As peaceable as spotless innocence.

What is it?

Minut is it?

Amin. Why, 't is this — it is too big

Amin. — let my tears make way awhile.

Thought — let my tears make way awhile. Mel. Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he es-

Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this! Mel. Well said.

You will wish 't unknown, := Imin.

When you have heard it. Mel.

Is much to blame, And to the King has given her honour up, And lives in whoredom with him.

How's this?

Thou art run mad with injury indeed; Thou couldst not utter this else. Speak again; For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs. Amin. She's wanton: I am loth to say, a whore,

Though it be true.

Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow
Up beyond throwing down. What are thy griefe?

Amin. By all our friendship, these.
What, am I tame? fter mine actions, shall the name of friend

Blot all our family, and strike the brand Of whore upon my sister, unreveng'd?

My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me, 100 With what unwillingness I go to scourge This railer, whom my folly bath call'd friend? I will not take thee basely: thy sword to Draws his sword.

I sogs near thy hand: draw it, that I may whip Thy rashness to repentance; draw thy sword! I min. Not on thee, did thine anger go as high s the wild surges. Thou shouldst do me case Lore and eternally, if thy noble hand

Would cut me from my sorrows.

This is base And fearful. They that use to utter lies Provide not blows but words to qualify 2

The men they wrong'd. Thou hast a guilty Amin. Thou pleasest me; for so much more like this

Will raise my anger up above my griefs, (Which is a passion easier to be borne,)

And I shall then be happy. Take, then, more To raise thine anger: 't is more cowardice Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee

dead, lowever. But if thou art so much prest With guilt and fear as not to dare to fight,

'Il make thy memory louth'd, and fix a scandal I pon thy name forever. Amin. [drawing his sword.] Then I draw,

As justly as our magistrates their swords. To out offenders off. I knew before T would grate your ears; but it was base in you

To arge a weighty secret from your friend, And then rage at it. I shall be at ease, If I be kill'd; and, if you fall by me, I shall not long outlive you.

Stay awhile. -The name of friend is more than family, Or all the world besides: I was a fool. Thou searching human nature, that didst wake To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrusts me upon questions that will take
My sleep away! Would I had died, ere known
This sad dishonour!—Pardon me, my friend! [Sheaths his sword.]

If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart; Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me!

I do believe my sister is a whore,
A leprous one. Put up thy sword, young man,
Amin. How should I bear it, then, she being
so?

I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly Shooths his sword.

And I shall do a foul act on myself,

Through these diagraces Better balf the land to Were buried quick together. No, Amintor; Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adulterous King, That drew her to 't! Where got he the spirit To wrong me so?

What is it, then, to me, Amin. If it be wrong to you?

Mel Why, not so much. The credit of our house is thrown away. But from his iron den I'll waken Death, And hurl him on this King. My honesty Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid point I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes Of this proud man, and be too glitt'ring For him to look on. I have quite undone my fame.

Amin. I have quite uncone.

Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes, And east a manly look upon my face; so For nothing is so wild as I, thy friend, Till I have freed thee. Still this awelling breast. I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance till I find thy heart at peace.

Amin. It must not be so. Stay. Mine eyes

would tell

How loth I am to this; but, love and tears, Leave me awhile! for I have hazarded All that this world calls happy. -- Thou hast wrought

secret from me, under name of friend, Which art could ne'er have found, nor torture wrung

rom out my bosom. Give it me again; For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies. Hid in the mortal'st part, Invent a way

To give it back. Why would you have it back? I will to death pursue him with revenge, Amin. The I know Therefore I call it back from thee; for

Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this, And shame me to posterity. Take to thy weap Druses his sword. out I Allyp.

1 Cowardly.

Satisfy, make mild.

Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou. Amin. I will not hear: but draw. or I-Amintor: ==

Amin. Draw, then; for I am full as resolute As fame and honour can enforce me be: I cannot linger. Draw:

I do. But is not My share of credit equal with thine, If I do stir?

If I do star?

Amin. No; for it will be call'd

Honour in thee to spill thy sister's blood. If she her birth abuse; and, on the King A brave revenge: but on me, that have walkt With patience in it, it will fix the name Of fearful cuckold. Oh, that word! Be quick.

Mel. Then, join with me. I dare not do a sin. == Amin.

I dare not do a am. sc.
Or else I would. Be speedy.

Mel. Then, dare not fight with me; for that's

a sin.

His grief distracts him. - Call thy thoughts again.

And to thyself pronounce the name of friend, And see what that will work. I will not fight. Amm. You must.

skeathing his second. I will be kill'd first.

Mel. skeutning his secord. I will be kill'd!
Though my passions
Offered the like to you. 't is not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it. Think awhile. For you are I must weep when I speak that Almost besides yourself.

Amin. sections his need. Oh. my soft temter.

So many sweet words from thy elster's mouth, I am afraid would make me take her to Embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed, And know not what I do. Yet, have a care

And know bot want to a list.

Why, thinks my friend I will forget his honour? or, to save The bravery of our house, will lose his fame, se And fear to touch the throne of majesty?

Amin. A curse will follow that; but rather

live And suffer with me

M. I will do what worth Me. Shall bid me, and to more. Faith, I am sick.

And desperately I tope yet, leaning thus, sm
I feel a kind if ease.

Mel. Come, take again

Your mirth about you.

I shall never do 't. Met. I warrant you . . . wk up : we'll walk together ;

Put thine arm here; all shall be well again.

Amen. Thy love oh, wretched ! ay, thy love Melantius :

Why, I have nothing else. Be merry, then. Er-unt.

Re-enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence Upon himself : but I have cherisht him To my best power, and sent him smiling from To commercian again. Sword, hold thine edge: My heart wil move feel me.

Ene Director

Dinhiba!

Thou come at as sent.

D. 14. Youker has been such laughing.

D.ph. Younge has been such lauguag.
Ma. Berwart whom?
D.ph. Way, see sincer and the King.
I thought their spacess would break; they lengis me a

Out of the room.

Mer. They must ween, Diphilus. Must they?

D.za.. Mes. Ma. They must.
Those are my to: they; and, if I did believe Thou hade: a buse thought, I would rip it out, Lie where n durc

Y:« should not ; I would first D. joi.
Mangie myself and find it.
That was spoke **
That was spoke **

According to our strain. Come, join thy hads

And swear a trainers to what project I Shall ay before thee.

D.j.i. You do wrong us both. Pecces hereafter shall not say there past A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives And deaths together.

Ma. It is as nobly said as I would wish.

Anon I ill tell you wonders: we are wrong'd.

Disk. But I will tell you now, we'll right

CEPSELV est. Mr. Stay but, prepare the armour in my

And what irrends you can draw unto our side. Not kn with of the cause, make ready too. Haste, htp://www.thetime requires it, haste!-Exit Dirants.

I hope my cause is just; I know my blood Tells me it is; and I will credit it. I take revence, and lose myself withal, Were idle; and to scape impossible, Without I had the first, which emisery? Remaining in the hands of my old enemy - بعدنات) - but I must have it. See

Restor Calianan.

Where he comes shaking by me! - Good my lord.

Forget your spleen to me. I never wrong'd you Forget your spiece with every man.
But would have peace with every man.
'Tis well;

If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

M. You're touchy without all cause.

C... Do, mock me. **

Y. By mine honour, I speak truth. Honour! where is 't! Ca.

Mr., See, what starts you make Into your idle hatred, to my love And freedom to you. I come with resolution To obtain a suit of you.

A suit of me! 'T is very like it should be granted, sir.
Me. Nay, go not hence.

1 Race, stock.

T is this; you have the keeping of the fort, And I would wish you, by the love you ought To bear unto me, to deliver it Into my hands.

I am in hope thou art mad,

Cal. I an talk to me thus.

But there is a reason To move you to it : I would kill the King, That wrong'd you and your daughter.

Cal.
Mel. Nay, but stay: I cannot scape, the deed once done,

Without I have this fort.

And should I help thee? Cal.

Mow thy treacherous mind betrays itself.

Mel. Come, delay me not;

Give me a sudden answer, or already

Thy last is spoke! Refuse not offered love When it comes clad in secrets.

Cal. [Aside.]

If I may Cal. (Aside.)
I will not, he will kill me; I do see 't
Writ in his looks; and should I say I will,
He 'll run and tell the King. — I do not shun
Your friendship, dear Melantins; but this cause

La weighty: give me but an hour to think.

Mel. Take it. — Aside.] I know this goes
unto the King;

But I am arm'd. Cal. Methinks I feel myself But twenty now again. This fighting fool Wants policy: I shall revenge my girl, And make her red again. I pray my legs Will last that pace that I will carry them: Will last that pace that I will the King.

Exit.

ACT IV

(SCENE I.) 1

Enter MELANTIUS, EVADNE, and Ladies,

Mel. Save you !

Evad.

Mel. In my blunt eye, methinks, you look,
Evadne —

Mel.

I shall displease my ends else.

You shall, if you I would, Evadne;

Commend me; I am bashful. Come, air, how do

Mel. I would not have your women hear me Break into commendation of you, 't is not eemly.

Evad. Go wait me in the gallery.

Ereunt Ludies.

Now speak.

Mel. I'll lock the door first.

Evad.

Why?

Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that dance

In visitation with their Milan skins,2 Choke up my business.

An apartment of Evadne.

Sloves manufactured at Milan.

You are atrangely dispos'd, sir. Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry.

Evad. No; if you praise me, it will make me

Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you. Evad. Brother,

The court hath made you witty, and learn to riddle.

Mel. I praise the court for 't: has it learn'd you nothing?

Mel. handsome. Ay, Evadue; thou art young and

A lady of a sweet complexion, And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot

And such a nowing control of the Chuose but inflame a kingdom.

Gentle brother! Evad.
Mel. 'T is yet in thy repentance, foolish

To make me gentle.

How is this?

Evad. Mel. 'T is base ; * And I could blush, at these years, through all My honour'd sears, to come to such a parley. Evad. I understand you not.

You dare not, fool! They that commit thy faults fly the remem-

Evad. My faults, sir! I would have you know, I care not

If they were written here, here in my forehead.

Mel. Thy body is too little for the story;
The lusts of which would fill another woman,

Though 3 she had twins within her.

Enad.

This is caucy: Look you intrude no more! There's your way.

Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon

thee.

Till I find truth out.

Evad. What truth is that you look for?

Mel. Thy long-lost honour. Would the gods

had set me Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me

quickly, Do it without enforcement, and take heed

You swell me not above my temper. Erad.

Where got you this report?

Mel. Where there was people,

In every place.

They and the seconds of it.

Are base people: believe them not, they lied, 46 Mel. Do not play with mine unger; do not, wrotch! Seizes her.

I come to know that desperate fool that drew thre

From thy fair life, Be wise, and lay him open, Evad, Unhand me, and learn manners! Such another

Forgetfulness forfeits your life. Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me

Whose whore you are; for you are one, I know it.

¹ Theoraid read, As though sh'ads Other edd take fill in sense of "cover with writing;" Dyce as "inflatto," which is perhaps best.

Let all mine honours perish but I'll find him 'Though he lie lock'd up in thy blood! Be sudden:

There is no facing it; and be not flattered. The burnt air, when the Dog 1 reigns, is not

fonier Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance (If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness. Evad. Begone! you are my brother; that's

your safety.

Mel. I'll be a wolf first. 'T is, to be thy

brother,
An infamy below the sin of coward.
I am as far from being part of thee

a thou art from thy virtue. Seek a kindred 'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy brother;

A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet?

Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall

tell you I'll ha' you whipt! Get you to your command,

And there preach to your sentinels, and tell them

What a brave man you are: I shall laugh at you.

Mel. You 're grown a glorious whore! Where
be your fighters?

What mortal fool dorst raise thee to this daring, And I alive! By my just sword, he'd safer Bestrid a billow when the angry North Ploughs up the sea, or made Heaven's fire his

foe!

Work me no higher. Will you discover yet? Erad. The fellow's mad. Sleep, and speak

Mel. Force my swol'n heart no further; would save thee.

Your great maintainers are not here, they dare

Would they were all, and armed! I would speak

loud; Here's one should thunder to 'em! Will you

tell me? Thou hast no hope to scape. He that dares

most,

And damns away his soul to do thee service, Will sooner snatch meat from a hungry lien. Than come to rescue thee. Thou hast death about thee;—

Has undone thine honour, poison'd thy virtue, And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker.² Evad. Let me consider.

Mel. Do, whose child thou wart, Whose honour thou hast murdered, whose grave

opened, And so pull'd on the gods that in their justice They must restore him flesh again and life, And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal.

Evad. The gods are not of my mind; they

had better Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth; they 'll stink

here, Do you raise mirth out of my easiness? Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of mature. [Draws his sword.]

⁴ The dog-star, Sirius.
¹ Hog-rose, also used of the canker worm, a disease attacking plants. Cf. V. I. 76.

That make men women! Speak, you whom.

speak truth,
Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping tather.
This sword shall be thy lover! Tell, or I'll hill

And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserte

Evad. You will not murder me?

Mel. No; 't is a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base oftenders.

Evad. Help! it.

id. You will not murder me?

No; 't is a justice, and a noble one, ...

No; 't is a justice, and a noble one, ...

Lead. Help!

Mel. By thy foul self, no human belp shall help thee.

If thou criest! When I have kill'd thee, as I Have vow'd to do, if thou confess not, maked as thou hast left thing honour will I leave the. That on thy branded flesh the world may read Thy black shame and my justice. Wilt thou bend yet?

Evad. Yes.

Mel. Up, and begin your story.

Krod. Oh, I am miserable!

Krod. This true, thou art. Speak truth still

Evad. I have offended: noble sir, forgive see:

Mel. With what secure slave?

Evad. Do not ask me, oir; Mine own remembrance is a misery Too mighty for me.

M.l. Do not fall back again;

My sword's unsheathed yet.

Evad. What shall I do:

Mel. Be true, and make your fault leve.

Evad. I dare not tell Lead.

Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thes.

Evad. Will you forgive me, then?

Evad. Will you forgive me then?

Mel. Stay; I must ask mine honour first.

have too much foolish nature in me; speak.

Evad. Is there none close here?

Mel. None but a fearful conscience; that b

too many. Who is 't?

Evad. Oh, hear me gently! It was the King Mel. No more. My worthy father is and my Bervices

Are liberally rewarded! King, I thank thee! For all my dangers and my wounds thus hast paid me

In my own metal: these are soldiers' thanks!-How long have you liv'd thus, Evadue

Evad. Too late you find it. Can you be sorry?'
Evad. Would I were half as blameless!
Med. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again.

Evad. First to my grave.

Mel. Would gods than hadst been so blest
Dost than not hate this King now? Prither

hate him :
Couldst thou my curse him? I command the curse him?

curse him?
Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him
To thy just wishes. Yet I fear, Evades,
You had rather play your game out.
No: 1 feet

Too many sad confusions here, to let in Any loose flame hereafter.

Cowardly. Q rery sarry.

Mel. Dost thou not feel, 'mongst all those,

one brave anger,
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm
To kill this base King?

Ecad. All the gods forbid it!

Mel. No, all the gods require it;

They are dishonoured in him.

'Tis too fearful, Evad. Tis too fearful. Mel. You're valiant in his bed, and bold

emuigh To be a stale whore, and have your madam's name

Discourse for grooms and pages; and hereafter, When his cool majesty hath laid you by, 100 To be at pension with some needy sir

For meat and coarser clothes; thus far you lemuw.

No fear, Come, you shall kill him, Good sir! Evad. Good sir!
Mel. An 't were to kiss him dead, thou 'dat
smother him:

Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself

Found out with every finger, made the shame Of all successions, and in this great ruin Thy brother and thy noble husband broken? Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to

When I shall call thee to it; or, by all Holy in Heaven and earth, thou shalt not live To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought! Come 't is a righteous oath. Give me thy hands, And, both to Heaven held up, swear, by that wealth

This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it, To let his foul soul out.

Here I swenr it ; [Kneels.] Evad.

And, all you spirits of abused ladies, Help me in this performance!

Mel. [raising her.] Enough. This must be known to none

But you and I, Evadne; not to your lord, Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow Dares step as far into a worthy action As the most daring, ay, as far as justice Ask me not why. Farewell.

Ask me not why. Farewell, Erit, 12 Erad. Would I could say so to my black dis-Oh, where have I been all this time? How

friended. That I should lose myself thus desperately.

And none for pity show me how I wand'red? There is not in the compass of the light A more unhappy creature: sure, I am mon-For I have done those follies bose mad mis-

chiefs, Would dare a woman. Oh, my loaden soul, Be not so cruel to me; cheke not up The way to my repentance!

Enter AMINTOR.

Oh, my lord | 100

Amin. How now?

Frighten.

Evad. My much abused lord! [Kneels.] This cannot be ! Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dure not hope

it; The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me, Though I appear with all my faults.

This is a new way to beget more sorrow; 100 Heaven knows I have too many. Do not mock

Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,

Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness, we
And do an outrage. Prithee, do not mock me,
Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects

All my repentance. I would buy your pardon, Though at the highest set. seven with my life: That slight contrition, that 's no sacrifice is For what I have committed.

Amin. Sure, I dazzle; There cannot be a faith in that foul woman, That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs.

Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,

To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe There's any seed of virtue in that woman There is any seed of virtue in that woman is Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin Known, and so known as thine is? Oh, Evadue! Would there were any safety in thy sex, That I might put a thousand sorrows off, And credit thy repentance! but I must not. In Thou hast brought me to that dull calmity.

To that strange misbelief of all the world And all things that are in it, that I fear I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave, Only rememb'ring that I grieve. Evad. My lord,

Give me your griefs: you are an innocent, A soul as white as Henven; let not my sins Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here To shadow by dissembling with my tears, (As all say women can,) or to make less wo What my hot will hath done, which Heaven

and you Know to be tougher than the hand of time Can cut from man's remembrance; no. I do not; I do appear the same, the same Evadne, Drest in the shames I liv'd in, the same mon-

ster. But these are names of honour to what I am; do present myself the foulest creature Most poisonous, dangerous, and despis'd of men, Lerna 'e'er bred or Nilus. I am hell, Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness; I am coul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon.

Rise, Evadne. .Imin. Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee

Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee: Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,

² A tame wolf.

³ Hake.

⁴ The marsh where the Hydra lived which Hercules

Take heed, Evadne, this be serious. Mock not the powers above, that can and dare Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing ages, if thou play'st
With thy rependance, the best sacrifice.
Ecad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless. All the crea-

T. EX. ET AND

Made for Heaven's honours, have their ends, and good ones

Il but the cozening crocodiles, false women They reign here like those plagues, those killing BOTHE

Men pray against; and when they die, like tales

Ill told and unbeliev'd, they pass away, And go to dust forgotten. But, my lord, Those short days I shall number to my rest As many must not see me shall, though too late, Though in my evening, yet perceive a will, Since I can do no good, because a woman, Reach constantly at something that is near it: I will redeem one minute of my age, Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep, Till I am water.

Amin. I am now dissolved:
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast,
Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good, Before that devil-king tempted thy frailty, Sure thou hadst made a star. Give me thy

hand: From this time I will know thee; and, as far As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly, And pray the gods to give thee happy days:
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should ha' kill'd thee, but this sweet repent-

nuce

Locks up my vengeance: for which thus I kiss thee

The last kiss we must take: and would to Heaven

The bely priest that gave our hands together Had given us equal virtues! Go, Evadne; The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care My honour falls no farther. I am well, then. Evad. All the dear joys here, and above

hereafter, onl! Thus I take leave, my lord;

And never shall you see the foul Evadne. Till she have tried all honoured means, that

Set her in rest and wash her stnins away, Excunt [severally].

[SCENE II.]2

A Banquet spread. Enter KING and CALIANAX. Hautboys play within.

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this From you, that are his enemy. Cal. I am sure

1 Qu. and F eyes. * A hall in the palace. He said it to me; and I'll justify it

What way he dares oppose - but with my sword.

King. But did he break, without all circumstance

To you, his fee, that he would have the fort, . To kill me, and then scape?

If be deny it. I'll make him blush.

King. It sounds incredibly.
Cal. Ay, so does every thing I say of late.
King. Not so, Calianax.

Yes, I should oit " Mute, whilst a rogue with strong arms cute your

throat.

King. Well, I will try him; and, if this is true,

I'll pawn my life I'll find it; if 't be falso, And that you clothe your hate in such a lie, You shall hereafter dote in your own house, Not in the court.

Cal. Why, if it be a lie. Old men are good for nothing; you were best Put me to death for hearing, and free him For meaning it. You would ha' trusted me Once, but the time is altered.

King.

And will still Where I may do with justice to the world. And will still, You have no witness.

Yes, myself. Cal. No more. King.

I mean, there were that heard it. Would you have more? Why, am not I enough

To hang a thousand rogues? King. But so you may Hang honest men too, if you please.

Cal.
'T is like I will do so: there are a lundred
Will swenr it for a need too, if I say it—
King. Such witnesses we need not.
And 't is har

And 't is hard . If my word cannot hang a boisterous knave.

King. Enough. - Where's Strato?

Enter STRATO.

Strate.

King. Why, where 's all the company? Call

Amintor in ;

Evadre, Where's my brother, and Melantus.
Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all
That are without there.

Exil Streets. Exit STRATO. If he should desire

The combat of you, 't is not in the power Of all our laws to hinder it, unless

We mean to quit em. Cal. Why, if you do think 'T is fit an old man and a councillor

To fight for what he says, then you may grant it.

Enter Aminton, Evading, Milantits, Dieb ilus, Lysippus, Cleon, Strato, and Dia GORAR

King. Come, sirs! - Amintor, thou art yet a bridegroom,

And I will use thee so; thou shalt sit down .-Evadue, sit; and you, Amintor, too; This banquet is for you, sir. - Who has

brought A merry tale about him, to raise laughter Amought our wine? Why, Strate, where art thou ?

Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably, When I desire 'em not.

Stra. 'T is my ill luck, sir, so to spend them,

then.

King. Reach me a bowl of wine.— Melantius, thou

Art sad.

M./. I should be, sir, the merriest here,
But I ha' ne'er a story of mine own Worth telling at this time

Give me the wine. - "

Melantius, I am now considering
How easy 't were for any man we trust
To poison one of us in such a bowl.

Mel. I think it were not hard, sir, for a
knave.

Cal. [. Iside.] Such as you are.

King. I' faith, 't were easy. It becomes us King.

well To get plain-dealing men about ourselves; Such as you all are here. - Amintor, to thee; And to thy fair Evadue. [Drinks [Drinks.]

Mel. (.1 side.) Of this, Calianax? Have you thought

Cal.

Mel. And what 's your resolution?'

You shall have it, Yes, marry, have I.

(Aside.) Soundly, I warrant you. King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.

Here, my love; Amin. Drinks and then hands the cup to EVADNE.

This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set Blushes upon thy cheeks; and, till thou dost

A fault, 't were pity. Yet I wonder much At the strange desperation of these men, That dare attempt such nets here in our state: That dare attempt such that did it. Were he known,

Unpossible.

King. It would be known, Melantins.

Mel. It ought to be. If he got then away,
He must wear all our lives upon his sword: He need not fly the island; he must leave

No one alive.

No; I should think no man Could kill me, and scape clear, but that old

Cal. But 1! Heaven bless me! I! should I, my liege?

King. I do not think thou wouldst; but yet thou mightst.

For thou hast in thy hands the means to scape, By keeping of the fort.— He has, Melautius, And he has kept it well.

From cobwebs. sir, Mel. T is clean swept; I can find no other art In keeping of it now. 'T was ne'er bosieg'd Since he commanded.

I shall be sure Of your good word; but I have kept it safe From such as you.

Keep your ill temper in : ... Mel. I speak no malice; had my brother kept it.
I should ha' said as much.

You are not merry.

Brother, drink wine. Sit you all still : - (-lside.)

Calianax, cannot trust this. I have thrown out words, That would have fetcht warm blood upon the cheeks

Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd:

Of guilty men, and He knows no such thing.
Impudence may scape, When feeble virtue is accus'd.

If he were guilty, feel an alteration At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:

You see he does not.

Cal.

Let him hang himself; on What care I what he does? This he did say, King. Melantius, you can easily concerve What I have meant; for men that are in fault

Can subtly apprehend when others aim At what they do amiss: but I forgive

Freely before this man, - Heaven do so too! I will not touch thee, so much as with shame Of telling it. Let it be so no more. Cal. Why, this is very fine!

Mel. What 't is you mean; but I am apt enough I cannot tell 110 But let me know it. Happily 1 't is nought But misconstruction; and, where I am clear. I will not take forgiveness of the gods,

Much less of you. Nay, if you stand so stiff, King. Nay, if you shall call back my mercy.

I want smoothness Mel. To thank a man for pardoning of a crime

I never knew.

King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but. to show you

My oars are every where; you meant to kill me, And get the fort to scape.

Mel.

Pardon me, sir; My bluntness will be pardoned. You preserve A race of idle people here about you, Facers 2 and talkers, to defame the worth Of those that do things worthy. The man that

uttered this Had perisht without food, be't who it will, But for this arm, that fewe'd him from the foe; And if I thought you gave a faith to this, The plainness of my nature would speak more. Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't) To kill him that spake this.

Cal. [Aside.] Av, that will be The end of all; then I am fairly paid For all my care and service.

M.l. That old man, Who calls me enemy, and of whom I (Though I will never match my hate so low)

E Shameless fellows. So Q. Q. ff. Eaters.

Have no good thought, would yet, I think, excuse me.

And swear he thought me wrong'd in this, Cal. Thou shameless fellow! didst thou not speak

to me Of it thyself?

M.l. Oh, then it came from him! wo Cal. From me! who should it come from but

from me?

Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough;
But I have lost my anger. — Sir, I hope
You are well satisfied.

Lysippus, cheer

There's no sound King. Amintor and his lady. There's no sound 145 Comes from you; I will come and do't myself.

Amin. | Aside. | You have done already, sir, for me, I thank you.

King. Melantius, I do credit this from him, How slight soe'er you make 't.

Mcl. "T is strange you should.

Cal. 'T is strange 'a should believe an old man's word

That never lied in 's life!

Mel. I talk not to thee. -Shall the wild words of this distempered man, Shall the wild words of this distempered man, Frantic with age and sorrow, make a breach Betwixt your majesty and me? T was wrong To hearken to him; but to credit him, As much at least as I have power to bear. But pardon me — whilst I speak only truth, I may commend myself—I have bestow'd My careless blood with you, and should be loth To think an action that would make me leas 100 That and my thouse they when I was a low. That and my thanks too. When I was a boy, I thrust myself into my country's cause. And did a deed that pluckt five years from

time

And styl'd me man then. And for you, my

King. Your subjects all have fed by virtue of My arm. This sword of mine hath plough'd

And reapt the fruit in peace;

And you yourself have liv'd at home in ease. So terrible I grew, that without swords,

My name hath fetcht you conquest: and my heart

And limbs are still the same; my will as great To do you service. Let me not be paid With such a strange distrust.

Melantine, I held it great injustice to believe Thine enemy, and did not; if I did, I do not; let that satisfy. — What, struck With sadness all? More wine !

Cal. A few fine words Have overthrown my truth. Ah, thou'rt a

villain l Mel. (Ande.) Why, thou wert better let me

have the fort:
Dotard, I will diagrace thee thus for ever; There shall no credit lie upon thy words.

Think better, and deliver it. My liege, He's at me now again to do it. - Speak; Deny it, if thou canst.— Examine him Whilst he is hot; for, if he cool again, He will forswear it.

This is lunacy,

King. I hope, Melantius.

He bath lost himself Much, since his daughter mist the happiness My sister gain'd; and, though he call me for,

I pity him.

Cal. Pity! A pox upon you!

Mel. Mark his disordered words: and at the

maaque

Diagoras knows he rag'd and rail'd at me, And call'd a lady "whore," so innecent She understood him not. But it becomes

Both you and me too to forgive distraction: •• Pardon him, as I do.

Cal.

For all thy cunning.— If you will be safe.

Chop off his head; for there was never known

So impudent a rascal.

King. Some, that love him, Get him to bed. Why, pity should not let Age make itself contemptible; we must be All old. Have him away.

Mel. [Aside.] Calianax.

The king believes you; come, you shall go

home,

And rest; you ha' done well. You'll give w D.D.

When I have us'd you thus a month. I hope to Cal. Now, now. 't is plain, sir; he does move me still.

He says, he knows I 'll give him up the fort. When he has us'd me thus a month. I am mad,

Am I not, still?

All.

Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus.

Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there in (That has no virtue in him, all 's in his sword Before me? Do but take his weapons from

And he's an ass; and I am a very fool, Both with 'em' and without 'em, as you ass

Me.
All. Ha, ha, ha!
King. 'T is well, Calianax: but if you use
This once again, I shall entreat some other
To see your offices be well discharg'd.—
Be merry, gentlemen.—It grows somewhat late.

Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.

Amin. Yes, sir.

King. And you, Evadue.—Let me take Thee in my arms. Melantius, and believe Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my friend Still and for ever.—Good Calianax.

Sleep soundly; it will bring ther to thy all.

Erount all except MELANTIA and

Cal, Sleep soundly I sleep soundly sov. I

I could not be thus else, - How dar'st thou stav Alone with me, knowing how thou hast m'd

me?

1 So Dyce. Old edd. Atm.

u cannot blast me with your tongue,

rent part you have about you.

or some great punishment for this; in to forget all my hate, It unkindly that mine enemy me so extraordinarily sourvily. hall melt too, if you begin to take hou 'It anger meant you hurt. WB.

no hurt! Disgrace me with the

offices! This is no hurt, wither, what don't thou call hart? b poison men, because they love me

credit of men's wives in question;

All this thou think at is sport; worse: but use thy will with me; wise, then, and be safe; thou may'st y, o' the King: I would revenge of

at you must plot yourself. I'm a fine plotter.

short is, I will hold thee with the plexity, till peevishness lagrace have laid thee in thy grave. a wilt deliver up the furt,

thy trembling body in my arms, thee over dangers. Thou shalt hold nd state.

If I should tell the King, m deny 't again?

Try. and believe. ly, then, thou caust bring any thing

thou shalt have the fort. Why, well. ar hate he buried; and this hand an t un both. Give me thy aged breast

Nay, I do not love thee yet; rell endure to look on thee; hought it were a courtesy, oldst not have it. But I am disgrac'd; are to be ta'en away; did but hold this fort a day, we the King would take it from me, It thee, things are so strangely carmk me for 't; but yet the King shall some such thing in't I told him of, I was an honest man. wledge very dearly.

Re-enter DIPHILUS.

Diphilus,

with thee?

This were a night indeed To do it in: the King hath sent for her. Mel. She shall perform it then. - Go, Dipli-

And take from this good man, my worthy friend,

The fort; he'll give it thee.

Diph.

Cal. Art thou of the same breed? Canst thou

deny This to the King too?

With a confidence Diph.

As great as his.

s great as his.

Cal.

Faith, like enough.

Mel. Away, and use him kindly.

Touch not me; I hate the whole strain. If thou follow me A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;

And hang yourselves.

Mel.

Begone.

He's finely wrought.

Excust Callanax and Inpuls. Mel. This is a night, spite of astronomers,2 To do the deed in. I will wash the stain That rests upon our house off with his blood.

Re-enter AMINTON.

Amin. Melantins, now assist me: if thou

That which thou say'st, assist me. I have lost All my distempers, and have found a rage So pleasing I Help me.

Met. (Ande.) Who can see him thus, And not swear vengeance? — What is the mat-

ter, friend?
Amin. Out with thy sword; and, hand in

hand with me, Rush to the chamber of this hated King, And sink him with the weight of all his sine
To hell for ever.

Mel. 'T were a rash attempt,

Not to be done with safety. Let your reason Plot your revenge, and not your passion. Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes, Thou art no friend. He sent for her to me;

By Heaven, to me, myself! and, I must tell you.

I love her as a stranger: there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things, Melantius;
And she reports. I'll do't myself alone,
Though I be slain. Farewell.
Mel. [Ande.]
My whole design with madness.— Amintor,
Think what then dust: I dare as much as

Think what thou dost: I dare as much as

valour; But 't is the King, the King, Amintor, With whom thou fightest ! (Aside.) - I know he

in honest,8 And this will work with him.

I cannot tell Amin. I cannot tell What thou hast-charm'd my sword Out of my hand, and left me shaking here,

Defenceless.

I Family. Astrologers. | Loyal.

I will take it up for thee. Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected ! man!

The thing that we call honour bears us all Headlong unto sin, and yet itself is nothing,

Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!

Amin. Just like my fortunes. I was run to

that I purpos'd to have chid thee for. Some plot, I did distrast, thou hadst against the King, By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed; There's not the least limb growing to a King But carries thunder in 't.

M.L. I have none

Against him.
Against him.
Amm. Why, come, then; and still romember
We may not think revenge.
I will remember. Excust.

ACT V

[SCENE I.] 9

Enter EVADNE and a Gentleman [of the Bedchumber].

Evad. Sir, is the King a-bed?

Gent. Madam, an hour ago. Erad. Give me the key, then, and let none

T is the King's pleasure.

Gent. I understand you, madam; would t were mine!

I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship, a Evad. You talk, you talk.

Gent, 'T is all I dare do, madam; but the

King

Will wake, and then, methinks -

Evad, Saving your Imagination, pray, good night, air.

Gent. A good night be it, then, and a long one, madam.

I am gone.

Evad. The night grows horrible; and all about me

Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience King ahed. Of a lost virgin, whither wilt thou pull me? To what things dismal as the depth of hell Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dar Let no woman dare From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh, If she have blood, and can fear. 'T is a daring Above that desperate fool's that left his peace, And went to sea to fight: 't is so many sins, "

An age cannot repent 'em; and se great, The gods want mercy for. Yet I must through em:

I have begun a slaughter on my honour, And I must end it there. - 'A sleeps, Good Heavens !

Why give you peace to this untemperate beast That bath so long transgrest you? I must kill him,

And I will do it bravely: the mere joy

Without self-control. A room in the palace.

Most mod odd, begin a new scene here.

. Q, rirtur.

Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not Thus tamely do it as he deeps that were To rock him to unother world: my vengeance w Shall take him waking, and then lay before him

The number of his wrongs and punishments.
I'll shape his sins like Faties, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience.
And then I'll strike him dead. — King, by your
leave; — Tees his arms to the soil a

I dare not trust your strength; your grace and I

Must grapple upon even terms no more.

So, if he rail me not from my resolution.

I shall be strong enough. — My lord the Kingi
My lord! — 'A sleepe, as if he meant to wake of
No more. — My lord! — Is he not dead already? --Sir! My lord! King. Who's that?

Oh, you sleep soundly air. My dear Evalue. Evad. King. I have been dreaming of thee; come to bed.

Evad. I am come at length, sir; but hos welcome?

King. What pretty new device is that Evadue?

What, do you tie me to you? By my love, This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kin

me; I'll be thy Mars; to bed, my queen of love. Let us be caught together, that the gods May see and envy our embraces.

Stay, sir, etay, Evad. You are too hot, and I have brought you place To temper your high veins. King. Prithee, to bed, then; let me take a

warm ;

There then shalt know the state of my body better.

Enad. I know you have a surfeited foul ball.
And you must bleed. | Draws a knye Bleed ! King.

Erad. Ay, you shall bleed. Lie still; and I the devil,

Your last, will give you leave, repent. The Bluel

Comes to redeem the honour that you stale King, my fair name; which nothing but thy death

death
Can answer to the world.
How a this, Evador King.

King.

How 's this, Evadue'

Evad. I am not she; nor bear 1 in this bread

So much cold spirit to be call'd a woman:

I am a tiger; I am my thing

That knows not pity. Stir not! If then dost,

I'll take thee unprepar'd, thy fears upon the.

That make thy sins look double, and so see

(By my revenge, I will!) to look those termed Prepar'd for such black souls. King. Thou dost not mean this; 't is impo-

sible:

Thou art too sweet and gentle. Evad.

No, I am not I am as foul as thou art, and can number As many such hells here. I was once fair, Once I was lovely; not a blowing time

More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul

(Stir not!) didst poison me. I was a world of virtue,

Till your curst court and you (Hell bless you for 't !)

With your temptations on temptations

Made me give up mine honour; for which, King, I am come to kill thee.

King. Evad.

I am.
Thou art not ! King. I prithee speak not these things. gentle.

And wert not meant thus rugged.

Evad. Pence, and hear me. Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy

To those above us; by whose lights I vow, Those blessed fires 2 that shot to see our sin, If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood, I would kill that too; which, being past my steel.

My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless

villain; thing out of the overcharge of nature ent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague pon weak catching " women; such a tyrant, That for his lust would sell away his subjects, Ay, all his Heaven hereafter! King.

King. Hear, Evadne, Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy King. End. Thou art my shame! Lie still; there's none about you

Within your cries; all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul

Thus I begin my vengeance! Stabs him. Hold, Evadne! Kiny.

I do command thee hold.

I do not mean, sir, 100 To part so fairly with you; we must change More of these love tricks yet.

King.
Provokt thee to this murder?
Thou, thou monster! What bloody villain

Evad. Thou, thou monster!

King. Oh!

Evad. Thou kept'st me brave' at court, and whor'd me, King;

Then married me to a young noble gentleman,

And whor'd me still.

King.

Evadne, pity me!

Evad. Hell take me, then! This for my lord Amintor.

This for my noble brother! And this stroke or the most wrong d of women! Kills him.

(hin. Oh! I die. 10

Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive
thee. Exit. For the most wrong'd of women! thee.

Enter two [Gentlemen] of the bed-chamber.

1 Gent. Come, now she 's gone, let 's enter; the King expects it, and will be angry

A correding disease. Cf. IV. I. 85, note. Shooting stars.

Easily infected. · Finely dressed. 2 Gent. 'T is a fine wench; we'll have a anapat her one of these nights, as she goes from [12]

1 Gent. Content. How quickly he had done with her! I see kings can do no more that way than other mortal people.

2 Gent. How fast he is! I cannot hear him

breathe.

1 Gent. Either the to Or he looks very pale. Either the tapers give a feeble light,

2 Gent. And so he does:
Pray Heaven he be well; let's look.—Alas!
He's stiff, wounded, and dead! Treason, treuson !

1 Gent. Run forth and call.
2 Gent. Treason, treason! Exit.
1 Gent. This will be laid on us:

Who can believe a woman could do this?

Enter CLEON and | Naippus

Cleon. How now! where 's the traitor? Fled, fled away; but there her woeful net

Lies still. Cleon. Her act! a woman!

Lys. There.
Lys. Farewell, thou worthy man! There were
two bonds That tied our loves, a brother and a king The least of which might fetch a flood of tears; But such the misery of greatness is, They have no time to mourn; then, pardon me! Sirs, which way went she?

Enter STRATO.

Stra. Never follow her: For she, also! was but the instrument. News is now brought in that Melantius Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall, And with a loud voice calls those few that

At this dead time of night, delivering The innocence of this act.

Gentlemen, Lys.

Stra.

Lys. I would I were not! Follow, oil; for thin Must have a sudden stop,

[SCENE H.] 5

Enter MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, and CALIANAX, on the Walls.

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am arm'd,

(Be constant, Diphilus,) now we have time Either to bring our banisht honours bome,

Or create new ones in our ends. I fear not : My spirit lies not that way. - Courage, Cali-

anax!
. Would I had any! you should quickly Cal. Wou. know it.

Mel. Speak to the people; thou art eloquent. Before the Fort.

Cal. 'T is a fine eloquence to come to the gallows:

You were born to be my end; the devil take you !

Now must I hang for company. 'T is strange, to I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter LYSIPPUS, DIAGORAS, CLEON, STRATO, and Guard.

Lys. See where he stands, as boldly confident

As if he had his full command about him. Stra. He looks as if he had the better cause,

sir: Under your gracious pardon, let me speak

it Though he be mighty-spirited, and forward To all great things, to all things of that danger Worse men shake at the telling of, yet cer-

tainly I do believe him noble, and this action Rather pull'd on than sought: his mind was

As worthy as his hand.

Lys. 'T is my fear, too.

Heaven forgive all! — Summon him, Lord Cleun.

Clean. Ho, from the walls there!
Mel.
Worthy Clean, welcome:
We could have wisht you here, lord; you are

honest. (Aside.) Well, thou art as flattering a

knave, though I dare not tell thee so

Lys. Mel. Lys. I am sorry that we meet thus; our old

Never requir'd such distance. Pray to Heaven, You have not left yourself, and sought this

safety More out of fear than honour! You have lost so A noble unster, which your faith, Melantius, Some think might have preserv'd: yet you

know best.

Cal. [Aside.] When time was, I was mad: some that dures fight,

I hope will pay this rascal.

Mel. Royal young man, those tears look lovely on thee:

Had they been shed for a deserving one, They had been lasting monuments. brother, Thy

Whilst he was good, I call'd him King, and serv'd him With that strong faith, that most unwearied

Pull'd people from the farthest sun to seek him,
And buy his friendship. I was then his soldier. But since his hot pride drew him to diagrace

And brand my noble actions with his lust, That never-cur'd dishonour of my sister, Base stain of whore, and, which is worse, the

To make it still so,) like myself, thus I

Have flung him off with my allegiance; And stand here, mine own justice, to revence What I have suffered in him, and this old man Wrong'd almost to lunacy. Cal. Who, I?

You would draw me in. I have had no wrong ;

I do disclaim ye all. The short is this. Mel.

'T is no ambition to lift up myself Urgeth me thus; I do desire again To be a subject, so I may be free:
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly town. Be speedy, and be was,

In a reply. Stra. Be sudden, sir, to tie All up again. What 's done is past recall,

And past you to revenge; and there are thousands

That wait for such a troubled hour as this.

That want not blank.
Throw him the blank.
Melantius, write in that

Thy choice: my seal is at it.

[Throws a paper to MELANTICS.]

Mel. It was our honours drew us to this set. Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.

Cal. Put my name in too.
Diph. You disclaim'd as all

But now, Calianax. That 's all one;

I'll not be hang'd bereafter by a trick! 'll have it in.

You shall, you shall Mel. Come to the back gate, and we'll call yes King.

And give you up the fort.

Away, away. Erest. Lys.

[SCENE III.]

Enter ABPATIA, in man's apparel, [and with or-tificial scars on her face.]

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heaven may forgive

My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid Griefs on me that will never let me reat And put a woman's heart into my breast, It is more honour for you that I die; For she that can endure the misery That I have on me, and be patient too, May live and laugh at all that you can do.

Enter Servant.

God save you, sir! Ser. And you, sir! What's your busines! Asp. With you, sir, now; to do use the far office

To help me to your lord.

What, would you serve him. Asp. I'll do him any service; but, to haste. For my affairs are carnest, I desire To speak with him.

Ser, Sir, because you are in such harte, I would

Be loth delay you longer: you can not.

Antercom to Amjuter's apertments.

Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.

Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody; But in particular, I have in charge,

About no weighty matters, 1
About no weighty matters, 1
Acp. This is most strange, 20
Art thon gold-proof? There's for thee; help me to him. Given miney. Ser. Pray be not angry, sir : I'll do my best.

Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd

There is a vile dishonest trick in man, More than in women. All the men I meet Appear thus to me, are harsh and rude, nd have a subtilty in every thing,

Which love could never know; but we fond women

Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts, And think all shall go so. It is unjust 20 That men and women should be matcht together.

Enter AMINTOR and his man.

Amin. Where is he?

There, my lord. What would you, sir?

Amin. What would you, sir?

Asp. Please it your lordship to command

Out of the room, I shall deliver things

Worthy your hearing. [Exit Servant.] Amin.

Asp. (Aside.)

Should bary falsehood in it!

Now your will, sir, Amin. Leave us.

Amin. Now your will, sir.
Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs

must guess My business; and I am not hard to know; For, till the chance of war markt this smooth

With these few blemishes, people would call me

My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,

I am brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.

Amin. The wrong'd Aspatia! Would thou wert so too

Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kiss
That hand of thine, in honour that I bear
I'nto the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand
That did it. Would be could not! Gentle youth,
Leave me; for there is something in thy looks That calls my sins in a most hideous form

Without thy help.

I would I could with credit! Asp. I would I could with cred since I was twelve years old, I had not seen My aister till this hour I now arriv'd: she sent for me to see her marriage, -A woful one I but they that are above Have ends in everything. She us'd few words, But yet enough to make me understand The baseness of the injuries you did her. That little training I have had is war: I may behave myself rudely in peace;

I would not, though. I shall not need to tell TOR 2 Only in Q.

I am but young, and would be loth to lose Honour, that is not easily gain'd again. Fairly I mean to deal: the age is strict For single combats; and we shall be stopt, If it be publisht. If you like your sword, Use it; if mine appear a better to you, Change; for the ground is this, and this the

time. To end our difference. Charitable youth, [Draws.] Amin. Chartague yours, If thou be'st such, think not I will maintain to the sinter's sake, So strange a wrong: and, for thy sister's sake, Know, that I could not think that desperate thing

I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world, I would not see her; for, beholding thee, I am I know not what. If I have aught That may content thee, take it, and begone, or death is not so terrible as thou;

For death is not so to.
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.
Thus, she ewore, Thou wouldst behave thyself, and give me words

That would fetch tears into my eyes; and so ex Thou dost indeed. But yet she bade me watch Lest I were cozen'd; and be sure to fight Ere I return'd.

Amin. That must not be with in For her I'll die directly; but against her That must not be with me. Will never hazard it.

You must be urg'd. do not deal uncivilly with those That dare to fight; but such a one as you Must be us'd thus. She strikes him.

Amin. I prither, youth, take heed. Thy sister is a thing to me so much Above mine honour, that I can endure Above mine honour, that I can endure; But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless " death Upon thyself.

Asp. Thon art some prating fellow; One that bath studied out a trick to talk. And move soft hearted people; to be kickt.

She kicks him. Thus to be kickt. - (Aside.) Why should be be so slow

In giving me my death?

A man can bear Amin. No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me,

I would endure yet, if I could. Now show 100 Draws.

The spirit thou pretend'st, and understand Thou hast no hour to live.

They fight: [ASPATIA is wounded.] What don't thou mean? Thou canst not fight: the blows thou mak'st at

Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee, Thou spread at thine arms, and tak at upon thy

breast. Alas, defenceless!

I have got enough and my desire. There is no place so fit For me to die as here. [Falls.]

I Untimaly.

Enter EVADNE, her hands bloody, with a knife.

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events, That fly to make thee happy: I have joys, no That in a moment can call back thy wrongs, And settle thee in thy free state again. It is Evadne still that follows thee,

But not her mischnefs.

Amin. Thou caust not fool me to believe again;

But thou hast looks and things so full of news,

That I am stay'd. Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze, Let thine eyes loose, and speak. Am I not fair? Looks not Evadne beauteous with these rites now?

Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes When our hands met before the holy man? I was too foul inside to look fair then :

Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

Amin. There is presage of some important thing

About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath lost.

Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.

Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine.

Joy to Amintor! for the King is dead.

Amin. Those have most power to hurt us,

that we love;

We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.

Why, thou hast rais'd up mischief to his height,
And found one to out-name! thy other faults; Then hast no intermission of thy sins But all thy life is a continued ill. Black is thy colour now, disease thy naturo. Joy to Amintor! Then hast toucht a life,

The very name of which had power to chain Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

Evad. 'T is done; and, since I could not find

a way To meet thy love so clear as through his life,

I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,

To bid me love this woman and forgive, think I should fall out with them. Behold, Here lies'a youth whose wounds bleed in my

brenst.

Sent by a violent fate to fetch his death From my slow hand! And, to augment my wee, You now are present, stain'd with a king's

blood Violently shed. This keeps night here, And throws an unknown wilderness 2 about me.

Asp. Oh, oh, oh! Amin. No more; pursue me not.

Forgive me, then. Evad. And take me to thy bed: we may not part.

. Kurels. Amin. Forbear, be wise, and let my rage go

this way,
ad. 'T is you that I would stay, not it.
Take heed; Evad. Amin.

It will return with me.

4 Burpass. 2 Wildriem. Evad.

I shall not fear to meet it. Take me home.

Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear!

Evad. For Heaven's sake look more caim

Thine eyes are shurper

Than thou caust make thy sword.

Amin. Thy knees are more to me than violence. am worse than sick to see knees follow me For that I must not grant. For God's sake

stand. Erad. Receive me, then.

Amin. I dare not stay thy language. "
In midst of all my anger and my grief.

Thou dost awake something that troubles me. And says, I lov'd thee once. I dare not stay. There is no end of woman's reasoning.

Evad. [rising.] Amintor, thou shalt love me

now again.
Go; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever!
Evadue, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee

Amin. (returning.) I have a little human m

ture yet, That's left for thee, that bids me stay thr

hand.

Eval. Thy hand was welcome, but it can too late.

Oh, I am lost ! the heavy sleep makes haste.

Asp. Oh, oh, oh!
Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel

A stark affrighted motion in my blood My soul grows weary of her house, and I All over am a trouble to myself.

There is some hidden power in them designed

things,

That calls my flesh unto 'em; I am oold. Be resolute and bent 'em company. There's something yet, which I am la

leave :

There's man enough in me to meet the frame. That death can bring; and yet would it am done! can find nothing in the whole discourse

Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way Yet still, betwint the reason and the art. The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up; have not such another fault to apaver

Though she may justly arm herself with some And hate of me, my soul will part less troubed When I have paid to her in tears my source I will not leave this act unsatisfied.

If all that 's left in me can answer it.

Asp. Was it a dream? There stands Answer.

tor still

Or I dream still.

Amin. How dost thou? speak; receive 12 love and help.

The blood climbs up to his old place again; There's hope of thy recovery.

Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?

Amin. I did. Asp. And talkt of tenre and sorme and her?

- 3

Amin. 'T is true; and, till these happy signs in thee

Did stay my course, 't was thither I was going.

Asp. Thou art there already, and these Asp. wounds are hers.

Those threats I brought with me sought not revenge,

But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand: Lam Aspatia yet.

Amia. Dare my soul ever look abroad again?
Asp. I shall sure live, Amintor; I am well;
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.
Amia. The world wants lives to excuse thy loss;

Come, let me bear thee to some place of help. Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;

My strength begins to disobey my will.

How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain live
Now, if I could. Wouldst thou have lov'd me, then?

Amin. Alas,
All that I am 's not worth a hair from thee! Asp. Give me thy hand; mine hands grope up and down,

And cannot find thee; I am wondrous sick.

Have I thy hand, Amintor?

Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast

Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.

h, I must go! farewell!

Amin. She swoons!—Aspatia!—Help! for God's sake, water,

Such as may chain life ever to this frame!— Aspatia, speak!—What, no help yet? I fool! I'll chafe her temples. Yet there's nothing stire.

Stire.

Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,
And let her answer me! — Aspatia, speak! —
I have heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will show itself.
Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,
You heavenly, powers, and lend for some few

years
The blessed soul to this fair seat again! No comfort comes; the gods deny me too.
I'll bow the body once again. — Aspatia! The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong Myself, so long to lose her company.

Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love!

Kills himself.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new king come to him. I must tell him he is ent'ring. — Oh, God! — Help, help!

LYSIPPUS, MELANTIUS, CALIANAX. CLEON, DIPHILUS, and STRATO.

Lys. Where's Amintor? Oh, there, there! Stra.

1 Qq. sounds.

Lys. How strange is this?
What should we do here? so What should we do here? Cal. What should we do here? 250 Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,

That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand Stiff here for ever! — Eyes, call up your tears!

This is Amintor. Heart, he was my friend; Melt! now it flows. - Amintor, give a word To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh!

Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh,

Thy arms are kinder to me than thy tongue! Speak, speak!
Amin. What?

Amin. What?

Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds

sounds
That ever I shall hear again.
Oh, brother,

Here lies your sister slain! You lose yourself In sorrow there.

Mel.

Why, Diphilus, it is see A thing to laugh at, in respect of this.

Here was my sister, father, brother, son;

All that I had.—Speak once again; what

youth
Lies slain there by thee?
"T is Aspatia. My last is said. Let me give up my soul

Into thy bosom.

Cal. What's that? What's that? Aspatis! I never did

Repent the greatness of my heart till now; It will not burst at need. Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I ne'er

knew any but direct crying. Mel. I am a prattler: but no more.

[Offers to stab himself.] Hold, brother!

Diph. Hold, brother I Lys. Stop him. Diph. Fie, how unmanly was this offer in you!

Does this become our strain?

Does this become our strain:

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very kind, and am friends with you all now. You have given me that among you will kill me quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can.

[Exit.] ∞

as long as I can. [Exit.] s

Mel. His spirit is but poor that can be kept
From death for want of weapons. Is not my hands a weapon sharp enough
To stop my breath? or, if you tie down those,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,

Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that That may preserve life! This I swear to keep.

Lys. Look to him, though, and bear those bodies in. May this a fair example be to me

To rule with temper; for on lustful kings Unlookt-for sudden deaths from God are

But curst is he that is their instrument [Excunt.]

² Race.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

87

JOHN FLETCHER



TO THE READER

If you be not reasonably assur'd of your knowledge in this kind of poem, lay down the book, a read this, which I would wish had been the prologue. It is a pastoral tragi-comedy, which the people seeing when it was play'd, having ever had a singular gift in defining, concluded to be play of country hired shepherds in gray closeks, with curtail'd dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another; and, missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassail, and moris-dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not have you fall, lest you incur their careurs. Understand, therefore, a pastoral to be a representation of shepherds and shepherdesses with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures, at least sot exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions; they are not to be adorn'd with any art, but such improper ones as nature is said to bestow, as singing and poetry; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains, the ordinary course of the sun, moon, and stars, and such like. But you are ever to remember shepherds to be such as all the ancient poets, as modern, of understanding, have received them; that is, the owners of flocks, and not hirelings. A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it we comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no life be question'd: 2 so that a god is as lawful in this as in a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy. Thus much I hope will serve to justify my poem, and make you understand it; to teach you mee for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

JOHN FLETCHER

ACT I

SCENE I.

Enter CLOBIN. a shepherdess, having buried her love in an arbour.

Clorin. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace

The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!
Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still-loved ashes; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love; all sports, delights, and [jolly] games,
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.

I I. e. the judgment which must be passed on them.

2 Called in question : endangered.

⁸ Q. Q. omits Some copies of Q. read merry.

' Now no more shall these smooth brows be be girt

With youthful coronals, and lead the dance; No more the company of fresh fair maids. And wanton shepherds be to me delightful, Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes. Under some shady dell, when the cool wind Plays on the leaves: all be far away, Since thou art far away, by whose dear side. How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers.

For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's

Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.⁵
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thes.
And all are dead but thy dear memory;

Garlands. Leather (from Cordove in Spain).

live thee, and shall ever spring, pipes or jolly shepherds sing. "
I, in honour of thy love,
rave, forgetting all those joys tmes made precious to mine ing what my youth did gain Idea virtuous use of herbs: ours, and as freely give ours, as I gain'd them, free, ounds I know the remedies b, he they stung with snakes, ith powerful words of wicked sick, or through too much heat lunatic, their eyes or ears misty film of dulling rheum; re, such secret virtue lies d by a virgin's hand. 60 be what these wild woods afford, hestnuts, plantains, on whose alling, and the lofty fruit bear of the straight-grown feed with free content, and all blind the world, by thy side Matyr (with a basket of fruit). h you same bending plain, arms down to the main, how thick woods, have I run, never kist the aun apring began; y master Pau, t without rest it; for at a feast this coming night, the Syrinx bright. lairer sight! He stands amazed. aly form of thine, thou art divine, eat immertal race or in thy face ful majesty mortality y eyes behold, fore on this mould d my knee thy deity. Wer this land womb doth send ruits; and but lead the Satyr tells: amous wells day ne'er grew, or more true. whose lusty blood posts' good,

never crown

techns ; nuts more brown rel's teeth that crack them ;

I fair, to take them !

for these black-ey'd Dryop Hath oftentimes commanded me With my clasped knee to climb: See how well the lusty time See how well the lusty true Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red, Such as on your lips is spread! Here be berries for a queen, Some be red, some be green;
These are of that Inscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield, The hanging mountain or the field, freely offer, and ere long Will bring you more, more sweet and strong; "
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great I ando awake. That sleeping lies in a deep glade, Inder a broad beech's shade. I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun.
Clo. And all my fears go with thee! Exit. What greatness, or what private hidden power, Is there in me, to draw submission From this rude man and beast? Sure I am mortal, The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal, And she that bore me mortal prick my hand, And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal. ... Yet I have heard (my mother told it me, And now I do believe it), if I keep My virgin-flower uneropt, pure, chaste, and fair, No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend, ossatyr, or other power that haunts these groves, Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion Draw me to wander after idle fires; Or voices calling me in dead of night.

To make me follow, and so toll 1 me on,

Through mires and standing pools (to find my ruin: Else why should this rough thing, who never knew Manners nor smooth humanity,2 whose heats 3 Are rougher than himself and more misshapen, Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there is a power In that great name of virgin, that binds fast All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites That break their confines. Then, strong chastity. Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell In opposition against fate and hell! [Ketires into her bower.] [SCRNR II.] Enter an Old Shepherd, with four couples of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, (among whom

are Primout and Amount.)

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival

D Culture. I Passions. Entice. In the neighbourhood of a village.

In honour of our great god, and his rites Perform'd, prepare yourselves for chaste And uncorresped fires, that as the priest With powerful hand shall sprinkle on your brows

His pure and holy water, ye may be From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts

Kneel, shepherds, kneel; here comes the priest of Pan.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away [Sprinkling them with water.] Whatsoever this great day, Or the past hours, gave not good, To corrupt your maiden blood. From the high rebellions heat Of the grapes, and strength of meat, From the wanton quick desires They do kindle by their fires I do wash you with this water; Be you pure and fair hereafter! From your livers and your veins Thus I take away the stains; All your thoughts be smooth and fair: Be ye fresh and free as air! Sever more let lustful heat Through your purged conduits 1 beat, Or a plighted troth be broken, Or a wanton verse be spoken In a shepherdesa's car Go your ways, ye are all clear.
They rise and sing in praise of PAN.

THE SONG.

Bing his praises that doth keep Our flocks from harm, Pan, the father of our sheep; And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hellow neighbouring ground
Fills the music with her sound. Pan, O great god Pan, to thee Thus do we sing!
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring.
Ever he thy honour spoke.
From that place the Morn is broke
To that place Day doth unyoke!

Execute omnes but PERMOT and AMORET.

Peri. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd maid; Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear.

Equal with his soul's good. Speak ; I give · Mica. Thee freedom, shepherd; and thy tongue be still!

The same it ever was, as free from ill As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city; he thou ever true!

Pere. When I fall off from my affection,

Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul decay First, let our great god cease to keep my that That, being left alone without a goard. The wolf, or winter's rage, sommer's creat had

And want of water, rots, or what to me Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily, And in their general ruin let me go!

Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd with te

I do believe thee; 't is as hard for me To think thee false, and harder, that for the To hold me foul.

Peri. Oh, you are fairer far.
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair re.
That guides the wand'ring seaman through the

Straighter than the straightest pine upon the

steep Head of an aged mountain; and more white a Than the new milk we strip before day light From the full-freighted bags of our fair disch Your hair more beauteous than those have locks

Of young Apollo! Y. mo. Shepherd, be not list; are sail'd too far already from the cost !

Of your discourse. Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not love
Those many passions, vows, and holy ontle,
I 've sent to heaven? Did you not give per hand,

Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not, the five back again those sweets to other men. You yourself you'd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty May give assurance, I am once more thins. Once more I give my hand. Be ever free From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy!

Peri. I take it as my best good; and dears. For stronger confirmation of our leve.

To meet this happy night in that fair grove. Where all true shepherds have rewarded befor their long service: say, sweet, shall it how Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make

A doubt of what the silent night may do. Coupled with this day's heat, to move you

blood.

Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not bee Wash'd white enough, for yet I see a stain stick in your liver: 2 go and purge again.

Per. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth!

Myself and my affectious are as pure As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine

Of the great Dian : only my intent To draw you thither was to plight our troths. With interchange of mutual charte embraces. And ceremonious tying of our souls. For to that holy wood is consecrate A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks. The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes

2 Seat of the passions.

¹ Veins.

One to be numb'red in this company, Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

Peri. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
To your complaints: but sure I shall not love. All that is mine, myself and my best hopes, Are given already. Do not love him, then, That cannot love again; on other men
Bestow those heats, more free, that may return
You fire for fire, and in one dame equal burn.
Amar, Shall I rewarded be so slemlerly For my affection, most unkind of men? If I were old, or had agreed with art

To give another nature to my cheeks, Or were I common mistress to the love Of every swain, or could I with such ease Call back my love as many a wanton doth, Thou mightst refuse me, shepherd; but to thee I am only fixt and set; let it not be A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse The love of silly 2 maid.

Peri.
These words to little end: for, know. I may 175 Better call back that time was yesterday Or stay the coming night, than bring my love Home to myself again, or recreant prove. I will no longer hold you with delays:
This present night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul, In yonder grove, there to make up our loves. Be not deceiv'd no longer, choose again: These neighbouring plains have many a comely

awoin. Fresher and freer * far than I e'er was ; Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.

Farewell: be happy in a better choice! Exit.

Amar. Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice

Than if the angry heavens with their quick flames Had shot me through. I must not leave to love, I cannot; no, I must enjoy thee, boy. I'm Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and

Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shown
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow When he sits frowning on the births of men;

One that doth wear himself away in loueness, And never joys, unless it be in breaking. The holy plighted troths of mutual souls; One that lasts after every several beauty, But never yet was known to love or like, Were the face fairer or more full of truth Than Phoebe in her fulness, or the youth Of smooth Lyaeus; whose nigh-starved flocks Are always scabby, and infect all sheep
They feed withal; whose lambs are ever last. And die before their wenning : and whose dog Looks, like his master, lean and full of sourf, Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may.

If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder, 210 Foreing me passage to my long desires: And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Shopherdess that is "BHHOT. desire to be believ'd, Fair maid, you may, thus: I love thee, Perir to be lov'd again s in his frozen arms spring. Nay, do not start, I woo thee; thou that art young grooms, even the top hopherds. What dull eye, sequainted with desire, rastle, run, or cust the stone ngth and fair delivery, rkled fire, and speedily to all the neighbouring veins? thee sing, that brought again tek was lent unto thy voice? me me, shepherd, if I be 1 Embrace.

-1788

wish'd line for

Fairent

lame

whilst the Dog

· he hot

ong fog gra breath, plague and death ! Exit AMORET.

This

عجمت عليه المناهم

المح المح المحالين المعادة المراد سِن معداد ما and the state of t 1 Was 15 That we wish that I know a grown

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Berto green to were the paper of their lives to the free terms of the second of the secon

And give these in literature for the work Eress.

SINE III

Event L E.

Car How rave I wring i the times or men. *1 0" "1 ..

After the two fear. I pass urknown had been and of T was not ween to be There from a with the younger company of concentration in was a then held good a For party products mix their quicker blood With that dail hamour, most unfit to be The friend of man, cold and dull chastity, ure I am held not fair, or am too old. Or else my free enough, or from my fold I trive not a flock sofficient great to gain The preedy ever of wealth-alluring swain. Yet of I may believe what others say My face how fool / enough ; nor can they lay Justly too street a coyness to my charge;

1 Another part of the wood. 3 Beauty.

My flocks are many, and the downs as large They feed upon. Then, let it ever be Their coldness, not my virgin-modesty Minister mie complain.

Enter THENOT.

Was ever man but I Time Thus truly taken with uncertainty. mond

Much up in constancy, and dares not find His new rewarded? Here, let all mer know, A wretch that lives to love his mastress so.

Com. Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where has those been?

'v whither prist thou? Here he woods as great As any; air likewise is a fresh and sweet As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet Face of the curled streams; with flowers at

mary As the young spring gives, and as choice a BITY : Here he all new delights, enol streams and

Teils. Arisons Congress with wood bines, caves, and

delis: Thoose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and size. Or gather rushes, to make many a ring Fir thy long fingers: tell thee tales of lots.— How the pale Phoebs, hunting in a grove, First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
No to k eternal fire that never dies;
If w ane correy'd him softly in a sleep,

His temples bound with pappy, to the steep # Head of the Lamma, where she stoops each meht.

Giffing the mountain with her brother's light.

To kiss her sweetest.

The Far from me are these

H : fishes, bred from wanton heat and ease; have firs t what love and loving meant; Rhymes, sings, and merry rounds, that oft are

9421 To the soft car of maid, are strange to me: That neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, nor

Could ever break upon, so sure 4 a mould
Is that her mind was cast in; 't is to her
I only am reserv'd; she is my form I stir
By, treathe and move; 't is she, and only she Can make me happy, or give misery.

C. .. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know

To whom this dear observance 5 you do owe? The. You may, and by her virtue learn to square

And level out your life; for to be fair, And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye Of gandy youth and swelling vanity. Then, know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,

She that hath long since buri'd her chaste love And now lives by his grave, for whose dest Boul

6 Worship. Q₁-Q₄ omit. 4 F. pure.

88

She hath vow'd herself into the holy roll
Of strict virginity: 't is her I so admire,
Not any looser blood or new desire.

[Exit.]

Clos. Farewell, poor swain! thou art not for my bend;

I must have quicker souls, whose words may

tend To some free action. Give me him dare love At first encounter, and as soon dare prove! **

THE SONG.

[Sings.] Come, shepherda, come!

Come away
Without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green woods are dumb, And will never tell to any Those dear kieses, and those many Sweet embraces that are given; Bainty pleasures, that would even Raise in coldest age a fire, And give virgin-blood desire. Then, if ever,

Now or never, Come and have it: Think not I Dare deny, If you crave it.

Enter DAPHNIS.

[Aside.] Here comes another. Better be my speed,
Thou god of blood! But certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but no'er could be

Brought to kise any, hold discourse, or sing, Whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing We all are born for; one that makes loving face

And could be well content to covet graces, Were they not got by boldness. In this thing My hopes are frozen; and, but fate doth bring Him hither, I would sooner choose A man made out of snow, and freer use An eunuch to my ends; but since he 's here, 100
Thus I attempt him. — Thou, of men most

Welcome to her that only for thy sake Hath been content to live! Here, boldly take Hath been content to live! Here, boldly take My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet Was given away to any; and but sit 180 Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull The cheicest delicates from yonder mead, To make these chains or chaplets, or to spread Under our faitting bodies, when delight 180 Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight Of those smroth rising checks renew the story Of young Asionis, when in pride and glory He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms Of willing Youns! Methinks stronger charms 118 Owell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow More sweetness than the pointers can allow To their best pieces. Not Narcissus, he That wept himself away in memory Of his own beauty, ner Bilvanus' boy, 2 110

Aim, purpose.

Cyparissus, metamorphosed into a cypress

Nor the twice-ravish'd maid, for whom old Troy Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thes Be otherwise compar'd, than some dead tres To a young fruitful olive.

I can love, Dayh. But I am loth to say so, lest I prove Too soon unhappy.

Clos. Happy, thou wouldst say.
My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy, Then take the coming night; fair youth, 't is

To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee then

When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men, In yonder grove. Speak, shall our meeting hold? Indeed you are too bashful; be more bold, And tell me ay.

I am content to say so Daph. And would be glad to meet, might I but pray Much from your fairness, that you would be true

Clos. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

Daph.

Yet one word more: since you have drawn me

To come this night, fear not to meet alone That man that will not offer to be ill, Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill

Of this world's goodness; do not fear him, then, But keep your 'pointed time. Let other men Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never. Exit.

Clor. Yet am I poorer than I was before. 144 Is it not strange, among so many a score Of lasty bloods, I should pick out these things Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs, Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit

With their continual power upon his sides? Oh, happy be your names that have been brides, And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine!
And far more heavy be thy grief and tine.² 18
Thou lazy swain, that mayst relieve my needs,
Than his, upon whose liver always feeds A hungry vulture !

Enter ALEXIS.

Can such beauty be Alex. Safe in his 4 own guard, and not draw the eye Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze The better part contemplates, giving rein, And wished freedom to the labouring vein? Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know The cause of your retirement, why you go
Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter,

And the young company of swains more meeter, Than these forsaken and untrodden places. Give not yourself to loneness, and those graces

Sorrow.

6 Ita.

Error

Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended

To live amongst us awains.

Clos. Thou art befriended, in Shepherd: in all my life I have not seen A man in whom greater contents hath been, Than thou thyself art. I could tell thee more, Were there but any hope left to restore My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red

Thou shame-fast Morning, when from Tithon's1 hed

Thou risest over-maiden! If for me, 11.5. Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be, Speak, and be satisfi'd. Oh, guide her tongue, My better angel; force my name among Her modest thoughts, that the first word may

be Clos. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea, Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side. Meet me in the holy wood, where I'll abide us Thy coming, shepherd,

If I stay behind, An everlasting dulness, and the wind, That is he passeth by shuts up the stream Of Rhine or Volga, whilst the sun's hot beam Bents back again, seize me, and let me turn 100 To coldness more than ice! Oh, how I burn And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.

Clee. My name shall be your word.
Alex. Fly, fly, thou day! Exit.
Cloe. My grief is great, if both these boys should fail:

He that will use all winds must shift his sail.

ACT II

SCENE I.2

Enter Old Shepherd with a bell ringing, and the Priest of Pan following.

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair, Fold your flocks up, for the air Gins to thicken, and the sun Already his great course bath run. See the dew-drops how they kiss Every little flower that is; Hanging on their velvet heads. Like a rope of crystal beads; See the heavy clouds down a falling, And bright Hesperus loud a calling The dead Night from under ground; At whose rising mists unsumed,4 Damps and vapours fly apace, Hovering o'er the wanton face Of these pastures, where they come, Striking dead both bud and bloom, Therefore, from such danger lock Every one his loved flock; And let your does lie loose without, Lest the wolf come as a scout From the mountain, and, ere day, Bear a lamb or kid away ;

 Tithonus'. F, reads Fitons.
 Dyes smend Qq 1-4 transpose down and loud, F; low falling down colling.

· l'nwholesome.

Or the crafty thievish for Break upon your simple flocks. To secure yourselves from these, Be not too secure in case. Let one eye his watches keep, Whilst the t'other eye doth sleep; So you shall good shepherds prove, And for ever hold the love Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers, And soft silence, fall in numbers On your eyelids! So, farewell. Thus I end my evening's knell.

(SCENK II.)

Enter CLORIN, the Shepherdess, sorting of herb and telling the natures of them.

Clo. Now let me know what my best art hat done, Helpt by the great power of the virtuous moss. In her full light. Oh, you some of earth, You only brood, anto whose [happy ^ hirsh Virtue was given, holding more of nature.] Than man, her first-born and most perfeccreature.

Let me adore you! you, that only can Help or kill nature, drawing out that span Of life and breath even to the end of some You, that these hands did [crop] long before

Of day, give me your names, and, next, you hidden power.

This is the clote, bearing a yellow flower;
And this, black horehound; both are very god for sheep or shepherd bitten by a wood "Dog's venom'd teeth; these rhamnus 10 branches HIE.

Which, stuck in entries, or about the har That holds the door, kill all enchantment

(Were they Meden's verses), that do harms To men or cattle : these for freuz) be A speedy and a sovereign remady, A speedy and a sovereign remeay.

The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold;
Such sympathy with man's good they do hold
This tormentil. It whose virtue is to part
All deadly killing poison from the heart And, here, narcissus root, for an ellow lysimachus, 12 to give To the faint shepherd, killing All busy gnats, and every fly For leprosy, darnel and celand With calamint, whose virtue-The blood of man, making it f As the first hour it breath d. o Here, other two; but your rel. Is not for me, whose goodness Therefore, foul standergrass mine banish thee, with lustful tur

You that entice the veins and To civil mutiny, sealing the se Our reason moves in, and delu-

I The wood before

Q, high

and wanton [fancies] till the fit at be quencht, by appetite — a oul of blessedness and light: the vervain, too, thou must go

y couls to mirth and laughter;
I dip thee in water now,
every post and every bough
all-pleasing juice, to make the

gh mirth, and with joy all the

Enter THENOT,

the cabin where the best of all over breath'd, or ever shall anappiness to the shepherd's side, her worthy self abide.

star, I thank thee for thy light, a power the darkness of sad night in the earth, in whose dull place mains play on the heavy face did, make the blue sea smile, thringly thou dest beguile of his brightness, giving day taos; whiter than that way of Jove's high court, and chaster

citself, you blessed star
(ahines! thou, all the constancy
onen was or e'er shall be;
if eye-balls flies that holy fire of
the mother of desire,
avery gentle breast
der price, and far more blest,
bk power which gives a difference
and creatures of a lower sense!

ard, how cam'st thou hither to

iden; all the verdant grass
of up stands yet unbruised here
only the duppled deer,
leared sound of crooked horn,
fastness.

Chaster than the morn, nd'red, or by strong illusion and place have made intrusion:

t come (believe me, tair),
t, of whose great good the air so tongly labours, whilst the sound theaven, and drives into a

impherd, that such virtue can lesser than a man. art I have, or hidden skill, of disease or fest'red ill greenness to another's eye insishle of remedy, estake it.

T is no pain a disease, no beating vein ion dangerous to the heart, thun'd, to be cur'd by art, is; and yet a feller grief tul hand did give relief,

Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,

Fair, beauteous virgin.

Clo. Then, shepherd, let me sue w
To know thy grief: that man yet never knew
The way to health that durst not show his sore.

The. Then, fairest, know, I love you.

Clo.

Thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place, we And off'red sacrilegious foul disgrace. To the sweet rest of these interred bones; For fear of whose ascending, fly at once, Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight off death and speedy vengeance may not fright Thy very soul with horror.

The. Let me not,
Thou all perfection, merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith,

Cio. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide,
And give her body up? for sure it will.
If thou pursu'st with wanton flame to fill
This hallowed place: therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with prayers appears his glust below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he

Embraces yet.

The.

'T is not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile in
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamell'd richly; nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The [wand'ring], soul; not the true perfect
mould

Of all your body, which as pure doth show In maiden-whiteness as the Alpine snow: All these, were but your constancy away. Would please me less than a black stormy day The wretched seaman toiling through the deep. But, whilst this honour'd strictness you do

keep.
Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were In the great womb of air were settled here. In opposition, I would, like the tree.
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free

Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free Even in the arm of danger. Clo. Wouldst thou have Me raise again, fond man, from silent grave Those sparks, that long ago were buried here to With my dead friend's cold ashes? The. Dearest dear,

The.

The lare not tak it, nor you must not grant:
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he lov'd you, and he still
The same opinion speaks you: let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite.
Desire and fancy from their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be, like a rock, made firmly up 'gainst all un

The power of angry heaven, or the atrong fall Of Neptune's battery. If you yield, I die To all affection; 't is that loyalty You tie unto this grave I so admire: And yet there is something else I would desire, If you would hear me, but withal deny. Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire; Fer, if I longer stay, this double tire Will lick my life up.

C10. Do; and let time wear out 100 What art and nature cannot bring about.

The. Farewell, thou soul of virtue, and be blest

For ever, whilst [that here] I I wretched rest Thus to myself! Yet grant me leave to dwell In kenning of this arbour: you same dell, O'ertopt with mourning cypress and sad yew, shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue, Before the sun hath kist this dew away.
The hard uncertain chance which faith doth lay Upon his head.

The gods give quick release in And happy cure unto thy hard disease! Excunt.

(SCENE III.)

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull Slop. I do not love this wench that I should meet;

For ne'er did my unconstant eye yet greet That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair Than the new blossoms when the morning-air Blows gently on them, or the breaking light, a When many maiden-blushes to our sight Shoot from his early face: were all these set In some neat form before me, 't would not get The least love from me; some desire it might, And present burning. All to me in sight Are equal; be they fair, or black, or brown, Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown My appetite with any; swear as oft, And weep, as any; melt my words as soft. Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long My heart has been her servant, and how strong My passions are ; call her unkind and cruel; Offer her all I have to gain the jewel Muidens so highly prize; 4 then leathe, and fly:
This do I hold a blessed destiny.

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. Hail, shepherd! Pan bless both thy

flock and thee.

For being mindful of the word to me!

Sull. Shep. Welcome, fair shepherdess! Thy
loving swain

Gives thus the self-arms wishes back again.

Gives thee the self-same wishes back again; se Who till this present hour ne'er knew that eye ould make me cross mine arms, or daily die With fresh consumings. Boldly tell me, then, How shall we part their faithful loves, and

Shall I belie him to her? Shall I swear His faith is false and he loves every where? so

I'll say he mockt her th' other day to you; Which will by your confirming show as true. For take 5 is of so pure an honesty, To think, because the will not, none will be Or else to him I'll slauder Amoret.

And say, she but seems chaste; I'll awar she

met Ms 'mongst the shady sycamores last night, And loosely off red up her flame and sprite Into my bosom; made a wanton hed Of leaves and many flowers, where she oproad Her willing body to be prest by me;
There have I carv'd her name on many a traTogether with mine own. To make this daw
More full of seeming. - Hobinal, you know.
Son to the aged shepherd of the glen. Son to the agod shepherd of the glen,
Him I have sorted out of many men,
To say he found us at our private sport,
And rous'd us 'fore our time by his resort.
This to confirm, I 've promis'd to the boy
Many a pretty knack and many a toy;
As gins to catch him birds, with how and ball
To shoot at conies, squirrels, in the holt;
A pair of painted buskins, and a lamb Soft as his own locks or the down of swan This I have done to win you; which doth give Me double pleasure; discord makes no live dmar. Lov'd swain, I thank ye. These trees might prevail

With other rustic shepherds, but will fail Even once to stir, much more to overthrow, His fixed love from judgment, who doth kere our nature, my end, and his chosen's ment Therefore some stronger way must force has

spirit, Which I have found: give second, and my lore

Is everlasting thine.

Sull. Shep. Try me, and prove.

Amar. These happy pair of lovers met

straightway, Soon as they fold their fleeks up with the day In the thick grove bordering upon you hill In whose hard side nature both carv'd a well. And, but that matchless spring which posts

kuow Was ne'er the like to this. By it doth grow. About the sides, all herbs which witches use.
All simples good for medicine or abuse. All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day, With all their colours; there the month of May Is ever dwelling, all is young and green; There's not a grass on which was ever seen The falling autumn or cold winter's hand: So full of heat and virtue is the land About this fountain, which doth slowly break Below you mountain's foot, into a creek Below you mountain a root, into a creek.
That waters all the valley, giving fish.
Of many sorts to fill the shepherd's dalt.
This holy well, my grandam that is dead,
Right wise in charms, hath often to me and Hath power to change the form of any creats Being thrice dipt o'er the head, into who

feature Or shape 't would please the letter-down CTRVE,

Q.Q. omit.

Another part of the wood. · Q1-Q1 praise.

¹ Qq. F he.

Here is another charm, whose power will free Gives a scroll. The dazzled sense, read by the moonbeams

clear, And in my own true shape make me appear.

Enter PERIGOT.

Sull. Shep. Stand close; here 's Perigot, whose constant heart

Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.

Peri. This is the place. — Fair Amoret! —
The hour

Le yet scarce come. Here every sylvan power » Delights to be, about you sacred well,

Which they have blest with many a powerful spell; For never traveller in dead of night.

Nor stray'd beasts have fall'n in; but when aight

Hath fail'd them, then their right way they
have found
By help of them, so holy is the ground.
But I will farther seek, lest Amoret

Should be first come, and so stray long un-

met. My Amoret, Amoret!
[Amur. coming forward, Perigot!]1
Peri. [within.] My love! Exit.

I come, my love! Exit. Now she hath got Sull, Shep. Her own desires, and I shall gainer be Of my long-lookt-for hopes, as well as she. How bright the moon shines here, as if she

strove To show her glory in this little grove

. Enter AMORET.

To some new-loved shepherd! Yonder is Another Ameret. Where differs this From that? But that she Perigot hath met, should have ta'en this for the counterfeit. Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,

If mortal men could know your properties! .tmo. Methinks it is not night; I have no fear, Walking this wood, of lion or of bear, Whose names at other times have made me

quake, When any shepherdess in her tale spake Of some of them, that underneath a wood lave torn true lovers that together stood; Have form true lovers that together stood;
Mothinks there are no goblins, and men's talk,
That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,
Are fables; such a strong heart I have got
Because I come to meet with Perigot.—
My Ferigot! Who is that? my Perigot?
Sull. Shep. (coming forward.) Fair maid!

Amo. Aye me, thou art not Perigot? Sull. Step. But I can tell you news of Peri-

in hour together under yonder tree He sat with wreathed arms, and call'd on thee And said. "Why, Amoret, stay'st thou so And said, "long?"

Then starting up, down yonder path he flung, Lest thou hadst miss'd thy way. Were it daylight,

He could not yet have borne him out of sight.

Amo. Thanks, gentle shepherd; and beshrew

That made me fearful I had lost my way.

That made me fearful I had lost my way.

As fast as my weak legs (that cannot be Weary with seeking him) will carry me.

I'll follow; and, for this thy care of me.

Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee! Exit.

Sull. Shep. How bright she was, how lovely did she show!

Was it not pity to deceive her so?
She pluckt her garments up, and tript away,
And with a virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjur'd her. Whilst she was here,
Methought the beams of light that did appear
Word slot from her; methought the moon gave

But what it had from her. She was alone With me if then her presence did so move,
Why did I not assay to win her love?

[Would she] a not sure have yielded unto me? Women love only opportunity,
And not the man; or if she had deni'd,
Alone, I might have forc'd her to have tri'd
Who had been stronger. Oh, vain fool, to let
Such blest occasion pass! I'll follow yet; My blood is up; I cannot now forbear.

Enter ALEXIS and CLOE.

I come, sweet Amoret! Soft, who is here? A pair of lovers? He shall yield her me us Now lust is up, alike all women be. [Retires.] Alexis. Where shall we rest? But for the love of me.

Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.
Cloe. Alexis, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace Of every shepherd ; for, I understood, This night a number are about the wood: Then, let us choose some place, where, out of sight,

We freely may enjoy our stol'n delight.

Alexis. Then, holdly here, where we shall

ne'er be found.

No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd

ground; No maid seeks here her strayed cow or sheep; Fairies and fawns and satyrs do it keep Then, carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,

And let no fear make us our pleasures miss. to

Clos. Then, lie by me: the sconer we begin.

The longer ere the day descry our sin.

Sull. Shep. [coming forward.] Forbear to
touch my love; or, by you flame.

The greatest power that shepherds dare to

Here where then sit'st, under this hely tree, Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be! iss Alexis. If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,

With all his troops of satyrs and of fawns, 1 F. I'll seek him out; and for thy Courtesis.
2 Ed. conj. Early edd. She would.

¹ Early edd. Ez. Amaryllis, Perigol.

175

160

And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes A greater outh than thine), I would not rise! Sait. Ship. Then, from the cold earth never Sut. Ship. Then, from the von.

thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.

[Wounds him with his spear.]

Cloc. Hold, gentle shepherd! Sail, Shep. Faire

Sail. Shep. Fairest shepherdess, Than that fond man, that would have kept you there

From me of more desert. Oh, yet forbear . M. xis. Oh, yet forbear To take her from me! Give me leave to die By her!

Enter Satyr; Sullen Shepherd runs one way, and CLOR another.

Sat. Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky, And the stars, whose feeble light Gives a pale shadow to the night, Are up, great Pan commanded me To walk this grove about, whilst he, In a comer of the wood, Where never mortal foot hath stood, Keeps dancing, music, and a feast, To entertain a lovely guest ; Where he gives her many a rose weeter than the breath that blows The leaves; grapes, berries of the best; I never saw so great a feast. But, to my charge. Here must I stay, To see what mortals lose their way, And by a false fire, seeming bright, Train them in and leave them right, Then must I watch if any be Foreing of a chastity;
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathed horn a blast, And the fairies all will run,

And the lattices at will the Widly dancing by the moon.

And will pinch him to the bone,

Till his lustful thoughts be gone.

Mexis. Oh, death! Sat. Back again about this ground; Sure, I hear a mortal sound. I bind thee by this powerful spell, By the waters of this well, By the glimmering moonbeams bright, Speak again, thou mortal wight!

Alexis. Oh! Sat. Here the foolish mortal lies, Sleeping on the ground. Arise! --The poor wight is almost dead; On the ground his wounds have bled, And his clothes foul'd with his blood : To my goddess in the wood Will I lead him, whose hands pure Will help this mortal wight to cure.

[Exit carrying ALEXIS.]

Re-enter CLOE.

Clos. Since I beheld you shaggy man, my breast Doth pant ; each bush, methinks, should hide a

henst, Yet my desire keeps still above my fear: 110 I would fain meet some shopherd, bee I where;

For from one cause of fear I am most free It is impossible to raviale me,

It is impossible to ravish me,
I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my love, all bloody with his wound
Yet, till that fearful shape minds in becase
Though he were hurt, I turnisht was of a
But now both lost.—Alexis, speak or more If thou hast my life; thou art yet my localle's dead, or else is with this little mich.
Crept from the bank for fear of the sprite.

Then, where art thou that struck'st my been Oh, stay!

Bring me thyself in change, and then I'll a Thou hast some justice. I will make the tor With flowers and garlands that yeer mean! him;

I'll clip thee round with both mine arms at As I did mean he should have been only as But thou art fled. — What hope is left for me I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree, Whom I did mean to mock; though buy

Small

To make him bold, rather than none at all I'll try him; his heart, and my behaviour Perhaps may teach him what he ought to i

Re-enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. This was the place. 'Two is my techle sight,

Mixt with the horror of my deed, and night That shapt these fears, and made me run tru And lose my beautoous hurdly-gotten prey Speak, gentle shepherdess! I am alone. And tender love for love.— But she is con-From me, that, having struck her lover dec For silly fear left her alone and fled. And sec, the wounded body is remov'd. By her of whom it was so well belov'd.

Enter Penigor, and Animillis in the above AMORFT.

But all these funcies must be quite forgot. I must lie close; here comes young Perigot With subtle Amarillis in the shape Of Amoret. Pray, love, he may not so

Amar. Beloved Perigot, show me some p. Where I may rest my limbs weak with the cl. Of thee, an hour before thou cam'at at least Peri. Beshrew my tardy steps! Here d.

thou rest Upon this holy bank no deadly snake.
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make.
Here is no poison for the toad to feed;
Here boldly spread thy hands; no ven Weed

Dares blister them; no slimy smail dare es Over thy face when then art fast asleep; Here never durst the babbling cuckes spit No slough of falling star did ever hit

The popular explanation of the foam secrete! the cicada.

This other, set with violets, for me.

[They lie down.] Amar. Thou dost not love me, Perigot. Fair maid.

You only love to hear it often said ;

You do not doubt.

Anar. Relieve me, but I do.
Peri. What, shall we now begin again to WOO ?

T is the best way to make your lover last, To play with him when you have caught tom fast.

I mar. By Pan I swear, beloved Perigot,
And by you moon, I think thou lov'st me not.

Peri. By Pan I swear, - and, if I falsely

swenr,

Let him not guard my flocks; let foxes tear My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do bleep.

Fall on the rest; a rot among my sheep, -I love thee better than the careful cwe
The new-year'd 2 hunb that is of her own hue: I dote upon the more than that young lamb Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam! Were there a sort s of wolves got in my told, And one ran after thee, both young and old Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife. To save thee, whom I love above my life. Amar. How should I trust thee, when I see

thre choose

Another hed, and dost my side refuse?
Peri. "I was only that the chaste thoughts

might be shown Twiat thee and me, although we were alone.

.1mar, Come, Perigot will show his power, that he

Can make his Amoret, though she weary be, Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his. Here, take thy Amoret ; embrace and kiss.

Lies down bearde him.

Peri. What means my love?

Amar. To do as lovers should, so That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd. There's ne'er a shopherdoss in all the plain Can kiss then with more art; there's none can feign

More wanton tricks.

I'vri.

Forbear, dear soul, to try
Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather die Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

Amar. Still think at thou such a thing as

chantity

Is amongst women? Perigot, there's none That with her love is in a wood alone, And would come home a maid; be not abus'd With thy fond first belief; let time be us'd. 30 [1] MIGOT TIME.

Why dost thou rise ? Peri. My true heart thou hast slain! Amar. Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down

agnin. let go, then serpent, that into my

breast Hast with thy cunning div'd! - Art not in iest?

2 Q. ff. Fa I loved. 2 New-born. 5 Band.

Amar. Sweet love, lie down.

Since this I live to see. Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and me !

Amar You swore you lov'd, yet will not do my will.

Peri. Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still!

Amor. I am asstill I was, and all my kind; Though other shows we have, poor men to blind.

Peri. Then, here I end all love; and, lest my 12111

Belief should ever draw me in again, Before thy face, that hast my youth misled, I end my life! my blood be on thy head!

Offers to kill himself with his spear.) Amar. | rosing. | Oh, hold thy hunds, thy Amo-

ret doth cry!
r. Thou counsel'st well; first, Amoret Peri. shall die.

That is the cause of my eternal smart!

Amar. Oh, hold!

Pers. This steel shall pierce thy lustful beart !

[Erit.] running after her. The Sullen Shepherd steps out and un-

Sull. Shep. Up and down, every where,

I strew the herbs, to purge the air: Let your odour drive hence

All musts that dazzle sense. Herbs and springs, whose hidden might

Alters shapes, and mocks the sight, Thus I charge we to undo All before I brought we to !

Let her fly, let her scape; (live again her own shape !

Re-enter AMARILLIS in her own shape. Principle following with his spear.

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou dost mistake ;

She whom thou follow'st fled into the brake, And as I crost thy way, I met thy wrath;

The only fear of which near slain me hath.

Pert. Pardon, fair shepherdess: my rage and night Were both upon me, and beguil'd my sight : 222

But far be it from me to spill the blood Of harmless maids that wander in the wood!

Exit AMARILLIB. Enter AMOURT.

Amo. Many a weary step, in yonder path, Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath, To seek her Perigot; yet cannot hear His voice. - My Perigot! She loves thee dear

That calls. See vonder where she is ! How fair l'eri. She shows! and yet her breath infects the air.

Amo. My Perigot! Peri.

Here, Happy! Hapless! first Peri. It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst we Hounds her.

Amo. Stay, Perigot! My love, thou art un-Death is the best reward that 's due to Sull. Nhep. Now shall their love be crost: for, being struck.

I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took.
By some night-traveller, whose honest care. May help to cure her. -

[Comes forward.]

Shepherdess, prepare Yourself to die! Amo. No mercy I do crave;
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have. Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him BEIGH. He struck my soul, and not my body through; Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be see At peace, if he but think he injur'd me. Sull. Shep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou

Wert not meant Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent. -He things her into the well.

She cannot scape, for, underscath the ground, ==
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound, Till on you side, where the morn's sun doth Jenik . The struggling water breaks out in a brook

The God of the River right with AMORET in his GYINA.

God of the R. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force that I their god,
Three times striking with my rod, Could not keep them in their ranks? My fishes shoot into the banks; There's not one that stays and feeds, 879 All have hid them in the weeds. Here 's a mortal almost dead, Full 'n into my river-head, Hallowed so with many a spell, That till now none ever fell.

The a female young and clear, 878 Cast in by some ravisher: See, upon her breast a wound, On which there is no plaster bound. Yet, she's warm, her pulses beat, "T is a sign of life and heat. If thou be'st a virgin pure, I can give a present cure: Take a drop into thy wound, From my watery locks, more round Than orient pearl, and far more pure Than unchaste flesh may endure See, she pants, and from her flesh The warm blood gusheth out afresh. She is an unpolluted maid; I must have this bleeding stay'd.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blue do heal and draw. The blood returns, I never saw A fairer mortal. Now doth break Her deadly slumber. - Virgin, speak.

Amo. Who hath restor'd my sense, gives me new breath.

And brought me back out of the arms of death? God of the R. I have heal'd thy wounds.

Amo. God of the R. Fear not him that success!

thee. am this fountain's god: below, My waters to a river grow, And twint two banks with osiers set. That only prosper in the wet, Through the meadows do they glide, Wheeling still on every side. Sometimes winding round about, To find the evenest channel out. And if then wilt go with me, Leaving mortal company, In the cool streams shalt then lie, Free from harm as well as I: I will give thee for thy food No fish that useth in the mud ; But trout and pike, that love to swim. Where the gravel from the brim Through the pure streams may be seen; Orient pearl fit for a queen, Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in;
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly: And, to make thee understand flow I can my waves command, They shall bubble, whilst I sing, Sweeter than the silver string. Sier

THE SOME

Do not fear to put thy feet Naked in the river sweet; Think not leech, or newt, or toad, Will but thy foot when thou hast trad; Nor let the water many high, As thou wad'st in, make thee cry And sob, but ever live with me, And not a wave shall trouble these

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'et this bi-I know myself unworthy to be woo'd By thee, a god; for ere this, but for thes, I should have shown my weak mortality; Besides, by hely oath betwirt us twain, I am hetroth'd unto a shepherd-swam,
Whose comely face, I know, the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love
God of the R. May he prove to thee as tre
Fairest virgin, now adject

I must make my waters fly, Lest they leave their channels dry, And beasts that come unto the apring Miss their morning's watering; Which I would not : for of late All the neighbour-people sate On my banks, and from the fold Two white lambs of three weeks old Offered to my deity; For which this year they shall be free From raging floods, that, as they pass, Leave their gravel in the grass; When their graves in the grass,
When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shown, Never from thy banks be blown Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop my course;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink; May none that for thy fish do look, Cut thy banks to dam thy brook; Barefoot may no neighbour wade 430 In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,
When the spawns on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry!
God of the R. Thanks, virgin. I must down again.

Thy wound will put thee to no pain. Wonder not so soon 't is gone; [Descends.]

A holy hand was laid upon.

Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,

Must follow him that flies from me. Exit.

ACT IV

SCENE L1

Enter PRRIGOT.

Peri. She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind; She 's gone, she 's gone! Blow high, thou northwest wind,

And raise the sea to mountains; let the trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury leese ²
Their firm foundation; creep into the earth, s
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth Of some new prodigy; whilst I constant stand, Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand, And falling thus upon it

[Offers to fall on his spear.]

Enter AMARILLIS running.

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand! Thou art too hot

gainst thyself. Believe me, comely swain, Against thyself. Believe me, comery awain, if that thou diest, not all the showers of rain The heavy clouds send down can wash away That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands: Believe me, she is constant; not the sands Can be so hardly numb'red as she won.

I do not trifle, shepherd; by the moon,
And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true.

Then, be a free man; put away despair
And will to die; smooth gently up that fair
Dioxetal forehead; he as when there are Dejected forehead; be as when those eyes Took the first heat.

Peri. Alas, he double dies
That would believe, but cannot! 'T is not well
You keep me thus from dying, here to dwell se
With many worse companions. But, oh, death!
I am not yet enamour'd of this breath
So much but I dare leave it; 't is not pain

I Part of the wood.

2 Lone.

In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain Of many days, can hold me from my will.
'T is not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.

Amar. Stay but a little, little; but one hour; And if I do not show thee, through the power Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night, as Myself turn'd to thy Amoret, in sight, Her very figure, and the robe she wears, With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears Of thine own carving, where your names are set, Wrought underneath with many a curious fret, The primrose-chaplet, tawdry-lace, and ring, a Thou gav'st her for her singing, with each thing

Else that she wears about her, let me feel

The first fell stroke of that revenging steel!

Peri. I am contented, if there be a hope,

To give it entertainment for the scope Of one poor hour. Go; you shall find me next Under you shady beech, even thus perplext, And thus believing.

Amar. Bind, before I go, Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life, Till my return,

Peri.

By Pan, and by the strife
He had with Phoebus for the mastery,
When golden Midas judg'd their minstrelsy, I will not! Exeunt | severally]. =

[SCENE II.]4

Enter Satyr with ALEXIS.

Sat. Softly gliding as I go, With this burthen full of woe Through still silence of the night Guided by the glow-worm's light, Hither am I come at last. Many a thicket have I past; Not a twig that durst deny me, Not a bush that durst descry me To the little bird that sleeps On the slender spray; nor creeps That hardy worm with pointed tail, But if I be under sail, Flying faster than the wind, Leaving all the clouds behind, But doth hide her tender head In some hollow tree, or bed Of seeded nettles; not a hare Can be started from his fare By my footing; nor a wish Is more sudden, nor a fish Can be found with greater ease Cut the vast unbounded seas, Leaving neither print nor sound, Than I, when nimbly on the ground I measure many a league an hour. But, behold, the happy power 5 That must ease me of my charge, And by holy hand enlarge
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit: Heaven and great Pan succour it! —

Lace bought at St. Audrey's Fair at Ely.
 The wood before Clorin's bower.

Q1-Q4 lower.

Hail, thou beauty of the bower, Whiter than the parame ar Of my master! Let me crave Thy virtuous help, to keep from grave This poor mortal, that here less. Waiting when the Pestities Will undo I his thread of life : View the wound, by croel kesfe Trencht into him. Clo. coming from the lower. What are thou ently to me from my help reces.

And with the feared name of death affrights My tender cars? Speak me thy name and will, Sat, I am the Satyr that did till Your lap with early fruit, and will, When I hap to gather more. Yet Loome not empty now See, a blossom from the bough; But boshrew his heart that paid it, And his perfect sight that cuil'd it From the other springing blooms! For a sweeter youth the gradus Cannot show me, nor the downs, Nor the many neglobouring too ms. Low in youder glads I found him; Softly in mine arms I bound him; Hither have I brought him sleeping In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping, In remembrance such youth may

Clo. Sayr, they wrong thee that do term thee

Tude:

Spring and perish in a day

Though thou be'st outward-rough and tawnyhu'd,

Thy manners are as gentle and as fair As his who brows himself form only heir To all humanity - Let me see thy wound: This borb will stay the current, being bound ist to the orifice, and this restrain Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain. As the cold air hath forc'd into the sore; This to draw out such putrefying gore As mward fulls.

Sot. Heaven grant it may do good! Clo Fairly wipe away the blood. Hold him gently, till I tling Water of a virtuous spring On his temples; turn him twice To the moonbeams; pinch him thrice; That the labouring soul may draw

From his great eclipse.

His eyelids moving.

Give him breath; All the danger of cold death Now is vanisht; With this plaster And this nuction do I master All the fest'red ill that may Give him grief another day

Sut. See, he gathers up his sprite, And begins to hunt for light; Now 'n gaps and breathes again; How the blood runs to the vein

That erst was empty !

O my heart! My nearest, dearest Cloed Oh, the amart Rans through my sided I feel some pointed chieng

Pass through my bowels, shurper than the star Ot scorpion.

Pan, preserve me! - What are you? Point burt me: I am true

To my Cloe, though she fly And leave me to this destiny.

There she stands, and will not lend H r smooth whith hand to help her friend. But I am much mistaken, for that face Bears more austerity and modest grace, More reproving and more awe,

Than these eyes yet over saw In my Clee, Oh, my pain Engerly rem we again!

Give me your help for his sake you love best Cio. Shepherd, thou caust not possibly take

Till then hast laid aside all heats, desites, Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty has Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will

To execute; these must be purg'd until The vein grow whiter; then repent, and pray Great Pan to keep you from the like decay. And I shall undertake your cure with case; Till when, this virtuous plaster will displease! Your tender sides. Give me your hand, ast

Help him a little, Satyr; for his thighs

Yet are feeble. Alexis, rosing.) Sure, I have lost much blood.

Sat. 'T is no matter; 't was not good.

Mortal, you must leave your wooing.

Though there be a joy in doing. et a brings much grief behind it; They best feel it, that do find it

Clo. Come, bring him in; I will attend be SUTE.

When you are well, take herd you lust no por-ALEXIS to led into the lare Sat. Shepherd, see, what comes of kings By my head, 't were better missing.

Brightest, if there be remaining Any service, without feigning I will do it, were I set To exten the nimble wind, or get Shadows gliding on the green, Or to steal from the great queen Of fairies all her beauty

I would do it, so much duty Do I owe those precious eyes.

Clo. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cres
Of any other, that be burn or ill

Draw thee unto them, prithee, do thy will

To bring them hither.
Sat. I will; and when the weather Serves to angle in the brook, will bring a silver book, With a line of finest silk.
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish.

I F, ew of.

2 Abundance.

2 Potent.

no I take my leave, and wish On this bower may ever dwell buing and summer! Clu.

Friend, forewell. Exeunt.

[SCENE III.] 1 Enter AMORET.

Amo. This place is ominous; for here I lost My love and almost life, and since have crost All these woods over; ne'er a nook or doll, Where any little bird or beast doth dwell, But I have sought it; ne'er a bending brow Of any hill, or glade the wind sings through, Nor a green bank nor shade where shepherds 14:50

To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or choose Their valentines, that I have mist, to find My love in. Perigot! Oh, too unkind, why hast thou fled me? Whither art thou

How have I wrong'd thee. Was my love alone To thee worthy this scorn'd recompense? 'T is

well:

I am content to feel it. But I tell
Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall
hear,

Forsaken Amoret is yet an clear Of any stranger fire, as heaven is From light and happiness; and thou mayst

All this for truth, and how that fatal blow Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine, Or fury more than madness. Therefore here, Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear, I pon this cursed place, and on this green That first divore'd us, shortly shall be seen A sight of so great pity, that each eye Shall daily spend his spring in memory

Of my untimely fall.

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. [Aside.] I am not blind, Nor is it through the working of my mind That this shows Amoret. Forsake me, all That dwell upon the sonl, but what men call Wonder, or, more than wonder, miracle! For, sure, so strange as this, the oracle Never gave unswer of; it passeth dreams, Or madinen's fancy, when the many streams Of new imaginations rise and fall. T is but an hour since these ears heard her call

For pity to young Perigot; whilst he Directed by his fury, bloodily

40
Lanc'd up her breast, which bloodless fell and

And, if belief may credit what was told, After all this, the Melancholy Swain Took her into his arms, being almost slain, And to the bottom of the holy well Flung her, for over with the waves to dwell. T is she, the very same; 't is Amoret, And living yet; the great powers will not let Their virtuous love be crost. - Maid, wipe HWAY

Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
The storm that yet goes high, which, not deprost,

Breaks heart and life and all before it rest. Thy Perigot —

Where, which is Perigot? Amo. Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much,

God wot,
Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him : * And thou shalt find him underneath a brim Of sailing pines, that edge you mountain in, Amo. I go, I run. Heaven grant me I may

Will

His soul again!

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay, Amarillis, stay! You are too fleet; 't is two hours yet to day. ... I have perform'd my promise; let us sit And warm our bloods together, till the fit Come lively on us.

Friend, you are too keen; Amur. The morning riseth, and we shall be seen ;

Forbear a little.

Sull. Shep. I can stay no longer.

Amar. Hold, shepherd, hold! Learn not to be a wronger

Of your word. Was not your promise laid, To break their loves first?

I have done it, maid. Sull. Shep. I have done it, maid. Amar. No; they are yet unbroken, met again.

And are as hard to part yet as the stain Is from the finest lawn.

Sull. Shep. I say they are

Now at this present parted, and so far That they shall never meet Swain, 't is not so; . 1 11117 F.

For do but to you hanging mountain go, And there believe your eyes. Sull. Shep. You do but hold n

Sull. Shep. You do but hole Off with delays and trifles. - Farewell, cold And frozen bashfulness, unfit for men! -Thus I salute thee, virgin

Attempts to seize her.] Amar. And thus, then, I bid you follow: eatch me if you can! Ext. Sull. Shep. And, if I stay behind, I am no man! Exit, running after her.

[SCENE IV.]2 Enter Pringor.

Peri. Night, do not steal away; I woo thee To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit That guides thy lazy team. Go back again, Boötes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wann Round as a ring, and bring a second night, . To hide my sorrows from the coming light; Let not the eyes of men stare on my face, And read my falling; give me some black place, Where never sunbeam shot his wholesome light, 3 A dale in the wood.

¹ Part of the wood with the holy well.

That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite Lake running water, never to be known After the forced fall and sound is gone.

Enter AMORET, looking for PERIGOT.

Amo. This is the bottom.1 - Speak, if thou

My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,
Calls on thy loved name.

What art thou dare as death and Tread these forbidden paths, where death and

Dwell on the face of darkness? 'T is thy friend, Thy Amoret, come hither, to give end To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy : I have forgot those pains and dear annoy I suffer'd for thy sake, and an content To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent Those curled locks, where I have often hung Ribaids and damask-roses, and have flung Waters distill'd, to make thee fresh and gay, = weeter than nosegays on a bridal day Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face

Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace From those two little heavens, upon the ground, Showers of more price, more orient, and more

Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?

Cease these complainings, shepherd: I am now The same I ever was, as kind and free, And can forgive before you ask of me; Indeed, I can and will,

Peri. So spoke my fair! Oh, you great working powers of earth and air, Water and forming fire, why have you lent Your hidden virtues of so ill intent? Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue, Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new, Came flowing from her tongue; such was her

And such the pointed sparkle that did fly Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same, The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret!

Amo. Shepherd, what means this riddle? Why hath set

So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me, That I am grown another?' Look, and see The ring thou gay'st me, and about my wrist That enrious bracelet thou thyself dist twist From those fair tresses, Know'st thou Amoret? Hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget Thy ancient faith?

Pers Still nearer to my love ! These be the very words she oft did prove Upon my temper; so she still would take so Wonder into her face, and silent make Signs with her head and hand, as who would GILT.

"Shepherd, remember this another day."

.Imo. Am I not Amoret? Where was I lost? Can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most

1 Dell.

Of these unconstant? Faith, where art thou fled?

Are all the vows and protestations dead. The hands held up, the wishes and the heart? Is there not one remaining, not a part Of all these to be found? Why, then, I see

Men never knew that virtue, constancy.

Peri. Men ever were most blessed, till cross

fate Brought love and women forth, unfortunate To all that ever tasted of their smiles; Whose actions are all double, full of wiles; while to the subtle hare, that 'fore the hounds Makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds, This way and that way, to deceive the scent Of her pursuers.

-1mo. 'T is but to prevent Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall; The hands of cruel men, more bestial, and of a nature more refusing good

Than beasts themselver, or fishes of the flood.

Peri. Thou art all these, and more than us-

ture meant When she created all; frowns, joys, content; " Extreme fire for an hour, and presently Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea Upon whose face sits a continual frost; Your actions ever driven to the most. Then down again as low, that none can find The rise or falling of a woman's mind.

Amo. Can there be any age, or days, or time, Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot, Thou that wast yesterday without a blot; Thou that wast every good and every thing That men call blessed; thou that wast the

spring From whence our looser grooms drew all their best ;

Thou that wast always just and always blest In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name of Of virtuous given thee, and made good the

Ev'n from thy cradle; thou that wast that all That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall Is this, to have been so, and now to be The only best in wrong and infamy!
And I to live to know this! and by me, That lov'd thee dearer than mine ey as or that Which we esteem'd our honour, virgin state! Degrer than awallows love the early more, Or dogs of chase the sound of merry horn: Dearer than thou canst love thy new love, d thou hast

Another, and far dearer than the last; Dearer than thou caust love thyself, though all The self-love were within thee that did fell or With that coy swain that now is needed there. For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a shower !

And am I thus rewarded for my flame? Lov'd worthily to get a wanton's name? Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my boad. And noise it to the world, my love is dead " ... I am forsaken, I am cast away.

And left for every lazy groom to say I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost

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Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet, see Canat thou not love again thy Amoret?

Thou art not worthy of that blessed

name .

I must not know thee. Fling thy wanton flame Upon some lighter blood that may be hot With words and feigned passions; Perigot was Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now Stoop to the meltings of a borrowed brow. Amo, Then hear me, Heaven, to whom I call

for right, And you, fair twinkling stars, that crown the

night;

And hear me, woods, and silence of this place, And ye, sad hours, that move a sullen pace; Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell, Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid. That yet-untainted Amoret, that play'd That yet-untainted Amoret, that play d
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more vild;
And thus with much belief I was begui'd.
I am that maid, that have delay'd, deni'd,
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that tri'd
To win was but this awair, and we were To win me, but this swain; and yet confess I have been woo'd by many with no less Soul of affection; and have often had Rings, belts, and cracknels, sent me from the lad

That feeds his flocks down westward; lambs

and doves By young Alexis; Daphnis sent me gloves; All which I gave to thee: nor these nor they That sent them did I smile on, or e'er lay Up to my after-memory. But why

Do I resolve to greve, and not to die?

Hoppy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room,
Where every slave is free, and every breast,
That living bred new care, new lies at rest;

And thither will poor Amoret.

Thou must. Peri. Was ever any man so loth to trust His eyes as I ? or was there ever yet Any so like as this to Amoret? For whose dear sake I promise, if there be

The whose dear sake I promise, it there he is a living soul within thee, thus to free Thy body from it?

If hards her again.

Amo. [falling.] So, this work hath end.

Farewell, and live; be constant to thy friend

That loves thee next.

Enter Satyr; Perigor runs off.

Sat. See, the day begins to break, And the light shoots like a streak Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold, Whilst the morning doth unfold; Now the birds begin to rouse, And the squirrel from the bought 170 Leaps, to get him nats and fruit. The early lark, that erst was mute, Carols to the rising day Many a note and many a lay:

Therefore here I end my watch, Lest the wand ring swain should catch Harm, or lose himself. .1mo. Ab me! Sat. Speak again, whate er thou be; I am ready; speak. I say; By the dawning of the day, By the power of night and Pan, 180 enforce thee speak again ! Amo. Oh, I am most unhappy. Sat. Yet more blood! Sure, these wanton swains are wood. Can there be a hand or heart Dare commit so vild a part
As this murder? By the moon,
That hid herself when this was done, Never was a sweeter face: will bear her to the place Where my goddess keeps, and orave Her to give her life or grave.

Exit [carrying AMORET].

> [SCENE V.]4 Enter CLOBIN.

Clo. Here whilst one patient takes his rest I steal abroad to do another cure. — Pardon, thou buried body of my love, That from thy side I dare so soon remove; That from thy sate I date so soon remove. I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave the effect of the wood. There for an honr alone. When I deceive My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood. Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood! I go by wit to cure a lover's pain. Which no herb can; being done, I'll come again. Eril. 19

Enter THENOT.

The. Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever lie, And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die! Ch, hapless love, which being answer'd, ends! And, as a little infant cries and hends His tender brows, when, rolling of his eye, 19 He hath amild something that the He hath espi'd something that glisters nigh. Which he would have; yet, give it him, away He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play With something else, such my affection, set On that which I should loathe, if I could get, so

Re-enter CLORIN.

Clo. [Aside.] See, where he lies! Did ever man but he Love any woman for her constancy To her dead lover, which she needs must end Before she can allow him for her friend, And he himself must needs the cause destroy of For which he loves, before he can enjoy? Poor shepherd, Heaven grant I at once may

Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty! — Shepherd, look up.

The.

Thy brightness doth amaze;

So Phoebus may at noon bid mortals gaze;

¹ Vile. Fr wild.

Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,

I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.
Clo. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me? The. Why dost thou keep such spotless coustancy? Clo. Thou holy shepherd, see what for thy

ваке

Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.

He starts up The. Stay there, thou constant Clorin! If there be

Yet any part of woman left in thee, To make thee light, think yet before thou speak.

Clo. See, what a holy vow for thee I break; that already have my fame far spread For being constant to my lover dead.

The, Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love;

The. Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love; how true,
If you had died, he would have been to you.
Clo. Yet, all I'll lose for thee—
The.
Think but how blest as

A constant woman is above the rest!

Clo. And offer up myself, here on this ground, To be disposed by thee.

The.

Why dost thou wound.

His heart with malice against women more, That hated all the sex but thee before? How much more pleasant had it been to me To die than to behold this change in thee! Yet, yet return; let not the woman sway!

Clo. Insult not on her now, nor use delay. Who for thy sake hath ventur d all her fame, so The. Thou hast not ventur'd, but bought cer-

tain shame; Your sex's curse, foul falsehood, must and shall, I see, once in your lives, light on you all. I hate thee now. Yet turn!

Clo. Be just to me:
Shall I at once less both my fame and thee? ...
The. Thou hadst no fame; that which thou

didst like good Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood For that time to the best: for as a blast That through a house comes, usually doth cast Things out of order, yet by chance may come, And blow some one thing to his proper room, on So did thy appetite, and not thy real, way thee by chance to do some one thing well.

Yet turn! Thon dost but try me, if I would Forsake thy dear embraces for my old

Love's, though he were alive; but do not fear. The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come

And gaze upon thee; for methinks that grace, Austerity, which sate upon that face, Is gone, and thou like others. False maid, see,

This is the gain of foul meonstancy! Ern. . Clo. 'T is done: great Pan, I give thee thanks for it!

What art could not have heal'd is cur'd by wit.

Re-enter THENOT.

The. Will ye be constant yet? Will ye re-Into the cabin to your buried love?

Clo. No. let me die, but by the sale remain The. There's none shall know that then dulet ever stain

Thy worthy strictness, but shall honour'd be, And I will lie again under this tree, And pine and die for thee with more delight

Than I have sorrow now to know the light Clo. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou

The. Thou art of women's race, and fall of guilt.

Farewell all hope of that sex! Whilst I thought There was one good, I fear'd to find one maught But since their minds I all abke espy, Henceforth I'll choose, as others, by mine eye

Clo. Blest be ye powers that gave such quick redress,

And for my labours sent so good success! I rather choose, though I a women be, He should speak ill of all than die for me. Exit anto the bower.

ACT V

SCENE I.1

Enter Priest [of Pan] and Old Shepherd.

Priest. Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep' See, the blushing morn doth peep Through the windows, whilst the san To the mountain-tops is rua, Gilding all the vales below With his rising flames, which grow Greater by his climbing still. Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill Bag and bottle for the field! Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield To the bitter north-east wind.

Call the maidens up, and find Who lay longest, that she may Go without a friend all day; Then reward your dogs, and pray Pau to keep you from decay:

So unfold, and then away ! What, not a shepherd stirring? Sure, the

Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms Fill'd with such new delight and heat, the they

Have both forgot their hungry sheep and day. Knock, that they may remember what a change Sloth and neglect lays on a shopherd's name Old Shep. Jufter knocking at several dees

It is to little purpose; not a swain This night bath known his lodging here, or las Within these cotes; the woods, or some next town

That is a neighbour to the bordering down. Hath drawn them thither 'bout some lasty sport.

Or spiced wassail bowl, to which resort Il the young men and maids of many a cole . Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry and

1 A villagu.

Priest. God pardon sin ! - Show me the way that leads

To any of their haunts. Old Shep. This to the meads,

Old Step.

And that down to the woods.

Then, this for me, Come, shepherd, let me crave your company. A. Excust.

[SCENE II]1

Enter CLORIN in her cabin, ALEXIS with her.

Clo. Now your thoughts are almost pure, And your wound begins to cure; Strive to banish all that 's vain,

Lost it should break out again.

Alexis. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid!

I tind my former wand'ring thoughts well staid Through thy wise precepts: and my outward pain

By thy choice herbs is almost gone again.

Thy sax a vice and virtue are reveal'd

At once; for what one hurt another heal'd.

Clo. May thy grief more appears! Relapses are the worst disease

Take heed how you in thought offend; so mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyr, carrying AMORET.

Amo. Be'st thou the wildest creature of the wood,

That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my

blood,
And dying, know I cannot injur'd be;
I am a maid; let that came light for me.
Sat. Fairest virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be; Men are ruder far than we.

See, fair goddess, in the wood They have let out yet more blood. Some savage man hath struck her breast, So soft and white, that no wild beast

Durst ha' toucht, asleep or 'wake; so sweet, that adder, newt, or snake, Would have him, from arm to arm,

Would have him, from arm to arm,
On her besom to be warm
All a night, and, being hot,
Gone away, and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast.
A man, sure, is a kind of benst.
Clo With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest;
Which till I heal thee, will abide,
If both he pure; if not, off slide.
See, it folks off from the wound!
Shepherdess, thou art not sound. Shopherdess, thou art not sound, Full of lust.

Sat. Who would have thought it? So four a face!

Why, that hath brought it. Amo. For aught I know or think, these words my last

Yet. Pan so help me as my thoughts are chaste! Clo. And so may Pan bless this my cure,

1 The wood before Clerin's bower.

As all my thoughts are just and pure! Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk, That will not let my medicines work. -

Saty, search if thou caust und it.

Sat, Here away methinks I wind it:

Stronger yet. — Oh, here they be;

Here, here, in a hollow tree.

Two fond mortals have I found.

Clo. Bring them out; they are unsound.

Enter CLOE and DAPHNIS.

Sat. By the fingers thus I wring ye, To my goddess thus I bring ye;

Strife is vain, come gently in I scented them; they're full of sin. Clo. Hold, Satyr; take this glass,

Sprinkle over all the place. Purge the air from lustful breath, To save this shepherdess from death:

and stand you still whilst I do dress Her wound, for fear the pain increase. Sat. From this glass I throw a drop

Of crystal water on the top Of every grass, on flowers a pair: Send a fume, and keep the air

Pure and wholesome, sweet and blest,

Till this virgin's wound be drest. — **
Cto. Satyr, help to bring her in.
Sat. By Pan. I think she hath no sin.
'Carrying Amoner into the bower.]
She is so light. — Lie on these leaves.

Sleep, that mortal sense deceives

Crown thine eyes and case thy pain;
May'st thou soon be well again!
Clo. Satyr, bring the shepherd near;
Try him, if his mind be clear.
Sat. Shepherd, come.

My thoughts are pure.

Daph. My thoughts
Sat. The better trial to endure.
Clo. In this flame his flager thrust,
Which will burn him if he lust;
But if not, away will turn,
As loth unspotted flesh to burn.—

[Satyr applies DAPHNIS'S finger to the taper.] See, it gives back; let him go, Farewell, mortal: keep thee so.

[Erit DAPHNIS.]

Stay, fair nymph; fly not so fast; We must try if you be chaste. — Here's a hand that quakes for fear;

Sure, she will not prove so clear. Clo. Hold her tinger to the flame ;

That will yield her praise or shame.

Sat. To ber doom she dures not stand.

[Applies CLOY's finger to the toper.]

But plucks away her tender hand; And the taper darting wands His hot beams it her fingers' ends.

Oh, then art feel within, and hast A mind, if nothing else, unchaste! Alex. Is not that Cloe? "T is my love, 'tis

Clue, fair Cloe! My Alexis Cloe.

s Scent.

5 Withdrage.

Alex. Close. Let me embrace thee. Take her hence, Alex. Lest her sight disturb his sense.

Alex. Take not her; take my life first!

Clo. See his wound again is burst!

Keep her near, here in the wood, Till I ha' stopt these streams of blood. Satyr leads of CLOE.] Soon again he ease shall find, If I can but still his mind. This curtain thus I do display, To keep the piereing air away. Draws a curtain before the bower.]

(SCENE III.)1

Enter Old Shepherd and Priest of Pan.

Priest. Sure, they are lost for ever; 't is in To find them out with trouble and much pain That have a ripe desire and forward will To fly the company of all but ill. What shall be counsell'd now? Shall we retire, Or constant follow still that first desire We had to find them? Old Shep.

Stay a little while; For, if the morning's mist do not beguile My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain: One of this jolly troop's come back again.

Enter THENOT.

Priest. Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to be known Thus without care leaving thy flocks alone, And following what desire and present blood Shapes out before thy burning sense for good; Having forgot what tongue hereafter may Tell to the world thy falling off, and say Thou art regardless both of good and shame, Spurning at virtue and a virtuous name? And like a glorious desperate man, that buys A poison of much price, by which he dies, Dost there lay out for lust, whose only gain Is foul disease, with present age and pain, And then a grave? These be the fruits that

In such hot veins, that only beat to know Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitions

Through their own wanton fire and pride delicious

The. Right holy sir, I have not known this what the smooth face of mirth was, or the

sight Of any lauseness; music, joy, and ease, Have been to me as bitter drugs to please A stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skill'd at throughly: nor a dame.
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time,
Her beauty ever-living like the rhyme
Our blessed Tityrus" did sing of yore; No, were she more entiring than the store Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree

Bids the faint traveller be bold and free; 'T were but to me like thunder 'gamst the bay, Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay o Whose lightling may enclose, but am I Upon his charmed branches; such am I Against the catching thames of woman's eye.

Priest. Then, wherefore hast them wand red?

The.

Two as you

That drew me out last night, which I have most strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may have Priest. 'T is good to hear you, shepherd, if

the heart In this well-sounding music bear his part.

Where have you left the rest? I have not seen Since yesternight we met upon this green > To fold our flocks up, any of that train; Yet have I walkt those woods round, and have

All this long night under an aged tree; Yet neither wand'ring shepherd did I see, Or shepherdess; or drew into mine ear The sound of living thing, unless it were The nightingale, among the thick-less d spring That sits alone in sorrow, and doth ame Whole nights away in mourning; or the out. Or our great enemy, that still doth how Against the moon's cold beams. Priest. Go, and bever

Of after-falling. Father, 't is my care.

Enter DAPHNIS.

Old Shep. Here comes another straggle sure I see

A shame in this young shepherd. - Daphne Daph. Priest. Where hast thou left the rest, that

should have been
Long before this grazing upon the green
Their yet-imprison d flocks?

Thou holy num Dayh. Give me a little breathing, till I can Be able to unfold what I have seen; Such horror, that the like hath never been Known to the ear of shepherd. Oh, my heart Labours a double motion to impart So heavy tidings! You all know the bower Where the chaste Clorin lives, by whom gree

power Sick men and cattle have been often cur'd; There lovely Amoret, that was assur'd

To lasty Perigot, bleeds out her life. Forc'd by some iron hand and fatal knife; And, by her, young Alexis.

Enter AMARILLIS, running from her Selles Shepherd.

Amar. If there be Ever a neighbour-brook or hollow tree, Receive my body, close me up from hest That follows at my book! Be ever just. Thou god of shepherds, Pan, for her dear was That loves the rivers' brinks, and still do alera kee

3 Chaucer.

8 The wolf.

4 Betrothed

In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit; Let me be made a reed, and, ever mute, Ned to the waters' fall, whilst every blast Sings through my slender leaves that I

chaste!
Priest. This is a night of wonder. — Amarill, Be comforted: the holy gods are still

Revengers of these wrongs.

Thou blessed man, Amur. Honour'd upon these plains, and lov'd of Pan, Hear me, and save from endless infamy My yet-unblasted flower, virginity! By all the garlands that have crown'd that

head. By thy chaste office, and the marriage-bed That still is blessed by thee; by all the rites Due to our god, and by those virgin lights That burn before his altar; let me not That from my former state, to gain the blot That never shall be pury'd! I am not now That wanton Amarillis: here I yow To Heaven, and thee, grave father, if I may Scape this unhappy night, to know the day A virgin, never after to endure The tougues or company of men unpure! I hear him come; save me!

Priest. Retire a while Behind this bush, till we have known that vile Abuser of young maidens. | They retire. | Abuser of young maidens.

Enter Sullen [Shepherd].

Sull. Shep. Stay thy pace, Most lov'd Amarillis; let the chase Grow calm and milder: fly me not so fast: 110 I fear the pointed brambles have unlac'd
Thy golden buskins. Turn again, and see
Thy diepherd follow, that is strong and free,
Able to give three all content and case.
I am not bashful, virgin; I can please
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
and give thee many kisses, soft and warm And give these many kisses, soft and warm
As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek
Of plums or mellow peaches; I am sleek
And smooth as Neptune when stern Acolus
Locks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus
Can show my active youth. Why dost thou fly?
Remember, Amarillis, it was I
That kill'd Alexis for thy sake, and set
An everlasting bate 'twixt Amoret
And her beloved Perigot; 't was I
That drown'd her in the well, where she must That drown'd her in the well, where she must

Till time shall leave to be. Then, turn again, wo Turn with thy open arms, and clip 1 the swain That bath perform'd all this; turn, turn, 1 asy;

I must not be deluded.

I must not be deluded.

I riest [coming forward.] Monster, stay!

Thou that art like a canker to the state

Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate Through every honest bosom, forcing still The veins of any that may serve thy will; Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful hand To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand Let trembling here!

Sull. Shep. Good holiness, declare

1 Embrace,

What had the danger been, if being bare I had embrac'd her; tell me, by your art, What coming wonders would that sight impart.

Sull. Shep. Yet, tell me more; Hath not our mother Nature, for her store And great encrease, said it is good and just, we And will d that every living creature must Beget his like?

Priest. You're better rend than I, I must confess, in blood and lechery. ow to the bower, and bring this beast along, Where he may auffer penance for his wrong. Exeunt.

[SCENE IV.]3

Enter PERIGOT, with his hand bloody.

Peri. Here will I wash it in the morning's dew, Which she on every little grass doth strew

An silver drops against the sun's appear; 4
'T is holy water, and will make me clear.
My hand will not be cleans'd. — My wronged

love, If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move, Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand; And though I struck thee undeservedly, Let my revenge on her that injur'd thee Make less a fault which I intended not, And let these dew-drops wash away my spot!-It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood Shall I resort, to wash away this blood?
Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,
In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heads
All wounds: to her I will myself address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess; Perhaps she 'll find a meane, by art or prayer, To make my hand, with chaste blood stained,

fair. That done, not far hence, underneath some tree I'll have a little cabin built, since all give Whom I ador'd is dead; there will I give Myself to strictness, and, like Clorin, live.

Exit.

[SCENE V.] 4

The curtain is drawn, CLOBIN appears sitting in the cabin, AMORET sitting on the one side of her. ALEXIS and CLOB on the other; the Satyr standing by.

Clo. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid: Take example by this maid. Who is heal'd ere you be pure; So hard it is lewd lust to cure. Take heed, then, how you turn your eye On this 5 other lustfully. — And, shepherdess, take heed lest you Move his willing eye thereto: Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile, Of yours his weaker sense beguile. -

Is your love yet true and chaste, And for ever so to last? Alexis. I have forgot all vain desires,

Part of the wood.

Ap

The wood before Clorin's bower. 1 Appearance

1 Q1-Q, these; F, each.

Al mose momenta ill-emplesi ires True are l'int è present finne. These understa less and he or musting. Those came dame is not present to be. Ant fie erer geen 7 in men.

Ever Process.

Free Laire You is her cabin : thus for off il cand. Il not field : for my anhalic well hand. And in I ture nor seing so near you sacred place. -Carein, some forth, and do a timely grace. The tops even.

When art thou that dost call ! a Corn is ready to do good to all: Come seas. I date not. Fr.. C. Salyr, see Who it is that calls on me.

CARREST STATE THE SOURCE There, at hand, some evaluation stand. Streeting out a bloody hand. **

Pero, Come, Coorin, bring thy holy waters

cas. To wash my hand.

Con. coming out. What wonders have been bere

To-night! Stretch forth thy hand, young ewsin : Wash and run in whilet I rain

m marer.

hell you pear. Halv w.

Bee my hand a ... herer wore. Con Styre, tring him to the bower: We will try the sovereign power:

(of corner warers. Morral, wire. M. Ti- he blied of maiden pure That stains thee we.

The Saty leaders him to the force. n here he spieth Ambret. at knowing down, she trayers him. Whate'er than he. 47.1

Be to their her sprice, or some divinity. That in her shape minks good to walk this grove. Pardon poor Perigot !

I am thy love, .1mv. Thy Amores, for evermore thy love: Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll DIVITE

As constant still. Oh, couldst thou love me yet. How soon could I my former griefs forget Peri. So over-great with joy that you live.

DOW I am, that no desire of knowing how Doth wize me. Hast thou still power to for-

Amo, Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live:

More welcome now than hadst thou never gone

Astray from me! And when thou lov'st alone, # Peri. And not I 'thee.] death, or some ling'ring pain That's worse, light on me!

Co. Now your stain. er. the hood that erst did stay. With the water drops away. All the powers again are pleasid.
And with this new knot are appeared.
And with this new knot are appeared.
Join your hands, and rise together:
Pan be liest that brought you hither!

Enter Priest of Pan and Old Shepherd.

for buck again, whate'er thou art; unless Smooth maiden-thoughts possess thee, do not

This hallowed ground. — Go, Satyr, take his nami.

And give him present trial. Mortal, stand, by fire I have made known

Waether thou be such a on That mayst freely tread this place.

Hold thy hand up. — Never was

Applying the Priest's hand to the

200

More untainted thesh than this.

Fairest, he is full of bliss.

Cia. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek C.a.

this place?

Privet. First, honour'd virgin, to behold the face.

Where all good dwells that is; next, for to try The truth of lite report was given to me. -These sheriteris that have met with foul nit-

Through much neglect and more ill governaree.

Whether the wounds they have may yet en dz_{2}

The open air, or stay a longer cure : And listly, what the doom may be shall light Upon those guilty wretches, through whee

spite All this confusion fell ; for to this place, Then hely maiden, have I brought the race . Of these off-aders, who have freely told Both why and by what means they gave the

bold Attempt upon their lives.
Fume all the ground.

And sprinkle hely water, for unsound
And foul infection gins to fill the air:

It gathers yet more strongly: take a pair

The Satyr fumes the ground, &c.
Of censers fill d with frankincense and myth.

Together with cold camphire: quickly stir Thee, gentle Satyr, for the place begins To sweat and labour with the abhorred sime Of those offenders: let them not come nigh. For full of itching flame and leprosy Their very souls are, that the ground got

back. And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black

And so unheard-of venom. — Hie thee fast. *
Thou holy man, and banish from the chaste

1 Moorman's conj. for Qq. cleanse thee. F. reads. 752 : perhaps will cleanse again.

These manlike monsters; let them never

Be known upon these downs, but, long before The next sun's rising, put them from the sight And memory of every honest wight: Be quick in expedition, lest the sores Of these weak patients break into new gores, 1

Ext Priest.

Peri. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are Those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar lath bred an everlasting love, too strong For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong: How do you feel your hurts? Alas, poor heart, How much I was abus'd! Give me the smart, For it is justly mine.

.tmo. I do believe.
It is enough, dear friend; leave off to grieve, m And let us once more, in despite of ill, Give hands and hearts again.

With better will Than e'er I went to find in hottest day Cool crystal of the fountain, to allay
My eager thirst. May this band never break! Hear us, oh, Heaven!

Be constant. Amo. Else Pan wreak With double vengeance my disloyalty! Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes!
Amo. Thus, shepherd, with a kiss all envy

dies.

Re-enter Priest of Pan.

Priest. Bright maid, I have perform'd your will. The swain

In whom such heat and black rebellions reign Hath undergone your sentence and disgrace; Only the maid I have reserv'd, whose face shows much amendment; many a tear doth

full In sorrow of her fault. Great fair, recall Your heavy doom, in hope of better days, Which I dare promise; once again upraise Her heavy spirit, that near drowned lies In self-consuming care that never dies.

Clo. I am content to pardon; call her in.—
The air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge itself: how bright the day doth show
After this stormy cloud!—Go, Satyr, go, And with this taper holdly try her hand.
If she he pure and good, and firmly stand To be so still, we have perform'd a work Worthy the gods themselves.

Satyr brings AMARILIAS in. Sat. Come forward, maiden; do not lurk, Nor hide your face with grief and shame; Now or never get a name That may raise thee, and re-ours All thy life that was impure. Hold your hand unto the flame; If thou be at a perfect dame, Or hast truly vow'd to mend, This pale tire will be thy friend. -

[Applies her hand to the toper.] See, the taper hurts her not !

³ Bleedings.

Go thy ways; let never spot Henceforth seize upon thy blood: Thank the gods, and still be good.

Clo. Young shepherdess, now ye are brought again

To virgin-state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove; Then labour to be true to him, and live As such a one that ever strives to give A blessed memory to after-time; Be famous for your good, not for your crime.— Now, holy man, I ofter up again

These patients, full of health and free from pam.

Keep them from after-ills; be ever near Unto their actions; teach them how to clear The tedious way they pass through from sus-

eut ; Keep them from wronging others, or neglect in Of duty in themselves; correct the blood With thrifty bits 2 and labour; let the flood Or the next neighbouring spring, give remedy To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree That hangs with wanton clusters; let not wine, Unless in sacrifice or rites divine, Be ever known of shepherds; have a care, Thou man of holy life! Now do not spare

Their faults through much remissness, nor for-

To cherish him whose many pains and sweat Hath giv'n increase and added to the downs. Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns. That feed their heifers in the budded brooms. Teach the young maidens strictness, that the

grooms May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth. Banish all compliment, but single truth, From every tongue and every shepherd's heart; Let them still use persnading, but no art. Thus, holy priest, I wish to thee and these

All the best goods and comforts that may please. All. And all those blessings Heaven did ever

give, We pray upon this bower may ever live.

Priest. Kneel, every shepherd, whilst with powerful hand bless your after-labours, and the land

You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend VIIII From misfortune, and amend you; Keep you from those dangers still

That are followed by your will; Give ye means to know at length, All your riches, all your strength, Cannot keep your foot from falling To lewd lust, that still is calling At your cottage, till his power Bring again that golden hour

Of peace and rest to every soul; May his care of you control All diseases, sores, or pain, That in after-time may reign

Either in your flocks or you;

2 Well-earned morsels. (Moorman.)

Give ye all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true!
Now rise, and go; and, as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay
That honest Dorsa taught ye,—Dorsa, he
That was the soul and god of melody.

They old sing [and stree the ground

with flowers).

Ton flow

All ye woods, and trees, and bewern,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the planant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greek
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is greet, and he is just, He is ever good, and must Thus be honour'd. Dafiedilles, Roses, pinks, and loved littles,

Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever song!

Exeunt [all except Clorin and Satyr].

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest, Thou most powerful maid and whitest, Thou most virtuous and most blessed, Eyes of stars, and golden-tressed Like Apollo; tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle sir, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee corel, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy floeces? Deerest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours? get thee fruit,
or steal from Heaven old Orpheus inte?
All these I'll venture for, and more.
To do her service, all these woods adore.
Clo. No other service, Satyr, but thy watch
About these thicks, lest harmless people
catch
Mischief or sad mischance,
Sut. Holy virgin, I will dance

Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick *
Down the lawns and down the vales
Faster than the windmill sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the conforts of the day,
Such as Phoebus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this arbour!

Clo. And to thee

Execut.

Cloud-drift. | Q F, thicketz.

& Speed.

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE

IOHN FLETCHER

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

De Game, a noble staid Gentleman, that, being newly lighted from his travels, assiste his sister Ortana in her chase of Mirabel the Wild-Goose. Acted by Mr. Robert Benfield.

La Castras, the indulgent father to Mirabel. Acted by Mr. Richard Rebinson.

Mmanu. the Wild-Goose, a travelled Monsieur, and great deber of all ladies in the way of marriage, otherwise their much loose servant, at last caught

otherwise their much loose servant, at last caught by the despised Oriana. Incomparably acted by Mr. Jeesph Taylor.

Pinac, his fellow-traveller, of a lively spirit, and servant to the no less sprightly Lillia Bianca. Admirably well acted by Mr. Thomas Pollard.

Belling, Companion to both, of a stout blunt humour, in love with Rossiura. Most naturally acted by Mr. John Lowin. by Mr. John Lowin.

Nauvolet, father to Romiura and Lillia Bianca. Acted by Mr William Penn. LUGIER, the rough and confident tutor to the ladies, and chief engine to entrap the Wild-Goose. Acted by Mr. Hilliard Swanston. A Young [Man diaguised as a] Factor. By Mr John Hony-man. [Gentlemen.] Foot-Boy, Singing-Boy. Two [Men dia-guised as] Merchanta, Priest, Servanta.

Oniana, the fair betrothed of Mirabel, and witty follower of the chase. Acted by Mr. Steph. Hammerton.

BORALERA, | the airy daughters of Nantolet, Lillia Biavca, | William Trigg, Sauder Gough, PETELLA, their servant. Mr. Shanck. MARIANA, an English Courtemn. Four Women.

Scans. - Paris.

ACT I

SCENE L.1

Enter Monsieur DE GARD and a Foot-boy.

De Gord. Sirrah, you know I have rid hard; stir my horse well,

And let him want no litter.

Boy. I am sure I have run hard :

Would somebody would walk me, and see me litter'd,

For I think my fellow-horse cannot in reason . Desire more rest, nor take up his chamber before me :

But we are the beasts now, and the beasts are

our masters.

De Gard. When you have done, step to the ten-crown ordinary

With all my heart, sir; for I have a F. Boy. twenty-crown stomach.

De Gard. And there bespeak a dinner.

F. Boy. [gaing.] Yes, sir, presently. 2 to De Gard. For whom, I beseech you, sir?

F. Boy. For myself, I take it, sir.

De Gard. In truth, you shall not take it, 't is not meant for you.

The convergence of the convergence

There is for your provender. [Gives money.] Be spenk a dinner

For Monsieur Mirabel and his companions; They'll be in town within this hour. When you have done, sirrah,

A hall in the house of La Castre.

I At once.

Make ready all things at my lodging for me,

Make ready an image.

And wait me there.

F. Boy.

The ten-crown ordinary?

De Gard. Yes, sir, if you have not forgot it.

F. Roy. I'll forget my feet first:

'T is the best part of a footman's faith. Exit.

De Gard.

These youths, ** For all they have been in Italy to learn thrift,

And seem to wonder at men's lavish ways, Yet they cannot rub off old friends, their Freuch itches;

They must meet sometimes to disport their bodies

With good wine and good women, and good store too. Let 'em be what they will, they are arm'd at

all points, And then hang saving, let the sea grow high! This ordinary can fit 'em of all sizes.

Enter LA CANTRE and ORIANA.

They must salute their country with old customs.

Ori. Brother! My dearest sister! Welcome, welcome! De Gard.

Ori. Indeed, ye are welcome home, most welcome! Thank ye. De Gard. on are grown a handsome woman, Oriana

(Blush at your faults): I am wondrous glad to

see ye. — Monsiour La Castre, let not my affection To my fair sister make me be held unmannerly.

I am glad to see ye well, to see ye lusty, Good health about ye, and in fuir company; Believe me, I am proud -

Pair sir, I thank ye. La Cast. Monsieur De Gard, you are welcome from your journey

Good men have still good welcome. Give me your hand, sir.

Once more, you are welcome home. You look still younger.

De Gurd. Time has no leisure to look after

We wander every where: Age cannot find us.

La Cast. And how does all?

De Gard.

All well, sir, and all lusty.

La Cast. I hope my son be so. I doubt not,

But you have often seen him in your journeys, And bring me some fair news.

Your son is well, sir, De Gard. And grown a proper gentleman; he is well and lust v.

Within this eight hours I took leave of him. And over hied him, having some slight business That forc'd me out o' th' way. I can assure

He will be here to-night.
Ye make me glad, sir, La Cast, Ye make me gian For, o' my faith, I almost long to see him.

Methinks, he has been away —

De Gard. T is but your tenderness What are three years? A love-sick weuch will allow it.

His friends that went out with him are come

back too. Belleur and young Pinac. He bid me say little, Because he means to be his own glad messenger. La Cast. I thank yo for this news, sir. He shall be welcome.

And his friends too; indeed, I thank you

heartily.

And how (for I dare say you will not flatter

Has Italy wrought on him? Has he mew'd! yet His wild fantastic toys? They say that climate s a great purger of those humorous fluxes.

How is he improved, I pray ye?

De Gord. No doubt, sir, well; as H'as borne himself a full and noble gentleman : To speak him farther is beyond my charter.

La Cast. I am glad to hear so much good. Come, I see

You long to enjoy your sister; yet I must entreat ye.

Before I go, to sup with me to-night, And must not be deni'd.

I am your servant. De Gord.
La Cost. Where you shall meet fair, merry, and noble company; My neighbour Nantolet and his two fair daugh-

De Gard. Your supper's season'd well, sir; I

chall wait upon ye.
La Cast. Till then I'll leave ye; and y'are Erit. 18 once more welcome.

Dr Gard. I thank ye, noble sir! Now. Orims. How have ye done since I went? Harv ye bad your health well?

And your mind free ? Ori. You see, I am not listed, Merry, and eat my meat.

De Gard.
And how have you been us'd? You know De Gard Orinna,

pon my going out, at your request, I left your portion in La Castre's hands. The main means you must stick to. For that

TPRSUTA And 'tis no little one, I ask ye, sister. With what humanity he entertains ye,

And how ye find his courtesy? Most ready.

I can assure you, sir. I am us'd tunet nobly
De Gard, I am glad to hear it; but, I mithes, tell me

And tell me true, what end had you, Oriena. In trusting your money here? He is no know 1117 ft.

Nor any tie upon him of a guardian; Nor date I think ye doubt my producality, Ori. No, certain, sir; none of all this pre-

voked 2 me;

Another private reason.

De Gard.

Nor carried so; 't is common. my fair enter;

Your love to Mirabel: your blushes field to Tis too much known, and spoken of too largely

And with no little shame I wonder at it.

Is it a shame to love?

To love undiscreetly. De Gard. virgin should be tender of her honour.

Close, and secure.

I am as close as can be. And stand upon as strong and honest guards ton

nless this warlike age need a portcullis: Yet I confess, I love him.

Now, I say, hang the people! He that De Gard. Ori. dares

Believe what they say dares be mad, and pro-His mother, nay, his own wife, up to rumour. All grounds of truth they build on is a tacera. And their hest censure is sack, sack in about

For, as they drink, they think : they no 'or speak modestly,

Unless the wine he poor, or they want moor; Believe them! Believe Amulis de Comi. The Knight of the Sun, or Palmersn of Endow

For these, to them, are modest and tree of the Prny, understand me; if their tongues be true And if in vino veritas he an oracle,
What woman is, or has been ever, horset?
Give em but ten round cups, they il occur

Lucretia Died not for want of power to regist Torquia. But want of pleasure, that he stay'd no longer And Portia, that was famous for her puris

To her lov'd lord, they 'll face ye out, died o'

De Gard. Well, there is something, sister. Ori. If there be, brother, 'T is none of their things; 't is not yet so monstrous :

My thing is marriage; and, at his return,

Those to put their squint eyes right again.

De Gord. Marriage? 'T is true his father is
a rich man.

Rich both in land and money; he his heir,
A young and handsome man, I must confess,

But of such qualities, and such wild flings, 100 Such admirable imperfections, sister, (For all his travel and bought experience,) should be loth to own him for my brother. Methinks, a rich mind in a state indifferent

Would prove the better fortune If he be wild,

The reclaiming him to good and honest, brother, Will make much for my honour; which, if I

Shall be the study of my love, and life too.

De Gard. Ye say well; would be thought as
well, and loved too!

He marry! He'll be hanged first. He knows

no more

What the conditions and the ties of love are, The honest purposes and grounds of marriage, Nor will know, nor be ever brought t' endeav-

our, Than I do how to build a church. He was ever loose and strong detier of all order; His loves are wanderers, they knock at each

door, And taste each dish, but are no residents. Or say, he may be brought to think of marriage, t will be no small labour, thy hopes are strangers.

know there is a labour'd match now follow'd, Now at this time, for which he was sent for home too.

Be not abus'd: 1 Nantolet has two fair daughters.

And he must take his choice.

Let him take freely. For all this I despair not; my mind tells me That I, and only I, must make him perfect; 100 And in that hope I rest

De Gard. Since y' are so confident, Prosper your hope! I'll be no adversary: Keep yourself fair and right, be shall not wrong

Ori. When I forget my virtue, no man know Exeunt. me !

SCENE II.2 Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, BELLEUR, and Ser-

vants. Mir. Welcome to Paris, once more, gentle-

men! We have had a merry and a lusty ordinary, And wine, and good meat, and a bouncing reckoning;

Deceived. A street before the same house.

And let it go for once; 't is a good physic, Only the wenches are not for my diet : They are too lean and thin, their embraces

brawn-fallen.3 Give me the plump Venetian, fat and lusty, That meets me soft and supple; smiles upon me,

Pin-buttocked, like your dainty Barbaries, And weak i' the pasterns; they'll endure no hardness.

Mir. There's nothing good or handsome bred

amongat us

Till we are travell'd, and live abroad, we are coxcombs. Ye talk of France - a slight unseason'd coun-

Abundance of gross food, which makes us

blockheuds. We are fair set out indeed, and so are fore-

horses: Men say, we are great courtiers, - men abuse

us ; We are wise, and valiant too, - non credo, sig-

HOT : Our women the best linguists, - they are parrots;

O' this side the Alps they are nothing but mere drolleries.

Ha! Roma la Santa, Italy for my money! Their policies, their customs, their fragalities, Their courtesies so open, yet so reserv'd too, As, when you think y' are known best, yo are a

SICALIZAT Their very pick-teeth? speak more man than we do.

And season of more salt. "T is a brave country; Not pester'd with your stubborn precise puppies, That turn all useful and allow'd contentments To scale and scruples - hang 'em, capon-wor-

Bel. I like that freedom well, and like their women too.

And would fain do as others do; but I am so bashful.

So naturally an ass! Look ye, I can look upon

'em,
And very willingly I go to see 'em,
(There 's no man willinger), and I can kiss 'em,
And make a shift --

Mer. But, if they chance to flout ye. Or say, "Ye are too hold! Fie, sir, remember!

I pray, sit farther off — "

Bel. "T is true — I am humbled, I am gone : I confess ingenuously. I am silenced :
The spirit of amber cannot force me answer.
Pin. Then would I sing and dance
Pin. You have wherewithal, sir.

Pin. And charge her up again.
Rel.
Yet, where I fasten well, I am a tyraut.
Mir. Why, thou dar'st tight?

Penble.
With parrow buttocks. Barbary horses. 7 Tooth-picks. Supposed to be a provocative.

Yes, certainly, I dare fight, And fight with any man at any weapen. Would th' other were no more! But, a pox on 't'

When I am cometimes in my height of hope, And reasonable valiant that way, my heart handen'd.

Some scornful jest or other chops between me And my desire. What would ye have me to do, then, gentlemen?

Mir. Belieur, you must be bolder. Travel

three years.

And bring home such a baby to betray ye As hashfulness! A great fellow, and a soldier! Bel. You have the gift of impudence; be

thankful.

Every man has not the like talent. I will study, And, if it may be reveal'd to me -

Learn of me, 14 And of Pinac. No doubt, you'll find employ-

ment; Ladies will look for courtship, "T is but fleshing, But standing one good brunt or two. Hast thou any mind to marriage?

We'll provide thee some soft-natur'd wench, that 's dumb too.

Mir. Or an old woman that cannot refuse thee in charity.

Bel. A dumb woman, or an old woman, that were eager,

And car'd not for discourse, I were excellent

at.

Mir. You must now put on boldness, there 's no avoiding it, and stand all hazards, fly at all games bravely;

They'll say, you went out like an ox, and re-turn'd like an ase, else.

Bel. I shall make danger. 1 sure.

I am sent for home now; Mir. I know it is to marry; but my father shall pardon me :

Although it be a weighty 2 ceremony, And may concern me hereafter in my gravity, I will not lose the freedom of a traveller.

A new strong lusty bark cannot ride at one anchor.

Shall I make divers suits to show to the same BYPE

'T is dull and homespun ; - study several pleas-MTTERS.

And want employments for 'em? I'll be hang'd first.

Tie me to one smock? Make my travels fruitless ?

'Il none of that ; for every fresh behaviour, By your leave, father, I must have a fresh mis-

And a fresh favour s too. I like that passingly; s many as you will, so they be willing,

Willing, and gentle, gentle. There's no reason A gentleman, and a traveller, should be clapt

apt it. 3 Old edd. wilty. 5 Countenance.

(For 't is a kind of bilboes to be married). llefore he manifest to the world has good parte. Tug ever, like a ruscal, at one oar? Give me the Italian liberty!

That I study. Mir. And that I will enjoy. Come, go in, gentlemen There mark how I behave myself, and files

SCENE III.4

Enter La Castre, Nantulet, Lugier, Home Lura, and Lillia Bianca.

La Cast. You and your beauteous dangters are most welcome.

Beshrew my blood, they are fair ones! - Web come beauties

Welcome, sweet birds.

Nant. They are bound much to your La Cast. I hope we shall be nearer as quainted.
Nant. That's my hope too:

For, certain, sir, I much desire your alliance You see 'em; they are no gypsies. For thee

breeding. It has not been so coarse but they are able To rank themselves with women of fair fair

Indeed, they have been trained well. Lug. Thank me. "

Nant. Fit for the heirs of that state I shall leave 'em:

To say more, is to sell 'em. They say your ea Now he has travell'd, must be wondrons care to And choice in what he takes; these are to EGATES CORSE

Sir, here's a merry weach — let him look to himself —

All heart, i' faith - may chance to startle him. For all his care, and travell'd cantion.

May creep into his eye. If he love gravity.

Affect a solemn face, there is one will fit him.

La Cast. So young and so demure? Nant. She is my daughter. Else I would tell you, air, ahe is a mistress Both of those manners and that modesty You would wonder at. She is no often-speaker But, when she does, she speaks well; nor w

reveller. Yet ahe can dance, and has studied the court elementa,

And sings, as some say, handsomely, if a woman,

With the decency of her sex, may be a scholar, I can assure ye, sir, she understands too, La Cast, These are fit garments, sic.

Lug. Thank them that cut 'on

Yes, they are handsome women; they kee

Pretty becoming parts.
La Cast.
Lug. Yes, yes, and handsome education they

have had too,
Had it abundantly; they need not blush at it.
I taught it, I'll avouch it.

4 A bar of Iron with fetters attached.
5 Room in the house of La Castro.

La Cast.

Ye say well, sir.

Lug. I know what I say, sir, and I say but right, sir.

Lam up trumpet of their commendations
Before their father; elso I should say farther.

Lu Cast. Pray ye, what is this gentleman?

Nant. One that lives with me, sir;

A man well bred and learn'd, but blust and

bitter; Yet it offends no wise man; I take pleasure in't.

Many fair gifts he has, in some of which,
That lie most easy to their understandings,
H'as handsomely bred up my girls, I thank him.
[Lug. I have put it to 'em, that 's my part,
I have urg'd it.

It eeems, they are of years now to take hold on 't.

Nant. He's wondrous blunt. Lu Cast. By my faith, I was afraid of him. Does he not fall out with the gentlewomen sometimes?

Nant. No, no; he's that way moderate and discreet, air.

Ros. If he did, we should be too hard for him.

Lug. Wall said, snlphur!

Too hard for thy husband's head, if he wear

not armour.

Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, BELLEUR, DE GARD, and OHIANA.

Vant. Many of these bickerings, sir. La Cast. I am glad they are no oracles.

Ori. Well, if ye do forget

Mir. Prithee, hold thy pence, w
I know thou art a pretty wench; I know thou lov'at me;

Preserve it till we have a fit time to discourse

And a fit place. I'll ease thy heart, I warrant

Thou seest I have much to do now.

I am answer'd, sir: With me ye shall have nothing on these conditions.

De Gard. Your father and your friends, La Cast. You are welcome home, sir; Bless ye, ye are very welcome! Pray, know this

gentleman, And these fair ladies. Monsieur Mirabel, Nant. am much affected with your fair return, sir;

I am much successful joy.
You bring a general joy.
I bring you service,

And these bright beauties, sir.

Nant. Welcome home, gentlemen, Vant.

Walcome with all my heart! Bel. & Pin. We thank ye. sir. La Cast. Your friends will have their share We thank ye, sir.

Bel. Sir, we hope They'll look upon us, though we show like

Nunt. Monsieur De Gard, I must salute you

And this fair gentlewoman; you are welcome from your travel too.

All welcome, all.

De Gard. We render ye our loves, sir.
The best wealth we bring home. By your favours, beauties. —
[Aside to Ori.] One of these two: you know my

Ori. Well, air;

They are fair and handsome, I must needs confess it.

And, let it prove the worst, I shall live after it. Whilst I have meat and drink, love cannot starve me; For, if I die o' th' first fit, I am unhappy,

And worthy to be buried with my heels upward.

Mir. To marry, sir?

Let Cast. You know I am an old man, ...

And every hour declining to my grave,
One foot already in ; more sons I have not,
Nor more I dare not seek whilst you are

worthy.

In you lies all my hope, and all my name,
The making good or wretched of my memory, The making grows tate.

And you have provided,

Out of this tenderness, these handsome gentlewomen,

Daughters to this rich man, to take my choice of?

La Cast. I have, dear son.

Mir. 'T is true, ye are old and feebled; Would ye were young again, and in full vigour!

I love a bounteous father's life, a long one; I am none of those that, when they shoot to ripeness,

Do what they can to break the boughs they grew on.

I wish ye many years and many riches, And pleasures to enjoy 'em; but, for mar-

riage. I neither yet believe in 't, nor affect 1 it :

Nor think it fit.

You will render me your reasons? La Cast. Yes, sir, both short and pithy, and these they are: - You would have me marry a maid?

A maid! what else? La Cast. Mir. Yes, there be things called widows, dead men's wills.

I never lov'd to prove those; nor never long'd

To be buried alive in another man's cold moun-

And there be maids appearing, and maids being:

The appearing are fantastic things, mere shad-OW'S;

And, if you mark 'em well, they want their heads, too;

Only the world, to cozen 2 misty eyes,

Has clapt 'em on new faces: the maids being A man may venture on, if he be so mad to BUSILTY.

1 Desire.

9 Cheat.

If he have neither fear before his eyes, nor fortune;

And let him take heed how he gather these 100 :

For, look ye, father, they are just like melous, Musk-melous are the emblems of these mads; Now they are ripe, now cut 'em, they taste

pleasantly, And are a dainty fruit, digested easily; Neglect this present time, and come to-mor-

row, They are so ripe they are rotten gone, their sweetness

Run into humour, and their taste to surfeit.

Let Cast. Why, these are now ripe, son.

Mir.

I'll try them presently,
And, if I like their taste

Let Cast.

'Pray ye, please yourself, sir.

Mir. That liberty is my due, and I'll maintain it.-

Lady, what think you of a handsome man now? Rox. A wholesome too, sir!

That's as you make your bargain. A handsome, wholesome man, then, and a kind mun,

To cheer your heart up, to rejoice ye, lady?

Ras. Yes, sir, I love rejoicing.

Mar.

To lie close to ye? 125 Close as a cockle? Keep the cold nights from

ye?
Ros. That will be look'd for too; our bodies ask it.

Mir. And get two boys at every birth?

That 's nothing? I have known a cobbler do it, a poor thin cobbler,

A cubbler out of mouldy cheese perform it, 100 Cubbage, and coarse black bread. Methinks, a gentle man

Should take foul scorn to have an awl out-name. him.

Two at a birth! Why, every house-dove has it.

That mun that feeds well, promises as well too, I should expect indeed something of worth You talk of two!

Mir . [. [side .] She would have me get two

Like buttons, at a birth. You love to brag, sir. If you proclaim these offers at your marriage, 'Ye are a pretty-timber'd man, take heed.) They may be taken hold of, and expected, Yes, if not hoped for at a higher rate too.

Mir. I will take heed, and thank ye for your counsel.

Father, what think ye?
La Cost. Tis a merry gentlewoman; Will make, no doubt, a good wife.

Mir. Not for me. matry her, and, happily,2 get nothing : I shall In what a state am I then, father?

For any thing I hear to the contrary, more majorum :

> 1 Surpass. B Haply.

I were as sure to be a cuckold, father,

A gentleman of antier -Away, away, feel!

Mir. As I am sure to fail her expectation to I had rather get the pox than get her induca.

La Cost. Ye are much to blame. If this do not affect 8 ye,

Pray, try the other; she 's of a mure demure way.

Bel. [.luide.] That I had but the andacity to talk thus!

I love that plain-spoken gentlewoman admir ably :

And, certain, I could go as near to please her. If down-right doing - she has a per lous cust-

If I could meet one that would believe me. And take my honest meaning without circum-

stance — Mir. You shall have your will, air; I will tre

the other; But 't will be to small use. - I hope, fair lady. For, methinks, in your eyes I see more merey

You will enjoin your lover a less penance; And though I'll promise much, as men are lib

And yow an ample sacrifice of service. Yet your discretion, and your tenderness, And thriftiness in love, good huswife's careful

To keep the stock ontire

Good sir, speak londer, That these may witness, too, you talk of no thing. should be loth alone to hear the burden

Mir. (Ods-bobs, you are angry, lady. Angry! no. ar.

I never own'd an anger to lose poorly.

Mir. But you can love, for all this; and delight too.

For all your set austerity to hear

Of a good husband, lady?

You say true, sir . Lil For, by my troth, I have heard of none the

ten year, They are so rare; and there are so many, sit So many longing women on their knews tou, That pray the dropping-down of these god

husbands -The dropping-down from Heaven; for they are

not bred here -That you may guess at all my hope, but hear

ing Mir. Why may not I be one?

Lal. You were mear 'em once, in When ye came o'er the Alps, these are now Heaven.

But since ye miss'd that happiness, there's as hope of ye,

Mir. Can ye love a man?
Lil. Yes, if the man be lordy. That is, he honest, modest. I would have him

Ploase.

valiant,

1 God's body!

His anger slow, but certain for his honour; Travell'il he should be, but through himself exactly,

For 't is fairer to know manners well than countries.

He must be no vain talker, nor no lover To hear himself talk; they are brags of a wanderer.

Of one finds no retreat for fair behaviour.

Would ye learn more?

Mir. Learn to hold your peace, then: Fond | girls are got with tongues, women with

Mir. Women, with I know what; but let that vanish.

Go thy way, good-wife Bias! Sure, thy husband

Must have a strong philosopher's stone, he will ne'er please thee else. —

Here's a starch'd piece of austerity! - Do you hear, father?

Do you hear this moral lecture? Ac Cast. Yes, and like it.

Acr. Why, there's your judgment now;
there's an old bott shot! MIT.

This thing must have the strangest observa-

(Do you mark me, father?) when she is married oner.

The strangest custom too of admiration On all she does and speaks, 't will be past suf-

ferance. must not lie with her in common language, or cry, "Have at thee, Kate!" - I shall be Nor cry, "Have a

Nor eat my meat without the sauce of senteneres

Your powder'd beef and problems, a rare diet! My first son, Monsieur Aristotle, I know it, 110

The second, Solon, and the best law-setter;
And I must look a Egyptian god-fathers.
Which will be no small trouble; my eldest

daughter, Sappho, or such a fiddling kind of poetess. 115 and brought up, invita Minerva, at her needle ! My dogs must look their names too, and all

Spartan, Lelaps, Melampus; no more Fox and Bawdy-face.

I married to a sullen set of sentences!

To one that weighs her words and her behaviours

In the gold-weights of discretion! I'll be hang'd first.

La Cast. Prithee, reclaim thyself.

Mr. Pray ye, give me time, then.

t they can set me any thing to play at,

That seems fit for a gamester, have at the fairest.

Fill I see more, and try more!
La Cast. Take your time, then; 125 I'll bar ye no fair liberty. - Come, gentlemen;

1 Poolish Beek.

1 Obsequious attention.

4 I. c. with great precision.

And ladies, come; to all, once more, a welcome

And, now let's in to supper.

[Exeunt La Castre, Nantolet,
Lugger, Rosalura, and Lil-

Mir. How dost like em?

Pin. They are fair enough, but of so strange behaviours —. Too strange for me. I must have those have mettle,

And mettle to my mind. Come, let 's be merry.

Bel. Bless me from this woman! I would stand the cannon,

Before ten words of hers.

[Ereunt Mirabel, Pinac, and

Beileen. Do you find him now? De Gard. Do you think he will be ever firm?

Ori. I fear not. Excust. "

ACT II

SCENE 1.4

Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, and BELLEUR.

Mir. Ne'er tell me of this happiness; 't is nothing ;

The state they bring with being sought-to. seurvy:

I had rather make mine own play, and I will do. My happiness is in mine own content, And the despising of such glorious a traffes, As I have done a thousand more. For my humour,

Give me a good free fellow, that sticks to me, A jovial fair companion; there's a beauty! For women, I can have too many of them; Good women too, as the age reckons 'em, More than I have employment for.

Pin.
Mir. My only fear is, that I must be forced, Against my nature, to conceal myself:

Health and an able body are two jewels.

Pen. If either of these two women were offered to me now,

I would think otherwise, and do accordingly; Yes, and recant my heresies, I would, 'sir;

And be more tender of opinion, And put a little of my travell'd liberty Out of the way, and look upon 'em serioualy, » Methinks, this grave-carried wench - Bel. Methinks, the other,

The home-spoken gentlewoman, that desires to be fruitful,

That treats of the full manage of the matter, (For there lies all my aim,) that wench, methinks,

If I were but well set on, for she is affable, If I were but hounded right, and one to teach Tibes .

She speaks to th' matter, and comes home to th' point -

A garden belonging to the house of La Castro.

* Vann-glorious.

Courted.

. Y would fain.

Now do I know I have such a body to please

As all the kingdom cannot fit her with, I am sure on 't,

If I could but talk myself into her favour.

Mir. That is easily done.

Bel. That is easily said; would 't were done!

You should see then how I would lay about me. If I were virtuous, it would never grieve me, Or any thing that might justify my modesty; as But when my nature is prone to do a charity.

And my calf's tongue will not help me —

Mir. Will ye go to 'em?

They cannot but take it courteously.

Pin I'll do my part, Though I am sure 't will be the hardest I e'er

play'd yet

A way I never tried too, which will stagger me;
And, if it do not shame me, I am happy.

Mir. Win 'em, and wear em; I give up my

interest.

Pin.

Pin. What say you, Monsieur Belleur?
Bod. Would I could say,
Or sing, or any thing that were but handsome!
I would be with her presently!

Pin. Yours is no venture ; "

A merry ready wench.

Bel.

A vengeance square.

She 'll fleer me out of faith too.

I'll be near thee A vengeance squibber; 1

Pluck up thy heart; I'll second thee at all brunts.

Be angry, if she abuse thee, and beat her a little;

Some women are won that way.

Pray, be quiet, to And let me think . I am resolv'd to go on;

But how I shall get off again Mir. I am persuaded Thou wilt so please her, she will go near to

rayish thee.

Bel. I would 't were come to that once! Let me pray a little.

Mir. Now, for thine honour, Pinac, board me

this modesty; Warm but this frozen snow-ball, 't will be a

Conquest (Although I know thou art a fortunate wencher,

And hast done rarely in thy days) above all thy ventures.

Bel. You will be ever near?

Mir. At all necessities; " And take thee off, and set thee on again, boy, And cherish thee, and stroke thee.

Bel. Help me out too;

For I know I shall stick i' th' mire. If you see us close once,

Begone, and leave me to my fortune, suddenly, For I am then determin'd to do wonders.

Farewell, and fling an old shoe. How my heart throbs!

Would I were drunk ! Farewell, Pinac ; Heaven send us

joyful and a merry meeting, man! Farewell,

Against all attacks.

And cheer thy heart up; and remember, ke leur.

They are but women.

Bel. I had rather they were hoss Mir. About it; I'll be with you instantly Exeunt (BELLEUE and Plant).

Enter ORLANA.

Shall I ne'er be at rest? No peace of an science?

No quiet for these creatures? Am I ordain'd To be devour'd quick by these she cannot take Here's another they call handsome; I care not for her,

I ne'er look after her. When I am half-tippled It may be I should turn her, and peruse her. Or, in my want of women. I might call for lar, But to be haunted when I have no fancy, No maw to th' matter—[Assde., Now, why determined to the large of the lar

you follow me? Orr. I hope, sir, 't is no blemish to my virtur. Nor need you, out of scruple, ask that question. If you remember ye, before your travel,
The contract you tied to me. 'T is my love, at

That makes me seek ye, to continu your men

And, that being our thanks too.

1 come to give ye thanks too.

For what, prither And, that being fair and good, I cannot suffer

Mir. Ori. For that fair piece of honesty you about

That constant pobleness.

Mir. How? for I am short-hasdit Mir. How r for 1 and the Orn. I'll tell you then; for refusing that low

Monsieur Nantolet's, those handes beauties,

Those two prime ladies, that might well have press'd ye If not to have broken, yet to have box'd par

promise. I know it was for my sake, for your faith-make You slipt 'em off; your honesty compell de And let me tell ye, air, it show'd most had

somely Mir. And let me tell thee, there was no sui

matter. Nothing intended that way, of that nature I have more to do with my honesty than to find! Or venture it in such leak barks as a come.
I put 'em off because I lov'd 'em not. Because they are too queasy 4 for my temper. And not for thy sake, nor the contract sale.
Nor yow, nor oaths; I have made a thousand of 'em;

They are things indifferent, whether heat a

broken Mere venial alips, that grow not near the science;

Nothing concerns those tender parts; they or

trifles;
For, as I think, there was never man put by

Either constancy or secrecy from a virtan Unless it were an ass ordain'd for unfferage.

1 Alive.

* Pastidious.

to contract with such can be a tie-all, t them know again; for 't is a justice a main point of civil policy,

ute er we say or swear, they being reprobates,

of the state of faith, we are clear of all sides,

't is a curious blindness to believe us. You do not mean this, sure?
Yes, sure, and certain; i.

hold it positively, as a principle, are strange things, and made of strange fires and fluxes, e are allow'd as strange ways to obtain ye, sot to hold; we are all created errant. 120 1. You told me other tales.

I not deny it; re tales of all sorts for all sorts of women,

protestations likewise of all sizes, bey have vanities to make us coxcombs.

obtain a good turn, so it is, thankful for it; if I be made an ass, Imends are in mine own hands, or the sur-

geon's.

there's an end on 't.

Do not you love me, then?

As I love others; heartily I love thes;
a I am high and lusty, I love thee cruelly. I have made a plenteous meal, and satis-

enses with all delicates, come to me, thou shalt see how I love thee.

Will not you marry me?

ir. No, certain, no, for any thing I know yet. like a wanton slave, cry for more shackles. t should I marry for? Do I want any

thing?

I an inch the farther from my pleasure? should I be at charge to keep a wife of mine own, other houest married men will case me,

thank me too, and be beholding to me? think'st I am mad for a maidenhead;

I I were addicted to that diet, ou tell me where I should have one? Thou art eighteen now,

if thou hast thy maidenhead yet extant, tis as big as code-head; and those grave dishes

or love to deal withal. Dost thou see this book here? Shows a book. over all these ranks; all these are women, and pretenders to maidenheads; these

are my conquests; bese I swore to marry, as I swore to thee, the same reservation, and most right-

eously

th I need not have done neither; for, alas, they made no scruple, I enjoy'd 'em at my will, and left 'em. of em are married since, and were as pure maids again.

o' my conscience, better than they were bred for ;

test, fine sober women.

Ori. Are ve not sahamed, sir? Mir. No, by my troth, sir; 1 there 's no shame belongs to it;

I hold it as commendable to be wealthy in pleasure,

As others do in rotten sheep and pasture.

Enter DR GARD.

Ori. Are all my hopes come to this? Is there no faith.

No troth, nor modesty, in men? n? [Weeps.] How now, sister! De Gard. Why weeping thus? Did I not prophesy? Come, tell me why -

I am not well; pray ye pardon me.

De Gard, Now, Monsieur Mirabel, what ails my sister?

You have been playing the wag with her. Mir. As I take it, She is crying for a cod-piece. Is she gone? Lord, what an age is this! I was calling for ye; For, as I live, I thought she would have ravish d

me. De Gurd. Ye are merry, sir. Mir. Thon know'st this book, De Gard, this

inventory?

De Gard. The debt-book of your mistresses;

I remember it. Mir. Why, this was it that anger'd her; she

was stark mad She found not her name here; and cried down-

right

Because I would not pity her immediately, and put her in my list.

De Gard. Sure, she had more modesty.

Mic. Their modesty is anger to be overdone;

Mir. Their modesty is anger to be overde They'll quarrel somer for precedence here And take it in more dudgeon to be slighted. Than they will in public meetings; 't is their natures:

And, alas, I have so many to despatch yet, and to provide myself for my affairs too,

That, in good faith De Gard. I Be not too glorious 2 foolish; Sum not your travels up with vanities;

It ill becomes your expectation.⁵
Temper your speech, sir: whether your loose story

Be true or false, (for you are so free, I fear it,)
Name not my sister in 't; I must not hear it.
Upon your danger, name her not! I hold her
A gentlewoman of those happy parts and car-

riage. A good man's tongue may be right proud to

speak her.

Mir. Your sister, sir! D' ye blench at that?

D' ye cavil?

Do you hold her such a piece she may not be play'd withal?

I have had an hundred hundsomer and nobler Have su'd to me, too, for such a courtesy; 100 Your sister comes i' the rear. Since ye are so angry,

Formerly used to women as well as to men.

Bonntful.

a The expectation formed of you.

And hold your sister such a strong recusant. I tell ye, I may do it; and, it may be, will too; It may be, have too, there 's my tree confession; Work upon the t now!

The Grand. If I thought ye had, I would work,

And work such stubborn work should make your heart as he .

But I believe ye, as I ever knew ye, A glorious talker, and a legend-maker Of idle tales and tritles; a depraver Of your own truth, their honours fly about? ye ! And so, I take my leave; but with this cantion. Your sword be surer than your tongue; you'll smart else.

Mir. I laugh at thee, so little I respect thee; And I'll talk honder, and despise the sister; bet up a chamber-maid that shall outshine her And carry her in my coach too, and that will kill her.

Go, get thy rents up, go!

It (fard. Ye are a fine gentleman! Exit.

Mir. Now, have at my two youths! I'll see how they do;

How they behave themselves; and then I'll study

What wench shall love me next, and when I'll loose - her. ETH. 210

SCENE II.3

Enter PINAC and Servant.

Pin. Art thou her servant, sayest thou?
Her poor creature; Serr.

But servant to her horse, sir.

Canst then show me The way to her chamber, or where I may con-

remoutly

See her, or come to talk to her?
That I can, sir; But the question is, whether I will or no.
Pin.
Why, I'll content thee.

Serv. Why. I'll content thee, then; now ye come to me.

Pin. There's for your diligence.

Gives money. There 's her chamber, sir, And this way she comes out, stand ye but here, sir,

You have herat your prospect or your pleasure,

Pin. Is she not very angry " Nore. You'll find that quickly. May be she'll call ve sancy, scurvy fellow, Or some such familiar name ; may be she knows

And will fling a piss-pot at ve, or a pantofle,4 According as ye are in acquaintance. If she

like ye. May be she'll look upon ye; may be no; And two months hence call for ye.

This is fine. I'm.

She is monstrous proud, then?
Serv. She is a little haughty;
Of a small body, she has a mind well mounted. Can you speak Greek?

2 Get rid of F. lose. Bytupuon suggests above A hall in the house of Nantolet. · Slipper.

F'12. No certain.

Serr. Gut ye gone, then' -And talk of stars, and firmuments, and pro-

Do you remember who was Adam's achooling ter.

And who taught Eve to min? She knows all these.

And will run ye over the beginning o' th' world As tamiliar as a biblier.

Can you sit seven bours together, and say no thing "

Which she will do, and, when she speaks, speak

Speak though that no man understands, nor ber-I'm. They mak'st me wonder.

S rr. Can ye smile ?

For materally I bear a mirth about me. berr. She 'il ne'er endure ye. then, ale o Better Berry

If she see one lough, she 'll swound past open 8/1 F.

Never come near her, air; if ye chapes to ter ture,

And talk not like a dector, you are damn'd I have told ye enough for your crown, and a good speed you!

I'm. I have a pretty task, if she be thus c

Thous.

As sure, it seems she is 'If I fall off now, I shall be loogh d at learfully; if I go bewart I can but be abus'd, and that I look for; And yet I may but right, but 't is unl kely

Stay: in what nowed and figure shall I attempt her "

A careless way? No, no, that will not wake her :

Besides, her gravity will give me line still, And let me bee my self : yet this way often Has but, and hard-somely. A wanton method: Ay, if she give it leave to sink into her common

tion: But there's the doubt: if it but stir her ideonce.

And creep into the crannies of her fancy, Set her 2-gog, - but, if she chance to al

And by the power of her modesty fling it back I shall appear the arrant'st rase of to ber. The most licentious knave, for I shall us lewdly.

To bear myself austerely? Rate my word! And fling a general gravity about me.
As if I meant to give laws? But this I ex-

do. This is a way above my understanding;
Or, if I could, 'tim odds she'll think I = "

her; For serious and sad things are over still

Well, I'll say something:

But learning I have none, and less good we

Especially for ladies. Well I'll act my face.

Enter LILLIA BIANCA and PETELLA.

hear some coming. This is the first woman I ever fear'd yet, the first face that shakes me. [Betires.]

Lil. Give me my hat, Potella; take this veil off, This sullen cloud; it darkens my delights. Come, weuch, be free, and let the music war-ble:—

Play me some lusty measure.

Music within, to which presently LILLIA dances.)
This is she, sure,

Pin. [Ande.] The very same I saw, the very woman.
The gravity I wonder'd at. Stay, stay:
Let me be sure. No'er trust me, but she dan-

Summer is in her face now, and she skippeth !

'Il go a little maner. Lil. Quicker time, fellows!

Enter MINABEL land remains at the side of the stayej.

I cannot find my legs yet — Now Petella!

Pin. | Ande | I am amaz'd; I am founder'd
in my fancy!

Mir. [Aside.] Hal say you so? Is this your
gravity?

This the austerity you put upon you?

I'll see more o' this sport.

Call in for a merry and a light song; And mag it with a liberal spirit.

Enter a Man.

Man. Yes, madam. Lil. And be not must'd, sirrah, but take us

for your own company. - [1] song by the Man who then exit.] Let's walk ourselves; come, weach. Would we

had a man or two! Pin. [.Inde.] Sure, she has spi'd me, and will abuse me dreadfully.

She has put on this for the purpose: yet I will try her. - [Advances.] Madam, I would be loth my rude intrusion, "

Which I must crave a pardon for

Oh, ve are welcome, r! We want such a Ye are very welcome, sir ! one

Strike up again! - I dare presume ye dance

Quick, sir, quick! the time stends on.
I would talk with you.
It Talk as you dence.

[They dance.]

This is the finest masque!

Lil. Now, how do ye, sir?

Pros. You have given me a shrewd heat.

Lil. I'll give you a hundred.

Come, sing now, sing: for I know ye sing well;

I see ye have a singing face.

I'm. [Andc.]

A fine modesty!

If I could, she'd never give me breath. Madam, would

I might sit and recover!

Lil.

Sit here, and sing now;
Let's do things quickly, sir, and hundsomely.

Sit close, wench, close. — Begin, begin.

Pin. I am lesson'd.

A song by Pinacl.

Lul. 'T is very pretty, i' faith. Give me some

wine now

Pin. I would fain speak to you.

Lil. You shall drink first, believe me.

klere's to you a lusty health. [They drink.] Pin. I thank you, lady. -[Astde.] Would I were off again! I smell my

misery; I was never put to this rack: I shall be drunk too.

Mir. (Aside.) It thou to have bet mine aim much: [Aside.] If thou be'at not a right one, I

I thank Heaven that I have scaped thee. To her, Pinac! For thou art as sure to have her, and to groan

for her. -I'll see how my other youth does; this speeds

trimly. A fine grave gentlewoman, and worth much honour!

Lil. Now, how do ye like me, sir?

Pin. I like ye rarely. 10
Lil. Ye see, sir, though sometimes we are
grave and silent,
And put on sadder dispositions,
Yet we are compounded of free parts, and some-

times too

Our lighter, airy, and our fiery mettles
Break out, and show themselves: and what
think you of that, sir?

Pin. Good lady, sit (for 1 am very weary),
And then I'll tell ye.

Fie! a young man idle! Lul. Up, and walk; be still in action; The motions of the body are for bounties; Besides, 't is cold, 'Ods me, sir, let's walk faster!

What think ye now of the Lody Februs? Or And Bellafronte, the duke's fair daughter? hal Are they not handsome things? There is Du-28.1 P.28. And brown Olivin -

Pin. I know none of 'em. Lil. But brown must not be cast away, sir.
If young Lelia Had kept herself till this day from a husband, Why, what a beauty, sir! You know lemena,

The fair gem of Saint-Germains? Pin. By my truth, I do not. Lil. And, then, I know, you must hear of Brisne.

How unlike a gentleman -I'in. As I live, I have heard nothing. 100

Ld. Strike me another galliard! By this light, I cannot !

In troth, I have sprain'd nov leg. madam.

Lil. Now -it ye down, sir,
And tell me why ye came hither? Why yo
chose me out

What is your business? Your errand? Despatch, despatch.

Maybe, you are some gentleman's man, and I mistook ye, A lively dance.

That have brought me a letter, or a haunch of venison,

Sent me from some friend of mine

Do I look like a carrier? Pin. You might allow me, what I am, a gentleman. Ld. Cry ye mercy, sir I saw ye yesterday; You are new-come out of travel; I mistook

And how do all our impudent friends in Italy? Pin. Madam, I came with duty, and fair courtesy,

Service, and honour to ye.

Ye came to jeer me. Lal. Ye see I am merry, sir; I have chang'd my

None of the sages now: and, pray ye, proclaim it.

Fling on me what aspersion you shall please, sir,

Of wantonness or wildness; I look for it; And tell the world I am an hypocrite, Mask in a forc'd and borrow'd shape; I expect

it; But not to have you believ'd: for, mark ye, sir,

I have won a nobler estimation,

A stronger tie, by my discretion, Upon opinion (howe'r you think I forc'd it) Than either tongue or art of yours can slubber; And, when I please, I will be what I please,

So I exceed not mean; 1 and none shall brand it, Either with scorn or shame, but shall be

slighted.

Pin. Lady, I come to love ye.

Lil.

Love yourself, sir;

And, when I want observers, 2 1 'll send for ye. Heigh-ho! my fit's almost off; for we do all by fits, sir.

If ye be weary, sit till I come again to ye.

Erit [with PETELLA].

Pin. This is a wench of a dainty spirit; but Hang me, if I know yet either what to think Or make of her. She had her will of me, And baited me abundantly, I thank her; as And, I confess, I never was so blutted, a Nor never so abus'd. I must bear mine own

Ye talk of travels; here's a curious country! Yet I will find her out, or forswear my faculty. Exit.

SCENE III.4

Enter ROSALURA and ORIANA.

Ros. Ne'er vex yourself, nor grieve; ye are a fool, then.

Ort. I am sure I am made so : yet, before I suffer

Thus like a girl, and give him leave to triumph -

Ros. You say right; for, as long as he perceives ye

1 Moderation. 8 Admirers.

* Contemptuously treated. 4 A garden belonging to the house of Nantolet, with summer house in the back-ground.

Sink under his proud scornings, he'll laugh at For me, secure yourself; and, for my sister,

l partly know her mind too: howsoever, To obey my father, we have made a tender Of our poor beauties to the travell'd monaicar: partly know her mind too: howsoever. Yet two words to a bargain. He slights us As skittish things, and we shun him as curious. May be, my free behaviour turns his stomach. And makes him seem to doubt a loose opinion, I must be so sometimes, though all the world

saw it.

Ori. Why should not ye? Are our minds only measur'd?

As long as here ye stand secure .

Ros. Ye say true . As long as mine own conscience makes no que tion,

What care I for report? That woman's miserable,

That 's good or had for their tongues' mke. Come, let's retire,

And get my veil, wench. By my troth, your SOFTOW.

And the consideration of men's humorous maddings,

Have put me into a serious contemplation.

Enter MIRABEL and BELLEUR.

Ori. Come, faith, let's sit and think.
Ros. That 's all my business

(They go into the summer-house, and her veil from a table, and put to on.

Mir. Why stand'st thou peeping here? Then great slug, forward!

Bel. Sho is there; peace!

Mir. Why stand'st thou here, then.

Mir. Sneaking and peeking as thou wouldst stell linen?

Hast thou not place and time?

Rel. I had a rare speech Studied, and almost ready; and your violence

Has beat it out of my brains.

Mir. Hang your rare speeches! Go me on like a man.

Let me set my beard up. . How has Pinac performed?

Mir. He has won already; He stands not thrumming of caps thus.

Lord, what should I ail" Bel. What a cold I have over my stomach! Would I had some hum! 10

Certain I have a great mind to be at her. A mighty mind.

Mr. On, fool!

Bel. Good words, I beseech ye; s
For I will not be abus'd by both.

Mir. Adieu, then (I will not trouble you; I see you are valiant;

And work your own way.

Bel. Hist, hist! I will be rul'd; I will, i' faith; I will go presently.

Pastidious.

Proping Reputation 7 This S. D. is from Dyon. II Strong ain

Will ye forsake me now, and leave me i' th'

You know I am false-hearted this way. I beseech ye, Good sweet Mirabel - I'll out your throat, if

ye leave me, Indeed I will - sweet-heart -

I will be ready, Still at thine elbow. Take a man's heart to thee.

And speak thy mind; the plainer still the better.

She is a woman of that free behaviour,

Indeed, that common courtesy, she cannot deny thee.

Go bravely on. Madam — keep close about me, Hal

What noise is that? What saucy sound to trouble me?
Mir. What said she?

I am saucy. Bel.

ROSALURA and ORIANA rise and come forward.

'T is the better. Mir.

Bel. She comes; must I be saucy still?

More:

Mir.

Ros. Still troubled with these vanities? Ros. Still troubled with these vanities?
Heaven bless us!
What are we born to? — Would you speak with

any of my people?

Go in, sir; I am busy.

Bel.

This is not she, sure: so Is this two children at a birth? I'll be haug'd,

then: Mine was a merry gentlewoman, talk'd daintily, Talked of those matters that belitted women; This is a purcel prayer-book. I'm serv'd sweetly!

And now I am to look to; I was prepar'd for th' other way.

Ras. Do you know that man?

Ort. Sure, I have seen him, lady.
Ros. Methinks 't is pity such a lusty fellow
Should wander up and down, and want employment.

She takes me for a rogue! - You may

do well, madam, To stay this wanderer, and set him a-work,

forsouth; He can do something that may please your

ladyship. I have heard of women that desire good breedings,

Two at a birth, or so.

The fellow's impudent.

Ori. Sure, he is craz'd.
Ros. I have heard of men too that have had Sure, this is want of grace : indeed, 'tis great

pity

The young man has been bred so ill; but this lewd age

Is full of such examples,

I am founder'd, Rel

And some shall rue the setting of me on.

Mr. Ha! so bookish, lady? Is it possible?

Turn'd holy at the heart too? I'll be hang'd then :

Why, this is such a feat, such an activity, Such fast and loose! A veil too for your kna-

O Dio, Dio!

Ros. What do you take me for, sir?
Mir. An hypocrite, a wanton, a dissembler,
Howe'er ye seem; and thus ye are to be hand-

led ! -

Mark me, Belleur; - and this you love. I know it,
Ros. Stand off, bold sir!
Mir. You wear good clothes to this end,
Jewels; love feasts and unsques.
Ye are monstrous sancy.

Mir. All this to draw on fools, and thus, thus, lady, [Attempts to remove the vid.] thus, lady, [...
You are to be lull'd.

Bel. Let her alone, I is swinge you and I will, i' faith! for, though I cannot skill o'

Myself, I will not see another do it before me.

And do it worse. Away! ye are a vain thing. Ros. You have travell'd far, sir, to return again A windy and poor bladder. You talk if women, That are not worth the favour of a common

one, The grace of her grew in an hospital! Against a thousand such blown foeleries
I am able to maintain good women's honours.

Their freedoms, and their fames, and I will do Mir. She has almost struck me dumb too.

Ros. And declaim Against your base malicious tongues, your noines,

For they are nothing else. You teach behaviours !

Or touch us for our freedoms! Teach yourselves manners,

Truth and sobriety, and live so clearly That our lives may shine in ye; and then task 2

It seems ye are hot; the suburbs s will supply

Good women scorn such gamesters. So, I'll leave ye.

I am sorry to see this: faith, sir, live fairly, 105 Erit with ORIANAL Mir. This woman, if she hold on, may be vir-

tuous; 'T is almost possible : we'll have a new day. Bel. Ye brought me on, ye forc'd me to this foolery.

I am sham'd, I am scorn'd, I am flurted; byes,

I am so: Though I cannot talk to a woman like your worship,

Accuse, tax.

Where the houses of ill-repute were altuated.

1 Flouted.

1 Dissolute fellows.

¹ Partly a prayer-book.

And use my phrases and my learn'd figures, Yet I can fight with any man.

Fie ! I can, sir;

Bel.
And I will fight.

With whom? Mir.

Hir. With you; with any man;
For all men now will laugh at me.
Mer. Prithee, be moderate.

Bel. And I'll beat all men. Come.

Mir. Bel. I [will] boat all that love; love has un-

Never tell me; I will not be a history.

Mr.
Bel. 'Sfoot, I will not! Give me room,
And let me see the prondest of ye jeer me;
And I'll begin with you first.
Prithee, Bellour-Thou art not.

Prithee, Belleur-100 If I do not satisfy thee -

Bel. Well, look ye do. But, now I think on't better, 't is impossible; I must beat somebody. I am maul'd myself.

And I ought in justice — No, no, no; you are cozen'd: But walk, and let me talk to thee

Bel. Talk wisely, 195

And see that no man laugh, upon no occasion; For I shall think then 't is at me.

Mir. I warrant thee.

Bel. Nor no more talk of this.

Mir. Post think I am maddish? Bel. I must needs fight yet; for I find it concerns me:

A pox on 't: I must fight. I' faith, thou shalt not. 130 Exeunt.

ACT III

SCENE I.1

Enter DE GARD and LUGIER.

De Gard. I know ye are a scholar, and can

do wonders.
7. There 's no great scholarship belongs to

Lug. There 's no great scholarship belon thin, sir; What I am. I am. I pity your poor sister, And heartily I hate these travellers.

These gim-eracks, made of mops and motions. There's nothing in their houses here but hummings;

A bee has more brains. I grieve and vex too The insolent licentious carriage

Of this out-facing fellow Mirabel;

And I am mad to see him prick his plumes up.

Do Gard. His wrongs you partly know. Lug. Do not you stir, sir; u Since he has begun with wit, let wit revenge it: Keep your sword close; we'll cut his throat a new way

I am ashato'd the gentlewoman should suffer

Such base lewd wrongs.

Dr Gard. I will be rul'd; he shall live, 15 And left to your revenge.

1 A public walk. 1 Grimaces. 2 Gestures, antica.

Lug. Ay, ay, I'll 6: him He makes a common scorn of bands in a source Modesty and good manners are his May can-He takes up maidenheads with a new comme. sient.

The church-warrant's out of date. Follow ocounsel,

For I am zealous in the cause.

De Gard. I will, sir. And will be still directed; for the truth a. My sword will make my sister seem more not strous.

Besides, there is no honour won on reprolets.

Lug. You are i'th' right. The alight he has

show'd my pupils Sets me a-fire too. Go; I'll prepare your sister

And as I told ye -Yes; all shall be fit, so De Gard. Luy. And seriously, and handsomely.

De Gurd. I warrant y-Lug. A little counsel more. With Dr Gord. 'T is well Must statel!

Luy. See that observ'd; and then -De Gard. I have

I have ye every way. Lug. Away, then, and be ready. De Gard. With all speed, sir Kr

Enter Lillia Bianca, Robalura, and Odiani

Lug. We'll learn to travel too, may be, to vond him. -

Good day, fair beauties! You have beautified agallantly

With your grave precepts.

We expected husbands of the bands of the ba Out of your documents I and taught behaviour Excellent husbands; thought men would ra stark mad on us,

Men of all ages and all states; we expected An inundation of desires and offers.

A torrent of trim suitors; all we did.

Or said, or purpos'd, to be spells about us.
Spells to provoke.

Lid. Ye have provok'd as finely.
We follow'd your directions, we did rarely. We were stately, coy, demure, careless, list

And play'd at all points: this, you come

would carry.

Ros. We made love, and contemn'd love now seem'd holy.

With such a reverent put-on reservation Which could not miss, according to your prociples;

Now gave more hope again; now close, 1 and public,

Still up and down we heat it like a billow, And ever those behaviours you rend to us.
Subtle and new but all this will not help at
Lil. They help to hinder us of all nequests

They have frighted off all friends. What and

1 Instructions. 7 Private

Inster

For all my learning, if I love a dunce, as

A handsome dunce? To what use serves my reading?

You should have taught me what belongs to

horses, dice, hawks, banquets, masques, free Dogs, dice,

To have studied gowns and dressings.

Ye are not mad, sure! Ros. We shall be, if we follow your encouragements.

agements.
I'll take mine own way now.
And I my fortune: We may live maids else till the moon drop millstones.

l eee, your modest women are taken for mon-

A dowry of good breeding is worth nothing. Lug. Since ye take it so to th' heart, pray ye,

give me leave yet.

And ye shall see how I'll convert this heretic. Mark how this Mirabel -

Name him no more; Lil. For, though I long for a husband, I hate him, and would be married sooner to a monkey,

Or to a Jack of Straw, than such a juggler. Ros. I am of that mind too. He is too nimble, And plays at fast and loose too learnedly,

For a plain-meaning woman; that's the truth

Here's one too, that we love well, would be angry . [Pointing to OBIANA.] And reason why. - No, no, we will not trouble

or him at this time: may be make you happy ! We'll turn ourselves loose now to our fair for-

tunes:

And the downright way —

Let, The winning way we'll follow; We'll hait that men may bite fair, and not be

Yet we'll not be carried so cheap neither; we'll

have some sport,

come mad-morris or other for our money, tutor, Tis like enough: prosper your own deviews!

Ye are old enough to choose. But, for this gentlewoman,

to please her give me leave -

I shall be glad, sir, To find a friend whose pity may direct me. ... Lug. I'll do my bost, and faithfully deal for 800

But then ye must be rul'd.

In all, I vow to ye. Rus. In. do. ... Ih, do: he has a lucky hand sometimes.

And hunts the recovery of a lost lover deadly. Lug.

You must away straight. Ori.

Lug. And I'll instruct yo: " Here ye can know no more. Ori. By your leave, sweet ladies;
And all our fortunes arrive at our own wishes!

Lil. Amen, amen! Lun. I must borrow your man. Pray, take him; He is within. To do her good, take any thing. Take us and all.

1.119. No doubt, ye may find takers; as And so, we'll leave ye to your own disposes.

Ercant, Lt Gien and Ohiana].

Ltl. Now, which way, wench?

Ros. We'll go a house way, fear not;

A sale and sure way too; and yet a by-way.

I must confess I have a great mind to be murmed.

Lil. So have I too a grudging 1 of good-will And would us fain be despatch'd. But thus

Monsieur Quicksilver Ros. No, no; we'll bar him, bye and main."

Let him trample;

There is no safety in his surquedry.³
An army-royal of women are too few for him;
He keeps a journal of his gentleness,
And will go near to print his fair despatches.
And call it his "Triumph over time and women."

Let him pass out of memory! What think you Of his two companions?

l'inae, methinks, is reasonable A little modesty he has brought home with him.

And might be taught, in time, some handsome duty.

Ros. They say, he is a wencher too.

I like him better. A free light touch or two becomes a gentleman. And sets him seemly off ; so he exceed not, But keep his compass t clear, he may be look!

I would not marry a man that must be taught, And conjur'd up with kisses; the best game. Is play'd still by the best gamesters.

Fie upon thee!

What talk hast thou!

Are not we alone, and merry? Why should we he ashamed to speak what we think? Thy gentleman, The tall fat fellow, he that came to see thee -

Ras. Is t not a goodly man? A wondrous goodly !

H'as weight enough, I warrant thee. Merry mpiett me,

What a serpent wilt thou seem under such a St. George!

Ros. Thou art a fool! Give me a man brings mettle,

Brings substance with him, needs no broths to lare" him. These little fellows show like fleas in boves.

Hop up and down, and keep a stir to vex us. Give me the puissant pike; take you the small

allot.

Let. Of a great thing, I have not seen a duller; Therefore, methinks, sweet sister

Peace, he 's modest; Ros. A hashfulness; which is a point of grace.

wench:

1 Secret Inclination.
2 Environy a phrase from the game of hazard

4 Limita. · Perhaps land, fatten. & Arrogance.

But, when these fellows come to moulding, SISTAT

To heat, and handling - As I live, I like him ;

Enter MIRABEL

And, methinks, I could form him.

Peace; the fire-drake. 185 Mir. Bless ye, sweet beauties, sweet incomparable ladies,

Sweet wits, sweet humours! Bless you, learned

lady !

And you, most holy nun, bless your devotions! Lil. And bless your brains, sir, your most pregnant brains, sir!

They are in travail; may they be delivered of a most hopeful wild-goose!

Ros. Bless your manhood! They say ye are a gentleman of action, A fair accomplish'd man, and a rare engineer.

You have a trick to blow up maidenheads, You have a trick to one. A subtle trick, they say abroad.

I have, lady. 165

Mir. Ros. And often glory in their ruins. Yes, forsooth;

I have a speedy trick, please you to try it;
My engine will despatch you instantly.
Ros. I would I were a woman, sir, fit for

you!

As there be such, no doubt, may engine you too:

May, with a counter-mine, blow up your valour : But, in good faith, sir, we are both too honest; And, the plague is, we cannot be persuaded;

For, look you, if we thought it were a glory To be the last of all your lovely ladies

Mir. Come, come, leave prating: this has spoil'd your market!
This pride and puft-up heart will make ye fast, ladies,

Fast when ye are hungry too.

Ros. The more our pain, sir. Ros.
Lil. The more our health, I hope too.
Your behaviours

Have made men stand amaz'd; those men that lov'd ye,

Men of fair states 1 and parts. Your strange conversions 2

Into I know not what, nor how, nor wherefore; Your soorns of those that came to visit ye; Your studied whim-whams and your fine set

faces -

What have these got ye? Proud and harsh opinions.

travell'd monsiour was the strangest creature,

The wildest monster to be wond'red at; His person made a public scoff, his knowledge (As if he had been bred 'monget bears or bandogs) 8

Shunn'd and avoided; his conversation anuff'd nt : 6 __

What harvest brings all this?

Ros. I pray you, proceed, sir. Mer. Now ye shall see in what esteem a traveller,

t Estatos 1 Fl. couventions.

Hoga kept chained on account of their florceness

4 Treated contemptuously.

An understanding gentleman, and a musicur. Is to be held; and, to your griefs, coulses it. Both to your griefs and galls.

Lil. In what, I pray ye, er? leuce.

Mir. Go on, sweet ladies; it becomes to rarely !

For me, I have blest me from ye; scoff on ser-

And note the man ye mock'd. You, Lad-Learning,

Note the pour traveller that came to visit you That unfurnish'd fellow; note tlat That the throughly;
You may chance to see him anon.
'T is very likely

Lil.
Mir. And see him courted by a travell'd lide Held dear and honour'd by a virtuous vurn. May be, a beauty not far short of yours neither It may be, clearer.

Not unlikely. Younger Lal. May be, a state, too, that may top your forms Inquire how she thinks of him, how she books

him; His good parts, in what precious price alreads Being a stranger to him, how she courts him. A stranger to his nation too, how she dotes

him Inquire of this; be sick to know: curse, Lide, And keep your chamber; cry, and curse.

sweet one. A thousand in yearly land, well bred, wel

friended.
Travell'd, and highly followed for her fashions.
Lil. Bless his good fortune, sir!
Mir.
This scurvy fellow. I think they call his name Pinne, this server

That brought ye venison, as I take it, madae.

Note but this scab: 't is strange that this coarcreature, That has no more set-off but his jugglings,

His travell'd tricks -

Good sir, I grieve not at him Lil. Nor envy not his fortune; yet I wonder He's handsome; yet I see no such perfection Mir. Would I had his fortune! For 'tu

woman

Of that sweet-temper'd nature, and that july ment, Besides her state, that care, clear understand

ing, And such a wife to bless him -

Ros. Pray you, whence is she' Mir. Of England, and a most accompany Indy :

So modest that men's eyes are frighted at he And such a noble carriage -

Enter a Boy.

How now, wereb Boy. Sir, the great English lady - What of her, w

Burpass.

Boy. Has newly left her coach, and coming

this way.
Where you may see her plain: Monsieur Pinac
The only man that leads her.

Enter PINAC, MARIANA, and Attendants.

Mir He is much bonoured : 215 Would I had such a favour! [Exit Boy.] Now vex, ladies,

Envy, and vex, and rail! Mos.
Mrr. Bless your fair fortune, sir!
I nob You are short of us, sir.

I nobly thank ye. Mir. Is she married, friend?

No, no. Pin.

Mar. A goodly lady;
A sweet and delicate aspect ! - Mark, mark, and wonder! -Hust thou any hope of her?

Pin. A little.

Mir. Follow close, then;

Lose not that hope.

Pin. To you, sir.

[MARIANA courtesies to MIRABEL.] Gentle lady! Ros. She is fair, indeed.

I have seen a fairer ; yet Lil. She is well.

Ros. Her clothes sit handsome too. She dresses prettily.

And, by my faith, she is rich; she looks Ros.

still sweeter.

A well-bred woman, I warrant her.

Do you hear, sir?

May I crave this gentlewoman's name?

Pro.

Mariana, lady. Lil. I will not say I owe ye a quarrel, mon-

sieur, For making me your stale: 1 a noble gentleman Would have had more courtesy, at least more

fuith. Than to turn off his mistress at first trial.

You know not what respect I might have show'd ye;

I find ye have worth.

I cannot stay to answer ye; To see my charge. I am beholding to ye

For all your merry tricks yo put upon me. ms Your bobe, and base accounts. I came to love

To woo ye, and to debted to ye and to serve ye; I am much in-For dancing me off my legs, and then for walk-

ing me : For telling me strange tales I never heard of.

fore to abuse me; for mistaking me, When you both knew I was a gentleman,

And one deserv'd as rich a match as you are. Lil. Be not so bitter, sir.

You see this lady: She is young enough and fair enough to please

A woman of a loving mind, a quiet,
And one that weighs the worth of him that loves her:

Blatking-horse. 1 Bitter jests.

am content with this, and bless my fortune. Your curious wits, and beauties

Faith, see me once more.

Pin. I dare not trouble ye.
Lil.
May I speak to your lady?
Pin. I pray ye, content yourself. I know ye are bitter.

And, in your bitterness, ye may abuse her; Which if she comes to know (for she understands ye not),

It may breed such a quarrel to your kindred. And such an indiscretion fling on you too

(For she is nobly friended) -Lil. (Aside.) I could eat her, as Pin. Rest as ye are, a modest noble gentle-

woman, And afford your honest neighbours some of

your prayers. Excunt [PINAC, MARIANA, and

Attendants]. Mir. What think you now?

Faith, she 's a pretty whiting;

She has got a pretty catch too. Mir. You are angry.

Monstrous angry now, grievously angry;
And the pretty heart does swell now.

Lil.

Mir. And it will cry nnon, "A pox upon it?"
And it will curse itself, and ent no meat, lady;
And it will sigh.

Indeed, you are mistaken;

It will be very merry.

Ros.

Why, sir, do you think **
There are no more men living, nor no handsomer,

Than he or you? By this light, there be ten thousand.
Ten thousand thousand! Comfort yourself.

dear monsieur; Faces, and bodies, wits, and all abiliments 6 —

There are so many we regard 'em not.

Enter BELLEUR and two Gentlemen.

Mir. That such a noble lady - I could burst now ! -

So far above such trifles-Bel.
And I know why ye laughed.

I pray ye, be satisfied. You did laugh at me ;

If we did laugh, we had some private reason, And not at you.

2 Gent.

Alas, we know you now.

Bel. 1'll make you know me. Set your faces

Stand this way, and look sad; I'll be no Maygame:

Sadder, demurer yet. What is the matter?

What ails this gentleman?

Bel. Go off now backward, that I may behold ye;

And not a simper, on your lives! [Errunt Gentlemen, walking backwards.

Lil. He's mad, ance.

1 Fair one. • Old edd. fight. • Accomplishments.

Do you observe me too? I may look on ye. Bel. Why do you grin? I know your mind. Mir. You are strangely humorous. Is there no mirth

nor pleasure

But you must be the object?

Bel. Mark, and observe me. Wherever I am nam'd,

The very word shall raise a general sadness, For the disgrace this scurvy woman did me, This proud pert thing. Take heed ye laugh This proud pert thing, not at me,

not at me,
Provoke me not; take heed.
I would fain please ye; 200 Do any thing to keep ye quiet.

Hear me. B.l.
Till I receive a satisfaction

Equal to the disgrace and scorn ye gave me, Ye are a wretched woman; till thou woo'st me, And I scorn thee as much, as seriously Jeer and abuse thee; ask what gill 1 thou art, Or any baser name; I will proclaim thee,

I will so sing thy virtue, so be-paint thee - Ros. Nay, good sir, be more modest. Do you laugh again? -Because ye are a woman, ye are lawless,

And out of compass of an honest anger. Ros. Good sir, have a better belief of me.

Away, dear sister! Exit [with ROSALURA]. Mir. Is not this better now, this seeming madness.

Than falling out with your friends?

Bel. Have I not frighted her? Bel. Have I at regard thee. Mir. Into her right Follow this humour,

And thou shalt see how prosperously 't will

guide thee.

Bel. I am glad I have found a way to woo

yet; I was afraid once I never should have made a civil suitor. Well, I'll about it still. Exit.

Mir. Do, do, and prosper What sport do I make with these fools! What pleasure

Feeds me, and fats my sides at their poor innocence!

Enter LUGIER, [disguised.]

Wooing and wiving - hang it! Give me mirth, Witty and dainty mirth! I shall grow in love, Bure.

With mine own happy head.
Who's this?—To me, sir?— [Aside.] What youth is this? Lug. Yes, sir, I would speak with you, no

If your name be Monsieur Mirabel, You have hit it:

Your business, I beseech you? This it is, sir ;

There is a gentlewoman bath long time affected YOU.

And lov'd you dearly. Mir. Turn over, and end that story;

1 Wanton wench.

'T is long enough: I have no faith in women

Lug. It seems so, sir. I do not come to voo for her,

Or sing her praises, though she well deserve em :

I come to tell ye, ye have been cruel to her.
Unkind and cruel, falser of faith, and careless.
Taking more pleasure in abusing her.
Wresting her honour to your wild disposes. Than noble in requiting her affection Which, as you are a man, I must desire ye

(A gentleman of rank) not to persist in, No more to load her fair name with your in

juries. Why, I beseech you, sir? Mir. Lug.
And I'll be short; I'll tell ye because I have

Because I would have you shun the shame may

follow. There is a nobleman, new come to town, wir. A noble and a great man, that affects her, (A countryman of mine, a brave Savoyan, Nephew to th' duke) and so much honours her That 't will be dangerous to pursue your all

To touch at any thing concerns her honour, Believe, most dangerous. Her name is Orian. And this great man will marry her. Take loss

For howsoe'er her brother, a staid gentleman. Lets things pass upon better hopes, this lard, se, Is of that fiery and that poignant metal, Especially provok'd on by affection.

That 't will be hard - but you are wise.

Mir. A lord, sir? Yes, and a noble lord. Mir. Send her good forture

This will not stir her lord. A baroness! Say ye so? Say ye so? By 'r lady, a brave title Top and top-gallant now! Save her great lade ship!

I was a poor servant of hers. I must confess or And in those days I thought I might be joxy.¹ And make a little hold to call in to her: But, basta; 2 now I know my rules and die

tance; Yet, if she want an usher, such an implement, One that is throughly pac'd, a clean post gentleman,

Can hold a hanging up with approlution, Plant his hat formally, and want with patieore. I do beseech you, sir

Lug. Sir, leave your coffee. And, as ye are a gentleman, deal fairly. I have given ye a triend's counsel ; so, I'll leav-

Mir. But, hark ye, hark ye, sir; is 't positie I may believe what you say? Lug.

Mir. No baits, no fish-hooks, sir ? No

No pitfals to catch puppies?

I tell ye certain

Jovial.

I Ital. " emergh."

You may believe; if not, stand to the danger!

Mir. A lord of Savoy, says he? The duke's nephew?

man so mighty? By lady, a fair marriage! By my faith, a handsome fortune! I must leave prating:

For, to confess the truth, I have abus'd her, so For which I should be sorry, but that will

seem scurvy.
I must confess she was, ever since I knew her.
As modest as she was fair; I am sure she lov'd

Her means good, and her breeding excellent; And for my sake she has refus'd fair matches. I may play the fool finely. - Stay: who are these?

Re-enter DR GARD with ORIANA, [both of them disguised, and in rich dresses;] and Attend-

[Aside.] 'T is she, I am sure ; and that the lord, it should seem.

He carries a fair port, is a handsome man too. I do begin to feel I am a concomb.

Ori. Good my lord, choose a nobler; for I know

I am so far below your rank and honour, That what ye can say this way I must credit But spoken to beget yourself sport. Alas, sir, I am so far off from deserving you, My beauty so unfit for your affection, That I am grown the scorn of common railers, Of such injurious things that, when they cannot

Reach at my person, lie with my reputation I I am poor, besides.

De Gard. Ye are all wealth and goodness; nd none but such as are the seum of mon, 200 The ulcers of an honest state, spite-weavers,

That live on poison only, like swoln spiders, Dare once profane such excellence, such sweet-

Mir. This man speaks loud indeed.

De Gard. Name but the men, lady; Let me but know these poor and base deprayers, Lav but to my revenge their persons open.

And you shall see how auddenly, how fully,
For your most beauteous sake, how direfully,
I'll handle their despites. Is this thing one? Be what he will -

Mir. Sir? De Gurd. Dare your malicious tongue, sir -Mir. I know you not, nor what ye mean. Good my lord -

De Gard. If he, or any he —
Ori. I beserch your honour — This gentleman's astronger to my knowledge;

And, no doubt, sir, a worthy man.

He Gard. Your mercy ! -- ***

But, had he been a tainter of your honour, A bluster of those beauties reign within ye — But we shall find a fitter time. Dear lady, As soon as I have freed ye from your guardian, And done some honour'd offices unto ye, I ll take w with those faults the world flings un ye.

And dearer than the whole world I'll esteem yo! Exit with Oniana and Attendants].
This is a thund ring lord: I am glad I

scap'd him.

How lovingly the weach disclaim'd my villany! I am vex'd now heartily that he shall have

her;
Not that I care to marry, or to loss her,
But that this bilbo-lord 2 shall reap that maid-

enhead That was my due; that he shall rig and top her:

I'd give a thousand crowns now, he might miss her.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Nay, if I bear your blows, and keep your counsel,

You have good luck, sir: I teach ye to strike lighter.

Mir. Come hither, honest fellow: canst thou tell me

Where this great lord lies, this Savoy lord?
Thou mett'st him:

Thou mett as and.
He now went by thee, certain.
Yes, he did, sir;

I know him, and I know you are fool'd. Come hither: 426

Mir. Here's all this, give me truth. Here's all this, give me truth. Gives money. Not for your money, (And yet that may do much) but I have been

beaten,
And by the worshipful contrivers beaten, and
I'll tell ye:

This is no lord, no Savoy lord.

Go forward. Mir. Serv. This is a trick, and put upon you

By one Lugier. The lord is Monsieur De Gard.

In honest gentleman, and a neighbour here;

An onest generalized than I, sure.

Mr. Now I know him; know him now plain,

Serv. I have discharg'd my colours, 5 so God b'v ye, sir ! Exit.
Mir. What a purblind puppy was 1. Now I

remember him; All the whole cast on's face, though it were umber'd.4

And mask'd with patches. What a dunder-whelp,

To let him domineer thus! How he strutted, And what a load of lord he clapt upon him! so Would I had him here again! I would so bounce him, I would so thank his lordship for his lewd

plot!

Do they think to carry it away, with a great

band made of bird-pots.

And a pair of pin-buttock'd breeches? — Ha!

't is he again; He comes, he comes, he comes! have at him!

* Swaggering lord.

I Several editors read choler. s Stupld dog. . Vile. Browned.

1 Apparently some extravagunos of dress.

Re-enter DE GARD, OHIANA, [both disguised as before and Attendants.]

[MIRABEL sings.]

My Savoy lord, why dost thou frown on me? And will that favour never sweeter be? Witt thou, I say, for ever play the fool? De Gard, be wise, and, Savoy, go to school! My lord De Gard, I thank you for your antic; My lady bright, that will be sometimes frantic; You worthy train, that wait upon this pair, Send you more wit, and them a bouncing bair ? a

And so I take my humble leave of your honours !

Exit. De Gard. We are discover'd; there's no

remedy.
Lillia Bianca's man, upon my life,
In stubbornness, because Lugier corrected him -

A shameless slave! Plague on him for a rascal! Ort. I was in a perfect hope. The bane on't is now,

He will make mirth on mirth, to persecute us.

De Gard. We must be patient; I am vex'd

to the proof too.

I'll try once more; then, if I fail, here's one speaks, [Puts his hand on his sword.] Ori. Let me be lost and scorn'd first!

De Gard.

Well, we'll consider.

Away, and let me shift; I shall be hooted else.

Exeunt.

ACT IV

SCENE I.3

Enter LUGIER, LILLIA BIANCA, and Servant [carrying a willow yarland].

Lug. Faint not, but do as I direct ye: trust me:

Believe me too; for what I have told ye, lady, As true as you are Lillia, is authentic; I know it, I have found it: 't is a poor courage Flies off for one repulse. These travellers

Shall find, before we have done, a home-spun wit

A plain French understanding, may cope with em. They have had the better yet, thank your sweet

squire here!

And let 'em brag. You would be reveng'd?

Lil. Yes, surely. Lug. And married too?

I think so. Lil. Then be counsell'd; 10

You know how to proceed. I have other irons Heating as well as yours, and I will strike Three blows with one stone home. Be rul'd, and

happy; And so, I leave ye. Now is the time. Lil.

I am ready. If he do come to dor me. (Erit Estate).
Will ye stand here, 18

Pf. they.
 A street before the lodging of Pinac.
 Meck. So Sympson. Ff. do.

And let the people think ye are God knows what, mistress?

Let boys and prentices presume upon ye?

Lil.

Serv. Stand at his door that hates ye?

Lil.

Prithee, leave prating
berc. Pray ye, go to the tavern: I'll give ye
a pint of wine there.

If any of the mad-cap gentlemen should come by.

That take up women upon special warrant, You were in a wise case now.

Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, MARIANA, Priest, and Attendants.

Give me the garland. And wait you here.

[Takes the garland from Servant who retires.]

Mir. She is here to seek thee, cirral. I told thee what would follow; she is man be thee.

Show, Amilady? advance. - So early exirring. and

It shows a busy mind, a fancy troubled.

A willow garland too? Is 't possible?

'T is pity so much beauty should lie musty;
But 't is not to be help'd now.

Lil.

The more 's my misery.—

Good fortune to ye, lady! you deserve it; To me, too-late repentance! I have sought it.

I do not envy, though I grieve a little, You are mistress of that happiness, those jorn That might have been, had I been wise — has fortune -

Pin. She understands ye not; pray ye, do not trouble her :

And do not cross me like a hare thus: 't is as ominous.

Lil. I come not to upbraid your levity (Though ye made show of love, and though! lik'd ye),

To claim an interest (we are yet both atranger But what we might have been, had you per-sever'd, sir!)

To be an eye-sore to your loving lady:
This garland shows I give myself forsaken
(Yet, she must pardon me, 't is most unvillingly);

And all the power and interest I had in re As, I persuade myself, somewhat re lavi me)

Thus patiently I render up, I offer To her that must enjoy ye, and so bless ye; Only, I heartily desire this courtesy. And would not be deni'd, to wait upon ye

This day, to see ye tied, then no more troub!

Pin. It needs not, lady.
Lil. Gual sir, grant me so much Lil. Gual sir, grant me so much Pin. 'Tis private, and we make no invita-

Lil. My presence, sir, shall not proclaim it

Pin. May be, 't is not in town. I have a couch, un And a most ready will to do you service.

Mir. [Aside to PINAC.] Strike now or never :

make it sure: I tell thee,
She will hang herself, if she have thee not.
Pin. Pray ye, sir,
Entertain my noble mistress: only a word or

With this importunate woman, and I'll relieve

Now ye see what your flings are, and your fancies,

Your states, and your wild stubbornness; now ye find What 't is to gird 1 and kick at men's fair ser-

To raise your pride to such a pitch and glory That goodness shows like gnats, scorn'd under

T is ugly, naught; a self-will in a woman, hain'd to an overweening thought, is pestilent, Murders fair fortune first, then fair opinion.2 There stands a pattern, a true patient pattern, Humble and sweet.

I can but grieve my ignorance. " Lil. Repentance, some say too, is the best sacrifice; For, sure, ar, if my chance had been so happy

(As I confess I was tuine own destroyer)
As to have arriv'd at you, I will not prophesy.
But certain, as I think, I should have pleas'd

Have made ye as much wonder at my courtesy, My love, and duty, as I have dishearten'd ye. Some hours we have of youth, and some of

folly; And being free-born maids, we take a liberty, And, to maintain that, sometimes we strain

highly. Lil. But, being yok'd and govern'd,
Married, and those light vanities purg'd from

How fair we grow, how gentle, and how tender! We twine about those loves that shoot up with

A sullen woman fear, that talks not to ye; She has a sad and darken'd soul, loves dully. A merry and a free wench, give her liberty, Believe her, in the lightest form she appears to

Believe her excellent, though she despise ye; Let but these fits and flashes pass, she will

As jewels rubb'd from dust, or gold new burnish'd:

Such had I been, had you believ'd.

Is 't possible? Lil. And to your happiness, I dare assure ye, If true love be accounted so: your pleasure, Your will, and your command, had tied my motions:

But that hope 's gone. I know you are young and giddy,

And, till you have a wife can govern with ye, You sail upon this world's sen light and empty, Your bark in danger daily. 'Tis not the name neither

Beoff.

Beputation.

Of wife can steer you, but the noble nature, 100 The diligence, the care, the love, the patience: She makes the pilot, and preserves the husband.

That knows and reckons every rib he is built

But this I tell ye, to my shame. Pin. I admire ye; And now am sorry that I aim beyond ye. Mir. [Aside.] So, so, so: fair and softly! She is thme own, boy; She comes now without lure.

But that it must needs Fin. Be reckon'd to me as a wantonness

Or worse, a madness, to forsake a blessing, A blessing of that hope

Lil. I dare not urge yo; 116

And yet, dear sir — 'T is most certain, I had rather, Pis. 'T is most certain, a most rest.

If 't were in mine own choice — for you are my

A neighbour here, born by me; she a stranger.

And who knows how her friends —

Lil. Do as you please, sir;

If ye be fust, not all the world — I love ye. us It is most true, and clear I would persuade ve : And I shall love ye still.

Pin. Go, get before me -So much ye have won upon me — do it pre-sently. Here 's a priest ready — 1 'll have you.

Lil. Not now, sir; No, you shall pardon me. Advance your lady; I dare not hinder your most high preferment 'T is honour enough for me I have unmask'd

Pin. How's that? Lil. I have caught ye, sir. Alas, I am no mateswillian,

Nor no great traveller, yet I have found ve ; ... have found your buly too, your beauteous lady;

I have found her birth and breeding too, her discipline,

Who brought her over, and who kept your lady,

And, when he laid her by, what virtuous nun-

nery Receiv'd her in: I have found all these. Are ye blank now?

Methinks, such travell'd wisdoms should not fool thus, -

Such excellent indiscretions!

How could she know this? Mir. How comm saw Rand most Lil. 'T is true she 's Englash-born; but most part French now.

And so I hope you 'll find her to your comfort. Alsa, I am ignorant of what she coat ye! Im. The price of these hired clothes I do not know, gentlemen!

Those jewels are the broker's, how ye stand bound for 'em!

Pin. Will you make this good?

Lit. Yes, yes; and to her face, sir,

That she is an English whore, a kind of flingdust. One of your London light-o'-loves, a right one;

Came over in thin pumps and half a petticoat, One faith, and one smock, with a broken haberdusher -

know all this without a conjurer.

Her name is Jumping Joan, an ancient sinweaver;

was first a lady's chambermaid, there slipp'd,

And broke her leg above the knee; departed, And set up shop herself; stood the fierce confliets

Of many a furious term; 1 there lost her col-

ours.

And last shipp'd over hither.

We are betray'd! Do you come to fright me with this mystery? Lil.

To stir me with a stink none can endure, sir?
I pray ye, proceed; the wedding will become ye:
Who gives the lady? You? An excellent
father!

A careful man, and one that knows a beauty! Send ye fair shipping, sir! and so, I'll leave ye.

Be wise and manly; then I may chance to love ye !

Exit | with Servant]. Mir. As I live, I am asham'd this wench has

reach'd me, Monstrous ashani'd; but there's no ramedy.

This skew'd-ey'd carrien —
This I suspected ever.

Come, come, uncase; we have no more use of ye

Your clothes must back again. Sir, you shall pardon me; Mari. "T is not our English use to be degraded.

If you will visit me, and take your venture,
You shall have pleasure for your properties,
And so, sweetheart — [Exit.] 188 And so, sweetheart _____ [Exit.] w.

Mir. Let her go, and the devil go with her! We have never better luck with these prelu-

diums. Come, be not dannted; think she is but a

woman, And, let her have the devil's wit, we'll reach Exeunt. her!

SCENE II.9

Enter ROSALURA and LUGIER.

Ros. You have now redeam'd my good opinion, tutor,

And ye stand fair again.

I can but labour,

Relle And sweat in your affairs. I am sure Belleur Will be here instantly, and use his anger, His wonted harshness.

Ros. I hope he will not beat me. s Lug. No, sure, he has more manuers. Be you ready.

Ros. 1 Yes, yes, I am; and am resolv'd to fit

With patience to outdo all he can offer. But how does Oriana?

In term-time London was full of strangers from the

oountry (livee)
A public walk.

Worse and worse stal. Lug. Worse and worse There is a sad house for her; she is now. Poor lady, utterly distracted.

Ros. Infinite pity! 't is a haudsome lady : That Mirabel's a beast, worse than a mouster. If this affliction work not.

Enter LILLIA BIANCA.

Lil. Are you ready!
Bellear is coming on here, hard behind me I have no leisure to relate my fortune ; Only I wish you may come off as handsomely
Upon the sign, you know what.

Ros.

Ereunt [LILLIA BIANCA and LUGIES]

Enter BELLEUR.

Bel. How now Ros. Ye are welcome, sir.

Bd. "T is well ye have manner.

That court'sy again, and hold your countenance.

That look's too light; take heed; so, sit to down now;

And, to confirm me that your gall is gone. Your bitterness dispers'd (for so I'll have it). Look on me stedfastly, and, whatsoo'er I say

to ye, Move not, nor alter in your face; ye are guo. then;

For, if you do express the least distante, Or show an angry wrinkle, (mark me, woman! We are now alone,) I will so conjure thee, The third part of my execution

Cannot be spoke. I am at your dispose, air. Bel. Now rise, and woo me a little; let me hear that faculty:

But touch me not; nor do not lie, I charge

Begin now. If so mean and poor a beauty May over hope the grace -

Like a lewd thing, ye lie: "May hope that

Why, what grace caust thou hope for? Answer not :

For, if thou dost, and liest again, I'll gwige

thee.
Do not I know thee for a pestilent woman?
A proud at both ends? Be not angry, Nor stir not, o' your life.

I am counsell'd, sir . Bel. Art thou not now (confess, for I'll luste the truth out)

As much unworthy of a man of merit. Or any of ye all, nay, of mere man. Though he were crooked, cold, all wants upon

him, Nay, of any dishonest thing that bears that figure,

As devils are of mercy? We are unworthy. Ros.

Cajola.

Bel. Stick to that truth, and it may chance to save thee.

And is it not our bounty that we take ye? That we are troubled, vex'd, or tortur'd with ye, Our mere and special bounty?

Bel. Our pity, so That for your wickedness we swinge ye soundly; Your stubbornness and stout hearts, we belsbour ye? Answer to that!

I do confess your pity.

Bel. And dost not thou deserve in thine own person.

Thou impudent, thou pert - Do not change countenance.

Ros. I dare not, sir.

Bel. For, if you do-I am settled. Ros.

Bel. Thou wagtail, peacock, puppy, look on

l am a gentleman.
It seems no less, sir, Bel. And dar'st thou in thy surquedry !-

It was my weakness, sir, I did not view ye, -I took not notice of your noble parts, Nor call d your person nor your fashion proper.2

This is some amends yet.

I shall mend, sir, daily, Bel.

Ros. And study to deserve.

Come a little nearer:

Bel.
Canst thou repent thy villany?
Most seriously.

Hel. And be asham'd?

I am asham'd. Cry. Hel.

ltos. It will be hard to do, sir.
Rel. (ry now instantly; Cry monstrougly, that all the town may hear

thee; Cry seriously, as if then hadat lost thy monkey; And, as I like thy tears—

Enter LILLIA BIANCA, and four Women, laughing.

[To those within.] Ros. Now! Bel. How! how! Do ye jeer me? Have ye broke your bounds again, dame?

Yes, and laugh at ye, Ros.

And laugh most heartily. Bel. What are these? whirlwinds?
Is hell broke loose, and all the Furies flutter'd?
Asn I greased a once again?

Yes, indeed are ye;

And once again ye shall be, if ye quarrel?
Do you come to vent your fury on a virgin?
Is this your manhood, sir?
1 Wom.
Let him do his be

Let him do his best; et's see the atmost of his indignation;

I long to see him angry.—Come, proceed, sir.—

[The women display knives.]

Hang him, he darsa not stir; a man of timber?

2 llom. Come hither to fright maids with thy bull-faces!

1 Arrogance. 1 Handsome. | Gulled. To threaten gentlewomen! Thou a man! A Maypole,

Come, come, do your worst, air;

Maypole,
A great dry pudding.
[3] Wom. Come, come, do your worst, air;
Be angry, if thou dar'st.
The Lord deliver me! 4 Wom. Do but look scurvily upon this lady.

Or give us one foul word! - We are all mistaken;

This is some mighty dairy-maid in man's clothes

Lil. I am of that mind too.

Bel. [Aside.] What will they do to me?

Lil. And hired to come and abuse us.—A man has manners;

A gentleman, civility and breeding: Some tinker's trull, with a beard glu'd on.
1 Wom. Let's search him,

And, as we find him -

Bel. Let me but depart from ye, Sweet Christian women!

Lil. Hear the thing speak, neighbours.
Bel. 'T is but a small request: if e'er I trouble ye.

If e'er I talk again of beating women, Or beating any thing that can but turn to me; Of ever thinking of a handsome lady

Or ever thinking of a manusome lady But virtuously and well; of ever speaking But to her honour, — this I'll promise ye, I will take rhubarb, and purge cholor amainly,

Abundantly I 'll purge
I 'll send ye broths, sir. 18 Bel. I will be laugh'd at, and endure it patiently;

I will do any thing.

I'll be your bail, then.

When ye come next to woo, pray ye come not boisterously,

And furnish'd like a bear-ward.

Bel. No, in truth, forsooth. 100 Ros. I scented ye long since.

Bel. I was to blame, sure: I will appear a gentleman. 'T is the best for ye,

For a true noble gentleman 's a brave thing. Upon that hope, we quit ye. You fear seri-

onaly? Bel. Yes, truly do I; I confess I fear ye, 110

And honour ye, and any thing. Farewell, then. Wom. And, when ye come to woo next,

bring more mercy.

Excunt [all except Belleth].

Enter two Gentlemen.

Bel. Adairy-maid! A tinker's trull! Heaven blow me!

Sure, if I had provok'd 'em, they had quarter'd me.

I am a most ridiculous ass, now I perceive it;

A coward, and a knave too, 1 Gent. Tis the mad gentleman; 100 Let 's set our faces right.

4 Bile, the supposed cause of anger 3 Thoroughly. · lieur-keeper. No, no : laugh at me,

And hugh aloud,
We are better manner'd, sir. We are better manner u. Bel. I do deserve it; call me patch 1 and puppy,

And beat me, if you please.

1 Gent.

No. indeed; we know ye. 120

Bel. 'Death, do as I would have ye! 2 Gent. Ye are an ass, then,

A coxcomb, and a calf!

I am a great calf. Kick me a little now. Why, when! (They kick him.) Sufficient.

Now laugh aloud, and scorn me. So good b' ye! And ever, when ye meet me, laugh. Gentlemen. We will, sir, 110

Gentlemen. Exeunt |on one side, the two Gentlemen; on the other, BELLEUR].

SCRNE IIL.

Enter Nantolet, La Castre, De Gard, Lu-gier, and Mirabel.

Mir. Your patience, gentlemen; why do ye bait me?
Nant. Is't not a shame you are so stubbern-

hearted,

so atony and so dull, to such a lady,

Of her perfections and her misery?

Lug. Does she not love ye? Does not her distraction

For your sake only, her most pitied lunacy Of all but you, show yo? Does it not compel ye? Mir. Soft and fair, gentlemen; pray ye, pro-

ceed temperately.

Lug. If ye have any feeling, any sense in ye,
The least touch of a noble heart—

La Cast. Let him alone:

It is his glory that he can kill beauty. -Ye bear my stamp, but not my tenderness; Your wild unsavoury courses let 3 that in ye! For shame, be sorry, though ye cannot cure her ;

Show something of a man, of a fair nature.

Mir. Ye make me mad!
De Gard. Let me pronounce this to ye:
You take a strange felicity in slighting

And wronging women, which my poor mater feels now;

Heaven's hand be gentle on her! Mark me, sir; That very hour she dies (there's small hope otherwise),

That minute, you and I must grapple for it; Either your life or mine.

Mir. Be not so hot, sir: I am not to be wrought on by these policies, In truth, I am not; nor do I fear the tricks, Or the high-sounding threats, of a Savoyan. I glory not in cruelty, (ve wrong me,)
Nor grow up water'd with the tears of women.
This let me tell ye, however I show to ye, Wild, as you please to call it, or self-will'd, When I see cause, I can both do and suffer, Freely and feelingly, as a true gentleman.

. Hinder. Ff. sef. 4 A hall to the house of I.a Castre.

Enter ROBALL'ILA and LILLIA BLANCA.

Ros. Oh, pity, pity! thousand, thousand

Lil. Alas, poor soul, she will die! She is Edt. Alin, paragrams grown senseless;
She will not know nor speak now.
Die for loss:

And love of such a youth! I would die for a dec

first: He that kills me, I'll give him leave to cat ma 'll know men better, ere I sigh for any of 'em Lil. You have done a worthy act, sir, a most

famous Ye have kill'd a maid the wrong way : ye an a conqueror.

Ros. A conqueror? A cobbler! Hang him. sowter!

Go hide thyself, for shame! Go lose thy memory Live not 'mongst men; thou art a beast, a me-

A blatant beast !

If ye have yet any honesty. . Or ever heard of any, take my counsel; Off with your garters, and seek out a bough, -A hundsome bough, for I would have ye hase

like a gentleman;

And write some doleful matter to the world, warning to hard-hearted men.

Mir. Out, kitlings! What caterwauling 's here! What gibbing Do you think my heart is soft'ned with a black santis?

Show me some reason.

Enter ORIANA on a bed.

Here then, here is a reason. Nant. Now, if ye be a man, let this might

Nant. Now, if ye be a man, let this aghi shake ye!

La Cad. Alas, poor gentlewoman!—Do ye know me, lady?

Lug. How she looks up, and stares!

Ori.

You are my godfather: and that a the move

sieur.

De Gard. And who am 1?

You are Amadis de Gaul, sir -Oh, oh, my heart! - Were you never in land sweet lady?

And do you never dream of flowers and purdens?

I dream of walking fires: take heed; if con-

Who's that? Pray, stand away. I have east that face, sure.

How light my head is !

Take some rest. Ros. Ori. Canal For I must be up to-morrow to go to church.
And I must dress me, put my new grants.
And be as fine to meet my love! Heighshe' And be as time to meet my love; I the Will you not tell me where my love has tare! Mir. He is not dead. - Aside. Bestere as heart, she stire me!

Cobbler.
 I. c. black-anctus, a burlesque hymn accompany
by discordant noises.

Ori. He is dead to me.

Is 't possible my nature Mir. [Aside.] Should be so damnable to let her suffer? -Give me your hand.

How soft ye feel, how gentle!

I'll tell you your fortune, friend. Mir. Ori. You have a flattering face, but 'tis a

I warrant you may have a hundred sweethearts.
Will ye pray for me? I shall die to-morrow; 18
And will ye ring the bells?

Mir. I am most unworthy, do confess, unhappy. Do you know me? Ori, I would I did!

Mir. (lh, fair tears, how ye take me! Ori. Do you weep too? You have not lost your lover?

You mock me: I'll go home and pray.

Mir. Pray ye, pardon me; of Or, if it please ye to consider justly,
Scorn me, for I deserve it; scorn and shame

Sweet Oriana!

Let her alone; she trembles: Her fits will grow more strong, if ye provoke here

La Cast. Certain she knows ye not, yet loves to see ye.

How she smiles now!

Enter BELLEUR.

Bel. Where are ye? Oh, why do not ye laugh? Come, laugh at me: Why a devil art thou and, and such a subject,

Such a ridiculous subject, as I am,

Before thy face?

Prithee, put off this lightness; ... This is no time for mirth, nor place; I have us'd too much on 't.

I have undone myself and a sweet lady By being too indulgent to my foolery, Which truly I repent. Look here.

What ails she? Mir. Alas, she 's mad !

Mad!
Yes, too sure; for me too. M
Dost thou wender at that? By this good light, they are all so;

They are coz'ning-mad, they are brawling-mad,

they are proud-mad;
They are all, all mad. I came from a world of

mad women,

Mad as March hares. Get 'em in chains, then
deal with 'em.

There's one that's mad; she seems well, but she is dog-mad.

In she dead, dost think?

Mir. Dead! Heaven forbid! Mir.

Bel. Heaven further it! For, till they be key-cold dead, there 's no trust-ing of 'em:

Whate'er they seem, or howsoe'er they carry

Till they be chap-fallen, and their tongues at poace, 1 Cast a spell on me.

Nail'd in their coffins sure, I'll ne'er believe

Shall I talk with her?
No, dear friend, be quiet, Mir.
And be at peace a while.
I'll walk aside,

And come again anon. But take heed to her:

You say she is a woman?

Yes. Take great heed; For, if she do not cozen thee, then hang me: 100 Let her be mad, or what she will, she ll cheat thee!

Mer. Away, wild fool ! - How vild this shows in him now!

Now take my faith, (before ye all I speak it.)

Now take my rapentant love.

And with it my repentant love.

This seems well.

La Cast.

This seems well.

Mir. Were but this lady clear again, whose BOTTOWS

My very heart melts for, were she but perfect, (For thus to marry her would be two miseries,) Before the richest and the noblest beauty,

France or the world could show me, I would take her.

As she is now, my tears and prayers shall wed her.

Dr Gard. This makes some small amends. She beckons to ye; Ros.

To 114, too, to go off.

Let's draw uside all.

Ereunt all except ORIANA and MI-RAHEL.]

Orl. Oh, my best friend! I would fain — Mir. [Aside.] What, she speaks well, And with another voice.

But I am fearful. And shame a little stops my tongue

Mir. Ori, Tell ye, I am well. I am perfect well

(pray ye, mock not); And that I did this to provoke your nature;

Out of my infinite and restless love, To win your pity. Pardon me!

Mir. Go forward:

Who set ye on?

Ori. None, na I live, no creature; we Not any knew or ever dream'd what I meant. Will ye be mine?

'Tis true, I pity ye;

But, when I marry yo, yo must be wiser. Nothing but tricks? devices? Will ye shame me?

Ori.
Mir. Yes, marry, will I. - Come near, come The woman's well; she was only mad for mar-

ringe. Stark mad to be ston'd to death : give her good

Will this world never mend? - Are ye caught, damsel?

Enter Belleur, Nantolet, La Castre, De Gard, Lugier, Rosalura, and Lillia Bi-ANCA.

Bel. How goes it now?

Mir. Thou art a kind of prophet; Mir.

The woman's well again, and would have gull'd

me;
Well, excellent well, and not a taint upon her.
Bel. Did not I tell ye? Let 'em be what can be,

Saints, devils, any thing, they will abuse us: Thou wert an ass to believe her so long, a coxcomb:

Give 'em a minute, they 'll abuse whole millions.

Mir. And am not I a rare physician, gentlemen,

That can cure desperate mad minds?

De Gard.

Be not insolent.

Mir. Well, go thy ways: from this hour I Mir. disclaim thee,

Unless thou hast a trick above this; then I'll love thee.

Ye owe me for your cure. - Pray, have a care of her,

or fear she fall into relapse. — Come, Belleur; Ve 'll set up bills to cure diseased virgins. Bel. Shall we be merry? Mir. Yes. Bel. — Yes. But I'll no more projects:

If we could make 'em mad, it were some mas-

Exeunt [MIRANEL and BELLEUR].

Be not ashamed. Ori. I shall never see a man more. De Gard. Come, ye are a fool; had ye but told me this trick,

He should not have gloried thus.

Lug. He shall not long, neither.

La Cast. Be rul'd, and be at pence. Ye have my consent.
And what power I can work with.

Nant. Come, leave blushing We are your friends: an honest way compell'd

ye: Heaven will not see so true a love unrecom-

pens'd

Come in, and slight him too.

Luq. The next shall hit him. Excunt.

ACT V

SCENE L.

Enter DE GARD and LUGIER.

De Gard. 'T will be discover'd. Lug. That's the worst can happen: If there be any way to reach, and work upon him.

Upon his nature suddenly, and catch him-That he loves,

Though he dissemble it, and would show con-And will at length relent, I'll lay my fortune;

Nay, more, my life.
De Gard. Is she won?

Lug. Yes, and ready, 4 And my designments set.

1 A street, before the house of La Castre.

De Gard. They are now for travel. All for that game again; they have forgot

wooning.
Lug. Let 'em; we'll travel with 'em.
Where 'a his father' Lug. Within; he knows my mind too, and allows 2 it.

Pities your sister's fortune most sincerely, And has appointed, for our more amistas

Some of his secret friends, Speed the plough! Well said! De Gard.

Lug.
And be you serious too. I shall be diligent.

De ford. I shall be diligent. Lug. Let's break the ice for one, the rest will

drink too (Balieve me, sir) of the same cup. My your

Wait but who sets the game a-foot. Though

they seem stubborn, Reserv'd, and proud now, yet I know then

hearts, Their pulses how they beat, and for what cause

And how they long to venture their abilities . In a true quarrel, Husbands they must and will

have,

Or nunneries and thin collations To cool their bloods. Let 's all about our ben

And, if this fail, let nature work Ye have arm'd me. Erent De Gard.

SCENE II.ª

Enter MIRABEL, NANTOLET, and LA CASTRE

La Cast. Will ye be wilful, then? Mir. Pray, sir, your parden,

For I must travel. Lie lazy here, Bound to a wife! Chain'd to her subleties. Her humours, and her wills, which are more

fetters! To have her to-day pleas'd, to-morrow peeval.
The third day mad, the fourth rebellions! You see before they are married, what more

coes.4 What masques and mummeries they put upos

To be tied here, and suffer their lavoltas!
Nant. 'T is your own seeking.
Mir.
Yes, to get my freedom.
Were they as I could wish 'em.
La ('ast.

Fools and meacuts'

To endure what you think fit to put upon 'co.

Come, change your mind.

Mir. Not before I have chang'd sie, father Mir. Not before I have chang'd air, father When I know women worthy of my company I will return again, and wait upon 'em; Till then, dear sir, I 'll amble all the worldwer.

And run all hazards, misery, and poverty,

Enter PINAC and BELLEUN.

So I escape the dangerous bay of matrimosy Pin. Are ye resolv'd?

2 Approves A public walk.
Morris-dances. 5 Livrly dences.
6 Dustards.

Yes, certain; I will out again. Pia. We are for ye, sir; we are your servants once more

Once more we'll seek our fortune in strange countries ;

Ours is too scornful for us.

Is there ne'er a land That you have read or heard of (for I care not how far it be,

Nor under what pestiferous star it lies), A happy kingdom, where there are no women,

Nor have been ever, nor no mention Of any such lewd things with lewder qualities, (For thither would I travel) where 't is felony To confess he had a mother; a mistress, trea-

La Cast. Are you for travel too?

B.l. For any thing, so For any thing, so For living in the moon, and stopping hedges, Lere I stay here to be abused and baff'd. Nam. Why did ye not break your minds to me? They are my daughters;

And, sure, I think I should have that command OVMT 'UM.

To see 'em well bestow'd. I know ye are gen-

tlemen, Men of fair parts and states; I know your parents :

And, had ye told me of your fair affections -Make but one trial more, and let me second ye.

Bel. No; I'll make hob-nails first, and mend old kettles.

Can ye lend me an armour of high proof, to appear in,

and two or three field-pieces to defend me?

The king's guard are mere pigmies.

Nant.
They will not eat ye.

Bel. Yes, and you too, and twenty fatter mousieurs.

If their high stomachs hold. They came with

chopping-knives.
To cut me into rands and sirloins, and so powder me. -

Come, shall we go?

Nant.

You cannot be so discourteous, ve intend to go, as not to visit 'em,

And take your leaves.

That we dare do, and civilly.

And thank 'em too.

Pin. Yes, sir, we know that honesty, '

Bel. I'll come i' the rear, forty foot off, I'll

assure ve.

With a good gun in my hand. I'll no more Amazona,

I mean, no more of their frights. I'll make my three legs.

Kisa my hand twice, and, if I smell no danger, If the interview be clear, may be I'll speak to

'll wear a privy coat 6 too, and behind me, ...

To make those parts secure, a bandog.

La Cast. You are a merry gentleman.

Rel. A wary gentleman. I do assure you. I have been warn'd; and must be arm'd.

Like the man-in-the-moon with his burdle of sticks.

* Good breeding.

* Bows. * Secret coat of mail. Blices.

La Cast. These are your hasty thoughts; when I see you

Then I'll believe, and join with ye : so, we'll

leave ye. —
[Aside.] There 's a trick will make ye stay. Nant. [Aside]. I hope so. Exeunt [LA CANTER and NANTOLET

Mir. We have won immortal fame now, if we leave 'em.

Pin. You have; but we have lost.

Mir. Pinac, thou art cozen'd. I know they love ye; and to gain ye handsomely,

Not to be thought to yield, they would give millions,

Their father's willingness, that must needs

show ye.

Pen. If I thought so —

Mir. Ye shall be hang'd, you recreant!

Would ye turn renegado now?

Bel. No; let's away, boys, Out of the air and tumult of their villanies. Though I were married to that grasshopper, And had her fast by the legs, I should think she would cozen me.

Enter a Young [Man, disguised as a] Fuctor.

Y. Mas. Monsieur Mirabel, I take it?
Mir. Y' are i' th' right, sir. Y. Man. I am come to seek ye, sir. I have

been at your father's,

And, understanding you were here — Wir. Ye are welcome.
May I crave your name?
Y. Man. Fosse, sir, and your servant. That you may know me better, I am factor

To your old merchant, Leverdure.

Mir.

How does he?

Y. Man. Well, sir, 1 hope; he is now at the leans,

About some business.

Mir. You are once more welcome. Your master 's a right honest man, and one I am much beholding to, and must very shortly Trouble his love again.

Y. Man. Mir. You Y. Man. You may be bold, sir. Your business, if you please now?
This, it is sir.

I know ye well remember in your travel A Genoa merchant -

Mir. I remember many. Y. Man. But this man, sir, particularly; your own benefit

Must needs imprint him in ye; one Alberto, A gentleman you sav'd from being murther'd •• A little from Bologna

was then myself in Italy, and supplied ye;

Though haply you have forgot me now.

No. 1 remember ye. And that Alberto too; a noble gentleman: More to remember were to thank myself, sir. .

What of that gentleman?
Y. Man. He is dead.
Mir. I am sorry. Y. Man. But on his death-bed, leaving to his

Il that he had, beside some certain jewels, Which, with a ceremony, he bequeath'd to Yell

In grateful memory, be commanded strictly His sister, as she lov'd him and his peace, To see those jewels safe and true deliver'd, And, with them, his last love. She, as tender To observe his will, not trusting friend nor

ser vant With such a weight, is come herself to Paris

With such a weight.

And at my master's house.

You tell me a wonder. Y. Man. I tell ye a I tell ye a truth, sir. She is young

And well attended; of much state and riches; So loving and obedient to her brother,

That, on my conscience, if he had given her also, She would most willingly have made her tender. Mir. May not I see her? Mir. Ma Y. Man.

She desires it heartily.

Mir. And presently?

Y. Man. She is now about some business, Passing accounts of some few debts here And buying jewels of a merchant.

Mir. Is she wealthy? 115

Mir. Is she wealthy?
Y. Man. I would ye had her, sir, at all adventure!

Her brother had a main state.1

Mir.
Y. Man. The prime of all those parts of Italy,

For beauty and for courtesy.

Mir. I must needs see her.

Y. Man. 'T is all her business, sir. Ye may

now see her; But to-morrow will be fitter for your visitation,

But to-morrow was prepared.

For she is not yet prepared.

Only her sight, sir;

And, when you shall think fit, for further visit.

Y. Man. Sir, ye may see her, and I'll wait

your coming. . And I'll be with ye instantly; I know

Mir. And the house; — the house; — Meantime, my love and thanks, sir.

Your poor servant. Erit.

Your poor servant. What Y. Man. Your poor servant. Pin. Thou hast the strangest luck! was that Alberto?

Mir. An honest noble merchant 't was my chance To rescue from some rogues had almost slain

him; And he in kindness to remember this!

Bel. Now we shall have you

For all your protestations and your forwardness, Find out strange fortunes in this lady's eyes, 188 And new enticements to put off your journey; And who shall have honour then?

Mir. No, no, never fear it: I must needs see her to receive my legney.

Bel. If it be tied up in her smock, Heaven
help thee!

May not we see too? Yes, afore we go: Mir. 160

1 Large fortuna.

I must be known myself, ere I be able
To make thee welcome. Wouldst thou see more
women?

thought you had been out of love with all Bel I may be (I find that), with the least encouragement. Yet I desire to see whether all countries Are naturally possess d with the same spirits, For, if they be, I'll take a monastery,

And never travel: for I had rather be a friar.

And live new'd' up, than be a fool, and thoused

Mir. Well, well, I 'll meet ye amon, then sell

you more, boys; However, stand prepared, prest s for our jour

ney; For certain we shall go, I think, when I have

seen her, And view'd her well.

Pin. Go, go, and we'll wait for ye;

Your fortune directs ours.

Bel. You shall find us i' th' taxers. You may prefer the properest man. How I could

Worry a woman now!

Pin. Come, come, leave pratiag

Exeunt [on one side. PINAC and BELLEUR; on the other MIRABEL

SCENE III.

Enter LUGIER, DE GARD, ROSALUBA, EN

Lug. This is the last adventure De Gard. And the happiest,

Ros. We should be glad to find it.

Ros. Von man is read;

Your man is read;

For I must not be seen; no, nor this gentleman. That may beget suspicion; all the rest Are people of no doubt. I would have ye, ladies Keep your old liberties, and as we instruct ! Come, look not pale; you shall not looe your wishes.

Nor beg 'em neither; but be yourselves and

happy.

Ros. I tell you true, I cannot hold off logge.

Nor give no more hard language.

You shall not need.

Ros. I love the gentleman, and mest por show it:

Shall I beat a proper man out of heart?

There's none advises ; Lui. Faith, I repent me too.
Repent and apoil all.

Lug. Repent and about the trible of the trib

Shut. Ready. L
A room in the house of Nantoles.

Although he play'd the fool, which I requited, Must I still hold him at the staff's end? Lug. You are two strange women. »

Rox. We may be, if we fool still.

Lug. Dare ye believe me?
Follow but this advice I have set you in now,
And if ye lose — Would ye yield now so basely? Give up without your honours sav'd?

Fie, ladies!

Preserve your freedom still.

Lal. Well, well, for this time. 2

Lug. And carry that full state —

That 's as the wind stands;

If it begin to chop about, and scant us, Hang ma, but I know what I'll do! Come, direct us;

I make no doubt we shall do handsomely.

De Gard. Some part o' th' way we'll wait

upon ye, ladies;

The rest your man supplies.

Lug. Do well, I'll honour ye. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.1

ORIANA [disguised as an Italian lady,] and two [persons disguised as] Morehants, discovered above.] Enter below, the Young Man disguised as a Factor, and MIRABEL.

Y. Man. Look ye, sir, there she is; you see how busy.

Methinks you are infinitely bound to her for her

journey.

Mir. How gloriously she shows! She is a tall Woman

Y. Min. Of a fair size, sir. My master not being at home,

I have been so out of my wite to get her com-

pany !

I mean, sir, of her own fair sex and fashion —

Mr Afar off, she is most fair too.

Y. Man. Near, most excellent.

Y. Man. Near, most ease.
At length, I have entreated two fair ladies (And happily you know daughters

Of Monsieur Nantolet. I know 'em well, sir. 10 What are those? Jewels?

Man. All.
They make a rich show. Vir. They make a rich show.
Y. Man. There is a matter of ten thousand

Pounds, too,
Was owing here. You see those merchants with her;

They have brought it in now.

Mir. How handsomery user many.
Y. Man. Those are still neat; your Italians

Now she looks this way.

Mir. She has a goodly presence; How full of courtesy!— Well, sir, I'll leave ye; And, if I may be hold to bring a friend or two, Good noble gentlemen -

Y. Man. No doubt, ye may, sir; For you have most command.

I have seen a wonder! Exit. 20

Ori, Is he gone? Yes. How?

Ort. Y. Man. Taken to the utmost :

A wonder dwells about him.

Ori.

He did not guess at me?

Y. Man. No, be secure; ye show another woman.

He is gone to fetch his friends.

Ori.

Y. Man. Here, here: now they are come,
Sit still, and let them see ye. Where are the gentlewomen?

Enter [below] ROBALURA, LILLIA BIANCA, and Servant.

Ros. Pray

s. Pray you, where 's my friend. sir?

Man. She is within, ladies; but here 's
another gentlewoman. stranger to this town: so please you visit her,

'T will be well taken.

Lil. Y. Man Where is she?

Y. Man. There, above, ladies, Serv. Bless me, what thing is this? Two pinnacles Upon her pate! Is't not a glode 2 to catch wood-

cooks?

Ros. Peace, you rude knave ! Serv. What a bouncing burn she has too!

There 's sail enough for a carrack.* What is this lady? Ros.

For, as I live, she is a goodly woman.

Y. Man. Guess, guess.

Lil. I have not seen a nobler presence,
Sero. 'T is a lusty weach' now could I spend

my forty-pence, With all my heart, to have but one fling at her, With all my heart, to ma.

To give her but a [s] washing blow.

Ye rascal !

Sere. Ay, that sail a man has for a good will.
"T will be long enough
Before ye ery." Come. Anthony, and kiss me."
Lil. I'll have ye whipt.
Ros.
Has my friend aren this lady?

. Man. Yes, yes, and is well known to her. Ros. I much admire her presence.

Lil. For, I protest, she is the handsomest. So do I too:

The rarest, and the newest to mine eye, That ever I saw yet.

I long to know her;

My friend shall do that kindness

(mi. So she shall, ladies: Come, pray ye, come up.

Ros.

Oh me! Hang me, if I knew her!— Lil. Were I a man myself, I should now love ye; Nay, I should dote.

I dare not trust mine eyes; a For, as I live, we are the strangest alter'd!

I must come up to know the truth. Serv. So I'm a kind of unbeliever too. So must I, lady:

Got ye gone, sirrah;

2 Glade. The space between the pinnacles is compared to the opening in a wood, where note were spread to share woodcocks.

A large ship of burden.

A room in a neighboring house, with a gallery.

And what ye have seen be secret in; you are paid else!

No more of your long tongue.

Will ye go in, ladies, And talk with her? These venturers will come straight.

Away with this follow.

Lil. There, sirrah; go, disport you.

Serv. I would the trunk-hoe'd woman would go with me.

Ezeunt, [on one side, ROSALURA, LILLIA BIANCA, and the Young Man disguised as a Factor; on the other, Servant.]

SCENE V.1

Enter MINABEL, PINAC, and BELLEUR.

Pin. Is she so glorious handsome?

Mir. You would wonder; Our women look like gipsies, like gills to her; Their clothes and fashious beggarly and bank-

Base, old, and scurvy.

Bel.

Mir. Most heavenly;

and the becoming motion of her body

So sets her off! Bel. Why then, we shall stay. Mir. Pardon me,

That's more than I know. If she be that WOIDBIL She appears to be -

As 't is impossible. Bel.

Mir. I shall then tell ve more.

Did ye speak to her? 10

Mir. No, no, I only saw her; she was busy. Now I go for that end; and mark her, gentlemen, If she appear not to ye one of the sweetest, The handsomest, the fairest in behaviour! We shall meet the two wenches there too; they

come to visit her,

To wonder, as we do.

Bel. I had rather meet two bears.

Mir. There you may take your leaves, despatch that business.

God their humours— And, as ye find their humours -

Pin. Is your love there too?
Mir. No, certain; she has no great heart to

set out again.

This is the house; I'll usher ye.

I'll bless me,

And take a good-heart, if I can. Mir. Come, nobly. Exeunt [into the house].

SCENE VIS

Enter [the Young Man disquised as a] Factor, ROSALTRA, LILLIA BIANCA, and ORIANA [disguised as before].

Y. Man. They are come in. Sit you two off, as strangers. —
There, lady. — Where 's the boy?

The street, before the same house.

3 Bluta. A room in the same house.

[Enter Boy.]

Be ready, sirrah. And clear your pipes. - The music now; they enter.

Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, and BELLECK

Pin. What a state she keeps! How far of

they sit from her! rich she is! Ay, marry, this shows How bravely !

Bel. She is a lusty wench, and may allure a good man; But, if she have a tongue, I'll not give two-

pence for her.

There sits my Fury; how I shake to see her:

Y. Man. Madam, this is the gentleman. How awent she kieses

MIRABEL sulutes CRIANA. She has a spring dwells on her lips, a pare-This is the legacy?

Song by the Boy, while he presents a contact a MIHABEL.

From the honour'd dead I bring Thus his love and last off ring. Take it nobly, 't is your due, From a friendship ever true; From a faith, &c.

Ori. Most noble sir, This from my now-dead brother, as his love.
And grateful memory of your great benefit: From me my thanks, my wishes, and my ser-

vice.

Till I am more acquainted, I am silent;
Only I dare say this, — you are truly noble.

Mir. What should I think?

Pin. Think you have a bandsome fortuse
Would I had such another!

Ros. We hear ye are for travel. You hear true, lady, * Ye are all well met, gentleme

Pin.
And come to take our leaves.
We 'll along with v

We see you are grown so witty by your pource; We cannot choose but step out too. This lads

We mean to wait upon as far as Italy.

Bel. I'll travel into Wales, amongst the mountains,

In hope they cannot find me.

If you go further good and free society we hold ye, 'll jog along too.

We'll jog along too.

Pin.

Lil. And we'll be merry, sir, and hugh
Pin.

We'll go by sea.

Lil.

Why, 'tis the only vevege's
I love a sea-voyage, and a blust'ring tempost. And let all split!

I think 't will tame ye. Can ye ride post?

Lil. Oh, excellently! I am never weary the

A hundred mile a day is nothing with me

Bel. I'll travel under ground. Do you hear, sweet lady?
I find it will be dangerous for a woman.
Ros. No danger, sir, I warrant; I love to be

under.

Bel. I see she will abuse me all the world over. -

But say we pass through Germany, and drink hard?

Ros. We'll learn to drink, and swagger

too.

Bel. She'll beat me! -Lady, I'll live at home.

Ros.

And I'll live with thee : And we'll keep house together.

Bel. I'll keep hounds first:

Bel.

And those I hate right heartily.

I go for Turkey;

And so, it may be, up into Persia.

Lil. We cannot know too much; I'll travel

with ye. Pin. And you'll abuse me?

Lil. Pin. Like enough. Bel. I will live in a bawdy-house.

I dare come to you. Bel. Say I am dispos'd to hang myself?
Ros. There I'll leave you.

Ros.
Red. I am glad I know how to avoid you.
May I speak yet?

Y. Man. She beckons to ye.

Mir. Larly, I could wish I knew to recom-

Even with the service of my life, those pains, And those high favours you have thrown upon

Till I be more desertful in your eye,
And till my duty shall make known I honour

Noblest of women, do me but this favour, To accept this back again as a poor testimony. [Offering the casket.] Ori. I must have you too with 'em; else the

will. That says they must rest with ye, is infring'd,

sir; Which, pardon me, I dare not do. Take me then.

And take me with the truest love.
'T is certain

My brother lov'd ye dearly, and I ought As dearly to preserve that love but, sir, Though I were willing, these are but your core-

Mir. As I have life, I speak my soul

1 like ye : But how you can like me, without having testimony,

A stranger to ye-I'll marry ye immediately ; Mir.

A fair state 1 I dare promise ye.

Not she 'll cozen thee. Bel. Ori, Would some fair gentleman durst prom-

Mir. By all that 's good -

Enter LA CASTRE, NANTOLET, LUGIER, and DE GARD.

La Cast., Nant., 4c. And we'll make up the rest, lady.

Ori. Then Oriana takes ye! Nay, she has

caught ye;

If yestart now, let all the world cry shame on ye! I have out-travell'd ye.

Bel. Did not I say she would cheat thee? . Mir. I thank ye. I am pleas'd ye have de-

ceiv'd me,
And willingly I swallow it, and joy in 't;
And yet, perhaps, I knew 2 ye. Whose plot was
this?

Lug. He is not asham'd that cast 8 it; he

that executed, Follow'd your father's will.

What a world 's this! Mir. Nothing but craft and cozenage! Who begun, sir?

Mir. Well; I do take thee upon mere compassion :

passion;
And I do think I shall love thee. As a testimony,
I'll burn my book, and turn a new leaf over.
But these fine clothes you shall wear still.
Ori. I obey you, sir, in all. on
Nant. And how, how, daughters? What say
you to these greatemen?—

What say ye, geutlemen, to the girls?

Pin. By my troth if she can love me—

Lil. How long?

Pin. Lil. Nay, if once ye love — Then take me, And take your chance.

Pin. Most willingly : ye are mine, lady ; Pin. Most willingly: ye are nine, may, And, if I use ye not that ye may love me — st Lil. A match, i? faith.

Pin. Why, now ye travel with me.

Ros. How that thing stands !

Bel.
Bless your five wits!
Ros. Nay, prithee, stay; I'll have thee.
Bel. You must ask me leave first.
Wilt thou use me kindly,

Bel. Dost then ask me seriously?

Ros. Yes, indeed, do 1. Bel. Yes, I will get thee with child. Come,

presently, An 't be but in revenge, I 'll do thee that cour-

Well, if thon wilt fear God and me, have at theel
Ros. I'll love ye, and I'll honour ye,
Bel.
Mir. This Wild-Goose Chase is done; we
have you o' both sides.

hands;

2 Ft. know.

Let's lose no time.

Pin.

Our travelling lay by.

Bel. No more for Italy; for the Low Countries, [I.] Exeunt.

¹ Estate.

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

RY

JOHN WEBSTER

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

FERDINARD [Duke of Calabria]. CARDINAL [his brother]. AMTONIO (BOLOGHA, Steward of the Household to the Duchess Dento [his friend]. DARIEL DE BURGLA [Gentleman of the Horse to the Duchess].

[CASTRUCCIO, an old Lord.]

MARQUE OF PERCARA

[COURT] MALATESTI.

[Lorda.] GRISOLAN, Поотов.

The Several Madmen.

Duchess (of Malvi).
Carlola (her woman).
[Julia, Castrucero's wife, and] the Cardinal's mistress
[Old Lady.]

Ladies, Three Young Children, Two Pilgrims, Executioners, Court Officers, and Attendants.

[Scene. - Amalfi, Rome, Loretto, Milan. Time. - Early Sisteenth Century.]

ACT I

SCENE I.1

[Enter] ANTONIO and DELIO.

Delio. You are welcome to your country, dear Antonio :

You have been long in France, and you return A very formal Frenchman in your habit. How do you like the French court?

In seeking to reduce both state and people To a fiv'd order, their judicious king Begins at home; quits first his royal palace Of flatt'ring sycophants, of dissolute And infamous persons, - which he sweetly

terms His master's master-piece, the work of heaven; Considering duly that a prince's court it is like a common fountain, whence should flow Pure silver drops in general, but if 't chance Some curs'd example poison 't near the head, Death and diseases through the whole land

And what is 't makes this blessed government But a most provident council, who dure freely Inform him the corruption of the times? Though some o'th' court hold it presumption To instruct princes what they ought to do, It is a noble duty to inform them What they ought to forsee.2 — Here comes Bo-

sola, The only court-gall; yet I observe his railing

Is not for simple love of piety Indeed, he rails at those things which he wants;

1 Amain. The presence-chamber in the palace of the Durchenn

Prevent.

Would be as lecherons, covetous, or proud, Bloody, or envious, as any man,
If he had means to be so. - Here's the cardnal.

Enter CARDINAL and BOSOLA.

Bos. I do haunt you still. Card. So.

Boy. I have done you better service than to be slighted thus. Miscrable age, where only the reward of doing well is the doing of it!

reward of doing well is the doing of it?

Card. You enforce your merit too much.

Box. I fell into the galleys in your service; where, for two years together, I wore to towels instead of a shirt, with a lengt on the shoulder, after the fashion of a Roman mark-Slighted thus! I will thrive some way, Black hide fastern here in hard worther when the

birds fatten best in hard weather; why not— I in these dog-days?

Card, Would you could become houses!

Bos. With all your divinity do but direct me
the way to it. I have known many trans' for it, and yet return as arrant kinness as they went forth, because they carried themselve always along with them. [Exit Carried themselve always along vith them, they way, are possessed with the devil, but this great fellow were deto possess the greatest devil, and make him "

Ant. He hath denied thee some suit ? Bos. He and his brother are like planetree

are rich and o'erladen with fruit. he pair to crows, pies, and caterpillars feed on the Could I be one of their flattiring paners. I were full, and then drop off. I pray leave who would rely upon these misernide dependent. encies, in expectation to be advanc'd L-

morrow? What creature ever fed worse than hoping Tantalus? Nor ever died any man more fearfully than he that hop'd for a pardon.
There are rewards for hawks and dogs when is they have done as service; but for a soldier that hazards his limbs in a battle, nothing but a kind of geometry is his last supportation.

Box. Ay, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter swing in the world upon an hon- [n ourable pair of crutches, from hospital to hospital. Fare ye well, sir: and yet do not you scorn us; for places in the court are but like beds in the hospital, where this man's head lies at that man's foot, and so lower and lower. [Ern. 26]

Del. I know this fellow seven years in the galleys

For a notorious murder; and 't was thought The cardinal suborn'd it : he was releas'd By the French general, Gaston de Foix, When he recover'd Naples.

'Tis great pity Ant. He should be thus neglected: I have heard He is very valiant. This foul melancholy Will poison all his goodness; for, I'll tell you, If too immoderate sleep be truly said To be an inward rust unto the soul, It then doth follow want of action

Breeds all black malcontents; and their close rearing.

Like moths in cloth, do hurt for want of wearing.

SCENE II.1

ANTONIO, DELIO. [Enter] SILVIO, CASTRUCCIO, JULIA, RODERIGO, and GRISOLAN.

Delto. The presence 'gins to fill: you promin'd me

To make me the partaker of the natures

Of some of your great courtiers.

The lord cardinal's And other strangers' that are now in court? I shall. Here comes the great Calabrian duke.

[Enter FERDINAND and Attendants.]

Ferd. Who took the ring oft'nest?2

Sit. Antonio Bologna, my lord.

Ferd. Our sister duchess' great master of her household? Give him the jewel. - When shall ne leave this aportive action, and fall to action indeed?
Cas. Methinks, my lord, you should not de-

sire to go to war in person.

Ferd. Now for some gravity. - Why, my

Cast. It is fitting a soldier arise to be a prince, but not necessary a prince descend to be a cap-

Ford. No? Cast. No, my lord; he were far better do it

by a deputy.

Feed. Why should he not as well sleep or eat
by a deputy? This might take idle, offensive,

The same.
The reference is to the knightly sport of riding at the ring.

and base office from him, whereas the other deprives him of honour.

Cast. Believe my experience, that realm is never long in quiet where the ruler is a soldier.

Ferd. Thou told st me thy wife could not en-

Ferd. Thou dure fighting.

Cast. True, my lord.
Ford. And of a jest she broke of a captain she met full of wounds: I have forgot it.

Cast. She told him, my lord, he was a pitiful fellow, to lie, like the children of lanuel, all in tents.4

Ferd. Why, there's a wit were able to undo all the chirurgeons to the city; for although gallants should quarrel, and had drawn their weapons, and were ready to go to it, yet her persuasions would make them put up.

Cast. That she would, my lord. — How do you like my Spanish gennet?

You like my spanish genner.

Red. He is all thre.

Ferd. I am of Pliny's opinion, I think he was begot by the wind; he runs as if he were ballas'd? with quicksilver.

Sil. True, my lord, he reels from the tilt

often.

Rod. Gris. Ha, ha, ha!

Ferd. Why do you laugh? Methinks you that are courtiers should be my touch-wood, [a take fire when I give fire; that is, laugh when I laugh, were the subject never so witty.

Cast. True, my lord: 1 myself have heard a

Cast. True, my lord: I myself have heard a very good jest, and have scorn'd to seem to have so silly a wit as to understand it.

Ford. But I can laugh at your fool, my lord.
Cast. He cannot apeak, you know, but he makes faces; my lady cannot abide him.
Ford. No.?

Cast. Nor endure to be in merry company; for she says too full laughing, and too much company, fills her too much of the wrinkle.
Ford. I would, then, have a mathematical instrument made for her face, that she might not

atrument mode for her face, that she might not laugh out of compass. I shall shortly visit [so you at Milan, Lord Silvio.

Sil. Your grace shall arrive most welcome.

Ferd. You are a good horseman, Antonio : you have excellent rulers in France; what do you

think of good horsemanship?

Ant. Nobly, my lord: as out of the Grecian

horse issued many famous princes, so out of brave hersemanship arise the first sparks of growing resolution, that raise the mind to noble action.

Ferd. You have bespoke it worthily. Sil. Your brother, the lord cardinal, and sis-

ter duchess.

[Enter CARDINAL, with DUCHESS, and CARI-OLA.]

Card. Are the galleys come about? Gris. They are, my lord. Gris.
Ferd. Here's the Lord Silvio is come to take

At the expense of.
Edils of intused to dress wounds.
Assessment
Ballasted.

Burneous

Ballasted.

Delio. Now, sir, your promise: what 's that cardinal?

I mean his temper. They say he 's a brave fel-

Will play his five thousand crowns at tennis. dance,

Court ladies, and one that hath fought single combata.

Ant. Some such flashes superficially hang on him for form; but observe his inward character: he is a melancholy churchman. The spring in his face is nothing but the engend'ring

of toads; where he is jealous of any man, he lays worse plots for them than ever was imported on Hercules, for he strews in his way flatterers, panders, intelligencers, atheists, and a thousand such political monsters. He should have been Pope; but instead of coming to it by the primitive decency of the church, he did bestow bribes so largely and so impudently as if he would have carried it away without hea-

Delio. You have given too much of him.
What's his brother?

Ant. The duke there? A most perverse and

turbulent nature.

What appears in him mirth is merely outside;

If he laught heartily, it is to laugh All honesty out of fashion.

Delio. In quality. He speaks with others' tongues, and hears men's suits

With others' ears; will seem to sleep o' th' bench

Only to entrap offenders in their answers; Dooms men to death by information;

Rewards by hearsay.

Then the law to him Is like a foul, black cobweb to a spider, — He makes it his dwelling and a prison

To entangle those shall feed him, Most true : He never pays debts unless they be shrewd

turns And those he will confess that he doth owe. Last, for his brother there, the cardinal, They that do flatter him most say oracles Hang at his lipa; and verily I believe them, For the devil speaks in them.

But for their sister, the right noble duchess You never fix'd your eye on three fair medals Cast in one figure, of so different temper.

For her discourse, it is so full of rapture, You only will begin then to be sorry When she doth and her speech, and wish, in

wonder, She held it less vain-glory to talk much, Than your penance to hear her. Whilst she speaks,

She throws upon a man so sweet a look.

That it were able to raise one to a galliard 1. That lay in a dead palsy, and to dote On that sweet countenance; but in that look : There speaketh so divine a continence

1 A lively dance.

As cuts off all lascivious and vain hope. Her days are practised in such noble virtue. That sure her nights, may, more, her very aleeges,

are more in heaven than other ladies' shrifts Let all sweet ladies break their flatt me

And dress themselves in her.

You play the wire-drawer with her commends

tions.

Ant. I'll case the picture up: only the much;

All her particular worth grows to this sum, -She stains 2 the time past, lights the time to

conte.

Cari. You must attend my lady in the gal-

Some half an hour hence.

Ant. I shall. (Exeunt ANTONIO and DELECTION OF ANTONIO AN

Ferd. A worthy fellow he 's: pray, let meet treat for

The provisorship of your horse.

Duch.

Commends him and prefers him.

Ford.

Call him hither. | Erit Attendants|

We | are | now upon 5 parting. Good Lard Silve.

Do us commend to all our noble friends

At the leaguer, Sil. Sir, I shall. Duch.

You are for Milan' Sil. I am. Duch. Bring the caroches. We'll bring

you down To the haven

[Exeunt Duchess, Silvio, Car TRUCCIO, RODERIGO, GRISOLAS CARIOLA, JULIA, and Attendants

Card. Be sure you entertain that Bosola = For your intelligence. I would not be seen it And therefore many times I have slighted him. When he did court our furtherance, as the morning.

Ferd. Antonio, the great master of her bush

hold, hold, Had been far fitter.

You are deceiv'd in him. His nature is too honest for such business He comes: I'll leave you.

[Re-enter Bosola.]

I was lur'd to you Ferd. My brother, here, the cardinal could never

Abide you.

Bos. Never since he was in my debt. Ferd. May be some oblique character in rou

Made him suspect you.

2 Throws into the shade. At the point of.

Bos. Doth he study physiognomy? There's no more credit to be given to th' face Than to a sick man's urine, which some call Doth he study physiognomy? 166 The physician's whore, because she cozens ! him.

He did suspect me wrongfully.

For that You must give great men leave to take their

times. Distrust doth cause as seldom be deceiv'd. You see the oft shaking of the cedar-tree

You see the ore at root. Fastens it more at root. Yet take heed;

For to suspect a friend unworthily Instructs him the next way to suspect you, And prompts him to deceive you.

There 's gold.

Bos. What follows? - [Aside.] Never rain'd such

showers as these Without thunderbolts i' th' tail of them. - Whose throat must I cut?

Ferd. Your inclination to shed blood rides

Before my occasion to use you. I give you that To live i' th' court here, and observe the

duchess; To note all the particulars of her behaviour, What suiters do solicit her for marriage,

And whom she best affects.2 She's a young widow:

widow:
I would not have her marry again.
No, sir? 195 Ferd. Do not you ask the reason; but be entisfied.

I say I would not.
It seems you would create me

One of your familiars.

Ferd.

Familiar! What's that?

Bos. Why, a very quaint invisible devil in

An intelligencer. 3

Ferd. Such a kind of thriving thing two would wish thee; and ere long thou mayst

At a higher place by 't.

Take your devils,

Bos.

These curs'd gifts would make

You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor; And should I take these, they'd take me [to]

hell. Ferd, Sir, I'll take nothing from you that I

have given.
There is a place that I procur'd for you
This morning, the provisorship o' th' horse;
Have you heard on 't?

Pos. Twould have you curse yourself now.

that your bounty (Which makes men truly noble) e'er should make me

A villain. O, that to avoid ingratitude For the good deed you have done me, I must

I Cheste. 2 Likes. в вру. All the ill man can invent! Thus the devil Candies all sins o'er; and what heaven terms

vile,
That names he complimental.

Re yourself Keep your old garb of melancholy; 't will ex-

You envy those that stand above your reach, Yet strive not to come near 'em. This will gain

Access to private lodgings, where yourself May, like a politic dormouse —

As I have seen some Feed in a lord's dish, half asleep, not seeming To listen to any talk; and yet these regues Have cut his throut in a dream. What's my

place? The provisorship o' th' horse? Say, then, my corruption

Grew out of horse-dung : I am your creature. Ford.

Bos. Let good men, for good deeds, covet good fame,

Since place and riches oft are bribes of shame, Sometimes the devil doth preach.

SCENE III.14

Enter FERDINAND, DUCHESS, CARDINAL, and CARIOLA.]

Card. We are to part from you; and your own discretion

Mast now be your director.

You are a widow: Ferd. You know already what man is; and therefore Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence --Curd.

Nor anything without the addition, honour,

Sway your high blood

Marry ! They are most luxurious Ferd. Will wed twice.

Card.

O, fie! Their livers are more spotted Ford. Than Laban's sheep.6

Duch. Diamonds are of most value,

They say, that have past through most jowel-lers' hands.

Ferd. Whores by that rule are precious, Duck. Will you hear me?

I'll never marry. So most widows say;

But commonly that motion I lasts no longer Than the turning of an hour-glass: the funeral sermon

And it end both together. You live in a rank pasture, here, i' th' court; There is a kind of honey-dew that 'a deadly; I will poison your fame; look to 't. Be not

cunning; For they whose faces do belie their hearts Are witches ore they arrive at twenty years, to Ay, and give the devil suck.

Duch. This is terrible good counsel.

4 Amalfi, Gallery in the Duchess's palace.
5 Lustful, 6 Generio XXX. 31-42. 7 Impulse.

Ferd. Hypocrisy is woven of a fine small thread.

Subtler than Vulcan's engine: 1 yet, believe 't, darkest actions, nay, your privat'st thoughts,

Will come to light.
You may flatter yourself, And take your own choice; privately be married

Under the eaves of night—

Think 't the best voyage That e'er you made; like the irregular crab, Which, though 't goes backward, thinks that it goes right

Because it goes its own way: but observe, Such weddings may more properly be said

To be executed than celebrated.

Card.

The marriage night

Ls the entrance into some prison. And those joys,

Those lustful pleasures, are like heavy sleeps se Which do fore-run man's mischief Card. Fare you well.

Wisdom begins at the end: remember it.

[Erit.]

Duch. I think this speech between you both was studied,

It came so roundly off. Ford. You are my sister;
This was my father's poniard, do you see? 40
I'd be loth to see't look rusty, 'cause 't was

his. I would have you give o'er these chargeable

revels: A visor and a mask are whispering-rooms That were nev'r built for goodness, - fare ye

well -And women like that part which, like the

lamprey, Hath nev'r a bone in 't.

Fie, sir | Nay Duch. Ferd. I mean the tongne; variety of courtship.
What cannot a neat knave with a smooth tale
Make a woman believe? Farewell, lusty widow.

[Exit.] Duch. Shall this move me? If all my royal kindred

ay in my way unto this marriage, 'd make them my low footsteps. And even

now. Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,

By apprehending danger, have achiev'd Almost impossible actions (I have heard soldiers

say sol, So I through frights and threat nings will assay This dangerous venture. Let old wives report I wink'd and chose a husband. — Cariola,

To thy known secrecy I have given up More than my life, - my fame.

Cari. Both shall be safe; so

For I'll conceal this secret from the world As warily as those that trade in poison

Keep poison from their children.

Thy protestation

I The not in which he caught Venus and Mars.

Is ingenious and hearty; I believe it. La Antonio come ?

Cari. He attends you. Gual dear soul " Duch. Leave me; but place thyself behind the array. Where thou mayest overhear us. Wish me good speed ;

For I am going into a wilderness, Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clae To be my guide

[CARIOLA goes behind the areas.]

[Enter ANTONIO.]

I sent for you : sit down Take pen and ink, and write: are you ready!

Ant.
Duch. What did I say?
Ant. That I should write somewhat.
(), I ret (), I remember After these triumphs and this large expense It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire What's laid up for to-morrow.

Ant. So please your beauteons excellence. Duch. Beautiers

Indeed, I thank you. I look young for you anke;

You have ta'en my cares upon you.

I'll fetch your grace The particulars of your revenue and experse "

Duch. O, you are An upright treasurer, but you mistock: For when I said I meant to make inquiry What 's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean What 's laid up youder for me.

Where? Ant. Duch. In hearen I am making my will (as 't is fit princes should In perfect memory), and, I pray, sir, tell me Were not one better make it smiling, thus, Than in deep groans and terrible glassily looks. As if the gifts we parted with procur'd. That violent distraction?

O, much better. Ant. Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit:

But I intend to make you overseer.
What good deed shall we first remember? See Ant, Begin with that first good deed by

After man's creation, the sacrament of me ringe.

'd have you first provide for a good husbari Give him all.

Duch. Yes, your excellent self. Ant. Duch, In a winding sheet?

In a couple. Saint Winifred, that were a strang Duch.

will!

Ant. 'T were stranger if there were no will in you

To marry again.

Inch. What do you think of marries.

Ant. I take 't, as those that deny purpose.

Housekeepers.

Produced.

Qq. read etrauje

entains or heaven or hell;

third place in 't. How do you affect it? 100 banishment, feeding my melaucholy, in reason thus: -

Pray, let 's hear it. a man never marry, nor have

fren, that from him? Only the bare

father, or the weak delight 118 little wanton ride a-cock-horse inted stick, or hear him chatter

the starling.

Fie, fie, what 's all this? ar eyes is blood-shot; use my ring

kis very sovereign. 'T was my wedring.

yow never to part with it second husband. a have parted with it now. es, to help your eye sight.

in have made me stark blind How ? 130

ere is a saucy and ambitious devil in this circle. Remove bim.

here needs small conjuration, when finger thus. Is it fit?

[She puts the ring upon his finger]: he kneels.

What said you?

Sir, ty roof of yours is too low built; land upright in 't nor discourse, mise it higher. Raise yourself; please, my hand to help you: so, [Raises him.]

inbition, madam, is a great man's

iness, kept in chains and close-pent rooms, is lightsome lodgings, and is girt unwild noise of prattling visitants, ikes it lunatic beyond all cure. ot I am so stupid but I aim 1 our favours tend: but he 's a fool us ig a-cold, would thrust his hands i'

them. So, now the ground 's broke, Bacover what a wealthy mine

n lord of. O my unworthiness ! ou were ill to sell yourself: poing of your worth is not like that deamen use i' th' city; their false bud wares off: and I must tell you, Il know where breathes a complete

without flattery), turn your eyes, 145 through yourself.

I Guess.

Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell, I should be honest: I have long serv'd virtue, And nev'r ta'en wages of her.

Now she pays it. Duch. The misery of us that are born great!
We are fore'd to woo, because none dare woo us; And as a tyrant doubles with his words And fearfully equivocates, so we

Are fore'd to express our violent passions In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path 140 Of simple virtue, which was never made To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brug

You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom:
I hope 't will multiply love there. You do

tremble:

Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh, 100 To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident:

What is 't distracts you? This is flesh and

blood, sir;
'T is not the figure cut in alabaster
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man!

I do here put off all vain ceremony.

And only do appear to you a young widow

That claims you for her husband, and, like a

widow,
I use but half a blush in 't.
Truth speak for me;

I will remain the constant sanctuary

Of your good name.
I thank you, gentle love: 170 And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,

Being now my steward, here upon your lips I sign your Quictus est. This you should have begg'd now.

I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus, As fearful to devour them too soon.

Ant. But for your brothers?
Duch. Do not Do not think of them: All discord without this circumference

Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd: Yet, should they know it, time will easily

Scatter the tempest.

Ant. These words should be mine, 100 Ant. And all the parts you have spoke, if some part

of it of it Would not have savour'd flattery. Kneel.

Duch. [CARIOLA comes from behind the urrus.

Duch. Be not amaz'd: this woman's of my counsel

I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a cham-

Per verba (de) presentia is absolute marriage. Bless, heaven, this sacred gordian, which let

violence

Never untwine.

The phrase used to indicate that accounts had been examined and found correct.

Using words of present time: i. c. "I take," not "I will take."

4 Knot.

Ast. And may our sweet affections, like the

spheres, Be still in motion !

Quick'ning, and make Duch.

The like soft music! 1800 Ant. That we may imitate the loving palms,

Best emblem of a peaceful marriage,
That nev'r bore fruit, divided!

Duch. What can the church force more?
Ant. That fortune may not know an acci-

deut,

Either of joy or sorrow, to divide
Our fixed wishes!
Duch. How can the church build faster?
We now are man and wife, and 't is the church
That must but echo this. — Maid, stand apart:

I now am blind.

And. What's your conceit in this? 200 Duch. I would have you lead your fortune by

the hand

Unto your marriage-bed:

Wo speak in me this, for we now are one.)
We'll only lie and talk together, and plot
T' appease my humorous 2 kindred; and if you

Like the old tale in Alexander and Lodowick, Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste. O, let me shrowd my blushes in your bosom, Since 't is the treasury of all my secrets!

[Exeunt Duchess and Antonio

Cari. Whether the spirit of greatness or of WOMAN

Reign most in her, I know not; but it shows Reign most in her, I know her much of pity.

A fearful madness. I owe her much of pity.

Exit.

ACT II

SCENE I.8

[Enter] BOSOLA and CASTRUCCIO.

Bos. You say you would fain be taken for an

eminent courtier?

f. 'T is the very main of my ambition. Cast. 'T is the very main' or my amble good Box. Let me see: you have a reasonable good face for 't already, and your night-cap expresses your ears sufficient largely. I would have you learn to twirl the strings of your hand with a good grace, and in a set speech, at th' end of every sentence, to hum three or four times, or blow your nose till it smart again, to recover your memory. When you come to be a presi-[19] dent in criminal causes, if you smile upon a prisoner, hang bim; but if you frown upon him and threaten him, let him be sure to scape the

gallows,

Cast. I would be a very merry president,

Bos. Do not sup o' nights; 't will beget you

an admirable wit.

Cast. Rather it would make me have a good stomach to quarrel; for they say, your rearing boys eat meat seldom, and that makes them so valiant. But how shall I know whether the [10] people take me for an eminent fellow?

2 Of difficult disposition. Amain An apartment in the palace of the Duchess.

· Chief part.

Bos. I will teach a trick to know it: give out you lie a-dying, and if you hear the common people curse you, he sure you are taken for coof the prime night-cape.

[Enter un Old Lady.]

You come from painting now.
Old Lady. From what?
Bos. Why, from your scurvy face-physic. To
behold thee not painted inclines somewhat near a miracle. These in thy face here were deep rob and foul sloughs the last progress. There was a lady in France that, having had the small-por, flayed the skin off her face to make it more level, and whereas before she looked like a nuture gra-ter, after she resembled an abortive hedge-log.

Old Lady. Do you call this painting?

Bos. No, no, but you call it! careening of an old morphew'd a lady, to make her disembegue. again: there's rough-east phrase to your plant.
Old Lady. It seems you are well acquainted.

with my closet.

Bos. One would suspect it for a shop of with craft, to find in it the fat of serpents, spann of snakes, Jews' spittle, and their young children ordure; and all these for the face. I would s onure, and an these for the face. I would associate the feet of one sick of the plague, than kin one of you fasting. Here are two of you, who sin of your youth is the very patrimons of the physician; makes him renew his foot-clath a with the saving and shows. with the spring, and change his high-price courtesan with the fall of the leaf. I do woode: you do not loathe yourselves. Observe my med-

What thing is in this outward form of man To be belov'd? We account it ominous, If nature do produce a colt, or lamb. A fawn, or goat, in any limb resembling A man, and fly from 't as a prodigy. Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity In any other creature but himself. But in our own flesh though we bear disease Which have their true names only ta'un fre beasts, -

As the most ulcerous wolf 11 and avinal measle, 12 -

Though we are eaten up of lice and worms. And though continually we bear about us A rotten and dead body, we delight To hide it in rich tissue: all our fear, Nay, all our terror, is, lest our physician Should put us in the ground to be rande sweet Your wife a gone to Rome: you two couple, as get you to the wells at Lucea to recover you aches. I have other work on foot.

Exeunt CASTRUCCIO and Old Lady

I observe our duchess Is sick a-days, she pukes, her stomach section

Bullies (Hazlitt); lawyers (Vanglesn).

6 Royal journey
7 Turning a boat on its side for repairs

In Face modelling. (Sampson.) "There's a pha statement of your practices 17 A disease of swime. II Lopus.

The fine of her eye-lids look most teeming blue,

She wanes i' th' cheek, and waxes fat i' th'

nd, contrary to our Italian fashion,

Wears a loose-bodied gown : there 's somewhat in 't.

I have a trick may chance discover it, pretty one; I have bought some apricocks, The first our spring yields.

Enter ANTONIO and DELIO, talking together apart.

Delio. And so long since married?

You anaze me.

Int.

Let me seal your lips for ever:

For, did I think that anything but th' air

Could carry these words from you, I should

You had no breath at all. -- Now, sir, in your contemplation?

You are studying to become a great wise fel-

Ros. O, sir, the opinion of wisdom is a foul tetter 2 that runs all over a man's body; if simplicity direct us to have no evil, it directs us |00 to a happy being; for the subtlest folly proceeds from the subtlest wisdom. Let me be simply

honest.

Ant. I do understand your inside.

Do you so? Bos.
Ant. Because you would not seem to appear
to th' world

Puff'd up with your proferment, you continue This out-of-fashion melancholy: leave it, leave

ît. Ros. Give me leave to be honest in any phrase, in any compliment whatsoever, Shall I confess myself to you? I look no higher than [wo I can reach: they are the gods that must ride on winged horses. A lawyer's mule of a slow pace will both suit my disposition and business; for, mark me, when a man's mind rides faster than his horse can gallop, they quickly both [104

Ant. You would look up to heaven, but I

The devil, that rules i' th' air, stands in your

light.

Bos. O, sir, you are lord of the ascendant, sehief man with the duchess: a duke was your [10] cousin-german remov'd. Say you were lineally descended from King Pepin, or he himself, what of this? Search the heads of the greatest rivers in the world, you shall find them but bubbles of water. Some would think the souls of princes [113 were brought forth by some more weighty cause than those of mesner persons: they are deceived, there is the same hand to them; the like passions away them; the same reason that makes a vicar go to law for a tithe-pig, and law ando his neighbours, makes them spoil a whole province, and batter down goodly cities with the cannon.

[Enter DUCHESS and Ladies.]

Duch. Your arm, Antonio : do I not grow fat ? I am exceeding short-winded. - Bosola, I would have you, sir, provide for me a litter; Such a one as the Duchess of Florence rode in. Bos. The duchess us'd one when she was

great with child.

Duch. I think she did. - Come hither, mend my ruff :

Here, when? thou art such a tedious lady; and Thy breath smells of lemon-pills: wouldst thou hadst done !

Shall I swoon under thy fingers? I am

So troubled with the mother!

Bos. [Aside.] I fear, too much. Duch. I have heard you say that the French courtiers

Wear their hats on 'fore the king. Ant. I have seen it.

In the presence? Duch. Ant.
Duch. Why should not we bring up that fashion?

'T is ceremony more than duty that consists. In the removing of a piece of felt.

Be you the example to the rest o' th' court; 144

Put on your hat first.
You must pardon me: I have seen, in colder countries than in France, Nobles stand bare to th' prince; and the distinc-

tion Methought show'd reverently.

I have a present for your grace.
For me, sir? 146 Ros.

Duch.
Bos. Apricocks, madam.

Duch. O, sir, where are they?

I have heard of none to-year.

Bos. [Aside.] Good; her colour rises.

Bos. [Aside.] Good; her colour rises. Duch. Indeed, I thank you: they are wondrous fair one

What an unskilful fellow is our gardener! We shall have none this month.

Will not your grace pare them? Duch. No: they taste of musk, methinks; in-

deed they do.

Bos. I know not: yet I wish your grace had

par'd on.

Duch. Why?

Box. I forgot to toll you, the knave gardener. Only to raise his profit by them the sooner, 100

Only to raise his promote. Did ripen them in horse-dung. O, you jest.—

You shall judge: pray, taste one

Ant.
I do not love the fruit.
Sir, you are loth
Duck,
The delicate fruit;

To rob us of our quantity of they say they are restorative.
"T is a pretty art, ""

This grafting.

Duch. 'T is so; a bett'ring of nature.

Box To make a pippin grow upon a crab. A danison on a black-thorn. - [Aside.] How greedily she cuts them !

¹ Blue like those of a woman with child.

Person of highest influence.

⁴ Hysteria.

a This year.

A whirlwind strike off these bawd farthingales! or, but for that and the loose-bodied gown, 106 I should have discover d apparently 1.

The young springal 2 cutting a caper in her

belly.

Duch. I thank you, Bosola: they were right

good ones.

If they do not make me sick. Ant. How, now, madam! 170 Duch. This green fruit and my atomach are not friends:

How they swell me!

Bos. [Aside.] Nay, you are too much swell'd already.

Duch. O, I am in an extreme cold swent! Box. Lights to my chamber !- O good An-

tonio,

I fear I am undone!

Delio. Lights there, lights!

Exemt Duchess [and Ladies].

Ant. O my most trusty belio, we are lost!
I fear she 's fall'n in labour; and there 's left I fear she is that to have you prepar'd Have you prepar'd

Those ladies to attend her; and procur'd That politic safe conveyance for the midwife Your duchess plotted?

I have.

Int. I have. Delio, Make use, then, of this fore'd occasion.

Give out that Bosola hath poison'd her With these apricocks; that will give some colour

For her keeping close. Fie, fie, the physicians Ant. Will then flock to her.

Delia. For that you may pretend

She'll use some prepar'd antidote of her own,

Lest the physicians should re-poison her.

Ant. I am lost in amazement: I know not what to think on 't,

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

[Enter] Bosola and Old Lady.

Bos. So, so, there 's no question but her tech-iness 4 and most vulturous eating of the apricocks are apparent signs of breeding. - Now?

Old Lady. I am in haste, sir. Box. There was a young waiting-woman had a monstrous desire to see the glass-house -

Old Lady. Nay, pray, let me go.
Bos. And it was only to know what strange instrument it was should swell up a glass to the fashion of a woman's belly.

Old Lady. I will hear no more of the glass-house. You are still 5 abusing women!

Bos. Who? 1? No; only, by the way now and then, mention your frailties. The orange-tree bears ripe and green fruit and blossoms all pa together; and some of you give entertainment for pure love, but more for more precious reward. The lusty spring smells well; but droop-

! Clearly.

4 Crossies

A hall in the same palace.

& Always.

ing autumn tastes well. If we have the man golden showers that rained in the tame of particle of the part them. Didst thou never study the mathematies ?

Old Lady. What 's that, sir? Box. Why, to know the trick how to make a many lines meet in one centre. Go, go, give your foster-daughters good counsel: tell them, that the devil takes delight to hang at a woman's girdle, like a false rusty watch, that is an's girdle, like it mass that passes, ahe cannot discern how the time passes.

[Ex. t Old Lady.]

Enter ANTONIO, RODERIGO, and GRIBOLAD.

Ant. Shut up the court-gates.
Rod. Why, sir? What 's the daopy.'
Ant. Shut up the posterns presently, and

All the officers o' th' court.

shall instantly [Ent. Gris. Ant. Who keeps the key o' th' park gate' Forobosco. Aut. Let him bring 't presently.

[Re-enter GRIBOLAN with Servanta.]

1 Serv. O. gentleman o' th' court, the fullest treason !

Bos. [Aside.] If that these apricocks should be poison'd now,

Without my knowledge?

1 Serv. There was taken even now a Switzer
in the duchess bed-chamber—

2 Serv. A Switzer! 1 Serv. With a pistol in his great codpiece.

1 Serv. With a pistol in his great codpies.

Bas. Ha, ha, ha!
1 Serv. The codpiece was the case for 't.
2 Serv. There was a cunning traiter. We would have search'd his codpiece?
1 Serv. True; if he had kept out of the battons were leaden bullets.
2 Serv. O wicked cannibal! A fire-lock is a codpiece.

codpiece!
Serv. Twas a French plot, upon my life.
Serv. To see what the devil can do!

2 Serv.

Ant. [Are] all the officers here? Servants. We are,

Ant. Gentlemen. We have lost much plate you know; and but this evening

Jowels, to the value of four thousand ducata, Are missing in the duchess' enbluct. Are the gates shut?

Serv. Yes. Ant.

"T is the duchess" plants.

ach officer be lock'd into his chamber Till the sun-rising; and to send the keys

Of all their chests and of their outward doces Into her bed-chamber. She is very sick. Rod. At her pleasure.
Ant. She entreats you take 't not ill; the "

nocent

Shall be the more approv'd by it.

Bos. Gentlemen o' th' wood-yard, where's
your Switzer now?

is hand, 'twas credibly reported ck guard.1 10 III except ANTONIO and DELIO.

tres it with the duchess? She's expos'd

of torture, pain and fear. to her all happy comfort, to play the fool with mine own

wht, dear friend, to post to

our service.

Do not doubt me. ar from me : and yet fear pre-

looks like danger.

Believe it, dow of your fear, no more. wn salt, or crossing of a hare, the atumbling of a horse, ricket, are of power man in us. Sir, fare you well: s joys of a bless'd father; as th, lay this unto your breast, - a old swords, still are trusted [Exit.]

BRICE CABIOLA,

are the happy father of a son:

onds him to you.

Blessed comfort! nt 's nativity. Except, w

SCENE III.4

DLA, with a dark lantern.] id hear a woman shriek : list.

ume, if I receiv'd it right,

all our courtiers wards: I must have part of it; vill freeze else, List, again! the melancholy bird, lence and of solitariness, ream'd so. - Ha! Antonio!

with a candle, his sword drawn.]

home noise. — Who's there? thou? Speak. expression of fear; friend.

Bosola! -

cole does undermine me. not ?

Yom whence?
Your the duchess' lodging. 15
ld you?

servants.

Cast his horoscope. the same palace.

I did, or else I dream'd. Bos. Let's walk towards it.

No: it may be 't was Ant. But the rising of the wind.

Very likely. Bur Methinks 't is very cold, and yet you sweat:

You look wildly.

I have been setting a figure 5 so

Ant.

I have been setting a figure before the duchess' jewels.

Ros.

Alt, and how falls your question?

Do you find it radical?

Ant. What 's that to 'T is rather to be question'd what design. What's that to you? When all men were commanded to their lodg-

ings, Makes you a night-walker.

13.12. In sooth, I'll tell you: 10 low all the court 's asleep, I thought the devil Had least to do here; I came to say my prayers; And r it do offend you I do so,
You are a fine courtier.

Ant. [Aside.] This fellow will undo me,—

on gave the duchess apricocks to-day :

Pray heaven they were not poison'd! Boy, Poison'd! a Spanish fig

Ant. Traitors are ever confident Till they are discover'd. There were jewels stel'n too:

In my conceit, none are to be suspected More than yourself.

Box. You are a false steward.
Ant. Saucy alave, I'll pull thee up by the

roots. Box. May be the ruin will crush you to pieces. Ant. You are an impudent snake indeed, sir:

Are you scarce warm, and do you show your sting?

You libel well, sir?

Bos.

No, sir: copy it out,

Bus. No. sir: And I will set my hand to 't.

My nose bleeds. .Int. [Aside.] One that were superstitions would count This ominous, when it morely comes by chance.
Two letters, that are wrought here for my name,

Are drown'd in blood!

Mere accident. - For you, sir, I'll take order I' th' morn you shall be safe. - [Ande.] 'T is that must colour

Her lying-in. - Sir, this door you pass not: I do not hold it fit that you come near

The duchess' lodgings, till you have quit your-

[Anide.] The great are like the base, nay, they are the same.

When they seek ahameful ways to avoid shame.

Bos. Antonio hereabout did drop a paper: Some of your help, false friend." - O, here it is.
What 's here? a child's nativity calculated!

(Reads.) 'The duchess was deliver'd of a son, 'tween the

Making an astrological calculation.

• Going to the root of the matter,
7 Write. • J. c. on his handkerchief.

Addressing the lantern.

hours twelve and one in the night, Anno Dom. 1303. — that is this year — decime mone Decembris,"—that is this night — taken according to the meridian of Maln."—that is our dueless: happy discovery!— The lord of the first house being imbust in the accordant signifies short life; and Mars being in a human signification of the tail of the Drayon, in the eighth leshouse, doth threaten a violent death. Curtera noncrutuntur.

Why, now 't is most apparent; this precise fellow

Is the duchess' bawd: — I have it to my wish!
This is a parcel of intelligency? Our courtiers were cas'd up for: it needs must

follow That I must be committed on pretence Of poisoning her; which I'll endure, and laugh

W.E. If one could find the father now! but that Time will discover. Old Castruccio ra I' th' morning posts to Rome: by him I'll send A letter that shall make her brothers' galls O'erflow their livers. This was a thrifty 8 way! Though Lust do mask in ne'er so strange dis-

guise,
She 's oft found witty, but is never wise.

[Exit.] SCRNR IV.4

[Enter] CARDINAL and JULIA.

Card. Sit: thou art my best of wishes. Prithee, tell me
What trick didst thou invent to come to Rome

What trick thus.
Without thy husband?
Why, my lord, I told him

Here for devotion.

Thou art a witty false one, — 8

I mean, to him. You have prevail'd with me Beyond my strongest thoughts; I would not now

Find you inconstant.

Do not put thyself Card. To such a voluntary torture, which proceeds Out of your own guilt.

How, my lord! You fear 10 Julia. Card. My constancy, because you have approv'd 6 Those giddy and wild turnings in yourself.

Julia. Did you e'er find them?

Card. Sooth, generally for women,
A man might strive to make glass malleable,
Ere he should make them fixed.
So, my lord, ts
Card. We had need go borrow that fantastic

glass

Invented by Galileo the Florentine To view another spacious world i' th' moon,

And look to find a constant woman there.

Julia. This is very well, my lord.

Card.

Why do you weep? >>>

I The rest not considered.

A plece of news. 1 Cleverly contrived. * Rome. An apartment in the paint of the Cardinal.

* Religious recluse.

* Experienced.

Baligious recluse.

Are tears your justification? The self-seme tears

Will fall into your husband's bosom, lady, With a loud protestation that you love him Above the world, Come, I'll love you wastly, That 's jealously; since I am very certain You cannot make me cuckold.

I 'll gu home Julia.

To my husband.

Card.

You may thank me, lady.

I have taken you off your melancholy perch,
Bore you upon my fist, and show d you game.

And let you fly at it. - I pray thee, him

me. When thou wast with thy husband, thou wast watch'd

Like a tame elephant: - still you are to thank

Thou hadst only kisses from him and her

feeding; But what delight was that? 'T was just like one

That buth a little fing'ring on the lute, Yet cannot tune it: - still you are to thank

me.
Julia. You told me of a piteous wound i'th' heart. And a sick liver, when you woo'd me first.

And spake like one in physic. Who 's that ? -Card.

[Enter Servant.]

Rest firm for my affection to thee, Lightning moves slow to

Nerv. Madam, a gentleman That 's comes post from Malfi, desires to see

you. Card. Let him enter: I'll withdraw. Ex-Serv. Your husband, old Castruccio, is come b

Most pitifully tir'd with riding post. (Ere]

[Enter DELIO.]

[Aside.] Signior Delio I 't is one of at Julia. old snitors.

Delio, I was bold to come and see you. Delio. Do you lie here ?

Julia. Sure, your own experies.
Will satisfy you no: our Remain prelates.
Do not keep lodging for ladies.

Very well: 1 Delin.

I have brought you no commendation from I have brought your your husband, your husband, For I know none by him.

I hear he 's come to Record hear, of

Julia. I hear he's come to Re-

horse and a knight, So weary of each other. If he had had a go back,

He would have undertook to have born !horse, His breech was so pitifully sore.

le my pity. 1 Slok. lady, I know not whether money, but I have brought you

From my husband?
No, from mine own allowance. ™
I must hear the condition, ere I be ed to take it. cook on 't, 't is gold; hath it not a

have a bird more beautiful.

Try the sound on 't. A lute-string far exceeds it. smell, like cassin or civet; bysical, though some foud doctors us seethe't in cullises, I'll tell you, reature bred by -

[Re-enter Servant.]

Your husband 's come, iver'd a letter to the Duke of Camy thinking, bath put him out of his Exit. 70 ir, you hear: se know your business and your suit as can be. With good speed: I would wish you, me as you are non-resident r husband, my mistress. the return your answer. Very fine! fir, I'll go ask my husband if I shall, Exit. wit, or honesty, that speaks thus? ter sent from Malfi. I do fear betrny'd. How fearfully ambition now! Unfortunate for-0! through whirl-pools, and deep woes went weigh ere the action 's done. 44

SCENE V.

ARDINAL and FERDINAND with a letter. have this night digg'd up a man-

Say you?

and I am grown mad with 't.

What 's the prodigy?

Lead there,—a sister damn'd: she 's
is i' th' hilts: otorious atrumpet

Speak lower. Lower! not whisper 't now, but seek to pubuts do the bounty of their lords) id with a covetous searching eye,

who note them. (), confusion seize

* Strong broth. raparement in the same palace.
drake was supposed to give forth abrieks
ted, which drove the hearer mad. She hath had most cunning bawds to serve her turu,

And more secure conveyances for lust Than towns of garrison for service

Le 't possible? Card.

Can this be certain? Rhubarb, O, for rhubarb Fred. To purge this choler! Here's the cursed day To prompt my memory; and here 't shall stick Till of her bleeding heart I make a sponge To wipe it out.

Why do you make yourself Card.

So wild a tempest? Feed. Would I could be one, That I might toss her palace 'bout her cars. Root up her goodly forests, blast her meads, And lay her general territory as waste As she hath done her honours.

Card. Shall our blood. The royal blood of Arragon and Castile, Be thus attainted?

Ferd. Apply desperate physic: We must not now use balsamum, but fire The smarting cupping-glass, for that's the

To purge infected blood, such blood as hers. There is a kind of pity in mine eye,

'Il give it to my handkercher; and now 't is here.

I'll bequeath this to her bastard.

What to do? Card. Why, to make soft lint for his mother's

When I have how'd her to pieces.

Cord

Curs'd creature!

Unequal nature, to place women's hearts So far upon the left side!" Ford, Foolish men,
That e'er will trust their honour in a bark
Made of so slight weak balrush as is woman,

Apt every minute to sink it!

Card. Thus ignorance, when it hath pur-

chas'd honour,

It cannot wield it.

Ford. Methinks I see her laughing. Excellent hyena! Talk to me somewhat quickly. Or my imagination will carry me

To see her in the shameful act of sin Card. With whom? [bargeman, Ford. Happily with some strong-thigh'd Or one o' th' wood-yard that can quoit the

aledge?

Or toss the bar, or else some lovely squire.
That carries coals up to her privy lodgings.
Curd. You fly beyond your reason.

Ferd. (io to, mistress ! 'T is not your whore's milk that shall quench my wild-fire.

But your whore's blood.

Card. How idly shows this rage, which

carries you.

As men convey'd by witches through the air, to On violent whirlwinds! This intemperate noise Fitly resembles deaf men's shrill discourse,

Throw the hammer.

⁴ Supposed to be a sign of folly.

Who talk aloud, thinking all other men To have their imperfection.

Have not you Ferd.

My palsy? Card. Yes, [but] I can be angry Without this rupture. There is not in nature A thing that makes manso deform'd, so beastly, As doth intemperate anger. Chide yourself. You have divers men who never yet express'd Their strong desire of rest but by unrest, By vexing of themselves. Come, put yourself In tune.

Fird. So I will only study to seem The thing I am not. I could kill her now, In you, or in myself; for I do think It is some sin in us heaven doth revenge By her

Card. Are you stark mad? Ferd. I would have their bodies Burnt in a coal-pit with the ventage stopp'd, That their curs'd smoke might not ascend to heaven:

Or dip the sheets they lie in in pitch or sulphur, "Wrap them in 't, and then light them like a

match;
Or else to-boil 1 their bastard to a cullis,
And give 't his lecherous father to renew The sin of his back.

Card.
Ferd.
I'll leave you.
Nay, I have done,
I am confident, had I been dann'd in hell, And should have heard of this, it would have

Into a cold sweat. In, in; I'll go sleep.
Till I know who leaps my sister, I'll not stir:
That known, I'll find scorpions to string my whips,

And fix her in a general eclipse. Exeunt. 10

ACT III

SCENE I.2

[Enter] ANTONIO and DELIO.

Ant. Our noble friend, my most beloved Delio! O, you have been a stranger long at court: Came you along with the Lord Ferdinand? Delio. I did, sir: and how fares your noble

duchess

Ant. Right fortunately well: she 's an excellent

Feeder of pedigrees; since you last saw her, She hath had two children more, a son and daughter. Delio. Methinks 't was yesterday. Let me

but winks

And not behold your face, which to mine eye Is somewhat leaner, verily I should dream 18 It were within this half hour.

Int. You have not been in law, friend Delio,

Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the court, Nor begg'd the reversion of some great man's place,

Boil to shreds. (Dyce.) Qq to bott.
Amalfi. Anapartment in the palace of the Duchess.

Nor troubled with an old wife, which dots

make Your time so insensibly hasten. Pray, sir, tell us Hath not this news arriv'd yet to the car Of the lord cardinal?

Ant. I fear it hath:
The Lord Ferdinand, that's newly come to court,

Doth bear himself right dangerously. Delio. Ant. He is so quiet that he seems to alvep The tempest out, as dormice do in winter. Those houses that are haunted are most still

Till the devil be up.

What say the common people in the line of t Delio. What say the common people Ant. The common rabble do directly say She is a strumpet.

Delto. And your graver heads Ant. They do observe I grow to infinite par-

The left hand way; and all suppose the durber Would amend it, if she could; for, any they Great princes, though they grudge then other Should have such large and unconfined me To get wealth under them, will not compass Lest thereby they should make them odiom Unto the people. For other obligation Of love or marriage between her and me They never dream of.

The Lord Ferdinand

Is going to bed.

[Enter DUCRESS, FERDINAND, and Attendant

I'll instantly to bed, Ford. For I am weary. - I am to bespeak

A husband for you.

Inch. For me, sir! Pray, who is 't? '
Ferd. The great Count Mulatesti.

Fie upon bis A count! He's a mere stick of sugar-cand; You may look quite through him. Whea! choose

A husband, I will marry for your honour.
Ferd. You shall do well in 't. How is'
worthy Antonio?
Duch. But, sir, I am to have private confeence with you

About a scandalous report is spread Touching mine honour.

Ferd. Let me be ever deaf to One of Pasquil's paper-bullets, court-saloud A pestilent air, which princes palaces Are seldom purg'd of. Yet, say that it were to I pour it in your bosom, my fix'd lure Would strongly excuse, extenuate nay, de-Faultz, were they apparent in you. Go, be al-In your own innocency. Duch, [Aside.]

() blean'd comfart!

This deadly air is purg'd.

Execut [DUCHPER, A PROPER

DELIO, and Attendants | Her guilt treases Ferd. Hot-burning coulters.6

1 Woulth.

4 Lampoons. 1 Proughaber

[Enter BOSOLA.]

Now, Bosola,

Sir, uncertainly:

mion all things are written there. Yes, if we could find spectacles to read OREN.

peet there hath been some sorvery the duchess.

Sorcery! to what purpose? To make her dote on some desertless How

hes to acknowledge. Can your faith give way there's power in potions or in charms, us love whether we will or no? Most certainly.

Away these are mere gulleries, hor-things, to by some cheating mountebanks aus. Do you think that herbs or charms

e the will? Some trials have been ude polish practice, but the ingredients ntive I poisons, such as are of force

the patient mad; and straight the witch is equivocation they are in love. sh-craft lies in her rank blood. This

ree confession from her. You told me ot, within these two days, a false key 10 bed-chamber.

I have.

What do you intend to do?

Can you guess?

Exeunt.

Do not ask, then: can compass me, and know my drifts, he hath put a girdle 'hout the world, ded all her quick-sands.

I do not

What do you think, then, pray? That you own chronicle too much, and grossly purself.

thive me thy hand; I thank thee: mve pension but to flatterers, tortained thee, Farewell. and a great man's ruin strongly checks, into his belief all his defects.

SCHNE II.4

DUCHESS, ANTONIO, and CARIOLA. Bring me the easket hither, and the no lodging here to-night, my lord. ndeed, I must persuade one.

1 Soothing. Beceptions. Lehamber of the Duchess in the same.

There in time 't will grow into a custom,
That noblemen shall come with cap and knee of
To purchase a night's lodging of their wives,
Ast. I must lie here.
Duch. Must! You are a lord of mis-rule.

Ant. Indeed, my rule is only in the night.

Duch. To what use will you put me?

We'll sleep togother.

Duch. Alas, what pleasure can two lovers find Cari. My lord, I lie with her often, and I

She 'll much disquiet you. Ant. See, you are complain'd of. Cari. For she's the sprawling'st bedfellow. Ant. I shall like her the better for that. Cari. Sir, shall I ask you a question?

Ant. I pray thee, Cariola.

Cari. Wherefore still when you lie with my

lady Do you rise so early?

Labouring men And. Count the clock oft'nest, Cariola, Are glad when their task 's ended

Duch. I'll stop your mouth. [Kisses him.] = Ant. Nny, that's but one; Venus had two soft doves

To draw her chariot; I must have another .-When wilt thou marry, Cariola?

Cari.

Never, my lord. To the pale empty reed; Anaxarete Was frozen into marble: whereas those

Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends,

Were by a gracious influence trans-shap'd so Into the olive, pomegranate, mulberry,

Became flowers, precious stones, or eminent atars.

i. This is a vain poetry: but I pray you, Cari.

tell me, If there were propos'd me, wisdom, riches, and

beauty. In three several young men, which should I

charge?

Ant. 'T is a hard question. This was Paris' ense,

And he was blind in 't, and there was a great cause; For how was 't possible he could judge right,

Having three amorous goddesses in view, And they stark maked? "I was a motion Were able to benight the apprehension Of the severest counsellor of Europe. Now I look on both your faces so well form'd,

It puts me in mind of a question I would ask.

Cari. What is 't?

Ant. I do wonder why hard-favour'd ladies.

For the most part, keep worse-favour'd waiting To attend them, and cannot endure fair ones.

1 Qq. read elight.

Duch. O, that 's soon answer'd.

Did you ever in your life know an ill painter Desire to have his dwelling next door to the abop

Of an excellent picture-maker? 'T would dis-

His face-making, and undo him, I prithee, When were we so merry? My hair tangles. Ant. Pray thee, Cariola, let's steal forth the

And let her talk to herself : I have divers times Serv'd her the like, when she hath chaf'd extremely.

l love to see her angry. Softly, Cariola,

Exeunt (ANTONIO and CARIOLA).

Duch. Doth not the colour of my hair 'gin to change?

When I wax gray, I shall have all the court Powder their hair with arras, to be like me. .. You have cause to love me; I ent'red you into my heart

[Enter FERDINAND unseen.]

Before you would vouchsafe to call for the

keys. We shall one day have my brothers take you napping.

Methinks his presence, being now in court, Should make you keep your own bed; but you'll

Love mixt with fear is sweetest. I'll assure you, You shall get no more children till my brothers Consent to be your gossips. Have you lost your tongue?

T is welcome:

For know, whether I am doom'd to live or die, I can do both like a prince.

Die, then, quickly. Virtue, where art thou hid? What hideous

thing

thing Is it that doth eclipse thee? Pray, sir, hear me. Ferd. Or is it true thou art but a bare name,

And no essential thing? Duch. Ferd.

Do not speak. 15 Duch. No, sir: I will plant my soul in mine ears, to hear you.

Ferd. O most imperfect light of human

TERROR.

That mak'st [as] so unhappy to foresee What we can least prevent! Pursue thy wishes, And glory in them: there's in shame no comfort

But to be past all bounds and sense of shame, Thuch. I pray, sir, hear me: I am married.

Duch. Happily, not to your liking: but for that,

Alas, your shears do come untimely now To clip the hird's wings that 's already flown! Will you see my husband?

Feril. Yes, if I could change Eyes with a basilisk.

1 Powder of orrie-root.

Sure, you came bither By his confederacy.

The howling of a odf .

Is music to thee, acreech-owl : prathee, pass Whate'er thou art that hast enjoy'd ny cor anko

et me not know thee. I came hither preper To work thy discovery; yet am now perast-It would beget such violent effects As would down us both. I would not for to

millions I had beheld thee: therefore use all mean I never may have knowledge of thy name. Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life. On that condition. — And for thee, vild son If thou do wish thy lecher may grow old In thy embracements, I would have ther

Such a room for him as our anchorites To holier use inhabit. Let not the sun Shine on him till he 's dead; let dogs and me keys

Only converse with him, and such dumb that To whom nature denies use to sound his am-Do not keep a paraquito, lest the learner. If thou do love him, out out thine out the

If their do now.
Lest it bewray him.

Why might not I many Any new world or custom.

Ferd. Thou art und se And thou hast ta'en that massy sheet of a 4 That hid thy husband's bones, and folded " About my heart.

Mine bleeds for 't. Thine! thy hour Duch. Fird. Thine! thy new What should I name 't, unless a hollow ball Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire

Duch. You are trul Too strict; and were you not my prime brother,

would say, too wilful: my reputation Is safe.

Ferd. Dost thou know what reputation v I'll tell thee, - to small purpose, extere the struction

Comes now too late. pon a time Reputation, Love, and I teath, Would travel o'er the world; and it was es

That they should part, and take three w 84 2 4 4

Death told them, they should find him in gr

battles, Or cities plagu'd with plagues : Love gove

them counsel To inquire for him 'mongst unambition de herds.

Where dowries were not talk'd of and an times

Mongat quiet kindred that had nothing left By their dead parents: 'Stay,' quanti Regain tion,

'Do not forsake me ; for it is my nature. If once I part from any man I meet. I am never found upain. And so for som You have shook hands with Reputation,

him invisible. So, fare you well:

er see you more. Why should only I, so ther princes of the world, up, like a holy relic? I have youth the beauty.

So you have some virgins 100

witches. I will never see thee more.

ANTONIO with a pistol, [and CARIOLA.]

You saw this apparition? How came he hither? I should turn bee, for that.

Pray, sir, do; and when have cleft my heart, you shall read rescue.

That gallery gave him entrance, would this terrible thing would come

nding on my guard, I might relate ntable love.

(She shows the poniurd.)

Ha! what means this?

He left this with me, And it seems did wish 150

ld use it on yourself.
His action seem'd

This hath a handle to't, a point: turn it towards him, and the keen edge in his rank gall,

[Knocking within.] v! who knocks? More earthquakes latand us

the beneath my feet were ready wn up. 'T is Bosola.

Away ! I methinks unjust actions ear these masks and curtains, and not

instantly part hence: I have fashion'd Exit ANTONIO. 100 already.

[Enter Bosola.]

he duke your brother is ta'en up in a delwind;

k horse, and 's rid post to Rome. So Inte? le told me, as he mounted into th' dle,

undone. Indeed, I am very near it. Antonio, the master of our household, it so falsely with me in accounts. her stood engag'd with me for money of certain Neapolitan Jews, pain lets the bonds be forfeit. trange ! - [Ande.] This is conning.

And hereupon er's hills at Nuples are protested Call up our officers. I shall. Exit.

Re-enter ANTONIO. Duch. The place that you must fly to is Ancona:

Hire a bouse there; I'll send after you My treasure and my jewels. Our weak safety Runs upon enginous wheels: I short syllables Must stand for periods. I must now secuse you Of such a feigned crime as Tasso culis Magnanima menzogna, a noble lie,

'Cause it must shield our honours. - Hark! they are coming.

| Kerenter BosoLA and Officers.

Ant. Will your grace hear me?

Duch. I have got well by you; you have yielded me

A million of loss: I am like to inherit The people's curses for your stewardship. You had the trick in audit-time to be sick. Till I had sign'd your quietus; and that cur'd

Without help of a doctor. - Gentlemen, I would have this man be an example to you all;

So shall you hold my favour; I pray, let him; For h'as done that, also, you would not think

And, because I intend to be rid of him, I mean not to publish. - Use your fortune claewhere.

Ant. I am strongly arm'd to brook my over-

throw. As commonly men bear with a hard year.

I will not blame the cause on 't; but do think

The necessity of my malevolent star Procures this, not her humour. O, the incon-BEAME

And rotten ground of service! You may see, 'T is oven like him, that in a winter night, Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire, A-loth to part from 't; yet parts thence as cold A-loth to part men.

As when he first sat down.

We do confiscate,

Towards the satisfying of your accounts, All that you have.

I am all yours; and 't is very fit sos All mine should be so.

Duch. So, sir, you have your pass. Ant. You may see, gentlemen, what 't is to So, sir, you have your pass. Berve

A prince with body and soul, Box. Here's an example for extortion: what moisture is drawn out of the sea, when foul pro-weather comes, pours down, and runs into the

sea again.

Duch. I would know what are your opinions
Of this Antonio.

2 Off. He could not abide to see a pig's head
gaping: I thought your grace would find him a

3 Off. I would you had been his officer, for

your own sake.
4 Off. You would have had more money, me

Wheels of craft.

2 Certificate that the books were found correct.

1 Off. He stopp'd his ears with black wool, and to those came to him for money said he was thick of hearing.

2 Off. Some said he was an hermaphrodite,

toff. Yes, and the chippings of the buttery

fly after him, to scour his gold chain.1 Duch. Leave us. — Excunt [Officers]. What do you think of these?

Bos. That these are rogues that in 's prosper-

Bos. That these are regues that in a prosper ity, But to have waited on his fortune, could have

His dirty stirrup riveted through their noses, And follow'd after 's mule, like a bear in a

Would have prostituted their daughters to his lust;

Made their first-born intelligencers; 2 thought none happy

But such as were born under his blest planet, And wore his livery: and do these lice drop off now?

Well, never look to have the like again: 200 He hath left a sort 8 of flatt'ring rogues behind him;

Their doom must follow. Princes pay flatterers In their own money : flatterers dissemble their vices,

And they dissemble their lies; that 's justice.

Alas, poor gentleman!

Duch. Poor! he hath amply fill'd his coffers.

Bos. Sure, he was too honest. Pluto, the god

of riches, When he 's sent by Jupiter to any man,

He goes limping, to signify that wealth That comes on God's name comes slowly; but when he 's sent

On the devil's errand, he rides post and comes in by scuttles. 6

Let me show you what a most unvalu'd jewel You have in a wanton humour thrown away, To bless the man shall find him. He was an ex-

cellent Courtier and most faithful; a soldier that thought it

As beastly to know his own value too little As devilish to acknowledge it too much. Both his virtue and form deserv'd a far better

fortnne:

His discourse rather delighted to judge itself than show itself: His breast was fill'd with all perfection,

And yet it seem'd a private whisp'ring-room, It made so little noise of 't.

Duch, But he was basely described.

Bos. Will you make yourself a mercenary Box.

Rather to examine men's pedigrees than virtues?

You shall want 6 him :

For know an honest statesman to a prince

I The hadge of a steward.

4 For Plutus. D Quick steps.

a Apies. . Lot.

e Mins.

Is like a cedar planted by a spring; The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful

Rewards it with his shadow: you have not down

I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes on Two politicians' rotten bladders, tied

Together with an intelligencer's heart-string Than depend on so changeable a prince's favour Fare thee well, Antonio! Since the maker of

Would needs down with thee, it cannot be same yet

That any ill happen'd unto thee, cousidering

thy fall Was accompanied with virtue.

Duch. O, you render me excellent music!

Duch. This good one that you speak of a me husband.

Bos. Do I not dream? Can this ambitious

Have so much goodness in 't as to prefer A man merely for worth, without these shadows

Of wealth and painted honours? Possible?

Duch, I have had three children by him. Fortunate lady

Bos.
For you have made your private unptial bed
The humble and fair seminary of peace.
No question but: many an unbenefic'd achdar
Shall pray for you for this deed, and rejones
That some preferment in the world can yet a
Arise from merit. The virgins of your land
That have no downies shall hope your wample
Will subsentent wich haplands. Should me Will raise them to rich busbands. Should 300 want

Soldiers, 't would make the very Turks and Moors

Turn Christians, and serve you for this act.
Last, the neglected poets of your time,
In honour of this trophy of a man,

Rais'd by that curious engine, your white hand.

Shall thank you in your grave for 't, and mah that

More reverend than all the cabinets
(If living princes For Antonio,
His fame shall likewise flow from many a per-

When heralds shall want coats to sell to met.

Duch. As I taste comfort in this friendly

speech,
So would I find concealment,

Bos. (), the secret of my prince.
Which I will wear on th' inside of my heart'
Duch. You shall take charge of all my one and jewels.

and follow him; for he retires himself To Ancona.

Bos. Duch.

So. Whither, within few days, " I mean to follow thee.

Bos. Let me thinh : would wish your grace to feign a pilgrimage To our Lady of Loretto, scarre seven league

From fair Ancona; so may you depart Your country with more honous, and your fight

Will seem a princely progress, retaining Your usual train about you.

Sir, your direction

Shall lead me by the hand.

In my opiniou, Cari. She were better progress to the baths at Lucca,

Or go visit the Spa
In Germany: for, if you will believe me,
I do not like this jesting with religion,

This feigned pilgrimage.

Duch. Thou art a superstitious fool: Prepare us instantly for our departure. Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them,

For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

[Excunt Duchess and Cantola.]

Bos. A politician is the devil's quilted anvil; He fashions all sins on him, and the blows Are never heard: he may work in a lady's

chamber,

As here for proof. What rests 1 but I reveal All to my lord? O, this base quality? Of intelligencer! Why, every quality i'th' world

Prefers but gain or commendation:
Now, for this act I am certain to be rais'd, an
And men that paint weeds to the life are prais'd.

SCENE III.8

(Enter) CARDINAL, FERDINAND, MALATESTI, PESCARA, DELIO, and SILVIO.

Card. Must we turn soldier, then?

Mal. The emperor, Hearing your worth that way, ere you attain'd This reverend garment, joins you in commis-

With the right fortunate soldier the Marquis of Pescara,

And the famous Lannoy. Of taking the French king prisoner?

The same.

Here's a plot drawn for a new fortification At Naples. Ferd. This great Count Malatesti, I perceive,

Hath got employment? Delio. No employment, my lord; marginal note in the muster-book that he

A voluntary lord.

He's no soldier?

Fird. He 's no soldier?

Delio. He has worn gun-powder in 's hollow tooth for the tooth-ache.

Sil. He comes to the leaguer with a full in-

To eat fresh beef and garlic, means to stay ' Till the scent be gone, and straight return to

Delio. He hath read all the late service the City Chronicle relates it;

and keeps two pewterers going, only to express Battles in model

Then he'll fight by the book. Delio. By the almanne, I think,

t Profession. Au apartment in the Cardinal's palace at Rome. To choose good days and shun the critical; That 's his mistress' scarf.

Yes, he protests

He would do much for that tasseta.

Delio. I think he would run away from a

battle.

To save it from taking prisoner.

Sel. He is horribly afraid as

Gun-powder will spoil the perfume on 't.

Delto. I saw a Dutchman break his pate

For calling him a pot-gun; he made his head Have a bore in 't like a musket.

Only for the remove of the court,

[Enter BOSOLA.]

Pes. Bosola arriv'd! What should be the business?

Some falling-out among the cardinals.

These factions amongst great men, they are like

Foxes, when their heads are divided, They carry fire in their tails, and all the country About them goes to wrack for 't. Sil. What 's that Bosols?

Delio. I knew him in Padua, — a fautastical scholar, like such who study to know how many knots was in Hercules' club, of what colour let Achilles' beard was, or whether Hector were not troubled with the tooth-ache. He hath atudied himself half blear-ey'd to know the true symmetry of Caesar's nose by a shoeinghorn; and this he did to gain the name of a speculative man.

Pes. Mark Prince Ferdinand: very salamander lives in 's eye.

To mock the eager violence of fire.

Sil. That cardinal hath made more bad faces with his oppression than ever Michael Angelo made good ones. He lifts up 's nose, like a foul

porpoise before a storm.

Pes. The Lord Ferdinand laughs.

Delio. Like a deadly cannon .

That lightens ere it smokes.

Pes. These are your true pangs of death, The pangs of life, that struggle with great REST DESCRIPTION

Delro. In such a deformed silence witches whisper their charms.

Curd. Doth she make religion her ridinghood

To keep her from the sun and tempest?

Ferd. That, that damns her. Methinks her fault and beauty.

Blanded together, show like leprosy,
The whiter the fouler. I make it a question

Whether her beggarly brats were ever chris-

t'ned. Card. I will instantly solicit the state of Ancons

To have them banish'd.

You are for Loretto:

A decorated horse-cloth, used only when the court is traveling.

I shall not be at your ceremony, fare you well—Write to the Duke of Malfi, my young nephew, She had by her first husband, and acquaint With 's mother's honesty. I will.

Ford. Antonio !

A slave that only smell'd of ink and counters, And nev'r in a life look'd like a geutleman, But in the audit-time. — Go, go presently. Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our

horse, And meet me at the foot-bridge. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

[Enter] Two Pilgrims to the Shrine of our Lady of Luretto.

1 Pil. I have not seen a goodlier ahrine than this ;

Yet I have visited many.
The Cardinal of Arragon His sister duchess likewise is arriv'd To pay her vow of pilgrimage. I expect

A noble ceremony.

No question. — They come.

1 Pil.

[Here the ceremony of the Cardinal's instalment in the hubit of a soldier perform'd in delivering up his cross, hut, robes and ring at the shrine, and investing him with Then ANYONIO, the Duchess and their children, having presented themselves at the sheine, are, by a form of banishment in dumb-show expressed towards them by the CARDINAL and the state of Au-cona, banished: dweing all which ceremony, this ditty is sung, to very solemn music, by divers church-men; and then execut [all except the Two Pilgrima].

Arms and honours deck thy story, 1 To thy fame's eternal glory ! Adverse fortune over fly thee; No disastrone fate come nigh thee ! I alone will sing thy praises, Whom to honour virtue raises,
And thy study, that divine is,
Bent to martial discipline is,
Lay aside all those roles lie by thee;
Crown thy arts with arms, they'll beautify thee.

O worthy of worthlest name, adorn'd in this manner, Lead bravely thy forces on under war's wallke banner!
O, mayst then prove fortunate in all martial courses!
Guide thou still by skill in arts and forces!
Victory attend thee nigh, whilst fame sings loud thy

Triumphant conquest crown thy head, and blessings pour down showers !

1 Pil. Here's a strange turn of state! who would have thought

So great a lady would have match'd herself

The first quarto has in the margin: "The author disclaims this ditty to be his."

Unto so mean a person? Yet the cardinal

Bears himself much too cruel.

2 Pil. They are hanish'd. 1 Pil. But I would ask what power buth this

Of Ancoun to determine of a free prince?

2 Pil. They are a free state, sir, and her brother show'd

How that the Pope, fore-hearing of her loss

Hath seiz'd into th' protection of the church.

The dukedom which she held as downger.

1 Pil. But by what justice?

2 Pil.

Sure I think to

Sure, I think by men

Only her brother's instignation.

1 Pil. What was it with such violence be took

Off from her finger? Which he vow'd shortly he would sacrifice To his revenge.

1 Pil. Alas, Antonio !

If that a man be thrust into a well, No matter who sets hand to 't, his own week Will bring him sooner to th' buttom to let's hence.

Fortune makes this conclusion general All things do help th' unhappy man to fell

SCENE V.2

[Enter] Duchess, Antonio, Children, Can OLA, and bervauts.

Duch. Banish'd Aucona!

Ant. Yes, you see what pove Lightens in great men's breath.

Is all our tran Duch. Shrunk to this poor remainder?

Three print me Ant. Which have got little in your service, vov. To take your fortune: but your wiser her

tings,

Now they are fledg'd, are gone.

Duch.

They have done visit.

This puts me in mind of death: physicare thus,

With their hands full of money, use to give to

Their patients.

Right the fashion of the world From deeny'd fortunes every flatteer; the 10 Men cease to build where the foundation and Duch. I had a very strange dream temperature.

Must very

Duch. Methought I were my curumet if statio

And on a sudden all the diamonds Were chang'd to pearls.

And. My interpretative (s. you'll weep shortly; for to me the pearly

Do signify your tears.

Duch. The birds, that live i' th' On the wild benefit of nature, live

Happier than we for they may chouse the mates.

And carol their sweet pleasures to the apros. Near Loretto. Small birds

BOSULA with a letter.

happily o'erta'en.

From my brother? om the Lord Ferdinand your

Thou doet blanch mischief, it white. See, see, like to

tempest, false bearts speak

tond most mischief. [Reads.] to me; I want his head in a

at your counsel, but your head; at sleep till you be dead. ther pitfall that 's strew'd o'er rk it, 't is a cunning one:

[Reads.] d for your husband for several tet not that trouble him; I his heart than his money." tua.

What do you believe? > so much distrusts my hus-

ve, and believe his heart is with him the devil is not couning enough in riddles.

a reject that noble and free

ve which I present you? pagne is like that of some poli-

themselves of strength and

ruin : tell them so.

at from you? Thus tell him; I will not come. at of this?

My brothers have dispers'd road; which till I hear are

hatch'd with ne'er such poli-

as upon our enemies' will. them.

This proclaims your breeding. draws a base mind to fear draws iron. Fare you well, sir; y bear from 'a. Erit.

I suspect some ambush; my love I do conjure you at leat son, and fly towards Milan, re all this poor remainder bottom,

You counsel safely. farewell. Since we must part, hand in 't; but no otherwise ... rions artist takes in sunder h, when it is out of frame, after order. act which is best.

, or part with you. Farewell,

Thou art happy that thou hast not understanding

To know thy misery; for all our wit And reading brings us to a truer sense Of sorrow. — In the eternal church, sir,

Of sorrow. — In the etrina.

Of sorrow. — In the etrina.

O, be of comfort! »

Make patience a noble fortitude, And think not how unkindly we are us'd:

Man, like to ensain, is prov'd heat, being bruis'd.

Duch Must I, like to a slave-born Russian, Account it praise to suffer tyranny? And yet, O heaven, thy heavy hand is in 't!

I have seen my little boy oft scourge his top. And compar'd myself to 't: naught made me

Go right but heaven's scourge-stick.

Ant. Do not weep: Heaven fashion'd us of nothing; and we strive To bring ourselves to nothing. - Farewell, Cariola,

And thy sweet armful. - If I do never see thee

Be a good mother to your little ones.

And save them from the tiger: fare you well.

Duch. Let me look upon you once more, for that speech

Came from a dying father. Your kiss is colder Than that I have seen an hely anchorite Give to a dead man's skull.

Ant. My heart is turn'd to a heavy lump of lend.

With which I sound my danger: fare you well.

Errunt [Anrono and his son].

Duch. My laurel is all withered.

Cari. Look, mudam, what a troop of armed 271013

Make toward us!

Re-enter Bosola [visarded,] with a Guard.

O, they are very welcome: When Fortune's wheel is over-charg'd with princes.

The weight makes it move swift: I would have Be sudden. - I am your adventure, am I not?

Bos. You are: you must see your husband no more

Duch. What devil art thou that counterfeit'st heaven's thunder

Bos. Is that terrible ! I would have you tell me whether

Is that note worse that frights the silly birds to Out of the corn, or that which doth allure them To the nets? You have heark'ned to the last too much.

Duch. () misery! like to a rusty o'ercharg'd

Shall I never fly in pieces? Come, to what all I never by prison?

Bos. To none.

Whither, then?

To your palace.

I have heard we all n'er

That Charon's boat serves to convey all o'er. The dismal lake, but brings none back again. Bos. Your brothers mean you safety and pity.

Pity! With such a pity men preserve alive Pheasants and quails, when they are not fat enough To be eaten.

These are your children? Box. Duch. Bus. Can they prattle? Duch. No: But I intend, since they were born accurs'd, Curses shall be their first language. Fig. madain! Forget this base, low fellow Were I a man, 112 Duch. I'd beat that counterfeit face i into thy other.

Bus. One of no birth. Duch. Say that he was born mean, Man is most happy when a own actions Be arguments and examples of his virtue. Bos. A barren, beggarly virtue.

Duch. I prithee, who is greatest? Can you tell? Sad tales befit my woe: I'll tell you one. A salmon, as she swam unto the sea, Met with a dog-fish, who encounters her With this rough language; 'Why art thon so bold To mix thyself with our high state of floods, Being no eminent courtier, but one That for the calmest and fresh time o'th' Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself With silly smelts and shrimps? And darest thou Pass by our dog-ship without reverence? 'O,' quoth the salmon, 'sister, be at peace:
Thank Jupiter we both have pass'd the net!
Our value never can be truly known,
Till in the fisher's heaket we be shown:

L' th' market then my price may be the higher, Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire.'

ACT IV

So to great men the moral may be stretched; Men oft are valu'd high, when they 're most

But come, whither you please. I am arm'd

There's no deep valley but near some great

'gainst misery; Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will.

wretched.

hill.

SCRNE L2

[Enter] FERDINAND and BOSOLA.

Ferd. How doth our sister duchess bear herself

In her imprisonment? Bos. Nobly: I'll describe her. She's sad as one long us'd to't, and she seems Rather to welcome the end of misery Than shun it; a behaviour so noble As gives a majesty to adversity:

1 His vizard.

Amalf. An apartment in the palace of the Duchess.

You may discern the shape of lovelines More perfect in her tears than in her smiles She will muse four hours together; and her silence.

Methinks, expresseth more than if she spake. • Ferd. Her melancholy seems to be fortised

With a strange disdain.
Tis so; and this restruct. Like English mastives that grow fierce with tying.

Makes her too passionately apprehend Those pleasures she is kept from.

urse upon her! I will no longer study in the book Of another's heart. Inform her what 1 184 you.

Enter Duchess and Attendants.

Bos. All comfort to your grace! I will have note Pray thee, why dost thou wrap the pormal

pills
In gold and sugar?

Bos. Your elder brother, the Lord Feri

nand, Is come to visit you, and sends you word, 'Cause once he rashly made a solemn you Never to see you more, he comes i' th' night, And prays you gently neither torch nor tape? Shine in your chamber. He will kiss your hand And reconcile himself; but for his vow He dares not see you.

Duch. At his pleasure. —
Take hence the lights. — He is come.

[Excust Attendants with lights.]

[Enter FERDINAND.]

Where are you? Ferd. Duch. Here at Ford. This darkness suits you well.

Duch. I would ask you pardes.

Duch. Ferd. You have it; For I account it the honorabl'at revence. Where I may kill, to pardon. - Where are you

cuba ? Duch. Whom?

Call them your children Ferd. For though our national law distinguish by tards

From true legitimate issue, compassionate m ture

Makes them all equal.

Do you visit my for the?

You violate a sacrament o' th' church

Shall make you howl in hell for 't

It had been well Feed. Could you have liv'd thus always; for trained You were too much i' th' light - but to trained

I come to seal my peace with you. Here thand Gives her a dead man view.

To which you have yow'd much lave; the recupon't

You gave.

Excunt.

Duch. I affectionately kiss it. Ferd. Pray, do, and bury the print of it is your heart.

I will leave this ring with you for a love tohn.

And the hand as sure as the ring; and do not

But you shall have the heart too. When you need a friend,

nd it to him that ow'd it; you shall see

Whether he can aid you.

You are very cold : 10 Duch. I fear you are not well after your travel. —
Ha! lights! — O, horrible!
Ford. Let her have lights enough. Ext.

Fird. Let her have ngma enough.

Duch. What witchcraft doth he practise, that

A dead man's hand here?

Here is discover'd, behind a troverse.1 the artificial figures of ANTONIO and his children, appearing as I they were dead.

Bos. Loon ; t was ta'en. Look you, here 's the piece from which

He doth present you this sad spectacle, That, now you know directly they are dead, Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve

For that which cannot be recovered.

Duch. There is not between heaven and earth

one wish stay for after this. It wastes me more Than were 't my picture, fashion'd out of war. tuck with a magical needle, and then buried

In some foul dung hill; and yon's an excellent property For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.

What's that ? on Bus. Duch. If they would bind me to that lifeless

trunk,
And let me freeze to death.

Come, you must live. Duch. That's the greatest torture souls feel in hell,

In hell, that they must live, and cannot die. Portia, I'll new kindle thy coals again, And revive the rare and almost dead example Of a loving wife.

Bos. O, fie! despair? Remember You are a Christian.
The church enjoins fasting:

'll starve myself to death.

Leave this vain sorrow. Things being at the worst begin to mend: the

When he hath shot his sting into your hand,

May then play with your eye-lid.

Finch. Good comfortable fellow. eranade a wretch that 's broke upon the wheel To have all his bones new set; entreat him live To be executed again. Who must despatch me? necount this world a tedious theatre.

For I do play a part in 't 'gainst my will.

Bos. Come, be of comfort; I will save your Bos. life

Duch. Indeed, I have not leisure to tend so

h. Indeed, 1 in sandl a business.

small a business.

Now, by my life, I pity you.

Thou art a fool, then,

Thou art a fool, then, Duch To waste thy pity on a thing so wretched

Curtain

As cannot pity itself. I am full of daggers, Puff, let me blow these vipers from me.

[Enter Servant.]

What are you?

One that wishes you long life. Serv. I would thou wert hang'd for the hor-Duch. rible curse

Thou hast given me: I shall shortly grow one
Of the miracles of pity. I'll go pray; —
[Exit Serv.]

No, I'll go curse.

Bos. Duch. I could curse the stars -O, fearful! Bus Duch. And those three smiling seasons of the

year Into a Russian winter: nav. the world

To its first chaos.

Look you, the stars shine still. Duch. O, but you must

Remember, my curse hath agreat way to go. -Plagues, that make lanes through largest families, Consume them !-

Bos. Duch.

Fie, lady! Let them, like tyrants, Never be remembered but for the ill they have done ;

Let all the zealous prayers of mortified Churchmen forget them ! -

Bas O. upcharitable! Duch. Let heaven a little while cease crowning martyrs,

To punish them! Go, howl them this, and say, I long to bleed: It is some mercy when men kill with speed. Exit.

[Re-enter FERDINAND.]

Ferd. Excellent, as I would wish; she's plagu'd in art.8

e presentations are but fram'd in wax By the curious master in that quality, 4 Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them Vincentic Lauritan bodies.
For true substantial bodies.
Why do you do this?

Box. Feed. To bring her to despair. Faith, and here,

And go no farther in your cruelty: Send her a penitential garment to put on Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her

With beads and prayer-books.

Fird.

Damn her! that body of here. While that my blood ran pure in 't, was more worth

Than that which thou wouldst comfort, call'd a soul.

I will send her masques of common courte-SODS.

Have her meat serv'd up by bawds and ruffians. And, 'cause she'll needs be und. I am resolv'd To move forth the common hospital

All the mad-folk, and place them near her lodging;

The wife of Brutus, who died by swallowing fire.

By artificial means. Profusion.

There let them practise together, sing and dance And act their gambols to the full o' th' moon:

If she can sleep the better for it, let her. Your work is almost ended

Bos.
Ferd. Yes.
Bos.
You must.
Never in mine own shape;
Never in mine own shape;
intelligence! Bos.
Never in mine own shape;
That 's forfeited by my intelligence 1 120
And this last cruel lie: when you send me ment,
The business shall be comfort.

Very likely, Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee. Autonio Lurks about Milan: thou shalt shortly thither, To feed a fire as great as my revenge.

Which nev'r will slack till it hath spent his fuel:

Intemperate agues make physicians cruel Excunt.

[SCENE II.] 1

Enter DUCHESS and CARIOLA.

Duch. What hideous noise was that? Cari. "T is the wild consort? Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother Hath plac'd about your lodging. This tyranny, I think, was never practis'd till this hour.

Duch. Indeed, I thank him. Nothing but noise and folly

Can keep me in my right wits; whereas reason And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;

And shence make me same dismal tragedy.

Cari, O, 't will increase your melancholy!

Duch,

Thou art deceiv'd:

To hear of greater grief would lessen mine. 10
This is a prison? Cari.

Yes, but you shall live To shake this durance off.

Thou art a fool ? The robin-red-breast and the nightingale

Never live long in cages.

Cari.

Pray, dry your eyes.

What think you of, madam?

Of nothing;

When I muse thus, I sleep.

Cari. Like a madman, with your eyes open? Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another

In th' other world? Yes, out of question. Cari.

Duch, O, that it were possible we might But hold some two days' conference with the dend From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,

I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a mirnole:

am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow: Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten

The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.

I am acquainted with sad misery

1 Spying.

Another room in the lodging of the Ducham.

As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar; Necessity makes me suffer constantly, And custom makes it casy. Who do I look like now

Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery. A deal of life in show, but none in practice; Or rather like some reverend monument Whose ruins are even pitied.

And Fortune seems only to have her eye-ught. To behold my tragedy.— How now!

[Enter Servant.]

Serv.

Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was such.
Of a deep melancholy, presented him.
With several sorts of madmen, which wild ob.

Being full of change and sport, forc'd him to

laugh,
And so th' imposthume broke : the self-and cure

The duke intends on you.

Duch.

Serv. There's a mad lawyer; and a seculo Let them come in prieat ;

doctor that hath forfeited his wite By jealousy; an astrologian
That in his works said such a day o' th' moul

Should be the day of doom, and, failing of t. Ran mad; an Euglish tailor craz'd i' th' besin With the study of new fashions; a gentleman usher

Quite beside himself with care to keep in axisi The number of his lady's salutations, Or 'How do you,' she employ'd him in each morning;

Mad 'cause he was hind red transportation.'
And let one broker that 's mad losse to them.
You'd think the devil were among them
Duch. Sit, Cariola. — Let them loose were

you please, For I am chain'd to endure all your tyramy.

[Enter Madman.]

Here by a Madman this song is sung to a dund kind of music.

O, let us howl some heavy note, Rome deadly degred howl, Sounding as from the threat ning threat Sounding as from the threat ining threat Of beaster and fatal few!
As ravenus acreech-owls, bulls, and banes,
We 'll bell, and bane our rasts.
Till trkaome noise have cley'd your ears
And corrosiv'd your heatts.
At last, when as our choir wants breath,
Our bodies being bleet,
We 'll sing, like awans, to welcome death,
And die in love and rest.

1 Madman. Doom's day not come yet! 1'll draw it nearer by a perspective, or make a je

Bands.
Punning on the two senses of "dye" and "cera"
From exporting his grain.

riass that shall set all the world on fire upon an instant. I cannot sleep; my pillow is stuft

with a litter of porcupines.

2 Madman. Hell is a more glass-house, where the devils are continually blowing up women's souls on hollow irons, and the fire never goes [so

3 Modman, I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night. I will tithe them

over like hay-cocks.

4 Madman. Shall my 'pothecary out-go me, because I am a cuckold? I have found out his regular I am a cuckold? I have found out his regularly be makes along of his wife's urine, and sells it to Puritans that have sore throats with over-straining.

1 Madman. I have skill in heraldry.

2 Madman. You do give for your crest a wood-cook's head with the hearing makes and any cook.

cock's head with the brains pickt out on't;

you are a very ancient gentleman.

3 Madman. Greek is turn'd Turk: we are only to be sav'd by the Helvetian translation. Madman. Come on, sir, I will lay the law

2 Madmon. O, rather lay a corrosive: the

3 Madman. He that drinks but to satisfy nature is damn'd.
4 Madman. If I had my glass here, I would show a sight should make all the women here

call me mad doctor.

1 Madman. What's he? A rope-maker?

2 Madman. No, no, no; a souffling knave that while he shows the tombs, will have his hand in a wench's placket.

3 Madman. Woe to the caroche that brought

home my wife from the masque at three o'clock in the morning! It had a large feather-bed in

4 Madmun. I have pared the devil's nails forty times, roasted them in raven's eggs, [us and cur'd agues with them.

3 Madman. Get me three hundred milch-bats, to make possets to procure sleep.

5 Madman. All the college may throw their caps at me: I have made a soap-boiler cos- [120] tive ; it was my masterpiece.

Here the dance, consisting of Eight Madmen, with music answerable thereunto; after which, Bosot. A, like an old man, enters.

Duch. Is he mad too?

Pray, question him. I'll leave you. Execut Servant and Madmon.

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Ha! my tomb! Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed, Gasping for breath. Dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

Duch. Thou art not mad, sure: dost know

me? You.

The Geneva Bible. Petticoat.

A warm drink containing milk, wine, etc. 2 Coach.

Duch. Who am I?

Bus. Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best but a salvatory 5 of green nummy. What's this flesh? A little crudded milk, fantastic is cal puff-pasts. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; those paper-prisons coys use to keep mes or, more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in the cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the

anial compass of our prison.

Buch, Am I not the duchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on the torchend clad in gray hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou sleep st worse than if a lie mouse should be forc'd to take up her lodging in a cat's oar: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duch, I am Duchess of Malfi still.

Bos. That makes thy sleep so broken:

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright, But, look'd to near, have neither heat nor

light.

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flutter the dead, not [100 the living; I am a tomb-maker.

Duch. And thou com'st to make my tomb?

Duch. Let me be a little merry : - of what

stuff wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first, of what fushion?

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical on our deathbed?

Do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie, as they were wont, is seeming to pray up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of the tooth-ache. They are not carved with their eyes fix'd upon the stars, but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the self- [178 same way they seem to turn their faces."

Let me know fully therefore the affect

Duch. Let me know fully the Of this thy dismal preparation, This talk fit for a charnel.

Bus. Now I shall: -

[Enter Executioners, with] a coffin, cords, and a bell.

Here is a present from your princely brothers; And may it arrive welcome, for it brings Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it : I have so much obedience in my blood,

I wish it in their veins to do them good

Bas. This is your last presence-chamber, 100 Cart. O my sweet lady! Duck. Pence; it affrights not me.

Duch. Peace; It Anv. Bos. I am the common bellman

A drug supposed to note from embalmed bodies.
Curdled. Printed as verse in Qq.

That usually is sent to condemn'd persons

The night before they suffer.

Duch. Even now thou said'st Duch.
Thou wast a tomb-maker.
'T was to bring you :as

By degrees to mortification. Listen.

Hark, now everything is still,
The acreech-owl and the whistler abrill
Call upon our dame aboud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in thay 's now competent:
A long war disturb'd your unind,
Berre your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their concention, their betty weepens.

Sin their conception, their birth weeping,

son their conception, their birth weeping Their life a general mist of error, Their death a hideone storm of terror, Strew your hair with powders awest, Don clean linen, baths your feet, And (the louf flend more to check) A crucifix let bless your neck. T is now full tide 'tween night and day;

Kud your groan, and come away.

Cari. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! Alas!

What will you do with my lady? — Call for help!

Duch. To whom? To our next neighbours?

They are mad-folks.

Bos. Remove that noise.

Farewell, Cariola.

In my last will I have not much to give:

many hungry guests have fed upon me; Thine will be a poor reversion.

I will die with her. Cari.

Duch. I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little

boy

Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl

Say her prayers ere she sleep. [Caniola is forced out by the Ex-

ecutioners.

Now what you please: What death?

Bus. Strangling; here are your executioners.

The apoplexy, catacrh, or cough o' th' lungs, Would do as much as they do.

Bus. Doth not death fright you?

Duch. Who would be afraid on 't.

Knowing to meet such excellent company

In th' other world?

Box. Yet, methinks, The manner of your death should much afflict

you:

This cord should terrify you.

Not a whit: Duch.

What would it pleasure me to have my throat

With diamonds? or to be smothered With cassin? or to be shot to death with pearls?

I know death hath ten thousand several doors For men to take their exits; and 't is found

They go on such strange geometrical hinges, 130

You may open them both ways: any way, for heaven-sake,

So I were out of your whispering. Tell my

brothers That I perceive death, now I am well awake, Best gift is they can give or I can take. I would fain put off my last woman's fasit, at I d not be tedious to you.

We are ready. 1 Execut. Duch. Dispose my breath how please rot.

but my body

Bestow upon my women, will you? 1 Execut.

Duch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your all

strength Must pull down heaven upon me : Yet stay; heaven-gates are not so highly artil

As princes' palaces; they that enter il .-

Must go upon their kness [kocels]. - Come.

Serve for mandragora to make me sleep

Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out.
They then may feed in quiet. They drange to
Box. Where a the wniting woman?

Fetch her: some other strangle the children.

[Enter CARIOLA.]

Look you, there sleeps your mistress. Perpetually for this! My turn is next;

Is 't no Bos. Yes, and I am glad

You are so well prepar'd for 't.

Cari. You are decesv'd, at.

I am not prepar'd for 't, I will not die; I will first come to my answer, and know How I have offended.

Hos. Come, despatch her. - "You kept her counsel; now you shall keep was Cari. I will not die, I must not; I am as

tracted

To a young gentleman.

1 Execut. Here's your wedding-rist
Cari. Let me but speak with the duke. I

discover

Treason to his person.

Delays: — throttle her

1 Execut. She bites and scrutches.

Carr. If you kill me sow
am damn'd; I have not been at confemion

I am damn'd; I mayo This two years. Box. 'To Executioners.' When!'s I am quick with class Why, then

Your credit 's saved.

Executioners strangle Carlots
Bear her into th' next room.

Let these lie still.

[Excust Executioners with body CARIOLA.

Enter FERDINAND.

Is she dead ? Ferd.

She is what 1348 You'd have her. But here begin your pity Shows the Children drauged

Alas, how have these offended?

The death Of young wolves is never to be pitied.

I Trial.

* An exclamation of impations

your eye here.

Constantly. Do you not weep? we only speak ; murder shrieks out. nt of water moistens the earth, flies upwards and bedews the heavens. over her face; mine eyes dazzle : she young.

hink not so; her infelicity have years too many. he and I were twins; Id I die this instant, I had liv'd

to a minute.

It seems she was born first: bloodily approv'd the ancient truth, red commonly do worse agree pte strangers.

Let me see her face thy didst thou not pity her? What ent honest man mightst thou have

dist borne her to some sanctuary! see a good cause, - oppos'd thyself, advanced sword above thy head, her innocence and my revenge! , when I was distracted of my wits, dearest friend, and thou hast done 't. but examine well the cause: the meanness of her match to me? est confess I had a hope, ontinu'd widow, to have gain'd mass of treasure by her death: a stream of gall quite through my

as we observe in tragedies
and actor many times is curs'd
ag a villain's part, I hate thee for 't,
my sake, say, thou hast done much
sell. t me quicken your memory, for I

lling into ingratitude : I challenge

give thee.

Do. I'll give thee a pardon > 3

iarder. Ha!

Yes, and 'tis t bounty I can study to do thee, inthority didst thou execute

Ine! Was I her judge?

Tremonial form of law
to not-being? Did a complete jury
conviction up i' th' court? It thou find this judgment register'd, hell? See, like a bloody fool, forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die

in office of justice is perverted quite thirf hange another. Who shall dare this?

O, I'll tell thee;

The wolf shall find her grave, and scrape it up. ot to devour the corpse, but to discover The horrid murder

Bon. You, not I, shall quake for 't. Ferd. Leave me.

I will first receive my pension.

Bos.
Ferd. You are a villain.
When your ingratitude Is judge, I am so.

Ferd. O horror,
That not the fear of him which binds the devils Can prescribe man obedience! -

Can prescribe man de more. Never look upon me more. Why, fare thee well. Your brother and yourself are worthy men! You have a pair of hearts are hollow graves. Rotten, and rotting others; and your vengeance, Like two chain'd-bullets, still goes arm in arm You may be brothers; for treason, like the

plague, Doth take much in a blood. I stand like one That long bath ta'en a sweet and golden dream:

I am angry with myself now, that I wake.

Ferd. Get thee into some unknown part o'
the world,

That I may never see thee.

Let me know Wherefore I should be thus neglected. Sir, I serv'd your tyranny, and rather strove To satisfy yourself than all the world : And though I loath'd the evil, yet I lov'd You that did counsel it; and rather sought

To appear a true servant than an honest man.

Ferd, I'll go hunt the badger by owl-light:

"T is a deed of darkness.

Bos. He's much distracted. Off, my painted honour!

While with vain hopes our faculties we tire. We seem to sweat in ice and freeze in fire. What would I do, were this to do again? I would not change my peace of conscience For all the wealth of Europe. - She stirs; here's life: -

Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead

Out of this sensible hell! - she's warm, she breathes

Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart, To store them with fresh colour.—Who's there?

Some cordial drink! - Alas! I dare not call: So pity would destroy pity. - Her eye opes, And heaven in it seems to ope, that late was

shut. To take me up to mercy.

Duch. Antonio! Yes, madam, he is living; The dead hodies you saw were but feign'd statues

He's reconcil'd to your brothers; the Pope hath wrought

The atonement. Duch. Mercy ! Bos. O, she's gone again! there the cords of life broke.

O sacred innocence, that sweetly sleeps

On turtles' feathers, whilst a guilty conscience Is a black register wherein is writ All our good deeds and bad, a perspective That shows us hell! That we cannot be suffer'd To do good when we have a mind to it! This is manly sorrow;
These tears, I am very certain, never grew
In my mother's milk. My estate is sunk
Below the degree of fear; where were
These penitent fountains while she was living?
O, they were frozen up! Here is a sight
As direful to my soul as is the sword
United States of the second was such beautiful to my soul as is the sword. Unto a wretch hath slain his father. Come, I'll bear thee hence, And execute thy last will ; that 's deliver Thy body to the reverend dispose
Of some good women: that the cruel tyrant
Shall not deny me. Then I'll post to Milan,
Where somewhat I will speedily enact Worth my dejection. Exit [with the body].

ACT V

SCENE L1

[Enter] ANTONIO and DELIO.

Ant. What think you of my hope of reconcilement

To the Arragonian brethren? Delio. I misdoubt it :

For though they have sent their letters of safeconduct

For your repair to Milan, they appear But nets to entrap you. The Marquis of Pes-

Under whom you hold certain land in cheat,2 Much 'gainst his noble nature hath been moy'd To seize those lands; and some of his dependants

To be invested in your revenues.

I cannot think they mean well to your life.

That do deprive you of your means of life, Your living.

Ant. You are still an heretic 8 To any safety I can shape myself. Delio. Here comes the marquis: I will make

myself Petitioner for some part of your land,

To know whither it is flying.

Ant. I pray, do. [Withdraws.]

[Enter PESCARA.]

Delio. Sir, I have a suit to you. To me? An easy one: There is the Citadel of Saint Bennet, With some demesnes, of late in the possession Of Antonio Bologna, - please you bestow them on me.
Pes. You are my friend; but this is such a

suit,

Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take.

Delio. No, sir?

Milan. A public place.
In eachest, here, in fee.

3 Disbellever.

Pes. I will give you ample reason for 't Soon in private: — here 'a the cardinal's air trong

[Enter JULIA.]

Julia. My lord, I am grown your poor peti

And should be an ill beggar, had I not A great man's letter here, the cardinal's, To court you in my favour. [Gines a letter Per. He entreats for you

The Citadel of Snint Bennet, that belong'd .
To the banish'd Bologna.

Julia.

Pes. I could not have thought of a friend i

could rather Pleasure with it: 't is yours. Julia. Sir, I thank you and he shall know how doubly I am enged And he shall know now upuny .
Both in your gift, and speediness of giving. Both in your gift, and specum.

Which makes your grant the greater.

How they fords

Themselves with my ruin! Sir, I am Delia.

Little bound to you. Why?

Delio. Because you deni'd this suit to me, ad gave 't

To such a creature.

Pes.

It was Antonio's land; not forfeited

By course of law, but ravied from his thrule. By the cardinal's entreaty. It were not fit I should bestow so main a piece of wrong I pon my friend; 't is a gratification Only due to a strumpet, for it is injustice. Shall I sprinkle the pure blood of innecentation To make those followers I call my friends Look ruddier upon me? I am glad This land, ta'en from the owner by such wrong Returns again unto so foul an use
As salary for his lust. Learn, good Delio,
To ask noble things of me, and you shall find
I'll be a noble giver.

Delio. You instruct me well
Ant. [Aside.] Why, here 's a man now would
fright impudence

From sauciest beggars.

Pes. Prince Ferdinand's come to Miles. Sick, as they give out, of an apoplexy; But some say 't is a frenzy: I am going

To visit him. 'T is a noble old fellow. Ant. This night I mean to venture all a

fortune, Which is no more than a poor ling'ring life. To the cardinal's worst of malice. I have got Private access to his chamber; and intend Trivate access to the cuative; and interest To visit him about the mid of night.

As once his brother did our noble duches.

It may be that the sudden apprehension
Of danger, — for I'll go in tune own shape.

When he shall see it fraight with love and done

· Fraught.

May draw the poison out of him, and work

A friendly reconcilement. If it fail, Yet it shall rid me of this infamous calling; For better fall once than be ever falling.

Delio. I'll second you in all danger; and, howe'er,

My life keeps rank with yours.

Ant. You are still my lov'd and best friend. Excunt.

[SCENE II.]1

[Enter] PRSCABA and DOCTOR.

Pes. Now, doctor, may I visit your patient? Doc. If 't please your lordship; but he 's instantly

To take the air here in the gallery

By my direction.

Pes. Prny thee, what 's his disease?

Doc. A very pestilent disease, my lord,
They call lycanthropia.

Pes. What 's that?

I need a dictionary to 't.

Doc. I'll tell you.
In those that are pomess'd with 't there o'erflows

Such melancholy humour they imagine
Themselves to be transformed into volves: Steal forth to church-yards in the dead of night, And dig dead bodies up: as two nights since One met the duke 'hout midnight in a lane Behind Saint Mark's church, with the leg of a

Upon his shoulder; and he howl'd fearfully; a Said he was a wolf, only the difference Was, a wolf's skin was hairy on the outside,

His on the inside; bade them take their swords, His on the inside; bade them take their awords, Rip up his flesh, and try. Straight I was sent for, And, having minister'd to him, found his grace Very well recovered.

Pes. I am glad on 't.

Doc.

Yet not without some fear Of a relapse. If he grow to his fit again,
I'll go a nearer way to work with him

Than ever Paracelaus dream'd of; if

They 'll give me leave, I'll buffet his madness out of him.

out of him. Stand aside; he comes.

[Enter FERDINAND, CARDINAL, MALATESTI, and Bosola.]

Ford. Leave me. Mal. Why doth your lordship love this solitariness?

Fird. Eagles commonly fly alone: they are [we crows, daws, and starlings that flock together, Look, what 's that follows me?

Mal. Nothing, my lord.

Mal. Yes.

First. Yes.

Mal. 'T is your shadow.

First. Stay it; let it not haunt me.

Mal. Impossible, if you move, and the sun shine.

First. I will throttle it.

I Throws himself down on his shadow.

[Throws himself down on his shadow.]

A gallery in the residence of the Cardinal and For-

Mal. O, my lord, you are angry with nothing. Ford. You are a fool: how is 't possible I performed to the state of the stat worst persons.

Rise, good my lord.

Ferd. I am studying the art of patience.

Pes. "Tis a noble virtue.

Ferd. To drive six smalls before me from this town to Moscow; neither use goad nor whip to them, but let them take their own time; — [se the patient'st man i'th' world match me for an experiment: — an I'll crawl after like a sheep-

Card. Porce him up. [They raise him.]
Ford. Use me well, you were best. What I sa have done, I have done: I'll confess nothing.
Doc. Now let me come to him. — Are you mad, my lord?

Are you out of your princely wits?

Ferd.

Wh
Pes. What 's he? Your doctor.

Ferd. Let me have his beard saw'd off, and his eye-brows fil'd more civil.

Doc. I must do mad tricks with him, for that 's the only way on 't. - I have brought your grace a salamander's skin to keep you from sunburning.

Ferd. I have cruel sore eyes.

Doc. The white of a cockatrix's egg is pre-

sent remedy

Ferd. Let it be a new-laid one, you were best. Hide me from him physicians are like kings,— They brook no contradiction.

Doc. Now he alone with him. Now he begins to fear me: now let me

Card. How now! put off your gown!

Doc. Let me have some forty urinals filled with rose-water: he and I'll go pelt one [16 another with them. - Now has begins to fear me. - Can you fetch a frisk! sir? - Let him go, let him go, upon my peril: I find by his eye he stands in awe of me; I'll make him as tame as a degree of the stands. a dormouse.

a dormouse.

Ferd. Can you fetch your frisks, sir! — I will stamp him into a cullist thay off his skin to cover one of the anatomies this regue hathast i'th' cold yonder in Barber-Chirurgeon's hall. — Hence, hence! you are all of you like is beasts for sacrifice. Throws the Docron down and beats him. There's nothing left of you but tongue and bely, flattery and lechery. Erit. Pes. Doctor, he did not fear you thoroughly. Doc. True; I was somewhat too forward. So Box. Mercy upon me, what a fatal judgment Hath fall'n upon this Ferdinaud!

Knows your grace What accident hath brought unto the prince This strange distraction?

Card. [Ande.] I must feign somewhat.—
Thus they say it grew.
You have heard it rumour'd, for these many

years

A dog which worries sheep.

A familian serpent that killed by its glance.

A familian serpent that killed by its glance.

Skeletons. Cut a caper.

None of our family dies but there is seen The shape of an old woman, which is given By tradition to us to have been murder'd By her nephews for her riches. Such a figure One night, as the prince set up late at 's book, Appear'd to him; when crying out for help, The gentleman of 's chamber found his grace All on a cold sweat, alter'd much in face And language since which apparition, 106 He hath grown worse and worse, and I much Farmer

He cannot live. Sir, I would speak with you. Bos. Sir, I would spe Per. We'll leave your grace,

Wishing to the sick prince, our noble lord,
All health of mind and body.

Card.

You are most welcome.

[Exeunt Percara, Malateri, and Docros.]

Are you come ! so. - [.laide.] This fellow must not know By any means I had intelligence In our duchess' death; for, though I counsell'd

The full of all th' engagement seem'd to grow From Ferdinand. - Now, sir, how fares our

sister? I do not think but sorrow makes her look Like to an oft-dy'd garment : she shall now Take comfort from me. Why do you look so

wildly? O, the fortune of your master here, the prince, bejects you; but be you of happy comfort: 130 If you'll do one thing for me I'll entreat, Though he had a cold tomb-stone o'er his bones,

I'd make you what you would be.

Any thing; Give it me in a breath, and let me fly to 't. They that think long small expedition win, 125 For musing much o' th' end cannot begin.

[Enter JULIA.]

Julia. Sir, will you come in to supper? Card. I am busy; leave me. Julia. [Aside.] What an excellent shape hath

that fellow! Exit.

Cord. 'T is thus. Antonio lurks here in Milau:
Inquire him out, and kill him. While he lives,
Our sister cannot marry; and I have thought
Of an excellent match for her. Do this, and style me

Thy advancement.

Box. But by what means shall I find him

ont?
Card. There is a gentleman call'd Delio us Here in the camp, that hath been long approv'd His loyal friend. Set eye upon that fellow; Follow him to mass; may be Antonio, Although he do account religion But a school-name, for fashion of the world 100 May accompany him; or else go inquire out Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe Him to reveal it. There are a thousand ways A man might find to trace him; as to know What fellows haunt the Jews for taking up Great sums of money, for sure be 's in want ; Or else to go to th' picture-makers, and learn

Who bought 1 her picture lately ; some of these

Happily may take.

Bos. Well, I 'll not freeze i' th' business
I would see that wretched thing, Antonio, Above all sights i' th' world.

Card. Do, and be happy. Ent. Bos. This fellow doth breed busilisks in GAG

He 's nothing else but nurder; yet he seems Not to have notice of the duciess' death T is his cunning: I must follow his example, There cannot be a surer way to trace | Than that of an old fox.

[Re-enter JULIA, with a pistol.]

Julia. So, sir, you are well met. How pow Julia. Nay, the doors are fast enough Now, sir, I will make you confess your treat

Bos. Treachery! Julia. Yes, confess to me
Which of my women 't was you hir'd to put
Love-powder into my drink?

Bos. Love powder! Bos. Love powder!
Yes, when I was at Mala
Why should I fall in love with such a face cost
I have already suffer'd for thee so much pua
The only remedy to do me good
Is to kill my longing.

Hos. Sure, your pistol holds. Sothing but perfumes or kissing-comfits. Excellent lady!

You have a pretty way on 't to discover Your longing. Come, come, I'll disarm you. And arm you thus: yet this is wondress

Julia. Compare thy form and my eyes to gether, You'll find my love no such great miracle.

Now you'll say
I am wanton: this nice modesty in ladies

la but a troublesome familiar

That haunts them. Bos. Know you me, I am a blust soldier.
Julia. The letter Sure, there wants fire where there are no lively sparks

Of roughness. And I want compliment. Bos. Julia. n courtship cannot make you do amim, you have a heart to do well

You are very frit. Bos. Julia. Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge. I must plead unguilty.

Box. Your bright eyes

Carry a quiver of darts in them, sharper Than sun-beams.

India. You will mar me with commended.

Put yourself to the charge of courting me.
Whereas now I woo you.

Bos. [Avide.] I have it, I will work upon the

creature, -

¹ So Dyes. Qq. brought.

Perfumed sweetments for the breath.

Let us grow most amorously familiar:

If the great cardinal now should see me thus, Would be not count me a villain? Julia. No; he might count me a wanton,

Not lay a scruple of offence on you; For if I see and steal a diamond, The fault is not i'th' stone, but in me the thief That purloins it. I am audden with you. We that are great women of pleasure use to cut

These uncertain wishes and unquiet longings, And in an instant join the sweet delight

And the pretty excuse together. Had you been i'th' street,

Under my chamber-window, even there
I should have courted you.

Bos. 0, you are an excellent lady!
Julia. Bid me do somewhat for you presently

To express I love you.

I will; and if you love me,

Faul not to effect it.

The cardinal is grown wondrous melancholy; Demand the cause, let him not put you off mu With feign'd excuse; discover the main ground on 't.

Julia. Why would you know this?

I have depended on him, And I hear that he is fall'n in some disgrace With the emperor: if he be, like the mice That forsake falling houses, I would shift To other dependance. You shall not need

Follow the wars: I'll be your maintenance.

Bin. And I your loyal servant: but I cannot

Leave my culling.

Not leave an ungrateful me

General for the love of a sweet lady

You are like some cannot sleep in feather-beds, But must have blocks for their pillows.

Bus.

Will you do this?

Julia, Cunningly,

Bos. To-morrow I 'll expect th' intelligence,

Julia. To-morrow I Get you into my cabi-

You shall have it with you. Do not delay me, No more than I do you: I am like one That is condemn'd; I have my pardon pro-

mis'd,

But I would see it seal'd. Go, get you in: 200 You shall see me wind my tongue about his

Like a skein of silk. [Erit Bosona.]

| Re-enter CARDINAL.

Card.

Where are you?

| Enter Servauta. |

Here. Servants Card Let none, upon your lives, have con-

ference the Prince Ferdinand, unless I know

it. - daide. In this distraction he may reveal 200 The munier.

Yond 's my lingering consumption:
I am weary of her, and by any means
Would be quit of. Erenut Servanta.

Julia. How n Card. Nothing. How now, my lord! what ails you?

Julia. O, you are much alter'd: Come, I must be your secretary, and tenove This lead from off your bosom: what's the matter?

Card. I may not tell you.
Julia. Are you so far in love with sorrow You cannot part with part of it? Or think

I cannot love your grace when you are sad As well as merry? Or do you suspect I, that have been a secret to your heart These many winters, cannot be the same Unto your tongue?

Satisfy thy longing. -Card. The only way to make thee keep my counsel is, not to tell thee.

Julia. Tell your echo this,
Or flatterers, that like echoes still report
What they hear, though most imperfect, and not me;

For if that you be true unto yourself, I'll know.

Card. Will you rack me?

No. judgment shall Julia. Draw it from you: it is an equal fault,

To tell one's secrets unto all or none.

Card. The first argues folly.

Julia. But the last tyranny.

Card. Very well: why, imagine I have committed

Some secret deed which I desire the world Some recreit des.
May never hear of.
Therefore may not I know it?

You have conceal'd for me as great a sin As minitery. Sir, never was occasion for perfect trial of my constancy

Till now; sir, I beseech you -You 'll repent it. Card.

Julia. Never. Curd. It hurries thee to ruin: I'll not tell thee.

Be well advis'd, and think what danger 'tis To receive a prince's secrets. They that do, the Had need have their breasts hoop'd with adumant

To contain them. I pray thee, yet be satisfi'd; Examine thine own frailty; 't is more easy To tie knots than unloose them. 'T is a secret That, like a ling ring poison, may chance lie Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven year

henre.

Julia. Now you dally with me.
Card. No more, thou shalt know it By my appointment, the great Duchess of Malfi And two of her young children, tour nights since.

Were strangled. Julia. O heaven ! sir, what have you done! Card. How now? How settles this? Think

you your besom Will be a grave dark and obscure enough For such a secret !

Julia. Card. Why? You have undone yourself, sir.

Julia. It lies not in me to conceal it. Now you shall never utter it; thy curiosity Hath undone thee; thou 'rt poison'd with that book.

Because I knew thou couldst not keep my counsel.

I have bound thee to 't by death.

[Re-enter BOSOLA.]

Bos. For pity sake, hold! Ha, Bosola ! Julia. I forgive you This equal piece of justice you have done; For I betray d your counsel to that fellow. He over-heard it; that was the cause I said

It lay not in me to conceal it. Bos. O foolish woman,

Couldst not thou have poison'd him?

Tis weakness Julia. Too much to think what should have been done. I go,

I know not whither. ther. [Dies.]
Wherefore com'st thou hither? Card. Bos. That I might find a great man like yourself,

Not out of his wits, as the Lord Ferdinand,

To remember my service.

Card. I'll have thee hew'd in pieces.

Bos. Make not yourself such a promise of

Which is not yours to dispose of.

Cond. Who plac'd thee bers? that life

Card.

Bos. Her lust, as she intended.

Very well: 200 Now you know me for your fellow-murderer.

Bos. And wherefore should you lay fair

marble colours Upon your rotten purposes to me?

Unless you imitate some that do plot great treasons,

And when they have done, go hide themselves i' th' graves

Of those were actors in 't?

No more ; there is Card. A fortune attends thes.

Bos. Shall I go sue to Fortune any longer?

Tis the fool's pilgrimage.

Card, I have honours in store for thee.

Bos. There are a many ways that conduct to seeming

Honour, and some of them very dirty ones.

Cord. Throw to the devil
Thy melancholy. The fire burns well;
What need we keep a stirring of 't, and make
A greater smother? Thou wilt kill Antonio?

Bos. Yes.

Take up that body. I think I shall Card. Bas. Shortly grow the common bier for church-yards. I will allow thee some dozen of attend-

anta To aid thee in the marder.

I Smoke.

Bos. O, by no means. Physicians that spply horse-leeches to any rank swelling use to cut of their tails, that the blood may run through them the faster: let me have no train when I go = to shed blood, less it make me have a greater when I ride to the gallows.

Card. Come to me after midnight, to help to remove

That body to her own lodging, I'll give out She died o' th' plague; 't will breed the less in

Quiry
After her death.

Bos. Where 's Castruccio her husband?

Card. He 's rode to Naples, to take po Bicita

Of Antonio's citadel.

Bos. Believe me, you have done a very happy turn

Card. Fail not to come. There is the master

Of our lodgings; and by that you may conceins What trust I plant in you.

Exit CARLINAL O poor Antonio, though nothing be so needfal

To thy estate as pity, yet I find Nothing so dangerous! I must look to my forting

In such slippery ice-pavements men had need To be frost-nail'd well, they may break the

necks else;
The precedent 's here afore me. How this man
Bears up in blood! seems fearless! Why, 'in

Security some men call the suburbs of hell, Only a dead wall between. Well, good Autoric I'll seek thee out; and all my care shall be To put thee into safety from the reach Of these most cruel hiters that have got Some of thy blood alrendy. It may be,
I'll join with thee in a most just revenge.
The weakest arm is strong enough that ctribes
With the sword of justice. Still methicle the

duchess Haunts me: there, there! - 'T is nothing bet

O Penitence, let me truly taste thy cup That throws men down only to raise them no

SCENE III.2

[Enter] ANTONIO and DELIO. ECHO from the DUCHESS's Grave).

Delio. Youd's the cardinal's window. The fortification

Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey; And to youd side o' th' river lies a wall. Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion Gives the best echo that you ever heard, So hollow and so dismul, and withal So plain in the distinction of our words, That many have supposed it is a spirit That answers.

I do love these ancient raus. Ant. We never tread upon them but we met

3 A fortification

Our foot upon some reverend history ; And, questionless, here in this open court, Which now lies naked to the injuries Of stormy weather, some men he interr'd Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely

They thought it should have canopied their bones

Till dooms-day. But all things have their end; Churches and cities, which have diseases like

Must have like death that we have.

Like death that we have. Echo. Delto. Now the echo hath caught you.

Ant. It groan'd methought, and gave very deadly accent.

Echo.

Deadly accent.

Delio. I told you 't was a pretty one. You may make it

huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,

Or a thing of sorrow. A thing of sorrow. Echo. Ant. Ay, sure, that suits it heat.

Echo. That sur. Ant. 'T is very like my wife's voice. That suits it best. Ay, wife's poice.

Delio. Come, let us walk further from 't. I would not have you go to the cardinal's tonight:

Do not.

Echo. Do not. Delio. Wisdom doth not more moderate

wasting sorrow time. Take time for't; be mindful of Than time.

thy safety.

Echo. Be mindful of thy safety.

Int. Necessity compels me.

Make scrutiny throughout the passages
Of your own life, you'll find it impossible To fly your fate.

E.ho. O, fly your fate!

Delio. Hark! the dead stones seem to have

pity on you,

And give you good counsel.

Ant. Echo, I will not talk with thee,

For thou art a dead thing.

Thou art a dead thing.

Ant. My duchess is asleep now, and her little ones, I hope sweetly. O heaven,

Shall I never see her more? Echo.

Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the echo
But that; and on the sudden a clear light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.

Delto. Your fancy merely.

Ant. Come, I'll be ont of this ague.

For to live thus is not indeed to live: It is a mockery and abuse of life.

I will not hencefurth save myself by halves;
Lose all, or nothing.

Delio.

Your own virtue save you! I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you.

It may be that the sight of his own blood

Spread in so sweet a figure may beget

The more compassion. However, fare you

Though in our miseries Fortune have a part,

Yet in our noble suff'rings she bath none. Contempt of pain, that we may call our own. ..

SCENE IV.1

[Enter] CARDINAL, PENCAHA, MALATESTI, RODEBIGO, and GRINGLAN.

Card. You shall not watch to-night by the sick prince;

His grace is very well recover'd. Mal. Good my lord, suffer us.

Mail. Good my lord, suffer us.

Card.

O, by no means;

The noise, and change of object in his eye,

Doth more distract him. I pray, all to bed;

And though you hear him in his violent fit,

Do not rise, I entreat you.

Pes. So, air; we shall not.

Card.

Nay, I must have you promise

Upon your honours, for I was enjoin'd to 't By himself; and he seem'd to urge it sensibly.

Card. Nor any of your followers.

Mal. Neither.

Card. It may be, to make trial of your It may be, to make trial of your promise,

When he 's asleep, myself will rise and feign is Some of his mad tricks, and cry out for help, And feign myself in danger. Mal. If your throat were cutting,

I 'd not come at you, now I have protested

d not come against it.

Card. Why, I thank you.

'T was a foul storm to night. "

'I was a foul storm to night." Gris. 'Twas a four storm was a Rod. The Lord Ferdinand's chamber shook

like an osier. (. 'T was nothing but pure kindness in the Mal. 1

To rock his own child.

Excunt [all except the CABDINAL]. Card. The reason why I would not suffer Lliese

About my brother, is, because at midnight ...

I may with better privacy convey Julia's body to her own lodging. O, my con-science!

I would pray now; but the devil takes away

For having any confidence in prayer.
About this hour I appointed Bossia
To fetch the body. When he hath serv'd my turn.

He dies. Exit.

Enter [BOSOLA].

Bos. Ha! 't was the cardinal's voice ; I heard him name Bosola and my death. Listen; I hear one's footing.

[Enter FERDINAND.]

Ferd. Strangling is a very quiet death. Bos. [Aside.] Nay, then, I see I must stand

upon my guard.

Ferd. What say to that? Whisper softly: do
you agree to 't? So; it must be done i' th'

An apartment in the residence of the Cardisal and Ferdinand.

dark; the cardinal would not for a thousand [so pounds the doctor should see it. Exit. Bos. My death is plotted; here's the con-

sequence of murder.

We value not desert nor ('bristian breath,

When we know black deeds must be cur'd with death.

[Enter ANTONIO and Servant.]

Scrv. Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray; I'll fetch you a dark lantern. Exit. 66
Ant. Could I take him at his prayers,

There were hope of pardon.

Bos. Fall right, my sword! -|Stabs him.] 1 Il not give thee so much lessure as to pray. 60
Ant. O. I am gone! Thou hast ended a long suit

In a minute.
Bos. What art thou?

A most wretched thing, That only have thy benefit in death, To appear myself.

[Re-enter Servant with a lantern.]

Serv. Where are you, sir?
Ant. Very near my home. - Bosola!
Serv. O, misfortone!

Bos. Smother thy pity, thou art dead else. -

Antonio! The man I would have sav'd 'bove mine own life !

We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and banded 1 00

Which way please them. — O good Autonio, I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear Shall make thy heart break quickly! Thy fair duchess

And two sweet children -

Their very names Ant. Kindle a little life in me.

Bos. Are murder'd.

Ant. Some men have wish'd to die
At the hearing of sad tidings; I am glad
That I shall do't in sadness.' I would not now

Wish my wounds balm'd nor heal'd, for I have no use

To put my life to. In all our quest of greatness, Like wanton boys whose pustime is their care, We follow after bubbles blown in th' air.

Plenaure of life, what is 't? Only the good hours Of an ague; merely a preparative to rest, To endure vexation. I do not ask

The process of my death; only commend me To Delio.

Bus. Break, heart ! Ant. And let my son fly the courts of princes. [Thes.]

Bos. Thou seem'st to have lov'd Antonio. Serv. I brought him hither,

To have reconcil'd him to the cardinal.

Bos. I do not ask thee that. Take him up, if thou tender thine own life,

And bear him where the lady Julia Was wont to lodge. - O, my fate moves swift! I have this cardinal in the forge already; so Now I'll bring him to th' hammer. O direful

misprision ! 3

Bandled. ? Reality. # Mistaka

I will not imitate things glorious, Nomore than base; I'll be mine own example.
On, on, and look thou represent, for advace. The thing thou bear'st.4

SCENE V.

[Enter] CARDINAL, with a book.

Card. I am puzzl'd in a question about hell. He says, in hell there's one material fire, And yet it shall not burn all men alike. Lay him by. How tediousing uilty conscience When I look into the fish-ponds in my garden. Methinks I see a thing arm'd with a rake, That seems to strike at me.

Enter Bosolla, and Servant bearing Antonin's body.]

Now, art thou come

Thou look'st ghastly;
There sits in thy face some great determination
Mix'd with some fear.

Bus. Thus it lightens into action .

I am come to kill thee.

Hul - Help I our goard Bos. Then art deceived; they are out of the

Card. Hold; and I will faithfully divide

Revenues with thee.

Box. Thy prayers and profer Are both unseasonable. Raise the watch !

We are betray'd!

Bux. I have confin'd your flight 'Il suffer your retreat to Julia's chamber, But me further.

Curd. Help! we are betray'd!

Enter, above, Pricana, MALATESTI, RODERING and GRISOLAN.

Mal. Liston.

Mail. Listen.
Card. My dukedom for reacue!
Rod., Fie upon his counterfeiting!
Mail. Why, 't is not the cardinal.
Rod. Yes, yes, 't is he:
But, I'll see him hang dere! I'll go down to kin

Card. Here's a plot upon me; I am a saulted! I am lost,

Unless some rescue!

He doth this pretty will Gris. But it will not serve to laugh me out of me honour.

Card. The sword 's at my throat !
Rod. You would not haw! so long then Rad. You would not have so poor.

Mad. Come, come, let's go to bed; he tole this much aforehand,

Pes. He wish'd you should not come at his.

but, believe t.

Il down to him, howsoever, and with our " Force ope the doors.

Rad Let's follow him aloud And note how the cardinal will knuch at his [Ereant, above, MAI STEAT, K. EREGO, and GRISOLAN.

I. c. the dead body. Another apartment is the com-

Bos. There's for you first, 'Cause you shall not unbarricade the door

Kills the Servant. To let in rescue What cause hast thou to pursue Card. my life?

Look there.

Bos. Shin by my hand unwittingly.
When thou kill d'st the Pray, and be sudden. sister.

Thou took'st from Justice her most equal balunce.

And left her naught but her sword.

Cord. O. mercy! Bos. Now it seems thy greatness was only O, mercy! outward;

For thou fall'st faster of thyself than calamity Can drive thee. I'll not waste longer time there! | Stabs him.

Card. Thou hast hurt me.

Bug. Aguin Shall I die like a leveret, 46 Card. Without any resistance? - Help, help, help! Lam slain !

[Enter FERDINAND.]

Th' alarum! Give me a fresh horse; Ferd. Rally the vaunt-guard, or the day is now.
Yield, yield! I give you the honour of arms so
Shake my sword over you; will you yield?
Card. Help me; I am your brother!
The devil! Rally the vaunt-guard, or the day is lost,

My brother fight upon the adverse party!

He wounds the CABDINAL, and, the scuttle, gives Bosola his death-wound.

There flies your ransom.

Card. O justice!

I suffer now for what hath former bin :

Fortow is held the eldest child of sin.

Ferd. Now you're brave fellows. Caesar's fortune was barder than I'ompey's; Caesar died in the arms of prosperity. Pompey at the [25 feet of diagraes. You both died in the field. The pain's nothing; pain many times is taken away with the apprehension of greater, as the tooth-ache with the sight of a barber that comes to pull it out. There's philosophy for you.

Bos. Now my revenge is perfect. — Sink, thou main cause Kills FERDINAND.

thou main cause Kills FERDINA
Of my undering! — The last part of my life
Hath done me best service.

Ferd. (live me some wet hay; I am broken-

winded I do account this world but a dog-kennel : will vault credit and affect high pleasures

Beyond death. He seems to come to himself,

Now he's so near the bottom.

Ferd. My sister, O my sister! there's the cause on t.

Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust, 16 Like diamonds, we are cut with our own dust.

Card. Then hast thy payment too.

Bos. Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth;

"T is ready to part from me. I do glory
That thou, which stood st like a hugh pyramid
Begun upon a large and ample base, Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

Enser, below, PESCARA, MALATESTI, HODERIGO, and GBISOLAN.

Pes. How now, my lord! O sad disaster! Mal.

Rod.

How comes this?

Bos. Revenge for the Duchess of Multi mur-

dered
By th' Aragonian brethren; for Antonio
Slain by this hand; for lustful Julia
Poison'd by this man; and lastly for myself,
That was an actor in the main of all Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i' th'

end

Neglected. Pes. Card. How now, my lord!

Look to my brother: He gave us these large wounds, as we were

struggling Here i' th' rushes. And now, I pray, let me Be laid by and never thought of. Thies. Pes. How fatally, it seems, he did withstand

His own rescue!

Mal. Thou wretched thing of blood, How came Antonio by his death?

Bos. In a mist, I know not how;
Such a mistake as I have often seen
In a play. O. I am gone!
We are only like dead walls or vanlted graves,
That, ruin d, yields no echo. Fare you well!

It may be pain, but no harm, to me to die In so good a quarrel. O, this gloomy world! In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness, Doth womanish and fearful mankind live! Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust. To suffer death or shame for what is just

Mine is another voyage.

Prs. The noble Delio, as I came to th' puluce.
Told me of Antonio's being here, and show'd

A pretty gentleman, his son and heir.

[Enter DELIO. and ANTONIO'S Son.]

Mal. O sir, you come too late! Delio. I heard so, and Was arm'd for 't, ere I came. Let us make noble use

Of this great ruin; and join all our force To establish this young hopeful gentleman In 's mother's right. These wretched eminent things

Leave no more fame behind 'em, than should one

Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow; As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts. Both form and matter, I have ever thought 100 Nature doth nothing so great for great men As when she's pleas'd to make them lords of tmith:

Integrity of life is fame's heat friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the
end.

A TRICK TO CATCH THE OLD ONE

RY

THOMAS MIDDLETON

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THEODORUS WITCOOD.
PROUNTUS LUCIES, his uncloWALKADINE HOARD. ONESIPHORUS HOARD, his brother. LIMBER. KIX. friends of Hoard. LAMPRET. SPICHCOCI HARRY DAMPIT, usurers. Gulr, San Francos, son of Mistress Lucre. MONEYLOVE. Rost

Creditors. Gentlem GROBOR ARTHUR Drawer. Boy. Serivener.

MISTRES LUCES JOYCE, thicer to Hoard. AUDREY, servant to Dempit.

SCENE. - A country town; then London.]

[ACT I

SER LADVORTOR

SCENE I.] 1

Enter WITGOOD, a gentleman, solus,

Wit. All's gone! still thou'rt a gentleman, that's all; but a poor one, that's nothing. What milk brings thy mendows forth now? Where are thy goodly uplands, and thy downlands? All sunk into that little pit, lechery, low the sordinary that nourishes him, and twenty times two for his brothel that consumes him? But where's Longacre? In my uncle's conscience, which is three years' voyage about: look that acts out upon his conscience ne'er finds the way home again; he is either swallowed in the way home again; he is either swallowed in the quicksands of law-quillets, or splits upon the piles of a praemanire; ³ yet these old fox-brain'd and ox-brow'd uncles have still de-fences for their avarice, and apologies for their practices, and will thus greet our follies:

He that doth his youth expose
To brothel, drink, and danger,
Let him that is his nearest kin
Chest him before a stranger:

and that's his uncle; 't is a principle in usury. I dare not visit the city: there I should be too soon visited by that horrible plague, my debts; and by that means I lose a virgin's love, her [as portion, and her virtues. Well, how should a

1 A street in a country town.
2 Used of any one's estate.
5 Used vaguely of a legal scrape,

man live now that has no living? Hum, — why, are there not a million of men in the world that only sojourn upon their brain, and make there wits their mercers; and am I but one amount that million, and cannot thrive upon 't' Antrick, out of the compans of law, now would come happily to me.

Enter Courtesan.

Cour. My love!
Wit. My loathing! has then been the se of cret consumption of my purse, and now comist to undo my last means, my wits? Wilt have no virtue in me, and yet thou no or the better!
Hence, courtesan, round-webb'd tarantula

That dry is the roses in the cheeks of your Cour. I've been true unto your pleasure, and all your lands

Thrice rackt was never worth the jewel which

I prodigally gave you, my virginity.
Lands mortgag'd may return, and more

teem'd,
But honesty once pawn'd, is ne'er redeem'd.
Wit. Forgive; I do thee wrong
To make thee sin, and then to chide thee for the

Cour. I know I am your loathing non; tar-

Wit. Stay, best invention, stay.

Cour. I that "have been the secret cos sumption of your purse," shall I stay now "to undo your last means, your wits? Hence, com

tesan," away!
Wit. I prithee, make me not mad at my get
weapon: stay is thing few women can de. 1.

* Excessively rented.

6 Chamity.

and therefore they had need wear contrary. Dost love me? Fate has that all my means I must derive

n me? be happy then; thin the power of my performance manded of thee.

Spoke like tab, i' faith. It may prove some-

not an embryon at first, et shape come over it? e. I must help you: whereabouts

beget, 't is I must help to breed.
is 't? I'd fain conceive it. so: thou shalt presently take ["
form upon thee of a rich country hundred a-year valiant,2 in woods, by harms and in rve-stacks, We'll in barns, and in rye-stacks. nd to my covetous uncle.

in to appland thee; our states ["
lesperate, they are soon resolute.

borsen?

that's true; the jest will be of tance. Let me see; borses now, a l'stay, I have acquaintance with se never yet bawd to thee. I have preson a gums in mull-sack 4 many ften. Put but a good tale into his it come off cleanly, and there 'e m for us, I dare warrant thee. Your wits then

re shall want nothing in me, sviour, discourse, or fashion, predit your intended purpose.

ully disguise my wants, od a courage on my state,

then, all's furnisht. I shall go that old fox, mine uncle. Though it some amends for my un- [50 tre 's some comfort in 't, he cannot bose (though it be but in hope to gain) but supply any hasty want to town with me. The device well by carried, the name of a rich [100 four hundred a year in good earth, se up a kind of usurer's love in him will not only desire my presence, first shall senree be granted him, a' purpose, - but I shall find [108] na to deserve, so ready to supply ! tate of an old man's affection so phew be poor indeed, why, he let's thim; but if he be once rich, then first man that helps him.

right the world; for, in these
rnan's love to his kindred is like
to his wife, 't is always done before

mused by a parasite. Used as an execra-

warm and spiced. Precisely the way of the world. Wit. I owe thee for that jest. Begone: here's all my wealth; prepare thyself, away. I'll to mine host with all possible haste; and with the best art, and most profitable form, pour the sweet circumstance into his car, [19] which shall have the gift to turn all the wax to honey. [Ext Courtesan.] - How now? O, the right worshipful signors of our country!

[Enter ONESIPHORUS HOARD, LIMBER, and KIX.]

[O. Hoa.] Who 's that?
[Lim.] O, the common rioter; take no note of

Wit. [Aside.] You will not see me now; the

Ere it be long you will scarce see yourselves. [Est.] [O. Hou.] I wonder how he breathes; h'as consum'd atl

Upon that courtesan.

[Lim.] We have heard so much.

[O. Hoa.] You've heard all truth. His uncle and my brother Have been these three years mortal adver-

saries : Two old tough spirits, they seldom meet but

fight, Or quarrel when 't is calmest: I think their anger be the very fire

That keeps their age alive.

[Lim.] What was the quarrel, sir?

[O. Hon.] Faith, about a purchase, fetching over a young heir. Master Hoard, my brother, having wasted much time in beating the bar-gain, what did me old Lucre, but as his con-

science mov'd him, knowing the poor gentle-man, stept in between 'em and corened him

himself.

[Lim.] And was this all, sir?
[O. Hoa.] This was e'en it, sir; yet for [us all this, I know no reason but the match might go forward betwint his wife's son and my niece; what though there he a dissension between the two old men, I see no reason it should put a difference between the two younger; t is as [100 natural for old folks to fall out, as for young to fall in. A scholar comes a-wooing to my niece; well, he 's wise, but he 's poor; her son comes a-wooing to my niece; well, he's a fool, but be's rich.

[Lim.] Ay, marry, sir.

[O. Hoa.] Pray, now, is not a rich fool better than a poor philosopher?

[Lim.] Ay and the second state of the second second

[Lim.] One would think so, i' faith.
[O. Hoa.] She now remains at London [us with my brother, her second uncle, to learn fashions, practise music; the voice between her lips, and the viol between her legs, she'll be fit for a consort very speedily: a thousand good pound is her portion; if she marry, we'll ride up and be merry.
[Kix.] A match, if it be a match.

the speech tage as 1, 2, and 3

A pun on the two meanings, "cemeart" and "consort."

[Scene II.] 1

Enter at one door, WITGOOD, at the other, Bust.

Wit. Mine host !

Host, Young Master Witgood. Wit. I have been laying all the town for

Host. Why, what 's the news, bully Had- |s land?

Wit. What geldings are in the house, of

thine own? Answer me to that first.

Host. Why, man, why?

Wit. Mark me what I say: I'll tell thee such a tale in thine ear, that thou shalt trust me spite of thy teeth, furnish me with some money willy nilly, and tide up with me thyself contra voluntatem et professionem.³
Host, How? Let me see this trick, and I'll

say thou hast more art than a conjuror.
Wit. Dost thon joy in my advancement?
Host. Do I love sack and ginger?

Wit. Comes my prosperity desiredly to

Hust. Come forfeitures to a usurer, fees to

an officer, punks to an liost, and pigs to a parson desiredly." Why, then, la.

Wit. Will the report of a widow of four

hundred a-year, boy, make thee leap, and sing, and dance, and come to thy place again?

Host. Wilt thou command me now? I am

Host. Wilt thou command me now? I am thy spirit: conjure me into any shape.

Wit. I ha' brought her from her friends, [return'd back the hurses by a slight; not so much as one among her six men, goodly large yearanly fellows, will she trust with this her purpose: by this light, all unmann'd, regardless of her state, neglectful of vain-glorious ceremony, all for my love. O, 'tis a fine little voluble tongue, mine host, that wins a widow! **

Host. No, 't is a tongue with a great T, my boy, that wins a widow.

boy, that wins a widow.

Wit, Now, sir, the case stands thus: good mine host, if thou lovest my happiness, assist

Me. Host. Command all my beasts i' th' house.

Wit. Nay, that's not all neither: priches take truce with thy joy, and listen to me. [4]
Thou know'st I have a wealthy uncle i' th' city, somewhat the wealthier by my follies. The report of this fortune, well and cunningly carried, port of this fortune, well and cumingly carried, might be a means to draw some goodness from the usuring rascal; for I have put her in hope [as already of some estate that I have either in hand or money. Now, if I be found true in neither, what may I expect but a sudden breach of our love, utter dissolution of the match, and confusion of my fortunes for ever?

Head. Wilt thou but trust the managing of

thy business with me?
Wit. With thee? Why, will I desire to thrive in my purpose? Will I hog four hundred a-vear, I that know the misery of nothing? Will that man wish a rich widow, that has ne'er a [00

I Another street in the same town.

hearthing.
1 hearthing.
2 "Contrary to your will and profession."

Without escort.

hole to put his head in? With thee, mine host!
Why, believe it, somer with thee than anh a
covey of counsellors.
Host. Thank you for your good repet.

Host. Thank you for your good rep why then let an host come off hic et hace he.

why then let an host come on hic et have been a deadly enemy to dice, drink, and vener Come, where 's this widow?

Wit. Hard at Park-end.

Hast. I'll be her serving-man for once.

Wit. Why, there we let off together keefull time; my thoughts were striking then just the company of the company of the company.

the same number.

Host. I knew't: shall we then are merry days again?

Wit. Our merry nights - Aside. ne'er shall be more seen.

[SCENE III.] 5

Enter at several doors, old LUCBE and ... HOARD; [LAMPREY, SPICHEORK, FREELING and MONEYLOVE.] gentlemen comeny between them to pacify them.

Lam. Nay, good Master Lucre, and parameter Hoard, anger is the wind which you both too much troubled withal.

Hoo. Shall my adversary thus daily affirm me, ripping up the old wound of our males which three summers could not close up "a"

which three summers could not close up " a which wound the very sight of him draw acalding lead intered of balsamum.

Luc. Why, Hoard, Hourd, Hoard, Eur. Hoard I may I not pass in the state of quiet ness to mine own house? Answer me to debefore witness, and why? I'll refer the control of the law to debe the mere indifferences of the law to debe this matter. I got the purchase, I true; was I not any man's case? Tess. Will a wise saland as a bawd, whilst another wines he was a stand as a bawd, whilst another wines he was a search of the law to debe the matter.

not any man's case? Yes. Will a wise restand as a bawd, whilst another wipes he see of the bargain? No; I suswer no in that case. Lam. Nay, sweet Master Lucro. Hoa. Was it the part of a friend—serather of a lew;—mark what I san—when had beaten the bush to the last bird. may term it, the price to a pound, then it cumuing usurer, to come in the even of bargain, and glean all my hopes in a ment to enter, as it were, at the buck door of the chane? for thou no'er camest the tight was

Luc. Hast thou the conscience to tell now without any impeachment to threelf?

Hoa. Then that canst defeat three unerly Lucre, lap his lands into bonds, and the extremity of thy kindred's forfetture. I he's a rioter, a wastethrift, a brothele and so forth, what may a stranger experient the hut vulnera dilacerate. As the large, dilacerate dealing?

Luc. Uphraidest then me with nepher all imputation bid upon me? What are have I with his folling?

tance have I with his follies? If he not, 'to

A street in London.
Impartiality.

he must want it; if he surfeit, 'tis he must feel it; if he drab it, 'tis he must lie by 't:

what 's this to me?

Hoa. What's all to thee? Nothing, nothing; ach is the gulf of thy desire and the wolf of [4 thy conscience: but be assured, old Pecunius Lacre, if ever fortune so bless me that I may be at leisure to vex thee, or any means so fa-tour me that I may have opportunity to mad thee, I will pursue it with that flame of hate. [se blast thy comforts,

Luc. Ha, ha, ha!

Lam. Nay, Master Hoard, you're a wise

rentleman -

Hoa. I will so cross thee — Luc. And I thee.

Hoa. So without mercy fret thee-

Luc. So monstrously oppose thee — Hog. Dost scoff at my just anger? O, that [so I had as much power as usury has over thee!

Luc. Then thou wouldst have as much power

as the devil has over thee,

Hoa. Toad! Luc. Aspic!2

Hoa. Serpent!
Lac. Viper!
Spi. Nay, gentlemen, then we must divide

you perforce. Lam. When the fire grows too unreasonable hot, there 's no better way than to take off the wood.

Execut [Lamprey and Spicecook, drawing off LUCRE and HOARD different ways.

Free. A word, good signior, Mon. How now, what a the news?

Free. This given me to understand that [n you are a rival of mine in the love of Mistress Joyce, Master Hoard's niece: say me ay, say me no?

Mon. Yes, 't is so.

Free. Then look to yourself, you cannot (* live long. I'm practising every morning; a month hence I'll challenge you.

Mon. Give me your hand upon 't; there's my pledge I'll meet you. Strikes him, and exit.
Free. O. Ol what reason had you for that, air, to strike before the month? You knew [**

I was not ready for you, and that made you so erank: I am not such a coward to strike again, I warrant you. My ear has the law of her side, for it burns horribly. I will teach him to strike a naked face, the longest day of his life. [11] Blid, it shall cost me some money but I'll bring this box into the chancery,

. [Scene IV.] 4

Enter WITGOOD and Host.

Host. Fear you nothing, sir; I have lodg'd her in a house of credit, I warrant you, Wit. Hast thon the writings?

Host. Firm, sir.

1 Or any . 3 . mad thee, emitted in Q. . 2 Lively. Another street. 5 Aug.

Wit. Prithee, stay, and behold two the [s most prodigious rescals that ever slipt into the shape of men; Dampit, sirrah, and young Gulf, his fellow-caterpillar.

Host. Dampit? Sure I have heard of that Dampit? "
Wit. Heard of him! Why, man, he that has lost both his ears may hear of him; a famous infamous trampler of time; his own phrase. Note him well: that Dampit, sirrah, he in the uneven beard and the serge cloak, is the [u most notorious, nauring, blasplemous, atheistical, brothel-vomiting rascal, that we have in these latter times now extant; whose first beginning was the stealing of a masty 6 dog from a farmer's house.

Host. He lookt as if he would obey the commandment(s) well, when he began first with

Wit. True: the next town he came at, he set the dogs together by th' ears.

Host. A sign he should follow the law, by my

Wit. So it followed, indeed; and being destitute of all fortunes, stakt his masty against a noble, and by great fortune his dog had the [se day. How he made it up ten shillings, I know not, but his own boast is, that he came to town with but ten shillings in his purse, and now is

credibly worth ten thousand pound. Host, How the devil came he by it?

Enter DAMPIT and GULF.

Wir. How the devil came he not by it? If you put in the devil once, riches come with a vongeance. Has been a trampler of the law, sir; and the devil has a care of his footmen. rogue has spied me now; he nibbled me finely [... once, too:—a pox search you!—O, Master Dampit!—the very loins of thee!—Cry you mercy, Master Gulf; you walk so low, I promise you I saw you not, sir.

Gulf. He that walks low walks safe, the [**

poets tell us.

Wit. [Aside.] And nigher hell by a foot and a half than the rest of his fellows. - But, my old Harry

Dam. My sweet Theodorus!
Wit, 'T was a merry world when thou camest

to town with ten shillings in thy purse.

Dam. And now worth ten thousand pound, my boy. Report it ; Harry Dampit, a trampler of time, say, he would be up in a morning, and be here with his serge gown, dasht up to the Westminster Hall, and come home again; see the galleons, the galleasses, " the great armadas vessels, oars and scullers of the time; there be picklocks of the time too: then would I be here; I would trample up and down like a mule: now to the judges, "May it please your reverend honourable fatherhoods;" then to my counsellor, "May it please your worshipful

* A lawyer. * Mastiff.

· Heavy built galleys. Passenger eloops.

7 A gold coin worth 6s. 8d.

patience; "then to the examiner's office, "May it please your mastership's gentleness; "then to one of the clerks, "May it please your worshipful lousiness," for I find him scrubbing [7] in his codpiece; then to the hall again, then to the chamber again - Wit. And when to the cellar again?

Dam. E'en when thou wilt again : tramplers Dam. E'en when thou wilt again: tramplers of time, motions 'of Fleet Street, and visions [rate of Holborn; here I have fees of one, there I have fees of another; my clients come about me, the fooliaminy 2 and coxcombry of the country: I still trasht 3 and trotted for other men's causes. Thus was poor Harry Dampit [so made rich by others' laziness, who though they would not follow their own suits, I made 'em follow me with their purs

Wit. Didst then so, old Harry?

Dam. Ay, and I sous d'em with bills of [as charges, i 'faith; twenty pound a-year have I brought in for boat-hire, and I ne'er stept into

brought in for boat-hire, and I he er stept into boat in my life.

Wit. Tramplers of time!

Dam. Ay, tramplers of time, rascals of [witime, bull-beggars!'

Wit. Ab, thou 'rt a mad old Harry! — Kind Master Gulf, I am bold to renew my acquaint-

Gulf. I embrace it, sir.

Exeunt. 16

MURIC

ACT II

[Scene I.] 6 Enter LUCRE.

Luc. My adversary evermore twits me with my nephew; forsooth, my nephew; why may not a virtuous uncle have a dissolute nephew? What though he be a brotheller, a wastethrift, a common surfeiter, and, to conclude, a beggar, must sin in him call up shame in me? Since we have no part in their follies, why should we have part in their infamics? For my strict hand toward his mortgage, that I deny not: I confess I had an uncle's pen'worth; folet me see, half in half, true. I saw neither hope of his reclaiming, nor comfort in his being; and was it not then better bestow'd upon his uncle than upon one of his aunta? — I need not say bawd, for every one knows what "aunt" stands for in the last translation. Luc. My adversary evermore twita me with stands for in the last translation.

[Enter Servant.]

Now, Sir?

Ser. There's a country serving-man, sir, at-

tends to speak with your worship.

Luc. I'm at best leisure now; send him in [20]
to me. [Exit Servant.]

One of Dampit's self-explanatory coinages.

A uparently, custed about See Narca.

Boyles, burbears.

A room in Lucre's house.

Enter Host like a serving-man.

Host. Bless your venerable worship.

Luc. Welcome, good fellow.

Host. (Abride.) The calls me thief set for sight, yet he little thinks I am an host.

Luc. What 's thy business with me?

Host. Faith, sir, I am sent from my more to any sufficient, contlemning indeed to any sufficient. to any sufficient gentleman indeed, to ask vice upon a doubtful point: 't is indifferent sir, to whom I come, for I know home, as did my mistress direct me to any particle man, for she 's as mercu stranger here us nive' only I found your worship within, and 'to-thing I ever lov'd, air, to be despatcht as ac-

Luc. [Aside.] A good, blunt honesty; I fishim well.— What is thy mistress?

Host. Faith. a country gentlewoman, and widow, sir. Yesterday was the first flight us; but now she intends to stay till a little. term business be ended.

term business be ended.

Luc. Her name, I prithee?

Host. It runs there in the writings, sir, amore her lands; Widow Medler.

Luc. Medler? Mans, have 17 ne'er heard of that widow?

Host. Yes, I warrant you, have you, sir; we the rich widow in Stuffordshire?

Luc. Cuds me, there 't is indeed; these heart me into memory. There's a widow in deed; ab, that I ware a houselow recent.

deed; ah, that I were a bachelor agen?

Host. No doubt your worship might death ready.

Luc. Ah, what is he, I prithee?

Host. A country gentleman too; one of vi-your worship knows not, I'm surv; his as-some few follies in his youth, but marrang, a my faith, begins to call him home. My not-loves him, sir, and love covers faults, yo-know; one Master Witgood, if ever you know.

know: one Master Witgood, if ever yeaks heard of the gentleman.

Luc. Ha! Witgood, says thou?

Host. That's his name indeed, sir; my votress is like to bring him to a guestly set synder; four hundred a-year, by my faith Luc. But, I pray, take me with you!

Host. Ay, sir.

Luc. What countryman might this year.

Witgood be?

Host. A Leicestershire gentleman, air Luc. (Aside.) My nephew, by th' a sephew! I'll fetch out more of the, i'll a simple country fellow, I'll work tout day

And is that gentleman, sayat thou, pressite marry her?

Host. Faith, he brought her up to town of heart; and I know my mistreas will be more reshe go down; 10 may, I'll away that is able a none of those widows that will go do

^{# &}quot; Good fellow" was then slane for a thi-f A corruption of " cont"

Q. I have. A corru
Let me understand you
To the country, with a pun.

first, and be married after; she haten that, I

can tell you, sir.

Luc. By my faith, sir, she is like to have a proper gentleman, and a comely; 1'll give [so

her that gift.

Host. Why, does your worship know him,

Luc. I know him? Does not all the world know him? Can a man of such exquisite [w qualities be hid under a bushel? Host. Then your worship may save me a la-

bour, for I had charge given me to inquire after

Luc. Inquire of him? If I might counsel [so thee, thou shouldst no or trouble thyself fur-ther; inquire of him no more, but of me; I'll fit thee. I grant he has been youthful; but is he not now reclaim it? Mark you that, sir: has

he not now reclaim 1? Mark you that, sir: has not your mistress, think you, been wanton [100 in her youth? If men be wags, are there not women wagtails?

Host. No doubt, sir.

Luc. Does not he return wisest that comes home whipt with his own follies?

Host. Why, very true, sir.

Luc. The worst report you can bear of him, I can tell you, is that he has been a kind gentleman, a liberal, and a worthy; who but lusty Witgood, thrice-noble Witgood!

Host. Since your worship has so much knowledge in him, can you resolve me, sir, what his living might be? My duty binds me, sir, to have a care of my mistress estate; she has been ever a good mistress to me, though I for say it. Many wealthy suiters has she nonsuited say it. Many wealthy suitors has she nonsuited for his sake; yet, though her love be so fixt, a man cannot tell whether his non-performance may help to remove it, sir; he makes us believe

may help to remove it, sir; he makes us believe he has lands and living.

Luc. Who, young Master Witgood? Why, believe it, he has as goodly a fine living out youder,—what do you call the place?

Hot. Nay, I know not, i' fatth.

Luc. Hum—see, like a heast, if I have [iss not forgot the name—pooh! and out yonder again, goodly grown woods and fair meadows: pax 1 on 't, I can ne'er hit of that place neither.—He? Why, he 's Witgood of Witgood Hall; he an unknown thing!

he an unknown thing!

Host. Is he so, sir? To see how rumour will alter! Trust me, sir, we heard once he had no lands, but all lay mortgag'd to an uncle he has

in town here

Luc. Push! 't is a tale, 't is a tale.

Host. I can assure you, sir, 't was credibly re-

Luc. Why, do you think, i' faith, he was uncle, or his uncle so unnatural to take the ex-Host. That was my saying still, sir.
Luc. Pooh, ne'er think it.

Host, Yet that report goes current, Luc Nay, then you urge me:

Carnot I tell that best that am his uncle?

1 A corruption of "pox."

Host. How, sir? what have I done! Luc. Why, how now! In a swoon, man? Host. Is your worship his uncle, sir? Luc. Can that be any harm to you, str?

Host. I do beseech you, sir, do me the favour to conceal it. What a beast was I to utter so much! Pray, sir, do me the kindness to keep it in; I shall have my coat pull'd o'er my ears, an't should be known; for the truth is, an't lass

please your worship, to prevent much rumour and many suitors, they intend to be married very suddenly and privately. Luc. And dost thou think it stands with my judgment to do them injury? Must I needs [160] any the knowledge of this marriage comes from thee? Am I a fool at fifty-four. Do I lack subtlety now, that have got all my wealth by it? There is a leash of angels? for thee: come, let me woo thee speak where lie 4 they?

Host. So I might have no anger, sir — Luc. Passion of me, not a jot: prithee, come. Host. I would not have it known, sir, it

Luc. Why, am I a man of wisdom?

Luc. Why, am I a man of wisdom?

Host. I dare trust your worship, sir, but I 'm
a stranger to your house; and to avoid all intelligeneers I desire your worship's car.

Luc. [Aside.] This fellow 's worth a matter
of trust. — Come, sir. [Host whispers to him.]

Why, now, thou 'rt an honest lad. — Ah, [in
airrah, nephew!]

airrah, naphew!

Host. Please you, sir, now I have begun with your worship, when shall I attend for your advice upon that doubtful point? I must come

Luc. Tut, fear thou nothing;
To-morrow's evening shall resolve the doubt.

Host. The time shall cause my attendance.

Luc. Fare thee well. - There's more true ; 100 honesty in such a country serving-man than in a hundred of our cloak companions. I may well call 'em companions,' for since blue 6 coats have been turn'd into clouks, we can scarce know the man from the muster. — George!

[Enter GEOBGE.]

Geo. Anon, sir.
Luc. List hither: [whispers] keep the place secret: commend me to my nephew. I know no cause, tell him, but he might see his uncle. Geo. I will, sir.

Luc. And, do you hear, sir?

Take need to use him with respect and duty. Geo. [Aside.] Here's a strange alteration; one day he must be turn'd out like a beggar,

Luc. Ah, sirrsh, that rich widow!—four hundred a-year! beside, I hear she lays claim to a title of a hundred more. This falls unhappily that he should bear a grudge to me now, being likely to prove so rich. What [50]

! Couple of gold coins, each worth from 6a. 8d. to

Pallows, contemptuously. 1 Lodge. * The common livery of serving-men.

is 't, trow, that he makes me a stranger for? Hum, I hope he has not so much wit to apprehend that I cozened him: he deceives me then. Good Heaven, who would have thought it would ever have come to this pass! yet | 100 he's a proper gentleman, i' faith, give him his due,— marry, that is his mortgage; but that I ne'er mean to give him. I'll make him rich enough in words, if that be good; and if it come to a piece of money, I will not greatly stick [115 for 't; there may be hope some of the widow's lands, too, may one day fall upon me, if things be carried wisely.

[Re-enter GEORGE.]

Now, sir, where is he?

Geo. He desires your worship to hold him [250 excus d; he has such weighty business, it commands him wholly from all men.

Luc. Were those my nephew's words?

Geo. Yes, indeed, sir.

Luc. [Aside.] When men grow rich, they [response proud too, I perceive that. He would not have sent me such an answer once within this twelvemonth; see what 't is when a man comes to his lands! Return to him again, sir; tell him his uncle desires his company for an hour; 1200 I'll trouble him but an hour, say; 'tis for his own good, tell him: and, do you hear, sir? put "worship" upon him. Go to, do as I bid you; he's like to be a gentleman of worship very shortly. ortly.

Geo. [Aside.] This is good sport, i' faith.

Exit.

Luc. Troth, he uses his uncle discourteously now. Can be tell what I may do for him? Goodness may come from me in a minute, that comes not in seven year again. He knows my ha- [180] mour; I am not so usually good; 't is no small thing that draws kindness from me, he may know that an he will. The chief cause that invites me to do him most good is the sudden astonishing of old Hoard, my adversary. How have pale his malice will look at my nephew's advancement! With what a dejected spirit hawill behold his fortunes, whom but last day he proclaim'd rioter, penurious makeshift, despised brothel-master! Ha, ha! 't will do me | 1500 more secret joy than my last purchase, more precious comfort than all these widow's reve-

[Re-]enter [GEORGE, showing in] WITGOOD.

Now, sir ?

With much entreaty he 's at length | 150 Gro. come, sir.

Luc. O. nephew, let me salute you, air Your 're welcome, nephew.

Wit. Uncle, I thank you.

Luc. You've a fault, nephew; you're a [so stranger here. Well, Heaven give you joy!

Wit. Of what, sir? Luc. Hah, we can hear!

You might have known your uncle's house, i' faith,

You and your widow: go to, you were to blame;

If I may tell you so without offence.

Wit. How could you hear of that, sir?

Luc. O, pardon me!

T was your will to have kept it from me, I per ceive now. Wit. Not for any defect of love, I protest

uncle. Luc. Oh, 't was unkindness, nephew! he, fie,

Wit. I am sorry you take it in that some, it Luc. Pooh, you cannot colour it, i' faith,

nephew.
Wit. Will you but hear what I can say man

just excuse, sir.

Luc. Yes, faith, will I, and welcome.

Wit. You that know my danger i' the sir. so well, how great my debtes are, and have extreme my creditors, could not out of your pure judgment, sir, have wisht us hither.

Luc. Mass, a firm reason indeed.

Wit. Else, my uncle's house! why, 't had ...

Luc. Mills, a firm reason increased.

With Else, my uncle's house! why, 't had a been the only make-match.

Luc. Nay, and thy credit.

With My credit? Nay, my countenance. Pek nay. I know, uncle, you would have wrought so by your wit, you would have made her below in time the whole house had been mine.

Luc. Ay, and most of the goods too.

With La, you there! Well, let 'em all provident they will, there's nothing like the brugging of a widow to one's uncle's house.

Luc. Nay, let nephews be rul'd as they list, they shall find their nucle's house the most setural place when all 's done.

With There they may be bold.

Luc. Life, they may be anything them, 'eman, and fear neither beadle nor commonser. An uncle's house! a very Cole-Harbour! Wrah, I'll touch thee near now, hast than emuch interest in thy widow, that by a tabemuch interest in the widow, that by a table thou couldst presently send for her?

Wit. Troth, I think I can, uncle.

Luc. Go to, let me see that.

Wit. Pray, command one of your men kither, unele.

Luc. George!

Re-enter Gronge.

Geo. Here, sir.

Luc. Attend my nephew. [Wiresont whose to George, who then goes out.] - 1 Axid. I have a life 2 to prattle with a rich widow; 'c is posset. a the to prattle with a rich widow; 't is possed, methinks, when our tongues go together and then to promise much and perfect less to less that mood now to do my nephew some good if to take me handsomely. What, have you is spetch?

Wit. I ha' sent, sir. Luc. Yet I must condemn you of unkinders.

nethew.

Wit. Heaven forbid, nucle!

Luc. Yes, faith, must l. Say your debut? many, your creditors importunate, yes the k Li

A corruption of "Cold Harbour," above seen

As my life.

ness of a thing is all, nephew: you might have sent me close word on 't, without the least

danger or prejudice to your fortunes.

Wif. Troth, I confess it, uncle; I was to blame there; but, indeed, my intent was to have clapt it up suddenly, and so have broke forth like a joy to my friends, and a wonder to the world. Beside, there's a trifle of a forty pound matter toward the setting of me forth , | and

pound matter toward the setting of me forth; [assemy friends should ne'er have known on't; I meant to make shift for that myself.

Luc. How, nephew? let me not hear such a word again, I beseech you. Shall I be beholding to you?

With. To me? Alas, what do you mean, uncle?

Luc. I charge you, upon my love, you trouble solveds but meanly nobody but myself.

Wit. You've no reason for that, uncle. Luc. Troth, I'll ne'er be friends with you

while you live, an you do.

Wit. Nay, an you say so, uncle, here's my hand; I will not do 't.

Luc, Why, well said! there's some hope in thee when thou wilt be rul'd. I'll make it (see up fifty, faith, because I see thee so reclaim'd. l'eace; here comes : here comes my wife with Sam, her

[Enter MISTHESS LUCRE and FREEDOM.]

H'it. Good aunt. Free. Cousin Witgood, I rejoice in my salute; you're most welcome to this noble city, gov-

ern'd with the sword in the scabbard.

Wit. , Iside.] And the wit in the pommel.—
Good Master Sam Freedom. I return the salute.

Luc. By the mass, she 's coming, wife; let [see

me see now how thou wilt entertain her.

Mis. L. I hope I am not to learn, sir, to entertain a widow; 'tis not so long aince I was one myself.

[Enter Courtesan.]

Wit. Uncle -

Luc. She 's come indeed.

Luc. She is come indeed.
Wit. My uncle was desirous to see you, widow, and I presumed to invite you.
Cour. The presumption was nothing, Master
Witgood. Is this your uncle, sir?
Luc. Marry an I, sweet widow; and his good
uncle he shall find me; ay, by this smack that
I give thee, thou 'rt welcome. — Wife, bid the

Free. [Aside.] I am a gentleman now too by my father's occupation, and I see no reason but I y kiss a widow by my father's copy : I truly, I think the charter is not against it; surely these are the words, "The son once a gentleman nay revel it, though his father were a dan-[200 ber;" 't is about the fifteenth page: I'll to her. Offers to kiss the Courtesan, who repulses him.

Luc. You're not very busy now; a word with thee, sweet widow.

Free, Coads-nigs ! I was never so diagrac'd

since the hour my mother whipt me.

Luc. Beside, I have no child of mine own to care for; she s my second wife, old, past bearing; clap sure to him, widow; he s like to be my heir. I can tell you.

Cour. 1s he so, sir?

Luc. He knows it already, and the knave's

buc. He knows it already, and the knave is proud on 't; jully rich widows have been offer'd him here i' th' city, great merchants' wives; and do you think he will once look upon [see im? Forsooth, he'll none. You are beholding to him i' th' country, then, ere we could be nay, I'll hold a wager, widow, if he were once known to be in town, he would be presently [see would after may and here were that the sought after; may, and happy were they that could catch him first.

Cour. I think so.

Luc. O, there would be such running to and

fro, widow! He should not pass the streets for em: he'd be took up in one great house or less other presently: faugh! they know he has it, and must have it. You see this house here, widow; this house and all comes to him; goodly

dow; this house and all comes to him; goodly rooms, ready furnisht, ceil'd with plaster [w of Paris, and all hung about with cloth of arras.

Nephew.
Wit. Sir.
Lisc. Show the widow your house; carry her into all the rooms, and bid her welcome. — [a. You shall see, widow. — [Aside to Withood].]

You shall see, widow. — [Aside to Witcood.] Nephew, strike all sure above an thou beest a good boy. — ah!

Wit. Alas, sir. I know not how she would take it!

Luc. The right way, I warrant t'eo. A pox, art an ass? Would I were in thy stead! get you up, I am asham'd of you. [Excunt Witcood and Courtesan.] So: let 'em agree as they will now: many a match has been struck up in my house a' this fashion: let em try all man-so ner of ways, still there's nothing like an uncle's house to strike the stroke in. I'll hold my wife in talk a little. Now Jenny, your son there goes a-wooing to a poor gentle woman but of [so a thousand pound portion: see my nephew, a lad of less hope, strikes at four hundred a-year in good rubbish.

Mis. L. Well, we must do as we may, sir.

Luc. I'll have his money ready told for him again he come down. Let me see, too; by [esth mass. I must present the widow with some jewel, a good piece a plate, or such a device; 't will hearten her on well. I have a very fair standing cup; and a good high standing cup less will please a widow above all other pieces.

Mis. L. Do you mock us with your nephew?

I have a plot in my head, son ; - i' faith, has band, to cross you.

Free, is it a tragedy plot, or a comedy plot, good mother?

Mis. L. 'T is a plot shall vex him. I charge you, of my blessing, son Sam, that you presently

Sorret.
 Membership in a livery company, one of the great trade guilds of London.

A corrupt oath . God's uign. Against, by the time that.

withdraw the action of your love from Master

Hoard's niece.

Free. How, mother?

Mis. L. Nay, I have a plot in my head, i'faith.

Here, take this chain of gold, and this fair diamond: dog me the widow home to her lodging, and at thy best opportunity, faster em [es-both upon her. Nay, I have a reach. I can tell you thou art known what thou art, son, among the right worshipful, all the twelve

companies.

Free. Truly, I thank 'em for it.

Mis. L. He? he's a seab to thee: and so certify her thou hast two hundred a year of thy-

self, besides thy good parts — a proper person and a lovely. If I were a widow, I could find in my heart to have thee myself, son; ay, [656 from 'em all.

Free. Thank you for your good will, mother; but, indeed, I had rather have a stranger: and if I woo her not in that violent fashion, that [650] will make her be glad to take these gifts ere I leave her, let me never be called the heir of your body.

Mis. L. Nay, I know there's enough in you,

son, if you once come to put it forth.

Free, I'll quickly make a bolt or a OB 't."

Excunt. [SCENE II.]

Enter HOARD and MONEYLOVE.

Mon. Faith, Master Hoard, I have bestowed many months in the suit of your niece, such was the dear love I ever bore to her virtues: but since she bath so extremely denied me, I am to

lay out for my fortunes elsewhere.

Hoa. Heaven forbid but you should, sir! I ever told you my niece stood otherwise affected.

Mon. I must confess you did. sir; yet, in regard of my great loss of time, and the zeal with which I sought your niece, shall I desire one [to fayour of your worship?

Hoa. In regard of those two, 't is hard but

you shall, sir.

Mon. I shall rest grateful: 't is not full three hours, sir, since the happy rumour of a rich (u

oountry widow came to my hearing.

Hou. How? a tich country widow?

Mon. Four hundred a-year landed.

Hoa. Yea?

Mon. Most firm, sir; and I have learnt her [so lodging. Here my suit begins, sir; if I might but entreat your worship to be a conntenance for me, and speak a good word for your words will pass). I nothing doubt but I might set fair for the widow; nor shall your labour, sir. end [10

altogether in thanks; two hundred angels —
Hoa. So, so: what suitors has she?
Mon. There lies the comfort, sir; the report of her is yet but a whisper; and only solicited

A proverb: I'll make the venture. A bolt was an arrow with a round knob at its head, a shaft, sharp and barbed.

· In love with some one else.

by young riotous Witgood, nephew to your mor

Hon. Hal art certain he's her suitor?

Mon. Most certain, sir; and his uncle very industrious to beguile the widow, and make up the match.

Hoa. So: very good.

Mon. Now, sir, you know this young Witgood is a spendthrift, dissolute fellow.

Hou. A very raseal,

Mon. A midnight surfeiter.
Hot. The spune of a brothel-house.
Mon. True, air; which being well told in your worship's phrase, may both heave him out of her mind, and drive a fair way for me to be widow's affections.

Hoa. Attend me about five.

Mon. With my best care, air.

Ent.

Hoa. Fool, thou hast left thy treasure with a thief,

To trust a widower with a suit in love! Happy revenge, I hug thee! I have not cale the means laid before me, extremely to cross my adversary, and confound the last hopes of he nephew, but thereby to earich my catate, one ment my revenues, and build mine own furture greater: ha, ha! I'll mar your phrase, o'erturn your flatteries,

Indo your windings, policies, and plots, Fall like a secret and despatchful plague On your secured comforts. Why I am able To buy three of Lucre; three outlid him.

Enter three [of Wirdood's] Creditors.

Let my out-monies be reckoned and all.

1 [Cred.] I am glad of this news. 2 [Cred.] So are we, by my faith. 3 [Cred.] Young Witgood will be a gallest

again now. Hou. Pence. Listening

a mighty rich widow.

2 Cred. Why, have you ever heard of her?

1 Cred. Who? Widow Medlet? She lies

open to much rumour.

3 Cred. Four bundred a-year, they my. w

very good land.

1 Cred. [Nay.] take 't of my word, if you believe that, you believe the least.

2 Cred. And to see how close he keeps it '

1 Cred. O, sir, there 's policy in that, so pro-

vent better suitors. 3 Cred. He owes me a hundred pound and ! protest I ne'er lookt for a penny.

1 Cred. He little dreums upon him. wonder to see his creditors upon him. Execute Creditor 1 Cred. He little dreams of our coming; he's

Hoa. Good, his creditors: 1'll fallow. The makes for me :

All know the widow's wealth; and 'th will known

I can estate her fairly, ay, and will In this one chance shines a twice happy fate ;

I both deject my foe and raise my stare

Music.

ACT III

SCENE I.11

[Enter] WITGOOD with his Creditors.

Wit. Why, also, my creditors, could you find so other time to undo me but now? Rather your malice appears in this than the justness of the inbt.

1 Cred. Master Witgood, I have forborne [s

may money long.

Wit. I pray, speak low, sir: what do you mean?

2 Cred. We hear you are to be married suddenly to a rich country widow.

Wit. What can be kept so close but you creditors hear on 't! Well, 't is a lamentable state, that our chiefest afflictors should first hear of our fortunes. Why, this is no good course, i'd that he is early you have hone to be satis, if were you have hone to be satis. cur fortunes. Why, this is no good course, i' faith, sirs: if ever you have hope to be satisified, why do you seek to confound the means that should work it? There's neither piety, no, nor policy in that. Shine favourably now: why. I may rise and spread again, to your great comforts.

1 Cred. He says true, i' faith.

With Representation and Learning for the says true, it faith.

Wit. Remove me now, and I consume for ever.

2 Cred. Sweet gentleman!
Wit. How can it thrive which from the sun

you sever?
3 Cred. It cannot, indeed.

Wit. O, then, show patience! I shall have enough

To satisfy you all.

Cred. Ay, if we could

Be content, a shame take us! Wit.

Wit.

For, look you;
I am but newly sure 2 yet to the widow,
And what a rend might this discredit make! **
Within these three days will I bind you lands

For your securities.

1 Cred.

No, good Master Witgood:
Would 't were as much as we dare trust you with !

Wit. I know you have been kind; however. now,

Either by wrong report or false incitement, Your gentleness is injured: in such A state as this a man cannot want foes. If on the sudden he begin to rise,

No man that lives can count his enemies. You had some intelligence, I warrant ye, From an ill-willer.

2 Cred. Faith, we heard you brought up a

rich widow, sir, and were suddenly to marry

Wit. Ay, why there it was; I knew 't was; but since you are so well resolv d, of my so; but since you are so well resolv u, faith toward you, let me be so much favour'd

of you, I beseech you all—

All. O, it shall not need, i' faith, sir!—

Wit. As to lie still awhile, and bury my

debts in silence, till I be fully possest of the

widow; for the truth is—I may tell you as my friends

All. 0, 0, 0 !-

that

I am constrain'd to play the maid, and take it. 1 Cred. Let none of them see it, I beseech You Wit. Faugh !

1 Cred. I hope I shall be first in your remembrance

After the marriage rites. Believe it firmly. Wit.

1 Cred. So. — What, do you walk, sirs? * 2 Cred. I go. — [Aside to Wirocop.] — Take no care, sir, for money to furnish you; within

no care, sir, for money to furnish you; within this hour I send you sufficient. Come, Master Cockpit, we both stay for you.

3 Cred. I ha' lost a ring, i' faith; I'll follow you presently [exeunt 1 and 2 Creditors]—but [so you shall find it, sir. I know your youth and expenses have disfurnisht you of all jewels: there's a ruby of twenty pound price, sir; bestow it inpon your widow. [Offers him the ring, which he at first declines.]—What, man! 't is will call up her blood to you: beside, if I might will call up her blood to you; beside, if I might so much work with you, I would not have you beholding to those bloodsuckers for any money.

Wit. Not I, believe it.

3 Cred. They re a brace of cut-throats.

Wit. I know 'em.

3 Cred. Send a note of all your wants to my shop, and I 'll supply you instantly.

Wit. Say you so? Why, here 's my hand then, no man living shalt do 't but thyself:

3 Cred. Shall I carry it away from 'em both, then?

Wit. I' faith, shalt thou.

3 Cred. Troth, then, I thank you, sir.

Wit. Welcome, good Master Cockpit. Exit

[3 Creditor]. — Ha, ha, ha! why, is not this better now than lying a-bed? I perceive there's nothing conjures up wit sooner than poverty, and nothing lays it down sooner than wealth and lechery: this has some savour yet. O that [100] I had the mortgage from mine uncle as sure in possession as these trifles! I would forswear brothel at noonday, and muscadine and eggs, at midnight.

Enter Courtesan.

Cour. Master Witgood, where are you? Wit. Holla!

Cour. Rich news!
Wit. Would 't were all in plate!

¹ Witgood's lodgings. 2 Betrothed. 3 Satisfied.

⁴ A sweet wine, taken with eggs as an aphrodisiac.

Cour. There's some in chains and jewels. I am so haunted with soitors, Master Witgood, I know not which to despatch first.

Wit. You have the better term,' by my faith.
Cour. Among the number
One Master Hoard, an ancient gentleman.

Wit. Upon my life, my uncle's adversary, no Cour. It may well hold so, for he rails on

Speaks shamefully of him.

As I could wish it. Wit. Cour. I first denied him, but so cumingly, It rather promis d him assured hopes, Than any loss of labour.

Excellent ! Wit. Cour. I expect him every hour with gentle-PHYSIAL.

With whom he labours to make good his words, lo approve you riotous, your state consum'd.

Your uncle

Wit, Wench, make up thy own fortunes [ownow; do thyself a good turn once in thy days. He's rich in money, movables, and lands; marry him: he's an old doting fool, and that's worth all; marry him. Twould be a great comfort to me to see thee do well, i' faith; marry | 136 him. 'T would ease my conscience well to see him. 'T would ease my conscience well to see thee well bestow'd; I have a care of thee, i' faith.

Cour. Thanks, sweet Master Witgood.

Wit, I reach at farther happiness; first, I [160]

am sure it can be no harm to thee, and there may happen goodness to me by it. Prosecute it well; let's send up for our wits, now wetrequire their best and most prognant assistance

Cour. Step in, I think I hear 'em. [Exeunt.]

Enter HOARD and Gentlemen with the Host as serving-man.

Hoa. Art thou the widow's man? By my [100

faith, sh'us a company of proper men then.

Host. I am the worst of six, sir; good enough

for blue conts.

Hoa. Hark hither: I hear say thou art in most credit with her.

Host. Not so, sir.
Hoa. Come, come, thou'rt modest. There's a brace of royals; 2 prithee, help me to th' speech of her. [Gives him money.] 184

Host, I'll do what I may, sir, always saving myself harmless.

Hou. Go to, do 't, I say; thou shalt hear better from me.

Host. Nide. Is not this a better place [100 than five mark 8 a-year standing wages? Say a man had but three such clients in a day, methinks he might make a poor living on't; beside, I was never brought up with so little honesty to refuse any man's money; never. [125] What gulls there are a 'this side the world! Now know I the widow's mind; none but my young master comes in her clutches: ha, ha, ha!

Playing on the two meanings of "suitors," at law

and for love

Gold pieces 15s, in value,

The mark was worth 13s, 4d,

Hou. Now, my dear gentlemen, stand funly

to me; You know his follies and my worth

1 [Gent.] 2 [Gent.] But, Master is not i' th' house now " But, Master Hourd, are you see he

Hoa. I pon my honesty, I chose this une purpose, fit: the spendthrift is shroad. Assist me; here she comes.

Enter Courtesan,

Now, my sweet widos : Cour. You're welcome, Master Hoard. Hou. Despatch, sweet gentlemen, despatch -I am come, widow, to prove those my work Neither of envy spring nor of false tongues. But such as their deserts and actions Do merit and bring forth; all which the gentlemen.

Well known, and better reputed, will confer

Cour. I cunnot tell

How my affections may dispose of me; But surely if they find him so describes They'll have that reason to withdraw the selves:

And therefore, gentlemen, I do entrent 506, As you are fair in reputation And in appearing form, so shine in truth.

I am a widow, and, alas, you know.

Soon overthrown! 'T is a very small thing.

That we withstand, our weakness is so great Be partial unto neither, but deliver,

Without affection, your opinion.

Hoa. And that will drive it home.

Cour. Nay, I beseech your silence, Mass

Hoard;

You are a party. Widow, not a word. I Gent. The better first to work you to be

Know neither of us owe him flattery.

Nor t'other malice; but unbribed censure!

So help us our best forumes!

Cour. It suffices 1 Gent. That Witgood is a riotous, ned-

Imperfect both in fame and in estate.
His debts wealthier than he, and executions
In wait for his due body, we'll terration
With our best credit and our dearest blood.
Cour. Nor land nor living, say you? Pro-

take heed

You do not wrong the gentleman

1 Gent. What wo spu Cour. Alas, how soon are we pour soul ! Our lives and means are ready to make go

2 Gent. And for his uncle

Hoa. Let that come to His uncle, a severe extortioner; A tyrant at a forfeiture; greedy of others Miseries; one that would undo his brother, Nay, awallow up his father, if he can, Within the fathoms of his conscience.

1 Gent. Nuy, believe it, widow,

* Lucre's and Witgood's.

* Judgmest

You had not only matcht yourself to wants,

But in an evil and unnatural stock.

Hoa. [Aside to Gent.] Follow hard, gentlemen, follow hard. Cour. Is my love so deceiv'd? Before you all

I do renounce him; on my knees I vow He ne'er shall marry me. Wit. !looking in.] Heaven knows he never meant it!

Hoa. [Aside to Gent.] There take her at the bound.

Gent. Then, with a new and pure affection, Behold you gentleman; grave, kind, and rich, A match worthy yourself: esteeming him, You do regard your state.

Hoa. [Aside to Gent.] I'll make her a joint-

ure, say. 1 Gent. He can join land to land, and will рочнем уоц Of what you can desire.

2 Gent. Come, widow, come.
Come, widow, come.
Come. The world is so deceitful!
1 Gent. There, 't is deceitful,
Where flattery, want, and imperfection lies;
But none of these in him: push!

Pray, sir -I Gent. Come, you widows are ever most back-ward when you should do yourselves most good; but were it to marry a chin not worth a hair now, then you would be forward enough. Come,

elap hands, a match.

Hoa, With all my heart, widow. [Hoard and Courtesan shake hands.] - Thanks,

gentlemen:

will deserve your labour, and [to Courtesan]

thy love. Cour. Alus, you love not widows but for wealth!

promise you I ha' nothing, sir.
Well said, widow, Well said; thy love is all I seek, before These gentlemen.

Now I must hope the best. Hou. My joys are such they want to be ex-

Cour. But, Master Hoard, one thing I must rameruber you of, before these gentlemen, your friends: how shall I suddenly avoid the 120 toathed soliciting of that perjur'd Witgood, and his tedious, dissembling uncle? who this very day buth appointed a meeting for the same burpose too; where, had not truth come forth, had been undone, atterly undone!

Hog. What think you of that, gentlemen?

1 Gent. Twas well devised.

Hoa. What think you of that, gentlemen? I tient. 'I was well devised.

Hoa. Hark thee, widow: train! ont young Witgood single; hasten him thither with thee, omewhat before the hour; where, at the [red blace appointed, these gentlemen and myself will wait the opportunity, when, by some slight temoving him from thee, we'll suddenly enter and surprise thee, carry thee away by boat to Cole-Harbour, have a priest ready, and there [assempt to the property of the priest ready and there has been priest ready. Bow likest it, widow?

Cour. In that it pleaseth you, it likes me well. Hoa. I'll kiss thee for those words. Come, gentlemen,

Still must I live a suitor to your favours,

Still to your aid beholding.

1 Gent. We 're engag'd, sir;
'T is for our credits now to see 't well ended.

Hoa. 'T is for your honours, gentlemen; nay, Hoa. 'I is it.

Not only in joy, but I in wealth excel: No more sweet widow, but, sweet wife, farewell.

Cour. Farewell, sir. Excunt [HOAND and Gentlemen].

Re-enter WITGOOD.

Wit. O for more scope! I could laugh eternally! Give you joy, Mistress Hoard, I promise your fortune was good, torsooth; you've fell upon wealth enough, and there 's young [see gentlemen enow can help you to the rest. it requires our wits carry thyself but heedfully now, and we are both -

[Re-enter Host.]

Host. Master Witgood, your uncle.

Wit. Cuds me | 2 remove thyself awhile; I'il serve for him. | Exeunt Courtesan and Host.]

Enter LUCRE.

Luc. Nephew, good morning, nephew.
Wit. The same to you, kind uncle.
Luc. How fares the widow? Does the moeting hold?

ing hold?

Wit. O, so question of that, sir.

Luc. I'll strike the stroke, then, for thee; no more days.

Wit. The sconer the better, uncle. O, she 's mightly follow'd!

Luc. And yet so little rumour'd!

Wit. Mightly: here comes one old gentleman, and he'll make her a jointure of three hundred a year, forsooth; another wealthy suitor will cetate his son in his lifetime, and make him weigh down the widow; here a [see

suitor will estate his son in his lifetime, and make him weigh down the widow; here a local merchant's son will possess her with no least than three goodly lordships at once, which we all pawns to his father.

Luc. Peace, nephew, let me hear no more call. No words to the widow of my corrate all. No words to the widow of my corrate hither. Let me see — 't is now upon nine: Let fore typics neuhew, we will have the beginning. fore twelve, nephew, we will have the barrent, we will, faith, boy.

Wit. O, my precious ancle!

Exers

[SCENE II.]

Enter HOARD and Nieve [JOYCE].

Hoa. Nicce, sweet nicce, prithee, have a to my house; I leave all to thy discretions - content to dream awhile; I'll have a has been a house a for thee shortly : put that eare upon me, -

1 Gods me. Perhaps a corruption of "God as To

A room in Hoard's house.

Butil. - - - wasti chare

---المرابط المرابط and a second second

Jima, Dow, sir ? and sites amo a private

But GBORGE.] 1 wow this hand - 10 what the world retamour will alter - was a specto be the same in

to the stand was a second of fear or doubt week where we keep affection out. Kxit.

NAME III.]2

HOARD and two Gentle-

welcome, gentlemen. -

these states, gentlemen.

... trawer!

ak at the bar if a gentlewoman

on, at the bar, did you see any [10

o none came in yet, but Mistress

in save none came in yet, sir, but one [u

Sai is that Florence? A widow? Dutch widow.

Uset's an English drab, sir : give your A worts knave, i' faith! I shall remember he widow the longest day of my life.

Did not I use most art to win the

You shall pardon me for that, sir; What 's that, sweet gentlemen, what 's

..... He will needs bear me down, that his Is wrought with the widow most.

A tavern.

Hoa. O, you did both well, gentlemen, you Hoo. O, you did both wen, gentlemen, you did both well, I thank you.

1 Gent. I was the first that mov'd her.

Hou. You were, i'faith.

2 Gent. But it was I that took her at the

bound.

Hoa. Ay, that was you; faith, gentlems, 't is right.

3 Gent. I boasted least, but 't was I jou't their hands.

Hoa. By th' mass, I think he did: you de all well,

Gentlemen, you did all well; contend no nor 1 Gent. Come, you room a fittest.

Hou. True, 't is next the door.

Enter WITGOOD, Courtesan, Host and Drawe.

Dra. You're very welcome: please you walk up stairs; cloth's laid, sir.

Cour. Up stairs? Troth, I am very wan Master Wiggood.

Wit. Rest yourself here awhile, widow, we? have a cup of muscadine in this little room.

Dra. A cup of muscadine? You shall have

the best, sir.

Wit. But, do you hear, sirrah?

Dra. Do you call? Anon, sir.

Wit. What is there provided for dinner?

Dra. I cannot readily tell you, sir if you

please you may go into the kitchen and ser yourself, sir; many gentlemen of worship do use to do it, I assure you, sir.

Host. A pretty familiar, prigging raseal. > has his part without book.

Wit. Against you are ready to drink to w. widow, I ll be present to pledge you Cour. Nay, I commend your care, 't is downwell of you. [Exit Witgood.] — 'Las, what have 1 forgot !

Host. What, mistress?
Cour. I slipt my wedding ring off who I washt, and left it at my lodging. Prithes, as I shall be and without it. [Exit Host.]—She is gone. Boy!

[Enter Boy.]

Boy. Anon, forsooth.
Cour. Come hither, sirrah: learn accrete to one Master Hoard, an ancient gentleman a whont house.

Boy. I heard such a one nam'd. Cour. Commend me to him.

Re-enter HOARD and Gentlemen.

Hoa. Ay, boy, do thy commendations. Cour. (), you come well : away, to best b

Hoz. Thus wise men are reveng'd, give to for one.

Reenter WITGOOD and Vintper.

Wit. I must request You, sir, to show extraordinary core My uncle comes with gentlemen, his friends. And 't is upon a making.4

4 Matching.

Vin. I'll give a special charge, good Master Witgood.

May I be bold to see her?
With Withall my heart, i'faith, I'll bring you to her.
Vin. If she be a Staffordshire geutlewoman,

t is much if I know her not.
Wit. How now? Boy! drawer!

Vin. Hie !

[Re-enter Boy.]

Boy. Do you call, sir? bore?

Boy. Up, sir? She went out, sir, Wit. Out, sir?

Boy. Out, sir: one Master Hoard, with a card of gentlemen, carried her out at back door, a pretty while since, sir.
Wit. Hoard? Death and darkness! Hoard?

[Re-enter Host.]

Host. The devil of ring I can find. Where's the widow?

Host. My mistress? Is she not here, sir?
Wit. More madness yet!
Host. She sent me for a ring.
Wit. A plot, a plot!—To boat! she 's stole Host. What?

Enter Lucke and Gentlemen.

Wit. Follow! Inquire old Hoard, my uncle's [Exit Host.]

Luc. Nephew, what's that?

Wit. Thrice-miserable wretch!

Wit. Thrice-miserable wretch!
Luc. Why, what is the matter?
Vin. The widow's forme away, sir.
Luc. Ha? passion of me!—A heavy welcome, gentlemen.

1 Gent The widow gone?
Luc. Who durst attempt it?
Wit. Who but old Hoard, my ancle's adver-

sary?
Luc. How?
Wit. With his confederates.
Luc. Heard, my deadly enemy? — Gentle-

men, stand to me, 150

I will not bear it; 't is in hate of me;

That villain seeks my shame, nay, thirsts my

blood;

He owes me mortal malice, I'll spend my wealth on this despiteful plot, Ere he shall cross me and my nephew thus. Wit. So malicionsly!

Reenter Host.

Luc. How now, you treacherous rascal?
Host. That's none of my name, sir.
Wit. Poor soul, he knew not on 't!
Luc. I'msorry. I see then't was a mere plot,
Host. I trac'd 'em nearly
Luc.
Well?

Host. And hear for certain 131

They have took Cole-Harbour.

The devil's sanctuary ! They shall not rest; I'll pluck her from his arms

Kind and dear gentlemen,

If ever I had sents within your breasts — is I Gent. No more, good sir; it is a wrong to

To see you injur'd; in a cause so just We'll spend our lives but we will right our friends.

Luc. Honest and kind! come we 've delay'd too long;

Nephew, take comfort; a just cause is strong.

Exeunt (all but Wirecom).

Wit. That's all my comfort, uncle. Ha, ba,

Now may events full luckily and well; He that ne'erstrives, says wit, shall ne'erexcel. [Exit.]

[SCENE IV.]1

Enter DAMPIT, the usurer, drunk.

Dam. When did I say my prayers? In anno 28, when the great armada was coming; and in anno 19, when the great thunder and lightning was, I pray'd heartily then, i' faith, to overthrow Poovies' new buildings; I kneeled by [9] my great iron chest, I remember.

[Enter AUDREY.]

Aud. Master Dampit, one may hear you be-fore they see you: you keep sweet hours, Mas-ter Dampit; we were all a-bed three hours ago.

ter Dampit; we were all a-bed three hours ago.

Dam. Audrey?
Aud. O, you're a fine gentleman!

Dam. So I am i'faith, and a fine scholar. Do you use to go to bed so early, Audrey?

Aud. Call you this early, Muster Dampit?

Dam. Why, is 't not one of clock i' th' [u morning? Is not that early enough? Fetch me a glass of fresh beer.

Aud. Here, I have warm'd your nightcap for you, Master Dampit.

Dam. Draw it on then. I am very week in

Dam. Draw it on then. I am very weak [w truly: I have not eaten so much as the bulk of

an egg these three days. You have drunk the more, Master

Dampit.

Dam. What's that?

And. You mought, an you would, Master

Dampit.

Dam. I answer you, I cannot. Hold your prating; you prate too much, and understand too little; are you answered? Give me a glass as

of beer. Aud. May I ask you how you do, Master Dampit?

Dam. How do I? I' faith, naught,
Aud. I ne'er knew you do otherwise.

Dam. I eat not one pen'north of bread these two years. Give me a glass of fresh beer. I am not sick, nor I am not well.

And, Take this warm napkin about your

neck, sir, whilst I help to make you unready.

¹ A room in Dampit's house.
7 Might. Univers you.

⁷ Might.

Dam. How now, Audrey-prater, with your sourcy devices, what say you now?

And. What say I, Master Dampit? I say

And. What say I. Master Dampit? I say aothing, but that you are very weak.

Dam. Faith, thou hast more cony-catching! devices than all London.

And. Why, Master Dampit, I never deceiv'd you in all my life.

Dam. Why was that? Because I never did

trust thee. Aud. I care not what you say, Master Dampit.

Dam. Hold thy prating: I answer thee, thou art a beggar, a quean, and a bawd: are you answer'd?

Aud. Fie, Master Dampit! a gentleman, and

have such words?

Dam. Why, thou base drudge of infortunity, Dam. Why, thou base drudge of infortunity, thou kitcheustuff-drab of beggary, roguery, and coxcombry, thou cavernesed quenu of [66 foolery, knavery, and bawdreaminy, I'll tell thee what, I will not give a louse for thy fortunes.

tunes.

.1ud. No, Master Dampit? and there 's a gentleman comes a-wooing to me, and he doubts ² [a nothing but that you will get me from him.

Dam. I? If I would either have thee or lie with thee for two thousand pound, would I might be damn'd! Why, thou base, impudent queen of foolery, flattery, and coxcombry, are [7] you answer'd ?

Aud. Come, will you rise and go to bed, sir?

Dam. Rise, and go to bed too, Audrey?

How does Mistress Proserpine?

Aud. Fooh!

And. Fooh!

Dam. She 's as fine a philosopher of a stinkard's wife, as any within the liberties. Faugh,
faugh, Andrey!

And. How now. Master Dampit?

Dam. Fie upon 't, what a choice of stinks [where is! What hast thou done, Andrey? Fie
upon't, here 's a choice of stinks indeed! Give
me a glass of fresh beer, and then I will to bed,

Aud. It waits for you above, sir.

Aud. It waits for you above, sir.

Dam. Foh! I think they burn horns in Barnard's Inn. If ever I smelt such an abominable stink, usury forsake me,

Aud. They be the stinking nails of his trampling feet, and he talks of burning horus. Exit.

ACT IV

SCENE I.I

Enter at Cole-Harbour HOARD, the Widow, [LAMPREY, SPICHCOCK,] and Gentlemen, he married now.

1 [Gent.] Join hearts, join hands, In wedlock's bands,

In wedloca .

Never to part

Till death cleave your heart.

HOARD.] You shall forsake all other

1 Cheating.

1 Feats.

[To Courtesan.] You lords, knights, gentlemes, and yeomen.

What my tongue slips

What my tongue slips
Make up with your lips.

Hoo. Give you joy, Mistress Hoard; let the
kiss come about.

Who knocks? Convey my little pig-eater? out
Luc. [within.] Hoard!
Hoo. Upon my life, my adversary, gentlemm
Luc. [within.] Hoard, open the door, or we
will force it ope:

Give us the widow.

Gentlemen, keep 'em out Hoa. Lam. He comes upon his death that enters here.

Luc. [within.] My friends, assist me! Hoa. He has assistants, gentlemen Lam. Tut, nor him nor them we in this action fear.

Luc. [within.] Shall I, in peace, speak word with the widow?

Cour. Husband, and gentlemen, hear me but a word.

Hoa. Freely, sweet wife. You know we're sure from any act of his

Hou. Most true. [Cour.] You may stand by and smile at his old wenkness

Let me alone to answer him.

Hoa. Content; Twill be good mirth, i' faith. How think you gentlemen?

Lam. Good gullery!

Hoa. Upon calm conditions let him in.

Luc. [within.] All spite and malice!

Lam. Hear me, Muster Lucre:

So you will yow a peaceful entrance
With those your friends, and only exercise Calm conference with the widow, without fury. The passage shall receive you.

Enter Lucke, [Gentlemen. and Host.]

I do vow it. Lam. Then enter and talk freely : here she stands.

Luc. O, Master Hoard, your spite has valed the hour!

You're excellent at vengeance, Master Hoad Hoa. Hs, hs, ha! Luc. I am the fool you laugh at: You are wise, sir, and know the seasons well.—Come hither, widow: why is it thus?

O, you have done me infinite disgrace, And your own credit no small injury! Suffer mine enemy so despitefully To bear you from my nephew? O. I had

Rather half my substance had been forfeit
And begg d by some stary d raseal.!

Cour. Why, what would you wish me do dr?
I roust not overthrow my state for love

We have too many precedents for that;
From thousands of our wealthy undone widow One may derive some wit. I do confees

3 A term of endearment.

• Qq. give this speech to Lucre.

I lov'd your nephew, nay, I did affect him Against the mind and liking of my friends; Believ'd his promises; lay here in hope Of flatter'd living, and the boast of lands. Coming to touch his wealth and state indeed, Coming to touch his wealth and state indeed, It appears dross; I find him not the man; Imperfect, mean, scarce furnisht of his needs: In words, fair lordships, in performance, hovels: Can any woman love the thing that is not? I Luc. Broke you for this?

Cour. Was it not cause too much?

Send to inquire his state: most part of it Lay two years mortgag'd in his nucle's hands.

Luc. Why, say it did, you might have known

my mind !

I could have soon restor'd it.

Cour. Ay, had I but seen any such thing perform'd.

Why, 't would have tied my affection, and con-tain'd

Me in my first desires. Do you think, i' faith, "
That I could twine such a dry oak as this,

Had promise in your nephew took effect? Why, and there's po time past; and rather than

My adversary should thus thwart my hopes, I would -

Cour. Tut, you've been ever full of golden speech:

If words were lands, your nephew would be rich.

Luc. Widow, believe 't, I vow by my best blise,
Before these gentlemen, I will give in

The mortgage to my nephew instantly, Before I sleep or eat, 1 Gent. [friend to LUCRE.] We'll pawn our

credits, Widow, what he speaks shall be perform'd

In fulness. Nay, more; I will estate him

In farther blessings; he shall be my heir; have no son;
'Il bind myself to that condition.

Cour. When I shall hear this done, I shall

Cour. When soon yield
To reasonable terms.
In the mean season, Will you protest, before these gentlemen, or To keep yourself as you 're now at this present?

Cour, I do protest, before these gentlemen, I will be as clear then as I am now.

Luc. I do believe you. Here's your own hon-

I'll take him along with me. Cour.

Ay, with all my heart.

Luc. He shall see all perform d, and bring

you word.

Cour. That 's all I wait for.

The state of the s

Luc. So laugh, Hoard, laugh at your poor enemy, do;

The wind may turn, you may be laught at too; Yes, marry may you, sir. — Ha, ha, ha! see Ercunt [Lucre, Gentlemen, and Host]. Hoa. Ha, ha if every man that swells in

Could be reveng'd as happily as 1,

He would choose hate, and forswear amity. -What did he say, wife, prithee?

hat did he say, wire, printed.
Cour. Faith, spoke to ease his mind.
O. O. O. 1 to Cour. You know now, little to any purpose. Hoa. True, true!

Cour. He would do mountains now.

Hoa. Hoa. Ay, ay, ay, Lam, You've struck him dead. Master Hoard.

Spi. And his nephew desperate. I know 't sirs, I. Hua Never did man so crush his enemy. Exeunt. 110

[SCENE II.] 1

Enter LUCRE, Gentlemen, [and Host,] meeting SAM FREEDOM.

Luc. My son-in-law, Sam Freedom, where 's my nephew?

Free. () man in lamentation,2 father. Luc. How!

Free. He thumps his breast like a gallant dicer that has lost his doublet, and stands [s in 's shirt to do penance.

Luc. Alas, poor gentleman!

Free. I warrant you may bear him sigh in a still evening to your house at Highgate.

Luc. I prithee send him in.

Free. Were it to do a greater matter, I will not stick with you, sir, in regard you married my mother.

I will Luc. Sweet gentlemen, cheer him up; but fetch the mortgage and return to you [18 instantly.

1 [Gent.] We'll do our best, sir. - See where he comes

E'en joyless and regardless of all form.

[Enter WITGOOD.]

2 [Gent.] Why, how now, Master Witgood? Fig! you a firm scholar, and an understanding gentleman, and give your best parts to pasaion ? 8

Nine such widows are not worth it.

Wit. To be borne from me by that lecher,
Hoard!

1 Gent. That vengeance is your uncle's; be-

ing done

More in despite to him than wrong to you:

But we bring comfort now.

Wit. I beseech you, gentlemen — [16 2 Gent. Cheer thyself, man; there's hope of

her, i' faith.

Wit. Too gladsome to be true.

Re-enter LUCHE.

Nephew, what cheer? Luc. Alas, poor gentleman, how art thou chang'd!

¹ A room in Lucre's house.

² "O man in desperation" is the name of an old tune mentioned by Nashe and Peele. 6 Griel.

Call thy fresh blood into thy cheeks again: She comes.

Wit. Nothing afflicts me so much,
But that it is your adversary, uncle,
And merely plotted in despite of you.
Luc. Ay, that is it made me, spites me! I'll

spend my wealth ere he shall earry her so, because I know 't is only to spite me. Ay, this 'e' is it. Here, nephew [giving a paper], before these kind gentlemen, I deliver in your mortgage, my promise to the widow; see, 't is done. gage, my promise to the widow; see, 't is done. Be wise, you 're once more master of your own. The widow shall perceive now you are not [as altogether such a beggar as the world reputes you; you can make shift to bring her to three hundred a-year, sir.

1 Gent. By'rlady, and that 's no toy, sir.

Luc. A word, nephew.

1 Gent. (to Host.) Now you may certify the

widow.

Luc. You must conceive it aright, nephew,

now; To do you good I am content to do this.

Wit, I know it, sir.

Luc. But your own conscience can tell I

hard it

Dearly enough of you.

Wit. Ay, that's most certain.
Luc. Much money laid out, beside many a journey

To fetch the rent; I hope you'll think on 't,

nephew.

Wit. I were worse than a beast else, i' faith.

Luc. Although to blind the widow and the

world,
I out of policy do 't, yet there 's a conscience,
nephew.

Wit. Heaven forbid else!

Luc. When you are full possest,

'T is nothing to return it.

Wit. Alas, a thing quickly done, uncle! ... Luc. Well said! you know I give it you but

in trust.
Wit. Pray, let me understand you rightly, uncle :

You give it me but in trust?

Wit. That is, you trust me with it?

**Dec. True, true.

Wit. [Aside.] But if ever I trust you with it again,

Would I might be truss'd up for my labour!

Luc. You can all witness, gontlemen; and
you, sir yeoman?

Hast. My life for yours, sir, now, I know my mistress's mind too well toward your nephew; let things be in preparation; and I'll train her hither in most excellent fashion.

Luc. A good old boy!—Wife! Jenny!

Enter Wife.

Mis. L. What's the news, sir?
Luc. The wedding-day's at hand: prithee,
sweet wife, express thy housewifery. Thou'rt
a fine cook, I know't: thy first husband married thee out of an alderman's kitchen; go [ato, he rais'd thee for raising of paste. What!

here's none but friends; most of our beginnings must be winkt at. - Gentlemen, I invite you all to my nephew's wedding against Thorday morning.
1 Gent. With all our hearts, and we shall py

to see

Your enemy so mockt.

Luc. 1. He laught at me, gentlemen; ha ha ha la Exeunt [all but Wrzgeon] Wit. He has no conscience, faith, would laugh at them :

They laugh at one another; Who then can be so cruel? Troth, not I:

Who then can be so cruel? Troth, not I;
I rather pity now, than ought envy.
I do conceive such joy in mine own happiness.
I have no leisure yet to laugh at their follow.
Thou soul of my estate, I kess thee?

To the mortgage.
I miss life's comfort when I miss thee
O, never will we part again.
L'atil I leave the site of men!

ntil I leave the site of men!

We'll ne'er trust conscience of our kin. Since cozenage brings that title in Ent.

[SCENE III.] 1

Enter three Creditors.

1 Cred. I'll wait these seven hours but I'll

see him caught.

2 Cred. Faith, so will I.

3 Cred. Hang him, prodigal! He's stript of the widow.

1 Cred. A' my troth, she's the wiser; the what stuff these widows hearts are made of that will marry unfledg'd boys before comorbinum-chinn'd 2 gentlemen.

Enter Boy.

Boy. News, news, news!
1 Cred. What, boy?
Boy. The rioter is caught.

1 Cred. So, so, so, so ! it warms me at the

I love a' life to see dogs upon men. O, here he comes.

Enter WITGOOD, with Sergeants.

Wit. My last joy was so great, it took away the sense of all future afflictions. What a day a here o'ercast ! How soon a black tempest rises'

1 Cred. O, we may speak with you now. !sir! What's become of your rich widow ! think you may east your cap at the widow, may

you not, sir?

2 Cred. He a rich widow? Who, a predigal
a daily rioter, and a nightly voniter? He a widow of account? He a hole i' th' Counter?

Wid. You do well, my mosters, to tyrunoso over misery, to afflict the afflicted; 't is a custom you have here amongst you; I would wish you never leave it, and I hope you'll do as I bell YOU.

2 Rough-chinned. "Thrum" is the end of the way

A debtors' prison.

1 Cred. Come, come, sir, what say you extempore now to your bill of a hundred pound? A sweet debt for froating? your doublets?
2 Cred. Here 's mine of forty.
3 Cred. Here 's mine of fifty.
Wit. Pray, sirs, - you'll give me breath?
1 Cred. No, sir, we'll keep you out of breath still; then we shall be sure you will not run away

from us.
Wil. Will you but hear me speak?

2 Cred. You shall pardon us for that, sir; we know you have too fair a tongue of your own; you overcame us too lately, a shame take you! We are like to lose all that for want of wit-[so neeses; we dealt in policy then; always when we strive to be most politic we prove most cox-combs; non plus ultra I perceive by us, we're not ordain'd to thrive by wisdom, and therefore we must be content to be tradesinen.

Wit. Give me but reasonable time, and I protect I'll make you ample antisfaction.

1 Cred. Do you talk of reasonable time to

Wit. 'T is true, beasts know no reasonable

2 Cred. We must have either money or car-

Wit. Alss, what good will my carcass do you?

3 Cred. O, 't is a secret delight we have (se amongst us! We that are us'd to keep birds in cages, have the heart to keep men in prison, I

Wit. [Ande.] I perceive I must crave a little more aid from my with a do but make shift for low me this once, and I'll forswear over to trouble you in the like fashion hereafter; I'll have better employment for you, an I live. — You'll give me leave, my masters, to make trial of my friends, and raise all means I can? " 1 Cred. That's our desires, sir.

Enter Host.

Host. Master Witgood.

Wit. O, art thou come?
Host, May I speak one word with you in pri-

wate, sir?

Wit. No, by my faith, canat thou; I am in hell here, and the devils will not let me come

then here, and to thee.

1 Cred. Do you call us devils? You shall find us puritans. — Bear him away; let [so sem talk as they go: we'll not stand to hear 'em. — Ah, sir, am I a devil? I shall think the better of myself as long as I live: a devil, i'faith! Exeunt.

[SCENE IV.]2

Enter HOARD.

Hoa. What a sweet blessing hast thou, Master Hoard, above a multitude! Wilt thou never be thankful? How dost thou think to be blest another time? Or dost thou count this the full measure of thy happiness? By my troth, I sthink thou dost: not only a wife large in posses-

aions, but spacious in content; she's rich, she's young, she's fair, she's wise. When I wake, I think of her lands - that revives me; when I go to bed. I dream of her beauty — and that 's ite enough for me : she 's worth four hundred a-year in her very smock, if a man knew how to use it. But the journey will be all, in troth, into the country; to ride to her lands in state and order following; my brother, and other worshipful (a gentlemen, whose companies I has sent down for already, to ride along with us in their goodly decorum boards, their broad velvet cassocks, and chains of gold twice or thrice double; against which time I 'll entertain some ten |some men of mine own into liveries, all of occupations or qualities; I will not keep an idle man about me: the sight of which will so vex my adversary Lucre - for we'll pass by his door a' purpose, make a little stand for [the] nonce, and have [22] our horses curvet before the window - certainly he will never endure it, but run up and hang himself presently.

[Enter Servant.]

entertain'd.

Hoa. Are they of occupation?

Ser. They are men fit for your worship, sir. **

Hoa. Sayest so? Send 'ern all in. [Exit Servant.] — To see ten men ride after me in watchot liveries, with orange-tawny capes, -'t will out his comb, i' faith.

Enter All [Tailor, Barber, Perfumer, Falconer, and Huntsman].

How now? Of what occupation are you, sir? a Tai. A tailor, an't please your worship.

Hoa. A tailor? O, very good: you shall serve to make all the liveries. — What are you, sir?

to make all the invertex.

Bar. A barber, sir.

Hoa. A barber? very needful: you shall shave all the house, and, if need require, stand for [a a reaper i' th' summer time. — You, sir?

Per. A perfumer.

Hoa. I smelt you before. Perfumers, of all

Hoa. I smelt you before. Perfumers, of all men, had need carry themselves uprightly; be for if they were once knaves, they would be smelt out quickly. — To you, sir?

Fal. A falcener, an't please your worship.

Hon. Sa ho, sa ho, sa ho! — And you, sir?

Hunt. A huntsman, sir.

Hoa. There, boy, there, boy, there, boy! I am not so old but I have pleasant days to come. I promise, you, my masters, if take such a good liking to you, that I smeltain you still 1 and liking to you, that I entertain you all;] I put you already into my countenance, and you has shall be shortly in my livery; but especially you shall he shortly in my livery; not especially you two, my jolly falconer and my bonny huntsman; we shall have most need of you at my wife's manor-houses i' th' country; there's goodly parks and champion grounds for you; we [44]

Rubbing with perfame.

2 A room in Board's house.

³ Light blue. A hawking cry.

A hunting cry. Champaign.

half have all our sports within ourselves, all the gentlemen a th country shall be beholitime to se and its pastimes

For. And we it make your worship admire,

Hos. Sayest thou so "Do but make me

Tur. Amm. sir.

Hos: The presently in hand with the liveries. S. T. o. 11. o. 1.

Har. My barber. Bur. Here, sir.

He Make 'em all trim fellows, louse 'em ell, especially my huntsman, - and cut all their beards of the Polonian fashion. - My pertures.

Per. I uder your nose, sir. Hoz. Cast a better savour upon the knaves, to take away the ment of my tailor's feet, and barber's lotium-water.

I'm. It shall be carefully perform'd, sir. Host, lint you, my falconer and huntsman, the welcom'st men alive, i' faith! Hunt, And we'll show you that, sir, shall jee

doserve your worship's favour.

Hou. I pritties, show me that. - Go. you knows all, and wash your lungs i'th' buttery, go. Exeunt Tailor. Barber, dc. - By th mass, and well remembered! I'll ask my wife [se that question. - Wife, Mistress Jane Hoard!

Enter Courtesan, alter'd in apparel.

Cour. Sir, would you with me?

Hon I would but know, sweet wife, which

better here; here you were married, here let all

rites be ended.

Hos. Could a marquesse 1 give a better answer? Hoard, bear thy head aloft, thou at a wife will advance it.

Enter flost with a letter.

What haste comes here now? Yea, a letter? some dreg of my adversary's malice, Come hither, what's the news? 100 Host. A thing that concerns my mistress, sir.

Giving a letter to Courtesan.

Hoa. Why then it concerns me, knave.

Host. Av., and you, knave, too (cry your wortrouble, I promise you, sir; a pre-contract.²
Hoa. How? a pre-contract, sayest thon? us
Host, I fear they have too much proof on 't,

Host, I fear they have too much proof on t, air old Lucre, he runs mad up and down, and will to law as fast as he can; young Witgood laid hold on by his creditors, he exclaims upon you a't' other side, says you have wrought his undoing by the injurious detaining of his contract.
Hoa. Body a' me!

1 Marchioness.

Host. He will have utmost satisfaction :

The law shall give him recompense he cap. to Cor. Andel Alia, his creditors so nato-less, my state leng tes uncertain. I deen it not unconscionable to further him. Hat. True, siz.

H st. True, srr.
H st. Wife, what cays that letter? Let us construe It.

Cour. Curst be my rash and unadvised weeks Tears the letter and stamps in &

I'll set my foot upon my tongue, And treat my inconsiderate grant to dust,

Has. Wife -Hast, Aside. A pretty shift, i' faith ! I com mend a woman when she can nanke away ter from her bushaud handsomely, and this was

cleanly done, by my troth.

Cour. I did, sir;

Some foodish words I must confess did past,

Which now litigiously he fastens on me.

How. Of what force? Let me examine 'em
Cour. Too strong, I fear: would I were well freed of him!

Hos. Shall I compound?
Cow. No, sir, I'd have it done some nobler

Of your side; I'dhave you come off with honour. Let baseness keep with them Why, have you not The means, sir? The occasion a offer d you. — Hoa. Where, how, dear wife? Cour. He is now caught by his creditors; the

slave's needy; his debts petty; he'll rather bind himself to all inconveniences than rot is prison; by this only means you may get a release from him. 'T is not yet come to his uncle's 'to hearing; send speedily for the creditors, by this time he 's desperate; he 'Il set his hand to anything; take order for his debta, or discharge em quite; a pax on him, let 's he rid of a rascal!

Haa. Excellent !

Hoa. Excellent!
Thou dust astonish me. — Go, run, make haste.
Bring both the creditors and Witgoned hether
Host. [Aside.] This will be some revence yet.

East.

Hoa. In the mean space I'll have a rulesse drawn. Within there!

[Enter Servant.]

[Ser.] Sir? Hoa. Sirrah, come take directions; go to my scrivener.

Cour. (Aside, while HOARD gives direction to the pervant.) I in yet like three when riches lie in dreams.

If I be wakt, they're false; such is my fate. Who venture deeper than the designant state. Though I have sinn'd, yet could I become new. For where I once yow, I am ever true.

Hoa. Away, despatch, on my displessure, quickly. Exil Servant. Happy occasion! pray Heaven he be in the right vein now to set his hand to 't, that methor alter him; grant that all his follies may me' in him at once, to be other him enough! I pray for him, i' faith, and here he comes.

A pre-contract of marriage could not be set aside without the mutual consent of the parties. (Bullen.)

[Enter WITGOOD and Creditors.]

Wit, What would you with me now, my uncle's spiteful adversary?

Hoa. Nay, I am friends.

Wit. Ay, when your mischief 's spent.

Hoa. I heard you were arrested. Wit. Well, what then?

You will pay none of my debts, I am sure. 144 Hoa. A wise man cannot tell; There may be those conditions 'greed upon

May move me to do much. Wit.

T is thou, perjured woman ! (O, no name le vite enough to match thy treachery!)

That extra the match thy treachery!) That art the cause of my confusion.

Cour. Out, you penurious slave!

Hoa. Nay, wife, you are too froward;
Let him alone; give losers leave to talk.

Wit. Shall I remember thee of another promise

Far stronger than the first?

Cour. I'd fain know that.

Cour. I'd fain know that. Cour. Shame! Wit. Hark in your ear. - [They converse apart.]

Will he come off, think'st thou, and pay my debts roundly?

Cour. Doubt nothing; there's a release a-drawing and all, to which you must set your

Wit. Excellent!

Cour. But methinks, i' faith, you might have made some shift to discharge this yourself, having in the mortgage, and never have burd'ned my conscience with it.

Wit. A' my troth, I could not, for my creditors' cruelties extend to the present.

our. No more.

Why, do your worst for that, I defy you, no Wit, You 'reimpudent: I'll call up witnesses. Cour. Call up thy wits, for thou hast been devoted

To follies a long time.

Wife, you're too bitter.

Wife, you're too bitter. Master Witgood, and you, my masters, you shall hear a mild speech come from me now, and (as this it is: 't has been my fortune, gentlemen, to have an extraordinary blessing poured upon me a' late, and bere she stands; I have wedded her, and bedded her, and yet she is little the worse. Some foolish words she linth past to you in the country, and some pesvish debts you in owe here in the city; set the hare's head to the Il release you of your debts, sir.

Wit. Would you so? I thank you for that,
r; I cannot blame you, i' faith.

Hoa. Why, are not debta better than words,

Wit. Are not words promises, and are not

promises debts, sir?

Hou. [Aside.] He plays at back-racket * with

1 Triffing. 2 A proverbial phrase.

A return in tennis; a in queque.

1 Cred. Come hither, Master Witgood, come hither; be rul'd by fools once.
2 Cred. We are citizens, and know what be-

longs to 't.

1 Cred. Take hold of his offer: pax on her, let her go. If your debts were once discharg'd, I would help you to a widow myself worth ten of her.

3 Cred. Mass, partner, and now you remem-ber me on 't, there 's Master Mulligrub's sister

over me on t, there a master manigrap's aister newly fallen a widow.

1 Cred. Cuds me, as put as can be! There's a widow left for you; ten thousand in money, beside plate, jewels, et cetera: I warrant it a jewmatch; we can do all in all with her. Prithee, desputch; we'll carry thee to her presently.

Wit. My unde will ne'er endure me when he

shall hear I set my hand to a release.

2 Cred. Hark, I'll tell thee a trick for that.
I have spent five hundred pound in suits in my time, I should be wise. Thou 'rt now a prisoner; make a release: take 't of my word. whatsoever a man makes as long as he is in [25 durance, 't is nothing in law, not thus much. [Snaps his fingers.]

Wit. Say you so, sir?
3 Cred. I have paid for 't; I know 't.
Wit. Proceed then; I consent.
3 Cred, Why. well said.

3 Cred. Why, well said.

Hoa. How now, my masters, what have you done with him?

1 Cred. With much ado, sir, we have got him

Hon. Ah -a - a! and what come his debts to now?

1 Cred. Some eight score odd pounds, sir.

Hon. Naw, naw, naw, naw, naw! tell me the second time; give me a lighter sum. They are but desperate debts, you know; ne'er call d (we in but upon such an accident; a poor, needy knave, he would starve and rot in prison. Come,

knave, he would starve and rot in prison. Come, come, you shall have ten shillings in the pound, and the sum down roundly.

1 Cred. You must make it a mark, sir.

Hoa. Go to then, tell your money in the meantime; you shall find little less there. [Giving them money.—Come, Master Witgood, you are so unwilling to do yourself good now!

[Enter Scrivener.]

Welcome, honest serivener. - Now you shall

Seri, (reads.) Be it known to all men, by these presents, that I, Theodorus Witgood, gentleman, sole nephew to Pecunius Lucre. having unjustly made title and claim to one [and Jane Medler, late widow of Anthony Medler, and now wife to Walkadine Hoard, in consideration of a competent sum of money to discharge my debts, do for ever hereafter disclaim any title, right, estate, or interest in or to be the said widow, late in the occupation of the said Authory Medler, and now in the occupation of Walkadine Hoard; as also neither to lay claim by virtue of any former contract, grant, promise, or demise, to any of her [== manors, manor-houses, parks, groves, meadow-

grounds, arable lands, barns, stacks, stables, dove-holes, and coney-burrows; together with all her cattle, money, plate, jewels, borders, chains, bracelets, furnitures, hangings, [500] moveables or immoveables. In witness where-of, I the said Theodorus Witgood, have interchangeably set to my hand and seal before these presents, the day and date above written.

Wit. What a precious fortune hast thou slipt
here, like a beast as thou art!

Hoa. Come, unwilling heart, come. Wit. Well, Master Hoard, give me the pen;

Wit. Wei

T is vain to quarrel with our destiny.

[Signs the paper.] Hoa. O, as vain a thing as can be! you [so cannot commit a greater absurdity, sir. So, so; give me that hand now; before all these presents, I am friends for over with thee.

Wit. Troth, and it were pity of my heart now, if I should bear you any grudge, i' faith. [so Hoa. Content: I'll send for thy uncle against the wadding dispure; we will be friends once.

the wedding dinner; we will be friends once

Wit. Hope to bring it to pass myself, sir.

Hoa. How now? Is 't right, my masters? 300
1 Cred. 'T is something wanting, sir; yet it

shall be sufficient.

How. Why, well said; a good conscience makes a fine show now-a-days. Come, my masters, you shall all taste of my wine ere you de-

All. We follow you, sir.

[Execut Hoard and Scrivener.]

Wit. [Aside.] I'll try these fellows now.— A word, sir: what, will you carry me to that widow now?

1 Cred. Why, do you think we were in carnest, i'faith? Carry you to a rich widow? We hald so much readit by that, a noted rioter!

should got much credit by that : a noted rioter!
a contemptible prodigal! T was a trick we have

amongst us to get in our money: fare you well, sir. Ereunt [Creditors]. 335

Wit. Farewell, and be hang'd, you short pighair'd, ram-headed rascals! He that believes in you shall ne'er be sav'd, I warrant him. By this new league I shall have some access unto my love.

[JOYCE appears above.]

Jove, Master Witgood! Wit. My life!

Joyce. Meet me presently; that note directs yon [thrown him a letter] : I would not be sus- [see pected. Our happiness attends us: farewell.

Wit. A word's enough. Exeunt [several

Exeunt (severally).

[SCENE V.] 1

DAMPIT the usurer in his hed; AUDREY spinning by; [Boy.]

[Aud. singing.]

Let the usurer cram him, in interest that excel, There's pits enow to damn him, before he comes to bell;

Dampit's bed-chamber.

In Holborn some, in Fleet Street some.
Where'er he come there 's some, there 's some

Dam. Trake, trakito, draw the curtain; give me a sip of sack more.

[While he drinks,] enter Gentlemen, [LAMPRET and SPICHOOCK.

Lam. Look you; did not I tell you be by like the devil in chains, when he was bound for a thousand year?

Spi. But I think the devil had no steel be bedstaffs; he goes beyond him for that.

Lam. Nay, do but mark the conesit of his drinking; one must wipe his mouth for bun with a marketed of 2 do year age of 2.

drinking; one must wipe his mouth for bin with a muckinder, 2 do you see, sir?

Spi. Is this the sick trampler? Why, he to is only bed-rid with drinking.

Lam. True, sir. He spice us.

Dam. What, Sir Tristram? You come and see a weak man here, a very weak man.

Lam. If you be weak in body, you should be strong in prayer sir.

be strong in prayer, sir.

Dam. O. I have prayed too much, poor mas!

Lum. There's a taste of his soul for you!

Lam. There's a taste of Spi. Faugh, loathsome!

Lam. I come to borrow a hundred pound s of you, sir.

| Dam. Alas, you come at an ill time! I cannot spare it i' faith; I ha' but two thousand i'

th' house

Aud. Ha, ha, ha!

Dam. Out, you gernative quean, the multipood of villany, the spinner of concupscency.

Enter [SIR LAUNCELOT and] other Gentlemen.

Sir L. Yea, gentlemen, are you here before up? How is he now?

Lam. Faith, the same man still: the tayern bitch has bit him i' the head.

Sir L. We shall have the better sport with him: peace. — And how cheers Master Dampit

Dam. O. my bosom, Sir Launcelot, how cheer

1! Thy presence is restorative.

Sir L. But I hear a great complaint of ros.

Master Dampit, among gallants.

Dam. I am glad of that, i faith: prithes.

what?

Sir L. They any you are wax'd proud a' late, and if a friend visit you in the afternoon, you'll scarce know him.

Dam. Fie, tie; proud? I cannot remember any such thing: sure I was drunk then. Ser L. Think you so, sir? Dam. There 't was, i' faith; nothing but the pride of the sack; and so certify 'em. Fetch aack, sirrah.

Boy. A vengeance sack you once! (Exit, and returns presently with out Aud. Why, Master Dampit, if you hold on an you begin, and lie a little longer, you need

2 Handkerchief.

3 As before, Dampit's words must be interpreted by the ountest.

4 I. e. ho is drunk.

not take care how to dispose your wealth;

Dam. Out, you babliammy, you unfeathered, cremitoried quean, you cullisance of scabiosity! And. Good words, Master Dampit, to speak

before a maid and a virgin!

Dam. Hang thy virginity upon the pole of carnality! Aud. Sweet terms! My mistress shall know

'em.

Lam. Note but the misery of this usuring slave . here he lies, like a noisome dunghill, full of the poison of his drunken blasphemies; 10 and they to whom he bequeaths all, grudge him the very meat that feeds him, the very pillow that eases him. Here may a usurer behold his end. What profits it to be a slave in this world, and a devil i' th' next?

Dim. Sir Launcelot, let me buss 1 thee, Sir Launcelot; then art the only friend that I honour and respect.

Sir L. I thank you for that, Master Dampit.

Dam. Farewell, my bosom Sir Launcelot. ** Sir L. Gentlemen, an you love me, let me step behind you, and one of you fall a-talking of me to him.

Lum. Content. - Master Dampit -

Dam. So, Hir.

Lam. Here came Sir Launcelot to see you e'en now.

Dam. Hang him, rascal! Lam. Who? Sir Launcelot?

Dam. Pythagorical raseal! Lam. Pythagorical?

Dam, Ay, he changes his cloak when he

meets a sergeant.

Sir L. What a rogue 's this!

Lam. I wonder you can rail at him, sir; [... he comes in love to see you.

Dam. A louse for his love! his father was a comb-maker; I have no need of his crawling love. He comes to have longer day,2 the super-

lative reacal!

Nor L. Short, I can no longer endure the rogue! - Master Dampit, I come to take my

leave once again, sir.

Dum, Who? my dear and kind Sir Launcelot, the only gentleman of England? Let me bug thee; farewell, and a thousand.

Lom, Compos'd of wrongs and slavish flat-

Sir L. Nay, gentlemen, he shall show you more tricks yet; I'll give you another taste (100 of him.

Lam. Is 't possible? Sir L. His memory is upon departing.

Dam. Another cup of sack!

Sir L. Mass, then 't will be quitagone! Before he drink that, tell him there's a country client come up, and here attends for his learned

advice.

Lum. Enough.

Dam. One cup more, and then let the bell [100 toll: I hope I shall be weak enough by that

* Kies. * Time to repay borrowed money.

Lam. Master Dampit -

Dam. Is the sack spouting?
Lum. 'T is coming forward, sir. Here 's [as a countryman, a client of yours, waits for your deep and profound advice, sir.

Dam. A coxombry, where is he? Let him approach: set me up a peg higher.

Lam. [to Siz Laun.] You must draw near,

Dam. Now, good man fooliaminy, what say you to me now?

Sir L. Please your good worship, I am a poor

man, sir — Dam. What make you in my chamber then." Sir L. I would entreat your worship's device "in a just and honest cause, sir.

Dam. I meddle with no such matters; I refer 'em to Master No-man's office.

Sir L. I had but one house left me in all the world, sir, which was my father's, my grandfather's, my great-grandfather's, and now a villain has unjustly wrung me out, and took possession on 't.

Dam. Has he such feats? Thy best course is

to bring thy ejectione firmae, and in seven year thon mayst shove him out by the law.

Sir L. Alas, an't please your worship, I have small friends and less money!

Dam. Hoyday! this gear will fadge well.'
Hast no money? Why, then, my advice is,
thou must set fire a' th' house, and so get him

Lam. That will break strife, indeed.

Sir L. I thank your worship for your hot counsel, sir.—Altering but my voice a little. counsel, sir.—Aftering but my voice a little, you see he knew me not: you may observe by this, that a drunkard's memory holds longer in the voice than in the person. But, gentle low men, shall I show you a sight? Behold the little dive-dapper of damnation, Gulf the usarer, for his time worse than t'other.

Enter HOARD with GULF.

Lam. What 's he comes with him?

Sir L. Why, Hoard, that married lately [100 the Widow Medler.

Lam. O. I cry you mercy, sir.

Hou. Now, gentlemen visitants, how does Master Dampit?

Sir L. Faith, here he lies, e'en drawing in, sir, good canary as fast as he can, sir; a very weak creature, truly, he is almost past mem-

Hon. Fie, Master Dampit! you lie lazing a-bed here, and I come to invite you to my [we wedding-dinner: up, up, up!

Dam. Who's this? Master Hoard? Who

hant thou married, in the name of foolery?

Hoa. A rich widow.

Dam. A Dutch widow? 0

Hoo. A rich widow; one Widow Medler.

Dam. Medler? She keeps open house.

Hoo. She did, I can tell you, in her tother

husband's days; open house for all comers; Used designedly for "advice."
Work
The didapper or dabchick, a small water-bird.
See III. iii. 17-19. . Work well.

horse and man was welcome, and room enough 'em all

Dam. There's too much for thee, then; thou

mayst let out some to thy neighbours.

Cult. What, hung alive in chains? O spectacle! bed-staffs of steel? O monstrum hor- [100] rendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum? 1 O Dampit, Dampit, here's a just judgment shown upon usury, extortion, and trampling villany!

This is excellent, thief rails upon [156 Sir L.

the thief!

Gulf. Is this the end of cut-throat usury, brothel, and blasphemy? Now mayst thou see

what race a usurer runs.

Dom. Why, thou rogue of universality, [200]
do not I know thee? Thy sound is like the
ouckeo, the Welsh ambassador; I thou cowardly slave, that offers to fight with a sick man
when his weapon 's down! Rail upon me in my
naked * bed ? Why, thou great Lucifer's [200]
little vicar! I am not so weak but I know a
knave at first sight. Thou inconscionable rasall thou that count man Middleser ingiacal! thou that goest upon Middlesex juries, and wilt make haste to give up thy verdict because thou wilt not lose thy dinner! Are [500 you answered?

Gulf. An't were not for shame -

Draws his dagger.

Dam. Thou wouldst be hang'd then.

Lam. Nay, you must exercise patience, Master Gulf, always in a sick man's chamber.

Sir L. He'll quarrel with none, I warrant

you, but those that are bed-rid.

Dam. Let him come, gentlemen, I am arm'd: reach my close-stool hither.

Sir L. Here will be a sweet fray anon: [re-

I'll leave you, gentlemen.

Lam. Nay, we'll go along with you.— Mas-

ter (fulf

Guif. Hang him, usuring raseal! Sir L. Pish, set your strength to his, your [128

wit to his!

Aud. Pray, gentlemen, depart; his hour's

come apon him. - Sleep in my bosom, sleep.

Sir L. Nay, we have enough of him, i' faith;
keep him for the house.

Now make your best:
For thrice his wealth I would not have his breast.

Guef. A little thing would make me beat him now he 's asleep. Sir L. Mass, then 't will be a pitiful day [228

when he wakes: I would be loath to see that

day : come.
Gulf. You overrule me, gentlemen, i' faith. Excunt.

ACT V

[SCENE I.] 4

Enter LUCKE and WITGOOD.

Wit. Nay, uncle, let me prevail with you so much; I'faith, go, now he has invited you.

1 Virg. Acn iii. 658.

So named, Narea conjectures, from the bird's migrating from the west.

I. c. Naked in bed.

4 A room in Lucre's bouss.

Luc, I shall have great joy there when he has borne away the widow!

Wit. Why, la, I thought where I should 6

find you presently. Uncle, a' my truth, 'to

find you presently. Uncle, a' my troth, 'to nothing so.

Luc. What 's nothing so, sir? Is not be married to the widow?

Wit. No, by my troth, is he not, uncle.

Luc. How?

Wit. Will you have the truth on't? He is married to a whore, i' faith.

Luc. I should laugh at that.

Wit. Uncle, let me perish in your favour is if you find it not so; and that 't is I that have married the honest woman.

Luc. Ha! I'd walk ten mile 'a foot to so that, i' faith.

Wit. And see 't you shall, or I'll ne'er see is you again.

yon again.

Luc. A quean, i' faith? Ha, ha, ha! Erest

SCENE II.]

Enter HOARD, tasting wine, Host following to a livery clouk.

Hea, Pup, pup, pup, pup, I like not this wine: house ?

Host. Yes, sir, there are as good ticroes in the house as any are in England.

Hoa. Desire your mistress, you knave, to

taste 'em all over; she has best skill.

Host. [Ande.] Has she so? The better for her, and the worse for you. Hoa. Arthur!

[Enter ABTHUR.]

Is the enphoard of plate set out?

Arth. All a in order, sir.

Hoa. I am in love with my liveries comptime I think on 'em; they make a gallant shoot by my troth. Niece!

[Enter JOYCE.]

Joyce. Do you call, sir?

Hea. Prithee, show a little diligence, and overlook the knaves a little; they il filch and steal to-day, and send whole pasties houn to their wives; an thou be'st a good nicee, do a not see me purloin'd.

loyer. Fear it not, sir - [Aside.] I have care though the feast be prepared for you. 2 of the serves fit for my wedding-dinner too. [Ers.]

Enter two Gentlemen [LAMPREY and SPACE-COCK .

Hoa. Master Lamprey and Master Spich " cock, two the most welcome gentlemen alice.

mongers. 5

Lam. They were indeed, sir. You see ball guests, sir; soon entreated.

Hoa. And that 's best, sir.

A room in Heard's house.

4 Members of the Fishmongers' Company.

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[Enter Servant.]

How now, sirrah?
Ner. There's a coach come to th' door, sir.

Exit.] Hoa. My Lady Foxtone, a' my life! - Mis-treas Jane Hoard! wife! - Mass, 't is her lady-[18 ship indeed!

[Enter Lady FOXTONE.]

Madam, you are welcome to an unfurnisht house, dearth of cheer, scarcity of attendance. L. For. You are pleas'd to make the worst,

Bir Hog. Wife!

[Enter Courtesan.]

L. Fox. Is this your wife? Hoa. Yes, madam. — Salute my Lady Fox-

Cour. Please you, madam, awhile to taste [4

the air in the garden?

L. Fox. 'T will please us well.

Execut [L. Foxrons and Courtean],

Hoa. Who would not wed? The most delicious life!

No joys are like the comforts of a wife. Lam. So we bachelors think, that are not troubled with theru.

[Reenter Servant.]

Ser. Your worship's brother, with other ancient gentlemen, are newly alighted, sir, (Exit.)

Hoa. Master Onesiphorus Hoard? Why, now our company begins to come in.

Enter ONESIPHORUS HOARD, LIMBER, and KIX.

My dear and kind brother, welcome, i' faith. O. Hoa. You see we are men at an hour, brother.

Hou. Ay, I'll say that for you, brother; you keep as good an hour to come to a feast as [80 any gentleman in the shire. — What, old Master Limber and Master Kix! Do we meet, i' faith,

jolly gentlemen?

Lim. We hope you lack guests, sir?

Hoa. O, welcome, welcome! We lack still

such guests as your worships.

O. Hoa. Ah, sirrah brother, have you catcht up Willow Medler?

Hoa. From 'em all, brother; and I may tell you I had mighty enemies, those that stuck [10 sore; old Lucro is a sore fox, I can tell you, brother.

O. Hoa. Where is she? I'll go seek her out;

I long to have a smack at her lips. And most wishfully, 1 brother, see where she comes,

[Re-enter Courtesan and LADY FOXTONE.]

Give her a smack now we may hear it all the house over. (Courtesan and O. Hoard turn back.) Cour. O Heaven, I am betray'd! I know

that face.

1 Just on your wish.

Hoa. Ha. ha, ha ! why, how now? Are you both ashani'd? - Come, gentlemen, we'll look

another way.

O. Hoa. Nay, brother, hark you: come, you're dispos'd to be merry.

Hoa. Why do we meet else, man?

O. Hoa. That's another matter: I was ne'er so 'fraid in my life but that you had been in

o' traid in my life out case;

Hoa. How mean you, brother?

O. Hoa. You said she was your wife.

Hoa. Did I so? By my truth, and so she is.

O Hoa. By your troth, brother?

Hoa. What reason have I to dissemble [so with my friends, brother? If marriage can make her mine, she is nine. Why —

O. Hoa. Truth, I am not well of a sudden. I

must crave pardon, brother; I came to see you, but I cannot stay dinner, i' faith. Hou. I hope you will not serve me so,

brother?

Lim. By your leave, Master Hoard — Hou. What now? what now? Pray, gentlemen: - you were wont to show yourselves wine men.

Lim. But you have shown your folly too much here.

Hoa. How?

Kix. Fie, fie! a man of your repute and name!

You'll feast your friends, but cloy 'em first

with shame, 2. This grows too deep; pray, let us reach the sense.

Lim. In your old age dote on a courtesan!

Kir. Marry a strumpet! Hoa. Gentlemen!

O. Hou. And Witgood's quean! Hou. O! nor lands nor living?

O Hon. Living!

Hoa. [to Courtesan.] Speak. Cour. Alas, you know, at first, sir, I told you I had nothing!

Hoa. Out, out I I am cheated; infinitely cozened!

Lim. Nay, Master Hoard -

Enter LUCRE, WITGOOD, [and JOYCE.]

A Dutch widow! a Dutch widow! a Dutch widow !

Luc. Why, nephew, shall I trace thee still a

Wilt make me mad? Is not you thing the

Wit. Why, la, you are so hard a' belief, uncle

By my troth, she's a whore, Lnc. Then then 'rt a knave.

Wit. Negatur orgamentum, uncle. 120 Luc. Probo tibi, nephew he that knows a

woman to be a quean must needs be a knave; thou sayst thou knowest her to be one; ergo, if she be a quean, thou 'rt a knave.

Wit. Negatur sequela majoris, uncle; he that knows a woman to be a quean must needs be a knave; I deny that.

Hoa, Lucre and Witgood, you're both vil-

tiod. Lucre and Witgood, you're both vil-line; get you out of my house!

Luc. Why, didst not invite me to thy wed-ding-dinner?

Wit. And are not you and I sworn perpetual friends before witness, sir, and were both drunk upon 't?

Hoa. Daintily abus'd! You've put a junt 1

upon me l

Luc. Ha, ba, ha!

Hoa. A common strumpet!
Wit. Nay, now
You wrong her, sir; if I were she, I 'd have
The law on you for that; I durst depose for

She ne'er had common use nor common thought. Cour. Despise me, publish me, I am your wife;

What shame can I have now but you'll have

part?

If in disgrace you share, I sought not you;

You pursued, nay, forc'd me; had I friends
would follow it,

Less than your action has been prov'd a rape.
O. Hoa. Brother!

Cour. Nor did I ever boast of lands unto

Money, or goods; I took a plainer course, And told you true, I'd nothing:

If error were committed, 't was by you; Thank your own folly. Nor has my sin been So odions, but worse has been forgiven; Nor am I so deform'd, but I may challenge

The utmost power of any old man's love. She that tastes not sin before, twenty to one but she 'll taste it after: most of you old men are content to marry young virgins, and take that which follows; where, marrying one of us, you both save a sinner and are quit from a cuckold for ever : And more, in brief, let this your best thoughts

win. She that knows sin, knows best how to hate

sin.

Hoa. Curst be all malice! black are the

fruits of spite,
And poison first their owners. O, my friends,

I must embrace shame, to be rid of shame! 178

I must embrace sname, to be rid of sname; in Concral'd disgrace prevents a public name.

Ah, Witgood! ah, Theodorus!

Wit. Alas, sir, I was prickt in conscience to see her well bestowed, and where could I bestow her better than upon your pitiful worship?

Excepting but myself, I dare swear she a virgin; and now, by marrying your niece, I have banisht myself for ever from her. She's

mine aunt now, by my faith, and there's we mineddling with mine aunt, you know: a man against my nuncle.

Cour. Lo, gentlemen, before you all

[Knesis

In true reclaimed form I fall. Henceforth for ever I defy 2 The glances of a sinful eye, Waving of fans (which some suppose Tricks of fancy 3), treading of toes, Wringing of fingers, biting the lip. The wanton gait, th' alluring trip; All secret friends and private meetings, Close-borne letters and bawds' greeting Feigning excuse to women's labours
When we are sent for to th' next neighbour's.
Taking false physic, and ne'er start
To be let blood though sign be at heart;
Removing chambers, shifting beds. To welcome friends in husbands' steads, Them to enjoy, and you to marry.
They first serv'd, while you must tarry.
They to spend, and you to gather,
They to get, and you to father:
These, and thousand thousand more,

New reclaim'd, I now abhor.

Luc. [to Wirdood.] Ah, here's a lesson, riv-

ter, for you!

Wit. I must confess my follies; I'll does [Kneels.] And here for ever I disclaim The cause of youth's undoing, game,

The canse of youth's undoing game, ('hiefly dica, those true outlanders, That shake out beggars, thieves, and panders. Soul-wasting surfeits, sinful riots, Queans' evils, doctors' diets, 'Pothecaries' drugs, surgeons' glisters; Stabbing of arms 5 for a common mistress; Riband favours, ribald speeches; Bean perfum'd jackets, penniless breeches; Dutch flupdragons, 5 healths in urine; health that keen a man too sure in;

Drabs that keep a man too sure in: I do defy you all. end me each honest hand, for here I rise A reclaim'd man, loathing the general vice - Hoa. So, so, all friends I the wedding dimer

cools: Who seem most crafty prove afttimes med fools.

² Renounce.

³ Renounce.

⁴ According to the directions for blooding in M almanaes, blood was to be taken from particular particular planets "(fyce.)

⁵ "To stab their arms with dargers, and drink of its blood mixed with whe, to the health of their mestices, was formerly a frequent practice among gallacis (Dyco.) Cf. Lear, I. 1. 38.

⁵ "Dutchmen had the reputation of being very sipert in awallowing flapfragoms." (Bullen.)

¹ A trick. Some mod. edd. emend to punk.

THE CHANGELING

THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

VERNANDERO, [governor of the castle of Alicant,] father to Beatrice. TO MEASTICE.

TOMASO DE PIRACQUO, a noble lord.

ALONSO DE PIRACQUO, his brother, suitor to Beatrice.

ALEMERO, a nobleman, afterwards married to Beatrice.

JAMPERINO, his friend.

ALIEUTA, a jealous doctor. Louiso, his man. Penno, friend to Antonio.

ANTONIO, the changeling.
Franciscus, the counterfeit madman. Ds Flores, servant to Vermandero. Madmen. Servante.

BRATRICE [-JOARKA], daughter to Vermandero. DIAFRANTA, her walting-woman. ISABELLA, wife of Alibius.

SCHOUR, - Alicant.

ACT I

[SCENE I.] 1

Enter ALBEMERO.

Als. 'T was in the temple where I first beheld her, And now again the same: what omen yet Follows of that? None but imaginary. Why should my hopes or fate be timorous? The place is holy, so is my intent: I love her beauties to the holy purpose; nd that, methinks, admits comparison And that, methinks, admits comparison.
With man's first creation, the place blessed,
And is his right home back, if he achieve it.
The church hath first begun our interview, And that's the place must join us into one; So there's beginning and perfection too.

Enter JASPERINO.

Jas. O sir, are you here? Come, the wind's fair with you;
You're like to have a swift and pleasant pas-

sage.
Als. Sure, you're deceived, friend, 't is contrary, In my best judgment.

What, for Malta? Jas. If you could buy a gale amongst the witches,8 They could not serve you such a lucky pennyworth

As comes a' God's name.

Als. Even now I observ'd The temple's vane to turn full in my face; I know it is against me.

Against you? Jas.

Then you know not where you are.

Als. Not well, indeed. Als.

Jas. Are you not well, sir? Als. Yes, Jasperino,

1 A street. 2 Q. blest. * Ct. Macbeth, I. III. Unless there be some hidden malady Within me, that I understand not.

And that m Jas. begin to doubt, sir. I never knew Your inclinations to travels at a pause With any cause to hinder it, till now.

Ashore you were wont to call your servants up,

And help to trap your horses for the speed;

At sea I 've seen you weigh the anchor with'em, Hoist sails for fear to lose the foremost breath, Be in continual prayers for fair winds; And have you chang'd your orisons?

Als. No, friend; I keep the same church, same devotion. Jas. Lover I'm sure you're none; the stoic W-0.16

Found in you long ago; your mother nor Best friends, who have set snares of beauty, ay, And choice ones too, could never trap you that

way. What might be the cause?

Lord, how violent ... Als. Thou art! I was but meditating of Somewhat I heard within the temple.

Jas. In this Violence? 'T is but idleness compar'd With your haste yesterday.

I'm all this while Als. A-going, man.

Enter Servants.

Jas. Backwards, I think, sir. Look, # Your servants.

1 Ser. The seamen call; shall we board your trunks?

Als. No, not to-day.

Jas. 'T is the critical day, it seems, and the

sign in Aquarius.

2 Ser. We must not to sea to-day; this smoke will bring forth fire.

Als. Keep all on shore; I do not know the

Which needs I must do, of an affair in hand se Ere I can go to sea.

re I can go to sea.

1 Ser.
Well, your pleasure.
2 Ser. Let him c'en take his leisure too; we
Excunt Servants. are safer on lund.

Enter BEATRICE, DIAPHANTA, and Servants ALBEMBEO accosts BEATRICE and then kisses

.las. [Aside.] How now? The laws of the Meden are chang'd sure; salute a woman! He kisses too; wonderful! Where learnt he [or this? and does it perfectly too. In my conscience, he ne'er rehearst it before. Nay, go on; this will be stranger and better news at Valenoia than if he had rausom'd half Greece from the Turk.

Beat. You are a scholar, sir?

A weak one, lady. Beat. Which of the sciences is this love you speak of?

Als. From your tongue I take it to be music. Beat. You're skilful in it, can sing at first Beat. night.

Als. And I have show'd you all my skill at once;

I want more words to express me further, And must be forc'd to repetition; I love you dearly.

Be better advis'd, sir: Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments, And should give certain judgment what they

But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders

Of common things, which when our judgments

find, They can then check the eyes, and call them blind.

Als. But I am further, lady; yesterday Was mine eyes' employment, and hither now They brought my judgment, where are both agreed.

Both houses then consenting, 't is agreed; Only there wants the confirmation By the hand royal; that 's your part, lady.

Best. Oh, there 's one aboveme, sir. —[Aside.]
For five days past
To be recall'd! Sure mine eyes were mistaken;

This was the man was meant me. That he should come

So near his time, and miss it!

Jas. We might have come by the carriers [so from Valencia, I see, and sav'd all our seaprovision; we are at farthest sure. Methinks I should do something too;

I meant to be a venturer in this voyage. Yonder's another vessel, I'll board her; If she be lawful prize, down goes her topsail. [Accosts DIAPHANTA.]

Enter DE FLORES.

De F. Lady, your father Beat. Is in health, I hope. De F. Your eye shall instantly instruct you,

He's coming hitherward.

What needed then our duteous preface? I had rather He had come unexpected; you must stall 1 A good presence with unnecessary blabbing; And how welcome for your part you are,

1'm sure you know.
De F. [Aside.] Will't never mend, that scorn,

One side nor other? Must I be enjoin'd To follow still whilst she these from the? Well, Fates, do your worst, I'll please myself out sight

of her at all opportunities.

If but to spite her anger. I know she had
Rather see me dead than living; and yet
She knows no cause for t but a pecy ish will.

Als. You seem d displeas d, lady, on the sud-

den.

Beat. Your pardon, sir, 't is my infirmity;

Nor can I other reason render you

Than his or hers, of 2 some particular thing is They must abandon as a deadly poison. Which to a thousand other tastes were whole some;

Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there, The same that report speaks of the basilisk.

This is a frequent frailty in our mature Als. This is a frequent frailty in our nature; There's scarce a man amongst a thousand found

But hath his imperfection: one distastes. The scent of roses, which to infinites Most pleasing is and odoriferous; One oil, the enemy of poison;
Another wine, the cheerer of the heart
And lively refresher of the countenance, Indeed this fault, if so it be, is general; There's scarce a thing but is both lov'd and

loath'd: Myself, I must confess, have the same frailty.

Beat. And what may be your poison, as?
I'm bold with you.
Als. What might be your desire, perhaps; a cherry.

Beat. I am no enemy to any creature

My memory has, but you gentleman,

1/s. He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew it.

Beat, He cannot be ignorant of that, sir, I have not spar'd to tell him so; and I cant To help myself, since he a gentleman In good respect with my father, and follows

him.
Als. He's out of his place then now They tak apar

Jas. I am a mad wag, weach.

Dia. So methinks; but for your comfort, can tell you, we have a doctor in the city that

undertakes the cure of such.

Jas. Tush, I know what physic is best for the state of mine own body.

Dia. 'Tis scarce a well-govern'd state, I is

I could show thee such a thing with

ingredient that we two would compained to 1 Forestail, Mod. add stale. 1 Q or 2 A fubulous animal said to kill with a glasse.

4 Q. And what.

gether, and if it did not tame the maddest blood town for two hours after, I'll ne'er profess physic again.

Dia. A little poppy, sir, were good to cause

Jon deep.

Jos. Poppy? I'll give thee a pop i' th' lips for that first, and begin there. Poppy is one simple indeed, and enckoo (what-yon-call'!) another. I'll discover no more now; another time I'll show thee all.

Enter VERMANDERO and Servants.

Beat. My father, sir.
Ver. O Janua, I came to meet thee.
Your devotion's ended?

Beat. For this time, sir. [.f.side.] I shall change my saint, I fear me; I A giddy turning in me. - Sir, this while

If ye please to grant it. Vet there 's an article between; I must know Your country; we use not to give survey
Of our chief strengths to strangers; our citadels

Are plac'd conspicuous to outward view,
On promonts' ! tops, but within our secrets.
Als. A Valencian, sir.
Ver.

A Valencian?

That's native, sir. Of what name, I beseech

you? Als. Alsemero, sir.

Alsemero? Not the son Of John de Alsemero?

The same, sir. The same, sir.

Beat. He was wont To call me so, and then he speaks a most 100

To can me or the Confeign'd truth. O sir, I knew your father; We two were in acquaintance long ago,

Before our chins were worth inland down, And so continued till the stamp of time Had coin'd us into silver. Well, he's gone;

A good soldier went with him.

1/2. You went together in that, sir.

Ver. No, by Saint Jacques, I came behind him; Yet I've done somewhat too: an unhappy day swallowed him at last at Gibreltar,

In fight with those rebellious Hollanders.

. Ms. Whose death I had reveng'd, Or followed him in fate, had not the late Prevented me.

Ver. Ay, sy, 't was time to breathe. — O Joanna, I should ha' told thee news;

Jonna, I should be Jan Piracquo lately.

That 's ill news.

Ver, He's hot preparing for this day of triumph:

Thou must be a bride within this sevennight. Ils. [. Iside. | Ha!

Beat. Nay, good sir, be not so violent; with speed

I cannot render satisfaction Unto the dear companion of my soul, Virginity, whom I thus long have liv'd with, And part with it so rude and suddenly.

Can such friends divide, never to meet again,

Without a solemn farewell?
Ver. Tush, tush! there's a toy.8 100 Als. [Aside.] I must now part, and never meet again

With any joy on earth. - Sir, your pardon;

Wy affairs call on me.

Ver.

How, sir? By no means:
Not chang'd so soon, I hope? You must see my

castle.

And her best entertainment, e'er we part; I shall think myself nukindly us'd else. Come, come, let's on; I had good hope your

stay

Had been a while with us in Alicant;

I might have bid you to my daughter's wedding. Als. (Aside.) He means to feast me, and poi-

sons me beforehand.

I should be dearly glad to be there, sir, Did my occasions suit as I could wish. Beat. I shall be sorry if you be not there

When it is done, sir; but not so suddenly.

Ver. I tell you, sir, the gentleman's complete.

A courtier and a gullant, enricht

With many fair and noble ornaments; would not change him for a son-in-law For any he in Spain, the proudest he, And we have great ones, that you know.

He's much Als. Bound to you, air.

He shall be bound to me Ver. As fast as this tie can hold him; I'll want My will else.

Beat. [Aside.] I shall want mine, if you do it.
Ver. But come, by the way I 'll tell you more

of him. Als. [Aside.] How shall I dare to venture in his castle,

When he discharges murderers 4 at the gate?

When he discharges hardened go.

But I must on, for back I cannot go.

Beat. [Aside.] Not this serpont gone yet?

[Drops a glove.]

Ver. Look, girl, thy glove 's fallen.
Stay, stay; De Flores, help a little.
Execut Vermandero, Alese-MFRO, and Servants.

De F. Hete, lady. (Office her the glove.) Beat. Mischief on your officious forwardness; Who bade you stoop? They touch my hand no

There! For t' other's sake I part with this:

[Takes off and throws down the other glove.]

* Trifling fancy.

4 Cannon.

Promontories'. A coimage from the Greek meaning the first growth of the beard.

Take 'em, and draw thine own skin off with 'em

Exit [with DIAPHANTA and Servants]. De F. Here's a favour come with a mischief

She had rather wear my pelt 1 tann'd in a pair Of dancing pumps, than I should thrust my fin-

Into her sookets here. I know she hates me, The cannot choose but love her. No matter, su If but to vex her, I will haunt her still; Though I get nothing else, I 'll have my will.

(SCENE II.)2

Enter ALIBIUS and LOLISO.

Alib. Lollio, I must trust thee with a secret, But then must keep it.

Lol. I was ever close to a secret, sir.

Alib. The diligence that I have found in thee,

The care and industry already past,

Assures me of thy good continuance.
Lollio, I have a wife.
Lol. Fie, sir. 't is too late to keep her secret;
she's known to be married all the town and

eountry over.

Alib. Thou goest too fast, my Lollio. That

knowledge

allow no man can be barr'd it :

But there is a knowledge which is nearer, Deeper, and sweeter, Lollio.

Lol. Well, sir, let us handle that between

you and I.
Alib. 'T is that I go about, man. Lollio,

My wife is young.

Lol. So much the worse to be kept secret, sir. Alib. Why, now thou meet'st the aubstance

of the point:

I am old, Lollio.

Lol. No, sir, 't is I am old Lollio.

Alib. Yet why may not this concord and sympathize?

trees and young plants often grow together,

Well enough agreeing.

Lol. Ay, sir, but the old trees raise themselves higher and broader than the young

Alib. Shrewd application! There's the fear,

would wear my ring on my own finger; Whilst it is borrowed, it is none of mine, But his that usoth it.

Lol. You must keep it on still then, if it but lie by, one or other will be thrusting into 't.
Alib. Thou conceiv'st me, Lollio; here thy

watchful eye Must have employment; I cannot always be as At home,

Lot. I dare swear you cannot.

Alib. I must look out. Lol. I know't, you must look out; 't is every

Alib. Here, I do say, must thy employment be;

8 Bkin. A room in the house of Alibius. To watch her treadings, and in my absence

Supply my place.

Lel. I'll do my best, sir; yet surely I cannot see who you should have cause to be jeslow

Alib. Thy reason for that, Lollio? It is A comfortable question.

Lol. We have but two sorts of people in the house, and both under the whip, that is fissal. and madmen; the one has not wit enough to be knaves, and the other not knavery enough to be fools.

Alib. Ay, those are all my patients. Lollo: I do profess the cure of either sort;
My trade, my living 't is; I thrive by it;
But here 's the care that mixes with my thrift. The daily visitants, that come to see My brain-sick patients, I would not have

To see my wife. Gallanta I do observe

To see my wife. Gallants I do observe
Of quick enticing eyes, rich in habits,
Of stature and proportion very comely:
These are most shrewd temptations. Lollie.
Lol. They may be easily answered, or, if
they come to see the fools and madmen, you
and I may serve the turn, and let my mintress alone; she 's of neither sort.
Alib. T is a good ward; 'indeed, come they

to see

Our madmen or our fools, let 'em see no more Than what they come for; by that consequent They must not see her; I'm sure she's so fool.

Lol. And I'm sure she's no madman. Alib. Hold that buckler fast; Lollio, my TYUSE

Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong.
What hour is 't. Lollio?

Lol.

Alib. Pinner-time? Thou mean'st twelve

o'clock?

Lol. Yes, sir, for every part has his hour. Lol. Yes, sir, for every part has his hour, we wake at six and look about us, that 's eve hour at seven we should pray, that is knee-hour, at eight walk, that 's leg-hour; at nine gather flowers and pluck a rose, 5 that 's nose-hour; at ten we drink, that 's nonth-hour; at eleven lay about us for victuals, that 's hand-hour; at twelve go to dinner, that 's belly-hour.

Alib. Profoundly, Lollio! It will be long for all thy scholars learn this lesson, and

did look to have a new one ent red ; I think my expectation is come home.

Enter PEDRO, and ANTONIO [disquised] lile an idiot.

Ped. Save you, sir; my business appeals to

This sight takes off the labour of my tours Alib. Ay, ay, sir, it is plain enough, you STATEMENT

Him for my patient.

Ped. And if your pains prove but commellous, to give but some little strength to he set and weak part of nature in him, these are

f Idiots. 4 Guard (in fencing) (Prov.

money but patterns to show you [es le pieces that will follow to you, beharge of diet, washing, and other a, fully defrayed.

ling.

an officer in this place may de- [100 thing. The trouble will pass through

is fit something should come to your t, Bir. [Gives him money.] wir, 't is I must keep hun sweet, [108] b him: what is his name?

h hame is Antonio; marry, we use him, only Tony.

ty. Tony, 't is enough, and a very for a fool. — What 's your name, [10]

he, he! well, I thank you, cousin :

nd boy! hold up your head. — He can serceive by that he is no beast. 115 all, air, raise him but to any height,

of wit; might be attain, sav, to creep on but all four

he chair of wit, or walk on crutches, add an honour to your worthy

t family might pray for you, he should be heir, had he discretion ind guide his own. Assure you, sir,

itleman. there's nobody doubted that; at I knew him for a gentleman, he

her yet. it him have good attendance and

good as my mistress lies in, sir; [139 allow us time and means, we can the higher degree of discretion.

or, there shall no cost want, sir will hardly be stretcht up to the wit Reo.

no, that's not to be expected; far be enough.

warrant you I'll make him fit to in five weeks; I'll undertake to wind the wit of constable.

It be lower than that, it might serve

h fie; to level him with a head-

beadle, or watchman, were but little the is. Constable I'll able him; has ome to be a justice afterwards, let the keeper: or I'll go further with do bring him up to my own pitch, him as wise as myself.

hy, there I would have it.
II, go to; either I'll be as arrant a
or he shall be as wise as I, and then will serve his turn.

y. I do like thy wit passing well, you may; yet if I had not been [148

for, warrant; or, make him able for.

a fool, I had had more wit than I have too. Hemember what state 8 you found me in.

Ped. I will, and so leave you. Your best cares,

beseech you. Erit PEDRO. Alib. Take you none with you, leave 'em [100

all with us.

all with us.

Ant. O, my cousin's gone! cousin, cousin, O!

Lol. Peace, peace, Tony; you must not cry, child, you must be whipt if you do; your cousin is here still; I am your cousin, Tony.

Ant. He, he! then I'll not cry, if thou be'st my cousin; he, he, he!

Lol. I were best try his wit a little, that I may know what form to place him in.

Alib. Ay, do, Lollio, do.

Lol. I must ask him easy questions at first.

Tony, how many true 'fingers has a tailor on his right hand?

Ant. As many as on his left, cousin.

Ant. As many as on his left, cousin.
Lol. Good: and how many on both?
Ant. Two less than a dence, cousin.
Lol. Very well answered. I come to you again, cousin Tony; how many fools goes to a wise man?

Ant. Forty in a day sometimes, cousin.

Lol. Forty in a day? How prove you that?

Ant. All that fall out amongst themselves,

and go to a lawyer to be made friends.

Lol. A parlous fool! he must sit in the fourth

form at least. I perceive that. come least again, Tony; how many knaves mugh in honest

Ast. I know not that, cousin.

Lol. No. the question is too hard for you.

I'll tell you, cousin; there's three knaves [...] may make an honest man, — a sergeant, a jailor, and a beadle; the sergeant catches him, the jailor holds him, and the headle lashes him; and if he be not bonest then, the hangman must cure him.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha! that's fine sport, cousin.
Alib. This was too deep a question for the

fool, Lollio. Lol. Yes, this might have serv'd yourself, though I say t. - Once more and you shall go play, Tony.

Au. Ay, play at push-pin, cousin; ha, he! Lol. So thou shalt; say how many fools are

here -Ant. Two, cousin; thon and I.

Lol. Nay, you're too forward there, Tony.

Mark my question; how many fools and knaves
are here; a fool before a knave, a fool behind
a knave, between every two fools a knave; how

Alib. Thou puttent too hard questions to him,

Lallio. Lol. I'll make him understand it easily. -Cousin, stand there.

Ant. Ay. cousin.
Lol, Master, stand you next the fool.
Alib. Well, Lollio.
Lol. Here's my place. Mark now, Tony,
there's a fool before a knave.

4 Honest.

I Two.

Ant. That 's I, cousin.
Lol. Here 's a fool behind a knave, that 's I; and between us two fools there is a knave, that 's my master, 't is but we three, that 's all. Ant. We three, we three, cousin. Madmen within.

1 Mad. [within.] Put 's head i' th' pillory, the

bread 's too little.

2 Mad. [within.] Fly, fly, and he catches the swallow

3 Mad. [within.] Give her more onion, or the

3 Mad. [within.] Give her more onion, or the devil put the rope about her crug.\(^1\) Loi. You may bear what time of day it is, the chimes of Bedlam goes.

Alib. Peace, peace, or the wire\(^2\) comes \(^1\) 3 Mad. [within.] Cat whore, cat whore \(^1\) her permasant, her permasant \(^1\) 13

Alib. Peace. I say \(^1\)—Their hour's come, they must be fed. Lollio.

Lol. There's no hope of recovery of that Welsh madman; was undone by a mouse that spoil'd him a permasant; lost his wits for 't. so Alib. Go to your charge, Lollio; I'll to

mine.

Lol. Go you to your madmen's ward, let me alone with your fools.

Alib. And remember my last charge, Lol-Exit.

Lol. Of which your patients do you think I am? Comas Tony, you must amongst your school-folian now; there is pretty scholars is amongst em, I can tell you there's some of em at stultus, stultus, stultus.

Ant. I would see the madmen, cousin, if they

would not bite me.

Lol. No, they shall not bite thee, Tony.

Ant. They bite when they are at dinner, do they not, co2?

Lol. They bite at dinner, indeed, Tony.

Well, I hope to get credit by thee; I like thee the best of all the scholars that ever I [100] brought up, and thou shalt prove a wise man, or I'll prove a fool myself.

Exeunt. Exeunt.

ACT II

[SCENE I.]4

Enter BEATRICE and JASPERINO severally.

Beat. O sir, I'm ready now for that fair service

Which makes the name of friend sit glorious on you!

Good angels and this conduct be your guide! [Giving a paper.]

Fitness of time and place is there set down,

sir.
The joy I shall return rewards my serv-Jas. brat. How wise is Alsemero in his friend!
It is a sign he makes his choice with judgment;

Then I appear in nothing more approv'd Than making choice of him; for 't is a principle,

1 Neck. 3 Whip.

Parmenn cheese.

4 An apartment in the Castle.

He that can choose That boson well who of his thoughts pertakes,

Proves most discreet in every choice he make. Methinks I love now with the eyes of judg-

ment, And see the way to merit, clearly see it. A true deserver like a diamond sparkles; In darkness you may see him, that's in ab-

Which is the greatest darkness falls on love,

Yet is he best discern'd then With intellectual eyesight. What 's Piracqua, My father spends his breath for? And his blessing

Is only mine as I regard his name, Else it goes from me, and turns head against

me. Transform'd into a curse. Some speedy way Must be rememb'red. He is so forward too, So urgent that way, searce allows me breath " To speak to my new comforts.

Enter DE FLORES.

De F. [Aside.] Yonder 's she; Whatever ails me, now a-late especially, I can as well be hang'd as refrain seeing her; Some twenty times a day, nay, not so little.

Do I force errands, frame ways and excuse.

To come into her sight; and I've small reasons. for 't,

And less encouragement, for she baits me still Every time worse than other; does profess herself

The cruellest enemy to my face in town; At no hand can abide the sight of me, As if danger or ill-luck hung in my looks. I must confess my face is bad enough, But I know far worse has better fortune.
And not endur'd alone, but doted on;
And yet such pick-hair'd faces, chins like

witches',

Here and there five hairs whispering in a corner,

As if they grow in fear one of another, Wrinkles like troughs, where swine-deformity

The tears of perjury, that lie there like wash Fallen from the slimy and dishenest eye, Yet such a one plucks sweets without restraint.

And has the grace of beauty to his sweet.

Though my hard fute has thrust me out to

servitude,
I tumbled into th' world a gentleman.
She turns her blessed eve upon me now,
And I'll endure all storms before I part with a
Beat. [Aside.] Again?
This ominous ill-fac'd fellow more disturbs av

Than all my other passions.

De F. [Anide.] Now 't begins again;

I'll stand this storm of hail, though the storm

pelt me.

Beat. Thy business? What's thy business'
De F. [Aside.] Soft and fau

I cannot part so soon now.

Bent. [Aside.] The villain 's fire. Thou standing toad-pool -

De F. Aside.] The shower falls amain now. Beat. Who sent thee? What is thy errand? Beat.

Leave my sight!
De F. My lord your
deliver My lord your father, charg'd me to

A message to you. What, another since? Do't, and be hang'd then; let me be rid of thee.

Do F. True service merits mercy.

Beat.

What 's thy message?

Beat. What 's thy message ? De F. Let beauty settle but in patience, & You shall hear all.

Beat. A dallying, trifling torm
De F. Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,
Sole brother to Tomaso de Piracquo A dallying, trifling torment!

Brat. Slave, when wilt make an end?
De F. Too soon I shall.

De F. Too soon I snau.

Beat. What all this while of him?

The said Alonzo, w

With the foresaid Tomaso -Beut. De F. Is new alighted. Yet again?

Beat. Veugeance strike the news!
Thou thing most loath'd, what cause was there in this

To bring thee to my sight?

De F. My lord your father

De F. Charg'd me to seek you out. Is there no other w

To send his errand by? It seems 't is my luck

To be h' th' way still.

Beat. De F. Get thee from me!

De F. So: —

Aside.] Why, am not I an ass to devise ways
Thus to be rail'd at? I must see her still! I shall have a mad qualm within this hour

again,
I know 't; and, like a common Garden 1-bull,
I do but take breath to be lugg 'd 2 again.
What this may bode I know not; I 'll despair

the less, Because there's daily precedents of bad faces Belov'd beyond all reason. These foul chops
May come into favour one day 'mongst (their) 3

fellows. Wrangling has prov'd the mistress of good pastime;

As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen Women have chid themselves a-bed to men.

Beat. I never see this follow but I think Of some harm towards me; danger's in my mind still;

scarce leave trembling of an hour after. The next good mood I find my father in, I'll get him quite discarded. O, I was Lost in this small disturbance, and forgot Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes To bear down all my comforts!

Enter VERMANDERO, ALONZO, and TOMASO.

You're both welcome, But an especial one belongs to you, sir, I Paris Garden, on the Bankside, where bull-balting e carried on

1 Dragged by the oar.

3 Q. Ais.

To whose most noble name our love presents

Th' addition of a son, our son Alonzo.

Alon. The treasury of honour cannot bring forth

A title I should more rejoice in, sir. Ver. You have improv'd it well, - Daughter,

prepare;
The day will steal upon thee suddenly.

Beat. [Aside.] Howe'er, I will be sure to keep the night,

If it should come so near me.
[BEATRICE and VERMANDERO talk apurt.j

Alonzo. Brother? Tom. Alon.
Tom. In troth I see small welcome in her eye.
Alon. Fie, you are too severe a censurer.
Of love in all points, there's no bringing on

If lovers should mark everything a fault, Affection would be like an ill-set book. Whose faults might prove as big as half the

volume.

Beat. That 's all I do entreat.

Ver. It is but reasonable; 114 'll see what my son says to 't .- Son Alouzo, Here is a motion made but to reprieve

A maidenhead three days longer; the request Is not far out of reason, for indeed

The former time is pinching.

Though my joys Be set back so much time as I could wish

They had been forward, yet since she desires

The time is set as pleasing as before, I find no gladness wanting.

May I ever l'er. Meet it in that point still! You're nobly wel-Exit with BEATRICE. come, sirs. Tom. So; did you mark the duluem of her

parting now Alon, What dulness? Thou art so excep-

tions still !

Tom. Why, let it go then; I am but a fool
To mark your harms so heedfully.

Alon. Where a the oversight?
Tom. Come, your faith a cozened in ber, strongly cozened.

Unsettle your affection with all speed Wisdom can bring it to; your peace is ruin'd else.

Think what a torment 't is to marry one Whose heart is leapt into another's bosom: If ever pleasure she receive from thee It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift; She lies but with another in thine arms, He the half-father unto all thy children

In the conception; if he get 'em not, She helps to get 'em for him; s and how dan-

And shameful her restraint may go in time to. It is not to be thought on without sufferings.

Alon. You speak as if she lov'd some other,

> 1 Judge After Aim, Q. Inserts in his passions.

then.

Tom. Do you apprehend so slowly? ay, an that Alon. Be your fear only, I am safe enough. Preserve your friendship and your counsel, brother.

For times of more distress; I should depart An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one, To any but thyself, that should but think She knew the meaning of inconstancy, Much less the use and practice: yet we're

friends.

Pray, let no more be urg'd; I can endure Much, till I meet an injury to her, Then I am not myself. Farewell, sweet brother;

How much we're bound to Heaven to depart lovingly. Exit. Tom. Why, ne 155

Quickly steals into his vexation. Exit.

[SCENE II.]1

Enter DIAPHANTA and ALSEMERO.

Dia. The place is my charge; you have kept And the reward of a just meeting bless you!

And the reward of a just insecting bies you.

I hear my lady coming. Complete gentleman,
I dare not be too busy with my praises,
They're dangerous things to deal with. Exit.
Als. This goes well;

These women are the ladies' cabinets, Things of most precious trust are lockt into 'em.

Enter BRATRICE.

Beat. I have within mine eye all my desires. Requests that holy prayers ascend Heaven for. And brings 'em down to furnish our defects, we Come not more sweet to our necessities

Come not more sweet.

Than thou unto my wishes.

We 're so like In our expressions, lady, that unless I berrow The same words, I shall never find their equals.

Beat. How happy were this meeting, this embrace,

If it were free from envy! This poor kiss It has an enemy, a hateful one,

That wishes poison to't. How well were I now, If there were none such name known as Piracquo, Nor no such tie as the command of parents! I should be but too much bless'd.

One good service 1/4 Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go near 't too,

Since you are so distrest. Remove the cause, The command ceases; so there's two fears blown out

With one and the same blast.

Boat. Pray, let me find 2 you, sir: what might that service be, so strangely happy?

Als. The honourablest piece about man, valour:

I 'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly. Beat, How? Call you that extinguishing of fear.

When 't is the only way to keep it flaming?

Another spartment in the Castle. I Understand.

ere not you ventured in the action. That 's all my joys and comforts? Pray, and

more, sir Say you prevail'd, you're danger's and me

mine then : The law would claim you from me, or obscurity

Be made the grave to bury you alive I 'm glad these thoughts come forth ; O, keep

not one Of this condition, sir! Here was a conrec

Found to bring sorrow on her way to death:
The tears would ne'er ha' dried, till dust had
chok'd 'orn.
Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage:

[Aside.] And now I think on one; I was to blame,

I ha' marr'd so good a market with my score.
'T had been done questionless: the uglissi creature

Creation fram'd for some use : yet to see I could not mark so much where it should be!

Als. Lady — Beat. [Aside.] Why, men of art make much of poison,

Keep one to expel another. Where was my art Als. Lady, you hear not me

Beat. I do especially, at. The present times are not so sure of our mile

As those hereafter may be; we must use 'm then s thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly muw,

Till the time opens.

You teach wisdom, lady. Beat. Within there ! Diaphanta!

Re-enter DIAPHANTA.

Dia. Do you call, madan' Beat. Perfect your service, and conduct the gentleman

The private way you brought him.

Dia.

Als. My love 's as firm as love e' er built aga.

Ent with Diaphasta.

Enter DE FLORES.

De F. [Aside.] I've watcht this meeting, and do wonder much

What shall become of t'other; I'm sure both Cannot be serv'd unless she transgress, haply Then I'll put in for one; for if a wom me Fly from one point, from him she makes a haply from the control of th

band, She spreads and mounts then like arithmetic; One, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand,

Proves in time autler to an army reval Now do I look to be most richly rail'd at,

Yet I must see her.

Beat. [Aside.] Why, put case I louth'd him
As much as youth and beauty hates a see

chre, Must I needs show it? Cannot I keep that secret,

And serve my turn upon him? See, he's hem.

De Florea.

De F. [Aside.] Ha, I shall con mad with p. She call d me fairly by my name De Flores. And neither rogue por rescal.

Beat.

To your face n' late? You 've met with some

good physician;
You've prun'd 1 yourself, methinks: you were not wont

To look so amorously. Not I; — 15 Model. Tis the same physnomy, to a hair and

pimple,

Which she called scurvy scarce an hour ago:

How is this?

Beat. Come hither; nearer, man.

De F. [Aride.] I'm up to the chin in Heaven!

Beat. Turn, let me see;

Faugh, 't is but the heat of the liver, I perceive 't;

I thought it had been worse.

De F. [Aside.] Her fingers toucht me! a

She smells all amber. Beat. I'll make a water for you shall cleanse this

Within a fortnight,

De F. With your own hands, lady? 4

Beat. Yes, mine own, sir; in a work of cure

I'll trust no other.

De F. [Aside.] "T is half an act of pleasure
To hear her talk thus to me.

When we 're us'd To a hard face, it is not so unpleasing;

t mends still in opinion, hourly mends;

To light upon this minute; I'll make use on't,

Bcat. Hardness becomes the visage of a man well ;

It argues service, resolution, manhood,
If cause were of employment.

Dr F. 'T would be soon seen If e'er your ladyship had cause to use it; I would but wish the honour of a service

Ye shall try you. -

Beat.
O my De Flores!
De F. [Anide.] How's that? She calls me

Already | My De Flores ! - You were about

To sigh out somewhat, madam?

No, was I? 100 Bent.

I forgot, — O! —
De F. There 't is again, the very fellow on't.
Best. You are too quick, sir.
De F. There's no excuse for 't now; I heard

it twice, madam; That sigh would fain have utterance: take pity

And lend it a free word. 'Las, how it labours For liberty! I hear the murmur yet Beat at your bosom.

Would creation -

Beut.

De F. Ay, well said, that is it.

Had for

Beat.
De F. Nay, that's not it.
O, 't is the soul of freedom! should not then be fore'd to marry one

Preen, set the feathers in order. Used of hawks.
Like an object of love. Ambergria.

I hate beyond all depths; I should have power Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em

For ever from my sight.

De F. [Aside.]

O blest occasion! Without change to your sex you have your

wishes;
Claim so much man in me.
In thee, De Flores? 116

Best.

There is small cause for that.

Put it not from me.

De F.

ios that I kneel for to you. [Kneels.] Beat. You are too violent to mean faithfully. There's horror in my service, blood, and

danger;

Can those be things to sue for ?

If you knew ... How sweet it were to me to be employed In any act of yours, you would say then
If ail'd, and us'd not reverence enough
When I receive[d] the charge on 't.

Beat. [Aside.]
This is much,

Methinks; belike his wants are greedy; and is
To such gold tastes like angel's food. Rise.

De F. I'll have the work first.

Beat. [Aside.]
Is strong upon him.—There is to encourage thee;

[Gives money.] As thee; there is and thy service dangerous. Thy reward shall be precious.

That I 've thought on; us

I have assur'd myself of that beforehood.

And know it will be precious; the thought rav-

ishes!

Beat. Then take him to thy fury!

Best. I this I thirst for him. Beat. Alonzo de Piracquo.

Don't thou appear to me! Never was man

Dearlier rewarded.

De F. I do think of that,
Beat. Be wondrous careful in the execution.
De F. Why, are not both our lives upon the east?

Beat. Then I throw all my fears upon thy

service.

De F. They no'er shall rise to hurt you.

When the deed is done. 'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight; Thou may'st live bravely in another country.

De F. Ay, ny;

Wo'll talk of that hereafter.

Beat. [Aside.]

I shall rid myself 144

Beat. [Aside.] Of two inveterate loathings at one time, Piracquo, and his dog-face.

O my blood ! Methinks I feel her in mine arms the board, Her wanton fingers combing out this board, Methinks I feel her in mine arms already: And, being pleased, praising this had face. 100 Hunger and pleasure, they'll commend some-

times Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em. Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for em: Some women are old feeders. I am too loud. Here comes the man goes supportess to bed, us Yet shall not rise to-morrow to his dinner.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. De Flores.

De F.

My kind, honourable lord?

Alon. I'm glad I ha' met with thee.

De F.

Thou canst show mo

The full strength of the castle? De F. That I can, sir.

Alon. I much desire it.

And if the ways and straits 100 Of some of the passages be not too tedious for VOD.

I'll assure you, worth your time and sight, my lord

Alon. Pooh, that shall be no hindrance.

De F. I'm your servant, then.

'T is now near dinner-time; 'gainst ' your lord-

ship's rising
I'll have the keys about me.

Alan. Thanks, kind De Flores, 165
De F. [Aside.] He's safely thrust upon me
Leunt [severally].

ACT III

[Sceng I.]2

Enter ALONZO and DE FLORES. (In the acttime 8 Dr. FLORES hides a naked rapier) [behind a door.

De Flores. Yes, here are all the keys; I was afraid, my lord,
I'd wanted for the postern, this is it.
I've all, I've all, my lord; this for the sconce.
Alon. 'T is a most specious and impregnable

fort.

De F. You'll tell me more, my lord. This descent

Is somewhat narrow, we shall never pass Well with our weapons, they'll but trouble us.

Alon. Thou sayest true.

De F. Pray, let me help your lordship.

Alon. 'T is done: thanks, kind De Flores. Here are hooks, my lord,

To hang such things on purpose.

[Hanging up his own sword and that of Alonzo.]

Alon. Lead, I'll follow thee. Excunt.

[Scene II.]

[Enter ALONZO and DE FLORES.]

De F. All this is nothing; you shall see anon A place you little dream on. Alon. I am glad

I have this leisure; all your master's house

Imagine I ha' taken a gondola.

De F. All but myself, sir, - [aside] which makes up my safety.

In anticipation of.

A narrow passage in the Castle.

J. c. Between the acts.

· Fortification.

Q. Excunt at one door and enter at the other.

My lord, I'll place you at a casement here Will show you the full strength of all the cartle Look, spend your eye awhile upon that object Alon, Here's rich variety, De Flores.

De F. You ar

Alon. Goodly munition. De F. Ay, there 's ordnance, sir, "
No bastard metal, will ring you a peal the hells

At great men's funerals. Keep your epstraight, my lord;
Take special notice of that sconce thefore you.

There you may dwell awhile.

(Takes the rapter which he had be

behind the door.]

I am upon't De F. And so am I. o's kin De Flores! O De Flores' Alon.

Whose malice hast thou put on De F. Do you question

A work of secrecy? I must silence you

Alon. O. O. O! De F. I must silence you. [State Ann. to here's an undertaking well accomplished. This vault serves to good use now : ha, what

that Threw sparkles in my eye? O, 't is a diamond He wears upon his finger; 't was well found. This will approve the work. What, so fast or Not part in death? I'll take a speedy course then.

Finger and all shall off. [Cuts off the finer.

The passages from all suspect or fear. Exet with body

SCENE III.]8

Enter ISABELLA and LOLLIO.

Isa. Why, sirrah, whence have you comme

To fetter the doors against me?

If you keep me in a case, pray, whiatle to me.
Let me be doing something.
Lol. You shall be doing, if it please you; 'I'll whistle to you, if you'll pipe after.
Isa. Is it your master's pleasure, or you

own,

To keep me in this pinfold?

Lol. T is for my master's pleasure, less least taken in another man's corn, you might be ! pounded in another place.

Isa. 'T is very well, and he 'll property and

Isa. 'Tis very well, and he 'll preservery be Lol. He says you have company cough a the house, if you please to be sociable, of a sorts of people.

Isa. Of all sorts? Why, here's mans but fool

and madmen,

Lol. Very well; and where will you find 127 other, if you should go abroad? There as master and I to boot too.

Isa. Of either sort one, a madman and fool.

7 Prove it has been done.
8 An apartment in the house of Alibius.

Lol. I would ev'n participate of both then if I were as you; I know you're half mad already, be half foolish too.

Isa. You're a brave saucy rascal! Come on, sir,

Afford me then the pleasure of your bedlam. You were commending once to-day to me You were commending once to-day to me
Your last-come lunatic; what a proper!
Body there was without brains to guide it,
And what a pitiful delight appear'd
In that defect, as if your wisdom had found
A mirth in madness; pray, sir, let me partake,
If there be such a pleasure.

Lol. If I do not show you the handsomest, [so
discreetest madman, one that I may call the
nod-sextanding madman, then say I am a fool.

discreetest madman, one that I may call the anderstanding madman, then say I am a fool.

Isa. Well, a match, I will say so.

Lol. When you have had a taste of the madman, you shall, if you please, see Fool's Col-[so leage, o' th' [other] side. I seldom lock there; 'tis but shooting a bolt or two, and you are amongst 'em. Exit. Enter presently.—Come on, sir; let me see how handsomely you'll behave yourself now. have yourself now.

Enter FRANCISCUS.

Fran. How sweetly she looks ! O, but there 's Aran. How sweetly she looks? O, but there 's a wrinkle in her brow as deep as philosophy.

Anacreon, drink to my mistress' health, I'll pledge it. Stay, stay, there 's a spider in the cup? No, 't is but a grape-stone; swallow it, [so fear nothing, poet; so, so, lift higher.

Isa. Alack, alack, it is too full of pity

To be laught at! How fell he mad? Canst thou

tell? Lol. For love, mistress. He was a pretty poet, too, and that set him forwards first; is the muses then forsook him; he ran mad for a chambermaid, yet she was but a dwarf neither.

Fran. Hail, bright Titania!

Why stand'st thou idle on these flow'ry banks? Oberon is dancing with his Dryades;

I'll gather daisies, primrose, violets,

And bind them in a verse of poesy.

Lol. [holding up a whip.] Not too near! You see your dange

Fran. O, hold thy hand, great Diomede! 65
Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall obey thee:

Get up. Bucephalus kneels. [Kneels.]
Lol. You see how I awe my flock; a shepherd has not his dog at more obedience.

Isa. His conscience is unquiet; sure that **W88**

The cause of this: a proper gentleman! Fran. Come hither, Aesculapius; hide the

poison.

Lol. Well, 't is hid. [Hides the whip.
Fran. Didst thou ne'er hear of one Tiresias, [Hides the whip.]

A famous poet?

Ind. Yes, that kept tame wild goese. 15 Fran. That's he; I am the man. Lol. No?

Fran. Yes; but make no words on 't. I was A IOSO

Seven years ago. 1 Handsome,

Fran. Juno struck me blind.
Lol. I'll ne'er believe that; for a woman, they say, has an eye more than a man.

Fran. I say she struck me blind.

Lol. And Luna made you mad: you have two

Fran. Now I'm a woman, all feminine.

Lol. I would I might see that!

A stripling, I think, you might.

trades to beg with. Fran. Luna is now big-bellied, and there's

or both of us to ride with Hecate;

I'll drag thee up into her silver sphere, so And there we'll kick the dog — and beat the bush -

That barks against the witches of the night; The swift lycanthropi 2 that walks the round, We'll tear their wolvish skins, and save the

sheep. [Attempts to seize Lollio.]

Lol. Is 't come to this? Nay, then, my [second comes forth again. [Showing the whip.]

Mad slave, indeed, abuse your keeper!

Isa. I prithee, hence with him, now he grows

dangerous. Fran. [sings.]

Sweet love, pity me, Give me leave to lie with thee.

Lol. No, I'll see you wiser first. To your own kennel!

Fran. No noise, she sleeps; draw all the curtains round.

et no soft sound molest the pretty soul

But love, and love creeps in at a mouse-hole.

Lol. I would you would get into your hole! Exit Franciscus.)—Now, mistress, I will is bring you another sort; you shall be fool'd another while. [Exit, and brings in Antonio.]—Tony, come hither, Tony: look who's yonder, Tony.

Ant. Cousin, is it not my aunt?
Lol. Yes, 't is one of 'em, Tony.
Ant. He, he! how do you, uncle?
Lol. Fear him not, mistress, 't is a gentle nigget; 'you may play with him, as safely with him as with his bauble.

Isa. How long hast thou been a fool? Ant. Ever since I came hither, cousin.

Isa. Cousin? I'm none of thy cousins, fool.

Lol. O, mistress, fools have always so much wit as to claim their kindred. Madman. [within.] Bounce, bounce! he falls, he falls!

Isa. Hark you, your scholars in the upper room

Are out of order. Lol. Must I come amongst you there?— Keep you the fool, mistress; I'll go up and play left-handed Orlando amongst the madmen. Exit.

Isa. Well, sir.

Ant. 'T is opportuneful now, sweet lady! nay, Cast no amazing eye upon this change.

Isa. Ha!

Persons suffering from lycanthropia, or wolf-mad-* Cant term for bawd. 4 Nidget, f. c. idiot.

Ant. This shape of folly shrouds your dearest love,

The truest servant to your powerful beauties, Whose magic had this force thus to transform

Isa. You're a fine fool indeed!

Ant. U, 't is not strange! Love has an intellect that runs through all The scrutinous 1 sciences; and, like a cunning

Catches a quantity of every knowledge, Yet brings all home into one mystery,

Into one secret that he proceeds in.

Isa. You're a parlous fool.

Ant. No danger in me; I bring nought but love

And his soft-wounding shafts to strike you with.

Try but one arrow; if it hurt you, I Will stand you twenty back in recompense. [Kisses her.]

Isa. A forward fool too!
This was love's teaching: A thousand ways he fashion'd out my way, And this I found the safest and the nearest, 100 To tread the galaxia to my star.

Isa. Profound withal! certain you dream'd

of this.

of this,
Love never taught it waking.
Take no acquaintance Of these outward follies, there 's within

A gentleman that loves you.

When I see him, as I'll speak with him ; so, in the meantime, keep Your habit, it becomes you well enough.

As you're a gentleman, I'll not discover you;

That's all the favour that you must expect.

The you are weary, you may leave the school,

The state of the school,

The state of the school was been all the school. For all this while you have but play'd the fool.

Re-enter LOLLIO.

Ast. And must again. - He, he! I thank you, cousin ;

I ll be your valentine to-morrow morning.

Lol. How do you like the fool, mistress?

Isa. Passing well, sir.

Lol. Is he not witty, pretty well, for a fool? Isa. If he holds on as he begins, he 's like

To come to something.

Lol. Ay, thank a good tutor. You may put him to 't; he begins to answer pretty hard pro-questions. — Tony, how many is five times six? Ant. Five times six is six times five.

Lol. What arithmetician could have answer'd better? How many is one hundred and seven? Ant. One hundred and seven is seven hundred

and one, cousin.

Lol. This is no wit to speak on! — Will you be rid of the fool now?

Isa. By no means, let him stay a little.

Madman. 'within.] Catch there, catch the last
couple in hell 12

1 Scrutinizing.

An allusion to the game of barley-break, the ground for which was divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was termed "hell." (Kilis).

Lol. Again! must I come amought Would my master were come home! I Would my master were come nome able to govern both these wards together.

Why should a minute of love 'a hour is

Isa. Fie, out again! I had rather you kept Your other posture; you become not you tongue

When you speak from a your clothes.

Ant. How can he freeze

Lives near so sweet a warmth? Shall I alime Walk through the orchard of th' Hesperden. And, cowardly, not dare to pull an apple?

Enter LULLIO above.

This with the red cheeks I must venture for

I has with the red cheeks I must venture for Isa. Take heed, there 's giants keep 'sm Lol. [Aside.] How now, food, are you good that? Have you read Lipsius? '4 He's past are should; I believe I must put harder questions to him, I perceive that.

Isa. You 're bold without fear too.

What should I feat. Ant. What should I feet. Having all joys about me? Do you smile. And love shall play the wanton on your lip, a Meet and retire, retire and meet again. Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes I shall behold mine own deformity. And dress myself up fairer. I know this shape Becomes me not, but in those bright are

I shall array me handsomely.

(Crics of mudmen are heard well some as birds others as ! raise. Lol. Cuckoo, cuckoo! Ent. aber Ant. What are these?

Isa. Of fear enough to part to et are they but our schools of lunation, That act their fantasies in any shapes. Suiting their present thoughts: if and, they

If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again: Sometimes they imitate the heasts and bards. Singing or howling, braying, barking, all As their wild fancies prompt 'em.

Enter Louiso.

Ant. These are no fears. " Isa. But here's a large one, my man.
Ant. Ha, he! that's fine sport, indeed

consin.

Lol. I would my master were come been 'T is too much for one shepherd to governter of these flocks; nor can I believe that one instruct two here force at the churchman can instruct two benefices at one there will be some incurable mad of the side, and very fools on the other. Tony.

Ant. Prithee, cousin, let me stay here still Lol. No. you must to your book now, you have play'd sufficiently.

Out of keeping with.

4 "Is it necessary to notice that the carry of the great schools is introduced merely for the sain of first syllable?" (Dyca.)

Exeunt.

Isa. Your fool has grown wondrous witty.
Lol. Well, I'll say nothing but I do not think but he will put you down one of these days. at Exit with ANTONIO.

Lsa. Here the restrained current might make breach,

Spite of the watchful bankers. Would a woman stray,

she need not gad abroad to seek her sin,

It would be brought home one ways [an]other:
The needle's point will to the fixed north;

Such drawing arctics womens' beauties are.

Re-enter LOLLIO.

Lol. How dost thou, sweet rogue?

Isa, How now?

Lol. Come, there are degrees; one fool may be better than another.

Isa. What 's the matter?

Lol. Nay, if thou giv'st thy mind to fool's

desh, have at thee!

Isa. You bold slave, you!

Lol. I could follow now as t'other fool

What should I fear, Having all joys about me? Do you but smile, And love shall play the wanton on your lip, 200 Meet and retire, retire and meet again;
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
I shall behold my own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer. I know this

shape

Becomes me not - " Becomes me not —

And so as it follows: but is not this the most foolish way? Come, sweet rogue; kias me, my little Lacedaemonian; let me feel how thy pulses beat. Thou hast a thing about thee would do a man pleasure, I'll lay my hand

Isa. Sirrah, no more! I see you have discovored

This love's knight errant, who hath made adventure

For purchase of 1 my love: be silent, mute, Mute as a statue, or his injunction For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat; I'll do it, though for no other purpose; and Be sure he'll not refuse it.

My share, that 's all;

Lol.
1'll bave my fool's part with you.
No more! Your master.

Enter ALIBIUS.

Alib. Sweet, how dost thou? Your bounden servant, sir. 270 Alib. Fig. fig. sweetheart, no more of that.

Isa. You were best look me up.

Alib. In my arms and bosom, my sweet Isa-

bella,

'll lock thee up most nearly. - Lollio, We have employment, we have task in hand. At noble Vermandero's, our castle a captain, There is a nuprial to be solemnis'd -Beatrice-Joanna, his fair daughter, bride, -

1 To gain.

For which the gentleman hath bespoke our

A mixture of our madmen and our fools, To finish, as it were, and make the fag 2 Of all the revels, the third night from the

first ;

Only an unexpected passage over,
To make a frightful pleasure, that is all,
But not the all I aim at. Could we so act it,
To teach it in a wild distracted measure, Though out of form and figure, breaking time's head,

It were no matter, 't would be heal'd again In one age or other, if not in this: This, this, Lollio, there 's a good reward begun,

This, this, Lollio, there's a good reward begun, And will beget a bounty, be it known.

Lol. This is easy, sir, I 'll warrant you: you have about you fools and madnen that can dance very well; and 'tis no wonder, your best dancers are not the wisest men; the reason is, with often jumping they jolt their brains [250] down into their feet, that their wits lie more in their heels than in their heads.

Alib. Honest Lollio, thou giv'st me a good

And a comfort in it.

You've a fine trade on 't. Madmen and fools are a staple commodity. 301 Alib. O wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and live.

Just at the lawyer's haven we arrive, By madmen and by fools we both do thrive.

SCENE IV.18

Enter VERMANDERO, BEATRICE, ALBEMERO, and JASPERINO.

Ver. Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir,

I wish I had a daughter now for you.

Als. The fellow of this creature were a part-

For a king's love.

I had her fellow once, sir. But Heaven has married her to joys eternal; *
Twere sin to wish her in this vale again. Come, sir, your friend and you shall see the

pleasures Which my health chiefly joys in.

I hear 118. The beauty of this seat largely [commended].4 Ver. It falls much short of that.

Exit with ALBEMEBO and JASPER-

INO. Beat, So, here 's one step 19 Into my father's favour; time will fix him; I've got him now the liberty of the house. So wisdom, by degrees, works out her freedom; And if that eye be dark'ued that offends me,— I wait but that eclipse,— this gentleman Shall soon shine glorious in my father 's liking, Through the refulgent virtue of my love.

Enter DE FLORES.

De F. [Aside.] My thoughts are at a banquet; for the deed,

2 End. 2 An apartment in the Castle. 4 Q. omita.

feel no weight in 't; 't is but light and cheap For the sweet recompense that I set down for 't.

Bent. De Flores?

De F. Lady?

Lady?
Thy looks promise cheerfully, n Beat. Thy looks promise cucerruny. De F. All things are answerable, time, cir-

Your wishes, and my service.

Is it done, then?

Beat.
De F. Piracquo is no more.
Beat. My joys start at mins eyes; our sweet'st delights

Are evermore born weeping.

De F.

Brat. For me?

De F. But it was sent somewhat unwillingly;

I could not get the ring without the fuger.

[Producing the finger and ring.]

Beat. Bless me, what hast thou done?

De F.

Why, is that more so

Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-

strings;

A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court, In a mistake hath had as much as this.

Beat. "I is the first token my father made me

send bim.

De F. And I [have] made him send it back again

For his last token. I was loth to leave it, And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels;

He was as loth to part with 't, for it stuck As if the flesh and it were both one substance. Beat. At the stag's fall, the keeper has his

fees; "Tis soon appli'd, all dead men's fees are yours, sir.

I pray, bury the finger, but the stone You may make use on shortly; the true value, Take 't of my truth, is near three hundred du-

cats.

De F. 'T will hardly buy a capcase ! for one 's

conscience though,
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 't is.
Well, being my fees, I 'll take it;

Great men have taught me that, or else my

Would scorn the way on 't.

It might justly, sir. Why, thou mistak 'st, De Flores; 't is not given Why, thou masses.
In state 2 of recompense.

No, I hope so, lady; so

You should soon witness my contempt to't then.

Beat. Prithee, - thou look'st as if thou wert

offended.

F. That were strange, lady; 't is not possible

My service should draw such a cause from

offended! Could you think so? That were much

For one of my performance, and so warm Yet in my service.

Beat. "I were misery in me to give you cause,

8 Band-box. 2 Place.

De F. I know so much, it were so; misery . De F. I know to In her most sharp condition.
'T is resolv 'd then

Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florins;

I have not meanly thought upon thy merithe F. What! salary? Now you move me.
Beat.

Beat.

How, De Phore'
minous fellows,
To downwy thisse for many 2 Offer and

To destroy things for wages? Offer gold For the life-blood of man? Is anything

Valued too precious for my recompense?

Beat. I understand thee not.

De F.

I could ha' hir'd

A journeyman in murder at this rate, And mine own conscience might have [slept at ease].

And have had the work brought home.

Bat. [slids.]

I'm in a labyrish:

What will content him? I'd fain be rad of ham-

I'll double the sum, sir. De F

You take a conre To double my vexation, that is the good you to Beat. (Aside). Bless me, I 'm now in wre-plight than I was;

I know not what will please him. - For my fear's sake,

I prithee, make away with all speed possible. And if thou be st so modest not to name. The sum that will content thee, paper times

not. Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow the:

But, prithee, take thy flight.

De F.

You u

Beat. 1?

De F.

I'll not stir a foot You must fly too, this

I'll not stir a foot else.
What's your mesnig'

Beat

De F. Why, are not you as guilty? In, 1 = sure, As deep as I; and we should stick together.

Come, your fears counsel you but ill; my alsence

Would draw suspect upon you instantly: There were no rescue for you.

Beat. [Aside.] He apoaks horse De F. Nor is it fit we two, engaged so justs

De F. Not is it as assurder, Should part and live assurder, How now, ar?

This shows not well.

The F. What makes your lip so strange

The F. What was.

This must not be 'twixt' us.

The man talks wildy Beat. [Aside.] Heaven, I doubt him!

De F. I will not stand so long to beg 'en

shortly.

Bent. Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulres T will soon betray us.

Take you heed fout:

Faith, you're grown much forgetful, you re blame in 't.

Beut. [. Iside.] He's bold, and I am blam ! for 't. I have eas de

4 Q. omits. Add. Ed. 1816. 4 Q Autres le, think on it; I am 1 in pain, 100 cas 'd of " you; 't is a charity, your blood to understand me. not.

Quickly!

O, I never shall! arther off, that I may lose spoken, and no sound remain on 't; ar so much offence again her deed.

Soft, lady, soft l to spirit; I was as greedy on 't at earth of moisture, when the yeep. cark, I wrought myself into 't, at kneel'd for 't? Why was all on took? brown contempt upon your gold; at it [not], a for I do piteously, no tome unto 't, and make use on 't, held so precious to begin with, mith after the heels of pleasure; I resolv'd in my belief nity were perfect in thee, take my recompense with grudg-

it half my hopes I agreed for. 't is impossible thou canst be so

h a cunning cruelty, limth the murderer of my honour! is so bold and vicious, hich way I can forgive it lesty.

Pish! you forget yourself; in blood, and talk of modesty! ery of sin! would I'd been bound nto my living hate quo, than to hear these words! on the distance that creation blood and mine, and keep thee

k but into your conscience, read ook, you'll find me there your o your birth, but settle you

at has made you; you're no more net your parentage to me; med's creature; by that name first condition, and I challenge

innocency has turn'd you out,

one with me,
With thee, foul villain! my fair murd'ress. Do you urge

writ'st maid, thou whore in thy I from thy first love, and that 's in thy heart; and he 's chang 'd

To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero, Whom, by all sweets that ever darkness tasted, If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoy'st!

I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage,
I'll confess all; my life I rate at nothing.

Brat. De Flores!

De F. I shall rest from all love's 'plagues live in pain now; that shooting eye Will burn my heart to cinders.

Beat. O sir, hear me!

De F. She that in life and love refuses me, us
In death and shame my partner she shall be. Beut. [kneeling.] Stay, hear me once for all;

I make thee master
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels;
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour,

And I am rich in all things! Let this silence thee: The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy

My pleasure from me; Can you weep Fate from its determin'd purpose?

So soon may you weep me, Vengennee begins; Murder, I see, is followed by more sina. Was my creation in the womb so curst,

It must engender with a viper first?

De F. [raising her.] Come rise and throud your blushes in my bosom;

Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts:

Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding. 'Las! how the turtle pants! Then 'lt love anon What thouse fear 'st and faint'st to venture on.

ACT IV

[DUMB SHOW.]

Enter Gentlemen, VERMANDERO meeting them with action of wonderment at the flight of Pik-Acque, Enter Alexentene with Jestemeno and gallents: Vermendere points to him, the gentlemen neeming to applicable the choice. Alement, Jesteriero, and Gentlemen; Beather the bride following in great state, accompanied with Diaphanes. Issbella. and other gentlewomen; Dr. Frours ofter all, smiling at the accident: ALONYO's ghost appears to DE FLORES in the nadst of his smile, startles him, showing him the hand whose finger he had cut off. They pass over in great solemnity.

[SCENE I.]6

Enter BEATRICE.

Reat. This fellow has undone me endlessly; Never was bride so fearfully distrest. The more I think upon the ensuing night, And whom I am to cope with in embraces, One [who 's] ennobled both in blood and mind, So clear in understanding, - that's my plague now

. Q. levers. Dyce would omit, and read love-shooting in next line.

a Stately ceremony.
Alsomero's apartment in the Castle.
Q. both.

2 By.

9 Q. omita.

THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY

i. our whose judgment will my fault appear we matetactors crimes before tribunals. no no instress. How a wise man warm for a great calamity! There's no ven-

tuning what course soe'er I light upon, I mout us shame, which may grow up to

IMBET F

He mount but in justice strangle me The best but in justice strings inc.

In the by him, as a cleater use me;

In previous craft to play with a false die

in the accumulate gamester. Here 's his closet;

The asy set in 't, and he abroad i' th' park! 't was forgot ; I'll be so bold as look in 't.

Blue me ! a right physician's closet 't is, with vials; every one her mark too. When may be safely call'd your great man's wisdom.

William manuscript lies here? "The Book of

typeriment,

all decrets in Nature." So 'tis: 'tis so.

be with child or no."

haps I am not yet; if he should try though!

hap the me see reads! "folio forty-five." here 't is,

be leaf tuckt down upon 't, the place suspi-

Konds. "If you would know whether a woman

be with child or not, give her two spoonfuls of the white water in glass ('.—'"
Where 's that glass ('? O) yonder, I see 't now—'beads.' "and if she be with child, she sleeps (c') twelve hours after; if not, not: "

None of that water comes into my belly; I know you from a hundred; I could break you now,

The muster of the mystery; but I'll look to

ta! that which is next is ten times worse: « Reads.] "How to know whether a woman be a maid or not:"

If that should be appli'd, what would become of me?

Belike he has a strong faith of my purity. That never yet made proof; but this he calls as Brads. "A merry slight, but true experiment; the author Antonius Mizaldus. Give the party you suspect the quantity of a spoonful of the water in the glass M, which, upon her that a maid, makes three several effects; 't will [20] make her incontinently a gape, then fall into a middan measure has into a violant lanching. ondden sneezing, last into a violent laughing; Where had I been?

I four it, yet 't is seven hours to bed-time.

Enter DIAPHANTA.

Dia. Cuds,4 madam, are you here? But. Seeing that wench now,

7 Trick. 4 Gods.

Gold cannot purchase. [Aside.] - I com

To look my lord.

Would I had such as Dr.z. To look him too! - Why, he's i' the madam.

Best. There let him be.

Dia. Ay madam, let hime Whole parks and forests, as great range At roosting time a little lodge can hold Earth-conquering Alexander, that the world

Too parrow for him, in th' end had but hole.

Beat, I fear thou art not modest, Dis. Dia. Your thoughts are so unwilling Dia. Your thoughts are so unwilling known, madam.
'T is ever the bride's fashion, towards be to be only to the order.

To set light by her joys, as if she of not.

Beat. Her joys? Her fears thon

Fear of what? Dia. Beat. Art thou a maid, and talk'st maid?

You leave a blushing business behind; Beshrew your heart for 't!

Dia. Do you mean good sooth, Beat. Well, if I'd thought upon the

first, Man should have been unknown

Is 't post Dia. Beat. I'd give a thousand duests woman

Would try what my fear were, and tell To-morrow, when she gets from t; likes,

I might perhaps be drawn to 't.

Are you in Beat. Do you get the woman, then co

me,
And see if I'll fly from 't; but I must
This by the way, she must be a true me
Else there's no trial, my fears are no

Dia. Nay, she that I would put in hands, madam,

Shall be a maid.

Beat. You know I should be sham'

But are you serious still? Would you re-Your first night's pleasure, and give

Beat. As willingly as live. - [Aside the gold

Is but a by bet to wedge in the honour Dia. I do not know how the won

For faith or honesty; there 's both requi this.

Madam, what say you to me, and further?

I've a good mind, in troth, to earn your Beat. You are too quick, I fear, maid.

me, madam;

rable self is not a truer,

har fears upon you

side.

Bad enough then.

and with all my lightsome joys

me.

m glad to hear't. Then you dare our honesty I 100 my trial.

Easy? Anything.

Il come to you straight.

She will not search me, will she, rewoman of a female jury? 22 ass M. ay, this is it. [Brings viol.] t, Diaphanta, to worse than I do. [Drinks.]

And in so doing, 100

mestion what it is, but take it.

tide.] Now if th' experiment be true, il praise itself, is noble case: begins already;

first symptom; and what haste it

the second, there by this time! 116 [DIAPHANTA sneezes.]

me a whit, which must concerns it.
ha, ha!
side.] Just in all things, and in or-

ede.] Just in all things, and in or-

anto another. ha, ha!

w now, wench?
Ha, ha, ha! I'm so, so light
ba, ha, ha! -so pleasurable!

Ay, to-morrow, 190

Now I'm sad again.
Side.] It lays itself so gently too!—
wench.

I limphanta I dare call thee now.

y, tell me, madam, what trick call
his?

It tell thee all hereafter; we must

To of this business.

I shall carry 't well,

About midnight not fail to steal forth gently,

ouse the place.

O, fear not, madam,

ool by that time. The bride's place,
thousand ducats! I'm for a justice

ortion with me ; I scorn small fools.

Exeunt

that there is an allusion here to the exmatrons of the notorious Countess of a)

[SCENE II.] 4

Enter VERMANDERO and Servant.

Ver. I tell thee, knave, mine bonour is in question,

A thing till now free from suspicion, Nor ever was there cause. Who of my gentle-

Are absent? Tell me, and truly, how many, and who?

Ser. Antonio, sir, and Franciscus.
Ver. When did they leave the castle?
Ser. Some ten days since, air; the one intend-

Ser. Some ten days since, air; the one intend

Briamata, th' other for Valencia.

Ver. The time accuses 'em; a charge of murder

Is brought within my castle-gate, Piracquo's murder;
I dare not answer faithfully their absence.

A strict command of apprehension
Shall pursue 'em suddenly, and either wipe
The stain off clear, or openly discover it.
Provide me winged warrants for the purpose.

Ext Servant.

See, I am set on again.

Enter Tomaso.

Tom. I claim a brother of you.

Ver.

You're too hot;

Seek him not here.

Tom.

Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,

Tom. Yes, mongst your dearest bloods,
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction.
This is the place must yield account for him,
For here I left him; and the hasty tie
Of this snatcht marriage gives strong testimony

Of his most certain ruin.

Ver. Certain falsehood!
This is the place indeed; his breach of faith
Has too much marr'd both my abused love, of
The honourable love I reserv'd for him,
And mockt my daughter's joy; the prepar'd

morning
Blusht at his infidelity; he left
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends
Whose belief hirt em. O, 't was most ignoble
To take his flight so unexpectedly,
And throw such public wrongs on those that

And throw such public wrongs on those that lov'd him!

Tom. Then this is all your answer?

Ver.

For one of his alliance; and I warn you

That this place no more see you. Enter Dr. Flores.

Tom. The best is,
There is more ground to meet a man's revenge
ou.

Honest De Flores?

De F.

That 's my name indeed.

Saw you the bride? Good sweet sir, which way

took she?

Tom. I've blest mine eyes from seeing such a false one.

[·] Another apartment in the Castle.

De F. [Aside.] I'd fain get off, this man's

not for my company; I smell his brother's blood when I come near him.

Tom. Come hither, kind and true one; I remember

My brother lov'd thee well.

O, purely, dear sir! -[Aside.] Methinke I'm now again a-killing on him,

He brings it so fresh to me.
Thou canst guess, sirrah — [An] I honest friend has an instinct of jealousy -At some foul guilty person.

Alas I sir,

I am so charitable, I think none Worse than myself! You did not see the bride then?

Tom. I prithee, name her not: is she not wicked?

De F. No, no; a pretty, easy, round-packt

sinner,

As your most ladies are, else you might think I flatter'd her; but, sir, at no hand wicked, Till they 're so old their chins and noses? meet, And they salute witches. I'm call'd, I think,

sir. — [Ande.] His company ev'n overlays my con-

science.

Exit.

Tom. That De Flores has a wondrous honest

heart! He 'll bring it out in time, I 'm assur'd on 't, O, here 's the glorious master of the day's joy! 'T 'will not be long till he and I do reckon. — si

Enter ALSEMERO.

Sir.

Als. You're most welcome.

You may call that word back; Tom.

I do not think I am, nor wish to be.

Als. 'T is strange you found the way to this Als. 'T is strange you found the way to this house, then.

Tom. Would I 'd ne'er known the cause ! I 'm

none of those, sir,

That come to give you joy, and swill your wine; 'T is a more precious liquor that must lay The fiery thirst I bring.

Your words and you Appear to me great strangers.

Time and our swords Tom. May made us more acquainted. This the busi-

I should have had a brother in your place; How treachery and malios have disposed of

I'm bound to inquire of him which holds his

right, Which never could come fairly, You must look To answer for that word, sir.
Fear you not,

I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting.

1 Q. One. by Dyce.

Keep your day solemn; farewell, I disturb a

I'll bear the smart with patience for a time

Als. 'T is somewhat ominous this; a grand ent'red

Upon this day; my innocence relieves me. Enter JASPERINO.

I should be wondrous sad else, - Jasperine ve news to tell thee, strange news.

I ha' some to Jusp. I think as strange as yours. Would I miga keep

Mine, so my faith and friendship might be keet in 't

Faith, sir, dispense a little with my real,

Faith, sir, dispense And let it cool in this. This puts me on. And blames thee for thy slowness.

Jus. All may prove nother.

Only a friendly fear that leapt from me ar Als. No question, 't may prove nothing; lete partake it though.

Jas. 'T was Diaphanta's chance — for to the

I pretend honest love, and she deserves it. To leave me in a back part of the hones. A place we chose for private conference.

She was no sconer gone, but instantly I heard your bride's voice in the next room? me

And lending more attention, found De Flore

Louder than she.

De Flores! Thou art out are Als. You'll tell me more anon. Still I'll ;

Still I'll prevent thm The very sight of him is poison to her.

Jus. That made me stagger too; but the phanta

At her return confirm'd it. Diaphanta 1

Als.

Jas. Then fell we both to listen, and was

Like these that challenge interest in a some Als. Peace: quench thy zeal, 't is dangere to thy besom.

Jas. Then truth is full of peril.

Such truth to O, were she the sole glory of the earth, Had eyes that could shoot fire into bim

hreasts, And toucht, she sleeps not here! Yet I have

Though night be near, to be resolv'd hereoft And, prithee, do not weigh me by my passed das. I never weigh'd friend so.

Als. Done charatald.

That key will lead thee to a pretty were.

By a Chaldean taught me, and I have My study upon some. Bring from my check A glass inscrib'd there with the letter M.

And question not my purposs. Celebrate your wedding day.

Protess, offer.

Anticipals Tanatal

Jas. It shall be done, air. Exit. hour since

Her woman came pleading her lady's fears, Deliver'd her for the most timerous virgin That ever shrunk at man's name, and so modest, She charg'd her weep out her request to me.

That she might come obscurely to my bosom.

Enter BRATRICE.

Beat. [Aside.] All things go well; my wo-

For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose; Necessity compels it; I lose all, else.

Als. (Aside.) Pish! modesty's shrine is set in

yonder forehead: I cannot be too sure though. - My Joanna!

Beat. Sir, I was bold to weep a message to

Pardon my modest fears.

The dove's not meeker; [Aside.] She 's abus'd, questionless.

Re-enter JABPERINO [with vial].

Beat. [Aside.] The glass, upon my life! I see

[Giving vial.]

the letter. Jas. Sir, this is M. "T is it.

Beat. [Aside.] I am suspected.
Als. How fitly our bride comesto partake with

Bent. What is 't, my lord?

No hurt. dis. Beul. Sir, pardon me,

a seldom taste of any composition. 122
Als. But this, upon my warrant, you shall venture on.

Beat. I fear 't will make me ill.

Heaven forbid that. Ala. Beat. [Aside.] I'm put now to my cunning: th' effects I know,

If I can now but feign 'em handsomely.

Als. It has that secret virtue, it ne'er mist, sir, Upon a virgin.

Treble-qualitied? Jas.

Als. By all that's virtuous it takes there proceeds!

Jas. This is the strangest trick to know a

maid by.

Beat. Ha, ha, ha!

ou have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord.

Als. No, thou hast given me such joy of heart, Chat never can be blusted.

What's the matter, sir?

Beat. What's the matter, sir?

Als. [Aside.] See now 't is settled in a melancholy;

e-pe both the time and method. — My Joanna,

haste as the breath of Heaven, or morning's womb.

closes thee.

[Scene III.] 1

Enter ISABELLA and LOLLIO.

Isa. O Heaven! is this the [waning] 2 moon? Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once? Sirrah, here 's a madman, akin to the fool too, A lunatic lover.

Lol. No, no, not he I brought the letter from?

Isa. Compare his inside with his out, and tell me.

Lol. The out's mad, I'm sure of that; I had taste on't. [Reads letter.] "To the bright Andromeda, chief chambermaid to the Knight of the Sun, at the sign of Scorpio, in the lo middle region, sent by the bellows-mender of Aeolus. Pay the post." This is stark madness! Isa. Now mark the inside. [Takes the letter and reads.] "Sweet lady, having now east off

and reads.) Sweet may, having how east on this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear for your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your beauty."

Lol. He is mad still.

Isa. |reads.| "If any fault you find, chide those perfections in you which have made is me imperfect; 't is the same sun that causeth

me imperfect; 't is the same sun that causeth to grow and enforceth to wither—''s Lot. O rogue!

Isa. [reads.] "Shapes and transhapes, destroys and builds again. I come in winter to [25] you, dismantled of my proper ornaments, by the sweet splendour of your cheerful smiles, I apring and live a lover."

Lot. Mad rescal still!

Isa. [reads.] "Tread him not under foot, [25] that shall appear an honour to your bounties, I remain—mad till I speak with you, from whom I expect my cure, yours all, or one be-

whom I expect my cure, yours all, or one beside himself, FRANCISCUS.

Lol. You are like to have a fine time on 't. [as My master and I may give over our professions;

ny master and I may give over our professions; I do not think but you can cure fools and madmen faster than we, with little pains too.

Isa. Very likely.

Lol. One thing I must tell you, mistress: [10] you perceive that I am privy to your skill, if I and we missioned the state of the state find you minister once, and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds; I shall be mad or foolelse. Isa. The first place is thine, believe it, Lollio,

If I do fall.

Lol.

I fall upon you. So. Isa. Lot. Well, I stand to my venture.

Ira. But thy counsel now; how shall I deal with 'em?

Lol. (Why.) do you mean to deal with 'em?
Isa. Nay, the fair understanding," how to
use 'em. 'em! That's the way to mad
the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and

then you use 'em kindly.

Isa. 'T is easy, I'll practise; do thou observe it.

The key of thy wardrobe.

A room in the house of Alibius.
Ro Bullan, Q. Waiting.
Take the words in their modest sense.
Deceive.

Lot. There [gives key]; fit yourself for em, and I ill fit em both for you.

Leg. Take thou no further notice than the

Lot. Not an inch; I'll put you to the inside.

Enter ALIBIUS.

Alib. Lollio, art there? Will all be perfect, think'st thou?

To-morrow night, as if to close up the colemnity. Vermandero expects us.

Lot. I mistrust the madmen most; the fools will do well enough; I have taken pains with them.

Alib. Tush! they cannot miss; the more

absurdity.

The more commends it, so 1 no rough be-

haviours

Affright the ladies; they 're nice " things, thou

know'st. You need not fear, sir; so long as we are there with our commanding pizzles, they 'll be as tame as the ladies themselves.

Alib. I'll see them once more rehearse be-

fore they go.

Lol. I was about it, sir: look you to the madmen's morris, and let me alone with the other. There is one or two that I mistrust their [16 rehearse the whole measure.

Alib. Do so; I'll see the masic prepar'd:

but, Lollio,

By the way, how does my wife brook her re-straint?

Does she not grudge at it?

Lol. So, so; she takes some pleasure in the house, she would abroad else. You must allow her a little more length, she is kept too short.

Alib. She shall along to Vermandero's with

That will serve her for a month's liberty.

Lol. What's that on your face, sir?
Altb. Where, Lollio? I see nothing.
Lol. Cry you mercy, sir, 't is your nose; it ahow'd like the trunk of a young elephant. so Alib. Away, rascal! I'll prepare the music,

Lallio. Exit. Lol. Do, sir, and I'll dance the whilst. - Tony, where art thou, Tony?

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Here, cousin; where art thou? Lol. Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught

you.

Ant. I had rather ride, cousin.

Lol. Av. a whip take you! but I'll keep you out; vault in: look you, Tony; fa, la, la, [Dances.]

Ant. Fa. la, la, la, la. [Sings and dances.] 106 Lol. There, an honour.

Ant. Is this an honour, coz?

Lot. Yes, an it please your worship.

Ant. Does honour bend in the hams, coz?

Lot. Marry does it, as low as worship, [188]

2 Fastidious. * Beg pardoo. Provided that.

. The usual jest on the cuckoid's horns.

squireship, nay, yeomanry itself cometime from whence it first stiffened, there rise, a capa-

Ant. Caper after un honour, coz?'
Lol. Very proper, for honour is but a rap rises as fast and high, has a knee or two selfalls to th' ground again. You can renesse your figure, Tony?

Ant. Yes, cousin; when I see thy figure can remember mine.

Re-enter IBABELLA, [dressed as a madevent

Isa. Hey, how he treads the air! Shous shough, t'other way! he burns his wings at Here's wax enough below, learns, more than will be cancelled these eighteen moons. He down, he s down! what a terrible fail he had Stand up, thou son of Cretan Dassdalus. And let us tread the lower labyrinth: I'll bring thee to the clue.
Ant. Prithee, coz, let me alone.

Isa. Art thou not drawn i About thy head I saw a heap of clouds Wrapt like a Turkish turban; on thy back -A crookt chameleon-colour'd rainbow here Like a tiara down unto thy hams. Let me suck out those billows in thy belly

Hark, how they roar and rumble in the strain

Bless thee from the pirates!

Ast. Pox upon you, let me alone!

Isa. Why shouldst thou mount so het?

Mercury, Unless thou hadst reversion of his place Stay in the moon with me, Endymonn,
And we will rule these wild rebellious ware.
That would have drown'd my love
Ant.
I'll kick thee, the

Again thou touch me, thou wild enlarge

antie :

I am no fool, you bedlam!

Isa. But you are, as sure as I am, mad.
Have I put on this habit of a frantic, With love as full of fury, to beguise The nimble eye of watchful jealousy. And am I thus rewarded?

Ha! dearest be Ant. Ant.

Int. No. I have no beauty now.

Nor never had but what was in my garmer

You a quick-sighted lover! Come and near

Keep your caparisons, you're aptly clod;

I came a feigner, to return stark mad.

Ant. Stay, or I shall change condition.

And become as you are.

Reenter LOLLIO.

Lol. Why, Tony, whither now " Whe fool

Ant. Whose fool, usher of idiota? You at comb !

I have fool'd too much.

Lol. You were best be mad another while the Ant. So I am, stark mad; I have a enough; And I could throw the full effects as the

And heat thee like a fury.

Lol. Do not, do not; I shall not forber

s Q. che. # Q. atreets

gentleman under the fool, if you do. Alas! I saw through your fox-skin before now! Come, can give you comfort; my mistress loves for you; and there is as arrant a madman i'th' house as you are a fool, your rival, whom she laves not. If after the masque we can rid her of him, you earn her love, she says, and the fool shall ride her.

Ani. May I believe thee?

Lot. Yes, or you may choose whether you

will or no.

Ant. She's eas'd of him; I've a good quarrel

on 't. . Well, keep your old station yet, and be quiet.
Ant. Tell her I will deserve her love.

[Exit.] Lol. And you are like to have your desert.

Enter FRANCIBOUS.

Fron. [sings.] "Down, down, down, a-down a-down," - and then with a horse-trick To kick Latona's forehead, and break her bow-

string.

Lol. This is t' other counterfeit; I'll put [1m him out of his humour. Aside. Takes out a letter and reads.] "Sweet lady, having now cast this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your beauty." This is pretty well for a madman. 100 Fran. Hal what 's that?

Lol. (reads.) "Chide these perfections in you which have made me imperfect."

which have made me imperfect."

Fran. I am discover'd to the fool,

Lol. I hope to discover the fool in you ere [188
I have done with you. [Reads.] "Yours all, or one beside himself, FRANCISCUS." This mad-

man will mend sure.

Fran. What do you read, sirrah?

Lod. Your destiny, sir; you'll be hang'd for this trick, and another that I know.

Fran. Art thou of counsel with thy mistress?

Lod. Next her apron-strings.

Fran. Give me thy hand.

Lol. Stay, let me put yours in my pocket first.

Putting letter into his pocket. Your hand is [10]

rue, is it not? It will not pick? I partly foar

the, is it had be the matter here, you are like for have handled the matter here, you are like [20]

to be cur'd of your madness.

Fran. And none but she can cure it.
Lol. Well, I'll give you over then, and she hall cast your water next. Fran. Take for thy pains past.

[Gives him money.] Lol. I shall deserve more, sir, I hope. My of your love to her.

Fran. There I meet my wishes.

Lol. That will not serve, you must meet her

Fran. He's dead already.

Lol. Will you tell me that, and I parted but w with him?

1 Honest.

Frun. Show me the man.

Lol. Ay, that's a right course now; see him before you kill him, in any case; and yet it needs not go so far neither. 'It is but a fool that haunts the house and my mistress in the [sis shape of an idiot; bang but his fool's coat well-favouredly, and 't is well.

Fran. Soundly, soundly!

Lot. Only reserve him till the masque be past; and if you find him not now in the dance property yourself, I'll show you. In, in! my master!

Dancing. Fran. He handles him like a feather. Hey!

Enter ALIBIUS.

Alib. Well said: in a readiness, Lollio?

Alib. Away then, and guide them in, Lollio: Entreat your mistress to see this sight.

Hark, is there not one incurable field. That might be begg'd ? I 've friends.

Lul. I have him for you. One that shall deserve it too.

ne that shall deserve.

Alib. Good boy, Lollio!

The madmen and fools dance. I is perfect: well, fit but once these strains, :-We shall have coin and credit for our pains. Exeunt.

ACT V

SCENE L18

Enter BEATRICE: a clock strikes one.

Beat. One struck, and yet she lies by 't!

O my fears! This strumpet serves her own ends, 't is appar-

ent now Devous the pleasure with a greedy appetite, And never minds my honour or my peace, Makes have of my right. But she pays dearly

for 't: No trusting of her life with such a secret That cannot rule her blood to keep her pro-

mise; Beside, I've some suspicion of her faith to me, Because I was suspected of my lord, And it must come from her. [Striks two.] Hark!

by my horrors, Another clock strikes two!

Enter DE FLORES.

De F.

Beat. De Flores?

De F.

Ay. Is she not come from him yet?

Brat. As I'm a living soul, not!

De F.

Suro the devil

De F. Sure the devil

Frusk A waiting-woman?

Boot. I must trust somebody.
De F. Push! they 're termaganta;
Especially when they fall upon their masters

Whose custody, with the revenues of his estate, might be begged from the king.
 A gallery in the Castle.

Ti

And have their ladies' first fruits; they 're mad whelps,

You cannot stave 'em off from game royal:

You are so rash I and hardy, ask no counsel; And I could have helpt you to a 'pothecary's daughter

Would have fall'n off before eleven, and thank, t) you too.

Beat. () me, not yet! this whore forgets herself.

De F. The rascal fares so well: look, you're

undone;
The day-star, by this hand! see Phosphorus 2

The day star, by tand plain yonder.

Beat. Advise me now to fall upon some ruin;

There is no counsel safe else.

Peace! I ha't now,

For we must force a rising, there's no remedy.

Beat. How? take heed of that.

De F. Tush! be you quiet, or else give over

all.

Beat. Prithee, I ha' done then.

De F. This is my reach: 2 I'll set Some part a-fire of Diaphanta's chamber

the whole house.

De F. You talk of dauger when your fame 's on fire?

Beat. That 's true; do what thou wilt now.

De F.

At a most rich success strikes all dead sure. The chimney being a-fire, and some light par-

cels Of the least danger in her chamber only, If Diaphanta should be met by chance then

Far from her lodging, which is now suspicious, It would be thought her fears and affrights then Drove her to seek for succour; if not seen Or met at all, as that 's the likeliest,

For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodging ;

I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd, As 't were to cleanse the chimney, there 't is

proper now

But she shall be the mark.

Best. I in fore'd to love thee now, 'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my hon-

De F. 'Slid, it concerns the safety of us both.

Our pleasure and continuance.

One word now,

Prithee; how for the servants? I'll despatch them,

Some one way, some another in the hurry.
For buckets, hooks, ladders; fear not you,
The deed shall find its time; and I 've thought Since

Upon a safe conveyance for the body too: How this fire purifies wit! Watch you your

Beat. Fear keeps my soul upon 't, I cannot stray from 't.

1 Q harsh.
2 Q Bosphorus.

a Scheme. · Fire-arm.

Enter ALONZO's Ghost.

De F. Ha! what art thou that tak'st ever the light,

Betwixt that star and me? I dread the not. -

'T was but a mist of conscience, all's in

again.
at. Who's that. De Plores? Bless as: Beat. alides by Some ill thing haunts the house; 't has left >

hind it A shivering sweat upon me; I'm afraid ave This night hath been so tedious! O this sim-

Had she a thousand lives, he should not land

her Till he had destroy'd the last. List! O my we

rors ! Struck three s'ona Three struck by St. Sebastian's !
Within. Fire, fire, fire !
Beat. Already? How rare is that me

speed !

How heartily he serves me ! his face lauke But look upon his care, who would not be

him ? The east is not more beauteous than his serves Within. Fire, fire, fire!

Re-enter DE FLORES: Servants pass over: bil rings.

De F. Away, despatch ! hooks, buckets, his The fire-hell rings; the chimney works, =!

churve; The piece is ready.

Enter DIAPRANTA.

O you're a jewel! Pardon frailty, madam; In truth, I was so well. I er in forgot tarself.

Beat. You've made trim work!

Dia.

What?

Hie quickly to your chamber; Your reward follows you. I never made Beat.

So sweet a bargain.

Enter ALSENERRO.

Als. O my dear Joanna, Alus! art thon risen too? I was coming, My absolute treasure !

When I mist you. Brut. I could not choose but follow

1/3. Then 'rt all swortness ' The fire is not so dangerous.

Brat.
Als. I prithee, tremble not , believe on 13 Think you at

Enter VERMANDERO and JASPENINA

Ver. O bless my house and me!
Als.
My lord your face Als.

I Well done.

Re-enter DE FLORES with a gun.

Ver. Knave, whither goes that piece?

De F.

To scour the chimney.

Ver. O, well said, well said!

That fellow a good on all occasions. To scour the chimney. Exit.

Brat. A wondrous necessary man, my lord. Ver. He hath a ready wit; he's worth 'em all, sir;

Dog at a house of fire; I ha' seen him singed ere Ra, there he goes!

Come, sweet, to bed now; "

Alas! thou wilt get cold.

Beat. Alas! the fear keeps that out!

My heart will find no quiet till I hear

How Diaphanta, my poor woman, fares; It is her chamber, sir, her lodging chamber. Ver. How should the fire come there? Beat. Asgood a soul as ever lady countenanc'd,

But in her chamber negligent and heavy:

She scapt a mine twice.

Ver.

Twice?

Beat.

Strangely twice, sir.

Ver. Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a

An they be ne'er so good.

Re-enter DE FLORES.

() poor virginity, 186

Thou hast paid dearly for 't!

Ver. Bless us, what 's that? De F. A thing you all knew once, Diaphanta's burnt.

Beat. My woman! O my woman!

Now the flames Bless us, what 's that?

Are greedy of her; burnt, burnt, burnt to death, sir!

Beat. O my presaging soul!

Not a tear more! 110 I charge you by the last embrace I gave you In bed, before this rais'd us.

Beat.

Now you tie mo

Now you tie me; Were it my sister, now she gets no more.

Enter Servant,

Ver. How now? Ser. All danger's past; you may now take us Your rests, my lords; the fire is throughly quencht.

poor gentlewoman, how soon was she stifled!

Beat. De Flores, what is left of her inter, And we as mourners all will follow her.

will entreat that honour to my servant Er'n of my lord himself

Command it, aweetness. Als.

Beat. Which of you spied the fire first?

The F.

Beat. And took such pains in t too? A

double goodness!

De Flores, call upon me. He shall be. -

And upon me, sir. 114 Exeunt [all except DE FLORES].

De F. Rewarded? Precious! here's a trick beyond me.

I see in all bouts, both of sport and wit, Always a woman strives for the last hit.

Exil.

(SCENE II.) 1

Enter TOMABO.

Tom. I cannot taste the benefits of life With the same relish I was wont to do. Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowship A treacherous bloody friendship; and because 'm ignorant in whom my wrath should settle, must think all men villains, and the next meet, whoe'er he be, the murderer

Of my most worthy brother. Ha! what 's he?

DE FLORES passes over the stage.

O, the fellow that some call honest De Flores;

But methinks honesty was hard bested To come there for a lodging; as if a queen Should make her palace of a pest-house.

I find a contrariety in nature

Betwixt that face and me; the least occasion Would give megame upon him; yethe aso foul a One would scarce touch [him] with a sword he lov'd

And made account of; so most deadly venomous,

He would go near to poison any weapon That should draw blood on him; one must resolve

Never to use that sword again in fight In way of honest manhood that strikes him; Some river must devour it; 't wore not fit That any mun should find it. What, again?

Re-enter DE FLORES.

He walks a' purpose by, sure, to choke me up,
T' infect my blood.

De F.

My worthy noble lord!

Tom. Doet offer to come near and breaths (Strikes him.) upon me?
De F. A blow!

De F. A blow! Yea, are you so prepar'd?
Il rather like a soldier die by th' sword,
han like a soldier die by th' sword, Than like a politician by thy poison. [Draws.]

De F. Hold, my lord, as you are honourable |

Tom. All slaves that kill by poison are still

De F. [Aside.] I cannot strike; I see his

brother's wounds Presh bleeding in his eye, as in a crystal. —
I will not question this. I know you're noble;
I take my injury with thanks given, sir,
Like a wise lawer, and as a favour
Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it. —
[Aside.] Why this from him that yesterday ap-

pear 'd

So atrangely loving to me?

O, but instinct is of a subtler strain!

Guilt must not walk so near his lodge again; He came near me now.

Tom. All league with mankind I renounce for ever,

Till I find this murderer; not so much

1 Another apartment in the Castle.

As common courtesy but I 'll lock up;
For in the state of ignorance I live in,
A brother may salute his brother's murderer,
And wish good speed to th' villain in a greeting. Enter VERMANDERO, ALIBIUS, and ISABELLA.

Ver. Noble Piracque!
Tom. Pray, keep on your way, sir; I 've nothing to say to you.

Ver.

Comforts bless you, sir;

Tom, I've forsworn compliment, in troth I

have, sir; As you are merely man, I have not left

As you are merely man. I have not left.

A good wish for you, nor for any here.

Ver. Unless you be so far in love with grief,
You will not part from 't upon any terms,

We bring that news will make a welcome for us.

Tom. What news can that be?

Ver.

Throw no scornful smile

Upon the seal I bring you, 't is worth more, sir.
Two of the chiefest men I kept about me I hide not from the law of your just vengeance.

Tom. Ha! Ver. To give your peace more ample antisfac-

tion,

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Thank these discoverers, Tom.

If you bring that calm,
Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in
For that contemptuous snale [I threw, I upon you; For that contemptuous state | Kings | Markets | Kings | Markets | Kings | King Unto a sacred altar.

Ver. [raising him.] Good sir, rise; Why, now you overdo as much a this hand As you fell short a' t' other. — Speak, Alibius, Alib. 'T was my wife's fortune, as she is most

lucky t a discovery, to find out lately, Within our hospital of fools and madmen, I wo counterfeits slipt into these disguises,

Their names Franciscus and Antonio.

Ver. Both mine, sir, and I ask no favour for Ver. L

Alib. Now that which draws suspicion to their habits.

The time of their diegnisings agrees justly

The time of their angular.
With the day of the murder.
O blest revelation! Tom.
Ver. Nay, more, nay, more, sir - I'll not

In way of justice — they both feign'd a journey To Briamata, and so wrought out 2 their leaves;

My love was so abus'd 3 in 't.

Tom,

Time 's too precious To run in waste now; you have brought a peace. The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase. Be my most happy conduct; I thirst for 'em: "
Like anhtle lightning will I wind about 'em, And melt their marrow in 'em.

[SCENE III.]4

Enter ALBEMERO and JASPERING.

Jas. Your confidence, I'm sure, is now of proof;

2 Obtained. Deceived. · Alseniero's apartment in the Castle.

The prospect from the garden has show'd Enough for deep suspicion.

The black mask .1/a. That so continually was worn upon't Condemns the face for ugly ere 't be

Her despite to him, and so seeming bottomica.

Jas. Touch it home then; 't is not a shaller

probe Can search this ulcer soundly; I fear you " find it

Full of corruption. 'T is fit I leave you. She meets you opportunely from that walk; she took the back door at his parting with ker

Als. Did my fate wait for this unhappy struke

At my first sight of woman? She is here.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Alsemero !

How do you ? 118. Beat. How do !!

Alas, sir! how do you? You look not well.

Als. You read me well enough; I am not well

Beat. Not well, sir! Is 't in my power to bet

ter you?

Als. Yes.

Beat. Nay, then you 're cur'd again.

Als. Pray, resolve "me one question, lady.
Beat. If I can.

Beat, If I can.
Als. None can so sure: are you honest? Beat. Ha, ha, ha! that's a broud question

my lord.

Als. But that's not a modest answer, as lady.

o you laugh? My doubts are strong upon me Beut. 'T is innocence that smiles, and rough brow

Can take away the dimple in her check.
Say I should strain a tear to fill the want.
Which would you give the better faith to?
Als. 'T were but hypocrisy of a sudder colour

But the same stuff; neither your smiles so tears

Shall move or flatter me from my belief : You are a whore! What a horrid sound it hatk

It blasts a beauty to deformity :

Upon what face seever that breath falls. It strikes it ugly. O. you have rain'd What you can ne'er repair again?

Demolish, and seek out truth within you. If there be any left; let your sweet to news Prevent your heart's rifling; there I'll research And tear out my suspicion.

Beat. You may, me , . It is an easy passage; yet, if you please. Show me the ground whereon you lest see

love ; My spotless virtue may but tread on that

My sportes. Before I perish. Unanswerable : A ground you cannot stand on; you fall deep Beneath all grace and goodness when you as

A America.

ol on 't. There was a visor ing face, and that became you; a in triumph rides upon 't. tender reconcilement else I your despite, your rancorous

hat your eye was sore at sight of. me your arm's supporter, your

there the cause?
Worse, your lust's devil, "

fould any but yourself say that, im to a villain!

It was witnest of your bosom, Diaphanta.

witness dead then?
"T is to be fear'd of her knowledge; poor soul, ag after the discovery.

false enspicion is beguil'd with; candal I stand up innocence, guilt of one black other deed se roof of ; your love has made me

A bloody one; on for it, strokt a serpent : ate, worthy in my esteem ployment, and him most worthy y'd, I caus'd to murder Piracque, having no an that worst to assure

O, the place itself e'er since a for vengeance! The temple, n id beauty first unlawfully tion and quencht the right one; ars at first, 't will have it now : leform'd!

Forget not, sir, reas done. Shall greater dangers

pleome? (), thou should'st have gone gues about to have avoided bridge of blood! Here we are lost, aber, I am true unto your bed, itself a a charnel, the sheets

areasses. It must ask pause in this; meantime you shall

only enter my closet;
Exit BEATRICE (into closet).
sper yet. O. in what yet.
y shall I first begin? Ha!
w has put me in. — Do Flores!

enter DE FLORES.

Alsemero!

I can tell von wife has her commended to you. news indeed, my lord; I think

o the gallows if she could, me so well; I thank her.

Als. What 's this blood upon your band, De Flores?

De F. Blood | no, sure 't was washt since.

Als.

De F. Since t' other day I got a knock
In a sword-and-dagger school, I think 't is out.

Als. Yes. 't is almost out, but 't is perceiv'd though.

I had forgot my message: this it is,
What price goes murder?

De F. How, sir How, sir ?

dla. l ank you, sir; My wife 's behindhand with you, she tells me, For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake
Upon Piracquo.

De F. Upon? 'T was quite through him sure:
Has she confest it?

Als. As sure as death to both of you; 107 And much more than that.

It could not be much more; De F. 'T was but one thing, and that - she is a whore, Als, It could not choose but follow. O cun-

How should blind men know you from fair-fac'd saints?

Beat. (within.) He lies! the villain does belie

De F. Let me go to her, sir,

Nay, you shall to her. -Als. Peace, crying crocodile, your sounds are heard; Take your prey to you : - get you into her, sir:
Erit De Flores into claset,

I'll be your pander now; rehearse again Your scene of lust, that you may be perfect When you shall come to act it to the black au-

dience, Where how is and grashings shall be music to you. lip 1 your adulteress freely, 't is the pilot 100 Will guide you to the mare mortuum. Where you shall sink to fathoms bottomless.

Enter VERMANDERO, TOMASO, ALIEUS, ISABELLA, FRANCISCUS, and ANTONIO.

Ver. O Alsemero! I 've a wonder for you.
Als. No. sir, 't is I, I have a wonder for you.
Ver. I have auspicion near as proof itself us For Piracquo's murder.

Sir, I have proof. Alk.

Beyond suspicion of Piracquo's nurder Ver. Bewech you, hear me; these w Reseach you, hear me; these who have been disguis d

E'er since the deed was done.

Mr. I have two other That were more close disguis'd than your two could be

E'er since the deed was done.

Ver. You'll hear me - these mine own servants -

Als. Hear me - those nearer than your ser-

That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltlean.
That may be done with easy truth,

7cm. How is my cause bandied through your

delays! 1 Embrace.

'T.is urgent in [my] blood and calls for haste. The urgent in [my] blood and calls for haste.

Give me a brother [or] alive or dead;

Alive, a wife with him; if dead, for both

A recompense for murder and adultery.

Beat. (within.) O, O, O!

Als. Hark! 't is coming to you.

De F. (within.) Nay, I'll along for company.

Beat. (within.)

Ver. What horrid sounds are these?

Come forth, you twins

Als. Of mischief !

Re-enter DE FLORES, bringing in BEATRICE [wounded].

De F. Here we are; if you have any more To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not us Give you the hearing else; I am so stout yet, And so, I think, that broken rib of mankind.

Ver. A host of enemies entred my citadel

Could not amaze like this: Joanna! Beatrice!

Joanna!

Beat. O, come not near me, sir, I shall defile

I that was of your blood was taken from you, For your better health; look no more upon 't, But cast it to the ground regardlessly, Let the common sewer take it from distinction.

Beneath the stars, upon you meteor
[Pointing to DE FLORES.]
Ever hung my fate 'mongst things corruptible; I ne'er could pluck it from him; my loathing Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believ'd. Mine honour fell with him, and now my life.—Alseniero, I m a stranger to your bed; 100 Your bed was coz'ned on the nuptial night,— For which your false bride died.

Diaphanta? Als. De F. Yes, and the while I coupled with

your mate

At barley-break; now we are left in hell. 1 Ver. We are all there, it circumscribes us Ver. We are all there, here.

De F. I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart:

heart'd out of Piracquo's murder.

Her love I earn'd out of Piracquo's murder.

Tom. Ha! my brother's murderer?

De F.

Yes, and her honour's prize
Was my reward; I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure; it was so sweet to me.

That I have drunk up all, left none behind

For any man to pledge me. Horrid villain! Keep life in him for future tortures.

De F. Nol I can prevent you; here 's my pen-knife still; It is but one thread more [stabbing himself], and now 't is cut. -

Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee, Canst not forget, so lately put in mind; I would not go to leave thee far behind.

Beat. Forgive me. Alsemero, all forgive! 'T is time to die when 't is a shame to live.

Ver. O, my name 's ent'red now in that 1 See III. ili. 181, note.

Where till this fatal hour 't was never read. Als. Let it be blotted out; let your heart lose it,

And it can never look you in the face. Nor tell a tale behind the back of life To your dishonour. Justice hath so right The guilty hit, that innocence is quit

By proclamation, and may joy again. —
Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done,
'T is the best comfort that your grief can had
Tom. Sir, I am satisfied; my injuries Lie dead before me; I can exact no more. Unless my soul were loose, and could o'ertake Those black fugitives that are fled from

hence.

To take 2 a second vengeance; but there are wraths

Deeper than mine, 't is to be fear'd, about

Als. What an opacous body had that more That last chang'd on us! Here is beauty chang'd

To ugly whoredom; here servant-obedience To a master sin, imperious murder; I, a suppos'd husband, chang'd embraces With wantonness, — but that was paid be

fore. -Your change is come too, from an ignoral

wrath To knowing friendship. - Are there any more

Ant. Yes, sir, I was chang'd too from a lind-ass as I was to a great fool as I am, aw had like to ha' been chang'd to the gallows, he that you know my innocence always exeme

Fron. I was chang'd from a little wit to be stark mad.

Almost for the same purpose.

Isa. Your change is still behad. But deserve best your transformation You are a jealous coxcomb, keep school d

folly, And teach your scholars how to break your or

head. Alib. I see all apparent, wife, and will change now

Into a better husband, and ne'er keep Scholars that shall be wiser than myself.

Als. Sir. you have yet a son's duty house. Please you, accept it; let that your worrnw As it goes from your eye, go from your heart. Man and his sorrow at the grave times part.

EPILOGUE

Als. All we can do to comfort one another. To stay a brother's sorrow for a brother.
To dry a child from the kind father a gree.
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies: Your only smiles have power to came p

The dead again, or in their rooms to give Brother a new brother, father a child; If these appear, all griefs are reconcild

a Lidwey.

1 Receive.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

POF

PHILIP MASSINGER

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

LORD | LOVELL, an English Lord. BIR GILES OVERSEACH, a Cruel extertioner:

[FRANK] WELLBORN, a Prodigal.

[TOM] ALLWORTH, a young Gentleman, Page to Lord Tom) ALLWO Lovell.

GREEDT, a hungry Justice of Peace.

MARRALL, a Term-Driver; a creature of Sir Giles Over-

ORDER [Steward], AMBLE [Unher], FURNACE [Cook], WATCHALL [Porter],

Servants to the Lady Allworth.

Willion, & Parson. TAPWELL, an Alchouse Keeper. Three Creditors, Servants, &c.

The LADY ALLWORTS, a rich Widow, MARGARET, Overreach his daughter. FRICH, Tapwell's Wife, Chambernaid. Waiting Woman.

[SCHNE. - The Country near Nottingham.]

ACT I

SCENE L1

[Enter | WELLBORN [in tottered apparel], TAP-WELL, and FROTH.

Well. No bouse? 2 nor no tobacco? Not a suck, sir;

Nor the remainder of a single can Left by a drunken porter, all night pall'd a too.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your
morning's drunght, sir.

Tis verity, l'assure you. Well. The devil turn'd precisian! E Rogue, what am

Troth, durst I trust you with a lookingglass,

To let you see your trim shape, you would quit

And take the name yourself.

Well.

Tap.

And I must tell you, if you but advance

Your Plymouth cloak o you shall be soon in-How, dog ! Even so, sir. structed

There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,

potent monarch call'd the constable, That does command a citadel call'd the stocks; Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen Such as with great dexterity will hale

Your tatter'd, lousy -Well. Rascal! slave

Froth.

Tap. At his own peril. Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near No rage, sir.

1 Before Inpwell's house. 1 Boose, drink · Puritan. + Cadgel. s Staled. · Hound.

To quench your thirst; and sure, for other

As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take

You must no more remember; not in a dream.

well. Why, thou nuthankful villain, dar'et thou talk thus!

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell

Does keep no other register.

Am not I be hee? West thou Whose riots fed and cloth'd thre? not

Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?

Top. What I was, sir. it skills? not; e
What you are, is apparent. Now, for a farewell,
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will

torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father, My quendum master, was a man of worship, Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and

quorum," And at god fair to be custos rotulorum; " Bore the whole away of the shire, kept a great

Reliev'd the poor, and so forth; but he dying. And the twelve hundred a year coming to Late Master Francis, but now forlare Wellborn

Well. Slave, stop I or I shall lose myself. Frith. Very hardly ; .

You cannot out of your way,
But to my story:

A select number of the more learned justices, whose nce was necessary to constitute the bench.

Keeper of the county records.

You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,

And I your under-butler. Note the change now: You had a merry time of 't; hawks and hounds; With choice of running horses; mistresses

Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so bot,
As their embraces made your lordship melt;
Which your nucle, Sir Giles Overreach, observ-

(Resolving not to lose a drop of 'em,)
On feelish mortgages, statutes, and bonds, so
For a while suppli'd your losseness, and then left you.

Well. Some curate bath penn'd this invective, mongrel.

And you have studied it.

I have not done yet. Tap. I have not done yet. Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,

You grew a common borrower; no man scap'd Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman sa To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches

In your gallantry.

Well.

I shall switch your brains out.

Top. Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little

stock, Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cot-

Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth

Gave entertainment Well. Y Yes, to whores and cantern,2

Clubbers by night.

Tap.

True, but they brought in profit,
And had a gift to pay for what they call'd for, And stuck not like your mastership. The poor income

I gloan'd from them hath made me in my Imrish

Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time

May rise to be overseer of the poor; Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,

May allow you thirteen-pence a quarter, And you shall thank my worship.

Thus, you dog-holt, Well. Pap. [to his wife.] Cry out for help! Beats and kicks him. And thus -

Stir, and thou diest : Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save

Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! Did not I Make purses for you? Then you lick'd my boots.

And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean 'em.

T was I that, when I heard thee swear if ever Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds thou

wouldst Live like an emperor, 't was I that gave it In ready gold. Deny this, wretch! Tap.

I must, sir; ... For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all, On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound

Acknowledgments of indebtedness.

Whining beggars.

ve'er to remember who their best guests ver. If they grew poor like you.

Well. They are well rewarded

That beggar themselves to make such cuch...4 rich.

Thou viper, thankless viper ! impudent hard! But since you have grown forgetful. I will left Your memory, and tread you into mortae. Nor leave one bone unbroken.

Beats him opera Uh! Tap. Froth.

Ask merry

Enter ALLWORTH.

Well, 'T will not be granted.
All. Hold - for my sake, hold.
Deny me, Frank? They are not worth year

anger.
Well. For once thou hast redeem'd them from this sceptre ; 3

But let'em vanish, creeping on their kness, And, if they grumble, I revoke my parden. Froth. This comes of your prating, husban-

you presum'd On your ambling wit, and must use your gli

tongue, Though you are beaten lame for 't.

Patience, Fruth Tup. There's law to cure our bruises.

They go off on their hands and (me) Well.

All. My lady, Frank, my patroness my in She's such a mourner for my father's death. And, in her leve to him, so favours me, That I cannot pay too much observance to be

There are few such stepdames.
Well. T is a noble wides And keeps her reputation pure, and clear From the least taint of infamy; her life. With the splendour of her actions, leaves a

tongue

To envy or detraction. Prithee tell me. Has she no suitors?

Even the best of the shire, Frank My lord excepted; such as sue and send. And send and sue again, but to no propose; Their frequent visits have not gain'd her pro-

Yet she's so far from sullenness and perde. That I dare undertake you shall most from ke A liberal entertainment. I can give you A catalogue of her suitors' names.

Forbunt it While I give you good counsel : I am tourit

Thy father was my friend, and that affects I have to him, in right descends to the Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth. Nor will I have the least affront attack on the

If I with any danger can prevent it

All. I thank your noble care; but, pray you in what

Do I run the hazard?

Well. Art thou not in love Put it not off with wonder.

" I. c. his oudget.

All. You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.

I have heard all, and the choice that you have made,

And, with my finger, can point out the north

By which the loadstone of your folly 's guided; And, to confirm this true, what think you of Fair Margaret, the only child and heir Of Cormorant Overreach? Does it blush and start.

To hear her only nam'd? Blush at your want

Of wit and reason.

You are too bitter, sir. All. You are too bitter, sir.
Well. Wounds of this nature are not to be cur'd

With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain: 125
Art thou scarce manumis'd 1 from the porter's lodge 2

And yet sworn servant to the pantofle, s
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear
'T will be concluded for impossible
That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter, to
A handsome page or player's boy of fourteen

But either loves a wench, or drabs love him; Court-waiters not exempted.

All. Howe'er you have discover'd my intents, This is madness. You know my aims are lawful; and if ever 146. The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring, The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose, prang from an envious briar, I may infer There's such disparity in their conditions Between the goodness of my soul, the daughter,

And the base churl of her father.

Well.

As I believe it, canst thou ever hope

To enjoy a quiet bed with her whose father Ruin'd thy state?

And yours too.
I confess it; 184 All. And yours too.

W'ell. I confess it; 184

True; I must tell you as a friend, and freely,

That, where impossibilities are apparent,

'T is indiscretion to nourish hopes.

Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind thes)

That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her

great
swelling titles, without touch of conscience Will out his neighbour's throat, and I hope his own too,

Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er.
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,

And prosper in it.

You have well advis'd me. 184

And prosper in it. Of my affairs wholly neglect your own. Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Well. No matter, no matter.

All. Yes, 't is much material. You know my fortune and my means; yet

something can space from myself to help your wants.

How's this? so

Freed.

Where servants used to be punished.

s Blipper.

All. Nay, be not angry; there's eight pieces
To put you in better fashion.

Well.

Money from thee!

At the devotion of a stepmother

And the uncertain favour of a lord!

I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind For-

tune

Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me — Though I am vomited out of an alchouse, And thus accoursed — know not where to eat, Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this can-

opy Although I thank thes, I despise thy offer;
And as I in my madness broke my state
Without th' assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus and be forgotten.
All.
A strange humour! Ereunt.

SCENE II.5

[Enter] ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, and WATCHALL.

Owl. Set all things right, or, as my name is Order,

And by this staff of office that commands you, This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,

Whoever misses in his function, For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast

And privilege in the wine-cellar.

You are merry,

Good master steward.

Furn.

Let him; I'll be augry.

Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 't is not twelve
o'clock yet,

Nor dinner taking up; then, 't is allow'd,

Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.

Furn. You think you have spoke wisely,

My lady's go-before! Nay, nay, no wrangling. Ord. Furn. Twit me with the authority of the

kitchen! At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry; And thus provok'd, when I am at my prayers is

I will be augry. There was no hurt meant. Amb. There was no hurt meant. Furn. I am friends with thee; and yet I will

Ord. With whom? No matter whom: yet, now I Furn. think on it,

I am angry with my lady.
Watch. Heaven forbid, man! Ord. What cause has she given thee?
Furn. Cause enough, master steward.

I was entertain'd by her to please her palate, And, till she forswore enting, I perform'd it. Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died. Though I crack my brains to find out tempting

BAHLERS. And raise fortifications in the pastry

4 f. c. the sky.
5 A room in Lady Allworth's house.

Such as might serve for models in the Low

Countries,
Which, if they had been practised at Breds,
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and
no er took it 1

Amb. But you had wanted matter there to

work on.

Furn. Matter! with six eggs, and a strike? of rye meal,

I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.

Ord. But what's this to your pet against my lady?

Furn. What's this? Marry this: when I am three parts roasted

And the fourth part parboil'd to prepare her viands,

She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada se Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on. Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.

Furn. By whom? By such as pretend love to her, but come To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies That do devour her, I am out of charity With none so much as the thin-gutted squire That 's stolen into commission.

Ord. Justice Greedy? Furn. The same, the same ; meat 's cast away upon him,

It never thrives; he holds this paradox, Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well. as His stomach's as insatiate as the grave, Or strumpet's ravenous appetites. Knocking. Watch. One knocks.

Enter ALLWORTH.

Ord. Our late young master! Amb, Welcome, sir. Furn. If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's

Ord. His father's picture in little.

Furn. We are all your servants. 50 Amb. In you he lives.

All. At once, my thanks to all:
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.

Ord. Her presence answers for us. L. All. Sort those silks well. I'll take the air alone.

Exeunt W. Woman and Chambermaid. You air and air ; But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?

To what use serve I? L. All. Prithee, he not angry; shall ere long : i' the mean time, there is gold To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.

Furn. I am appeas'd, and Furnace now grows coul.4

1 The siege of Breda by Spinola in 1624-25 was one of the great events of the time.

† Two bushels.

Bread scaked in hot water and milk.

. Q. reads Cooke.

L. All. And, as I gave directions, if the morning

I am visited by any, entertain 'em As heretofore ; but say, in my excuse, I am indispos'd.

I shall, madam. Ord.

L. All. Do, and leave them. Nay, stay you, Allworth.

Esennt Onder, AMBLE, FURNACE, and WATCHALL. All. I shall gladly grow bera.

To wait on your commands.

L. All. So soon turn'd courtier's All. Style not that courtship, madam, which is duty

Purchas d on your part.

L. All.

Well, you shall o'creuse;
I'll not contend in words. How is it with

Your noble master? Ever like himself.

No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of her-He did command me, pardon my presumption,

As his unworthy deputy, to kiss Your ladyship's fair hands.

L. All. I am honour'd in His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose For the Low Countries?

All. Constantly, good madam; But he will in person first present his service L. All. And how approve you of his course

You are yet Like virgin parchment, capable of any Inscription, vicious or honourable. will not force your will, but leave you free .

To your own election. All. Any form you please I will put on; but, might I make my choice, With humble emulation I would follow

The path my lord marks to me.

L. All.

T is well answer'd.

And I commend your spirit. You had a father.
Blest be his memory! that some few hours.

Before the will of Reaven took him from me. Who did commend you, by the dearest trea Of perfect love between us, to my charge And, therefore, what I speak you are bound to

With such respect as if he liv'd in me. He was my husband, and howe'er you are not Son of my womb, you may be of my love, Provided you deserve it.

hear

I have found you, 1111. Most honour'd madam, the best mother to m And, with my utmost strengths of care and ar

Will labour that you never a upon me.
Your bounties shower'd upon me.
I much hope a words; "If e'er no

Follow the war, tell him it is a school Where all the principles tending to honour Are taught, if truly followed: but for such

As repair thither as a place in which They do presume they may with license practs Their lusts and riots, they shall never ment .

le name of soldiers. To dare boldly r cause, and for their country's safety ipon the cannon's mouth undaunted : their leaders, and shun mutimes; with patience the winter's cold amer's scorehing heat, and not to faint, denty of provision fails, with hunger; essential parts make up a soldier, aring, dice, or drinking."

There's no syllable

ak, but is to me an invious.

To conclude:

Ill company, for often men to those with whom they do converse; om one man I warn 1 you, and that's allborn:

me he's poor, that rather claims your y: he's in his manners so debauch'd, th to victous courses sold himself.

b, your father lov'd him, while he was
the loving; but if he had liv'd seen him as he is, he had cast him off,

must do. I shall obey in all things. . Follow me to my chamber, you shall ive gold th you like my son, and still supplied,

from you. I am still your creature. Excunt,

SCENE III.2

OVERREACH, GREEDY, ORDER, AMBLE, MACE, WATCHALL, and MARRALL.

Not to be seen!

Still cloistered up! Her reason, sures her, though she make herself soner ever for her husband's loss, soner ever him. Sir, it is her will.

we, that are her servants, ought to dispute. Howe'er, you are nobly wel-

moe ; you please to stay, that you may think

ame, not six days since, from Hull, a

Canary, which shall spend itself ady's honour.

Is it of the right race?

Yes, Master Greedy.

How his mouth runs o'er! I'll make it run, and run. Save your od worship! . Honest Master Cook, thy hand;

min, how I love thee! rood dishes still in being? Speak, boy, If you have a mind to feed, there is a

well seasoned. Good!

A hall in the same. art of the back : ribs or sirtoin.

A pheasant, larded. Greedy. That I might now give thanks for 't! Furn. (Other kickshaws. Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,

The fattest stag I ever cook'd.

Greedy. A stag, man! Furn. A stag, sir; part of it prepar'd for dinner,

And bak'd in puff-paste. And task to pure-passes.

(rreedy.

Puff-passe too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a phessant larded!

And red deer too, Sir Giles, and bak'd in puff-

All business set aside, let us give thanks bere. Furn. How the lean skeleton's rapt!
Over. You know we cannot,

Over. Your worships are to sit on a commis-

And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

Greedy. Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for such dinner

We may put off a commission: you shall find it Henrice decimo quarto.

Over. Fie, Muster Greedy! Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner ?

No more, for shame! We must forget the belly When we think of profit. Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me;

I could ev'n cry now. - Do you hear, Master Cook.

Send but a corner of that immortal pasty, And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy, Send you - a brace of three-pences.

Will you be so prodigal? Furn.

Enter WELLBORN.

Over. Remember me to your lady. Who have we here?
Well. You know me.

Over. I did once, but now I will not; Thou art no blood of mine. Avannt, thou beggari

If ever thou presume to own me more,

I'll have thee cag'd and whipp'd.

Greedy.

I'll grant the warrant. Think of Pie-corner, Furnace!

Ereunt OVERREACH, GREEDY, and

MARRALL Watch. Will you out, sir? Watch.
I wonder how you durst creep in.
This is rudeness,

And saucy impudence.

.1mb. Cannot you stay

To be serv'd, among your fellows, from the
basket,4

But you must needs press into the hall? Frithee, vanish Furn. Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstye; My scullion shall come to thee.

Enter ALLWORTH.

Well. This is rare. Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom !

4 The backet of broken meats given in alma

We must be strangers; Nor would I have you seen here for a million,

Well. Better and better. He contemps me

Enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.

Woman, Foh, what a smell's bere! What thing 's this.

A creature

Made out of the privy; let us hence, for love's

Or I shall swoon.

I begin to feel faint already. & Execut W. Woman and Chamber-Woman. maid.

Watch. Will you know your way;

Amb. Or shall we teach it you. By the head and shoulders?

No; I will not stir; Do you mark, I will not: let me see the wretch That dares attempt to force me. Why, you

alarma Created only to make lego, 1 and cringe; To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher; That have not souls only to hope a blessing Beyond black-jacks or flagons; you, that

were horn Only to consume meat and drink, and batten! Upon reversions! who advances? Who

Shews me the way? Ord. My lady !

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.

Here's the monster. Cham. Waman, Sweet madam, keep your glove to

your nose.

Cham. Or let me Petch some perfumes may be predominant;

Petelt some perrun. You wrong yourself else. Madam, my designs

Bear me to you.

To me!

L. All. Well. And though I have met with " But ragged entertainment from your grooms

I hope from you to receive that noble usage As may become the true friend of your hushand,

And then I shall forget these, I am amaz'd To see and hear this rudeness. Dar'st thou think.

Though eworn, that it can ever find belief, That I, who to the best men of this country Deni'd my presence since my husband's death, Can full so low as to change words with than ?

Thou son of infamy, forbear my house, And know and keep the distance that's between us;

Or, though it be against my gentler temper, I shall take order you no more shall be An evesore to me.

Bow, Leather beer cans. 2 Need.

But, as in form you are merels at

Imitate the beavealy natures, and conchade At the least awhere to bear me. I on well grant The blood that curs in this arm is as notice As that which tills your verse; these costs

And those rich clothes you wear, your men's

ubser ance And women's flattery, are in you no virtues,

Nor these rare, with my poverty, to the vice.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve d; Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more Than in the pions were you have shown

For your late noble husband. Furn. And hardly can keep nuger from the

To hear him nam'd.

L. All.

Have you aught else to sar!

Well. That husband, madam, was once a his fortune

Almost as low as I, want, debts, and gnarrab Lay heavy on him, let it toot be throught A boast in me, though I say I reliev'd him. "Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the

sword

That did on all occasions second his; I brought him on and off with honour, lady, so And when in all men's judgments he as sunk.

And, in his own hopes, not to be buoy'd up, I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,

That could forget this? you for 't;

For he had a shape, and to that shape a misd Made up of all parts either great or troble; So winning a behaviour, not to be

Resisted, madam.

T is most true, be had. L. All. 'Tis most true, he had.
Well. For his sake, then, in that I was he
friend,

Do not contemn me. For what a past excuse me. L. All. For what 's past excuses I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman

A hundred pounds.

No. madam, on no terms. Will nor beg nor horrow sixpence of you.

But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever
Only one suit I make, which you designed to strangers; and 't is this.

Whispers to be
L. All.

Fig. nothing elsewhere.

L. All. Fie! nothing and you please to charyour servants

To throw away a little respect upon me.

L. All. What you demand in yours.

Well.

Now what can be wrought out of such a sea s yet in supposition: I have said all, When you please, you may retire · Q. bung'd [Erit Lang All.]

Nay, all's forgotten; [To the Servante.] And, for a lucky omen to my project,

Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

Ord. Agreed, agreed.

Furn.

Furn.

ACT II

SCENE L.1

Enter OVERHEACH and MARRALL.

Ocer. He 's gone, I warrant thee; this com-

Mar. Your worships have the way on 't, and pe'er miss

To squeeze these unthrifts into air; and yet, The chapfallen 2 justice did his part, returning

For your advantage the certificate.

Against his conscience, and his knowledge too, With your good favour, to the atter ruin Of the poor farmer.

Over. "T was for these good ends

I made him a justice; he that bribes his helly, is certain to command his soul.

Mur. I wonder, Still with your license, why your worship having

The power to put his thin-gut in commission, You are not in 't yourself?

Over.

Thou art a fool;
In being out of office I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might, or out of wilfulness or error, And so become a prey to the informer.

No, I'll have none of 't; 't is enough I keep Greedy at my devotion; so he serve to My purposes, let him hang or damn, I care not; Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom. Over. I would be worldly wise; for the other wisdom,

That does prescribe us a well govern'd life, And to do right to others as ourselves, I value not an atom,

What course take you, With your good patience, to hedge in the manor of your neighbour, Master Frugal? as 'tis said He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange; And his land, lying in the midst of your many

lordships

Le a foul blemish.

I have thought on 't. Marrall, And it shall take. I must have all men sellers, And I the only purchaser.

Mar. Tis most nt. sir. 'T is most fit, sir.

his manor, Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences.

Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's lega.

A room in Overreach's house. I Hollow-cheeked. A writ immed for the offence of acknowledging for eign authority within the realm, or some offence with These tresposees draw on suits and suits ex-

Which I can epare, but will soon beggar him. When I have harried him thus two or three

Though he sue in forma pauperis, in spite Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behindhand. Mur. The best I ever heard! I could adore

Over. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title. Want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell For half the value, he shall have ready money,

For half the variety and And I possess his land. T is above wonder!

Wellborn was apt to sen,
Those fine arts, sir, to hook him in.
Well thought on.

This variet, Marrall, lives too long, to upbraid DUE

With my close cheat upon him. Will not cold Nor hunger kill him? Mar. I know not what to think on 't.

I have us'd all meaus; and the last night I caus'd

His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors; And have been since with all your friends and

And, on the forfeit of your favour, charg'd them,

Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep

him from starving, Yet they should not relieve him. This is done. sir.

Over. That was something, Marrall; but thou must go further.

And suddenly, Marrall.

Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.

Over. I would have thee seek him out, and, if

thou canst, Persuade him that 't is better steal than beg; Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroust. Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.

Do any thing to work him to despair;
And 't is thy masterpiece.

Mar.

Over. I am now on my main work with the Lord Lovell,

The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell, The minion of the people's love. I hear He's come into the country, and my aims are To insinuate myself into his knowledge, And then invite him to my house.

This points at my young mistress.

She must part with That humble title, and write honourable, Hight honourable, Marrall, my right honourable daughter,

If all I have, or e'ar shall get, will do it.
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd and brought so low.

That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve her.

And 't is my glory, though I come from the city, To have their issue as bondslaves.

To kneel to mine as bondslaves.

'T is fit state, sir. To have their issue whom I have undone.

Over. And therefore, I'll not have a chambermaid

That ties her shoes, or any meaner office, But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'T is a rich man's pride! there having ever been More than a feud, a strange antipathy, Between us and true gentry.

Enter WELLBORN.

Mar.
Over. Hence, monster! prodigy!
Well.
Sir. your wife's nephew;
She and my father tumbled in one belly.
Over. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious, rogue!

I shan thus men.

I shan thee as a leprosy, or the plague.

Come hither, Marrall — [aside] this is the time
to work him.

Exit.

Mar. I warrant you, sir,
Well, By this light I think he's mad, w
Mar. Mad! had you ta'en compassion on yourself.

You long since had been mad.
Well.
You have ta'en a course, Between you and my venerable uncle,

To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited you.

That would not be instructed. I swear Well. By what?

Mar. By my religion.

Thy religion! The devil's creed: - but what would you have done !

Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,

Nor any hope to compass a penny halter, Before, like you, I had outliv'd my fortunes, 188 A withe had serv'd my turn to hung myself.

I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang

yourself,
And presently, as you love your credit.

Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself, But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,

Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken, Or market-woman with eggs, that you may murder.

And so dispatch the business?

Well. Here 's variety,

I must confess; but I'll accept of none
of all your gentle offers, I assure you.
Mar. Why, have you hope ever to est again,
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings? If you like not hanging, drown yourself! Take

Some course

For your reputation.
"I will not do, dear tempter, 100

With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught yes I am as far as thou art from despair

Nay, I have confidence, which is more then hope

To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

Mur. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the

Will not persuade me to give or lend

A token to you.

1'll be more kind to thee: Come, thou shalt dine with me. Mar. With you!

Mur. Well. Well. Nay more, dine gratic Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at

whose cost ? Are they padders 2 or abram-men a that are top

consorts?
Well. Thou art incredulous: but thou sket dine

Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady.
With me, and with a lady.
Mur.
Lady! what lady.

With the Lady of the Lake, or Queen of Faries?

For I know it must be an enchanted dinner. **
Well. With the Lady Allworth, knate.
Mar. Nay, now there a hope

Thy brain is crack'd.

Well. Mark there, with what respect

Well.

I am entertain'd.

Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whise
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her parter

Well. 'T is not far off, go with me; traf-

thine own eyes.

Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my america. rather, To see thee curvet 4 and mount like a der me

blanket,

If ever thou presume to pass her threshold, I will endure thy company

Well. Come slong then. Exact

SCENE II.

[Enter] ALLWORTS, Waiting Woman, Cha-bermaid, Onder, Amble, Funnace, of WATCHALL.

Woman. Could you not command your lo sure one hour longer?

Cham. Or half an hour? All. I have told you what my haven Besides, being now another's, not mine on Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you larger. My duty suffers, if, to please myself, I should neglect my lord.

Woman. Pray you do me the fame To put these few quince-cakes into your posket.

They are of mine own preserving. And this marmalah

'T is comfortable for your atomach Woman, And And, at parter Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you

2 Footpada.

 Beggars pretending lunacy.
 Hound. The reference is to the game of temp? blanket.

A room in Lady Allworth's boune.

I At once.

Cham. You are still before me. I move the same suit, sir.

[ALLWORTH] kisses them severally. Furn. How greedy these chamberers are of a beardless chin!

I think the tits ! will ravish him.

My service ' All. To both.

Homan. Ours waits on you.

And shall do ever. Cham. And shall do ever. Ord. You are my lady's charge, be therefore careful

That you sustain your parts.

Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.

Excunt W. Woman and Chumbermaid. Furn. Here, drink it off; the ingredients are cordial,

And this the true elixir; it hath boil'd Since midnight for you. 'T is the quintessence Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of spar-

Knuckles of veal, potato-roots and marrow, Coral and ambergris. Were you two years older.

And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress, I durst trust you with neither. You need not

After this, I warrant you, though your jour-ney's long; 22

You may ride on the strength of this till tomorrow morning. All. Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much

grieve To part from such true friends; and yet find

comfort, My attendance on my honourable lord,

hose resolution holds to visit my lady,

Will appendily bring me back. Knocking at the gate. (within.) Dar'st thou venture fur-

ther? Well. (within.) Yes, yes, and knock again.
Ord. Tis he; disperse! Ord.

Amb. Perform it bravely.

I know my cue, ne'er doubt me. Exeunt |all but ALLWORTH |.

Enter WATCHALL ceremoniously introducing WELLBORN and MARRALL.

Watch. Brust that I was, to make you stay ! Most welcome;

were long since expected. Well. Say so much

my friend, I pray you. For your sake, I will, air. Watch. Mar. For his sake !

Mum; this is nothing.

More than ever I would have believ'd, though I had found it in my primer. When I have given your reasons for my

All. When the late harshness and

You 'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe

Though now I part abruptly, in my service I will deserve it.

1 Wenches.

Mar. Service! with a vengeauce! Well. I am satisfied: farewell, Tom. All. All joy stay with you! Exit.

Re-enter AMBLE.

Amb. You are happily encounter'd; I yet

Presented one so welcome as I know
You will be to my lady.
This is some vision, Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;

It cannot be a truth.

Be still a pagan, Well. An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant, And meditate on "blankets, and on dog-And meditate on whips!"

Re-enter FURNACE.

Furn. I am glad you are come; until I know your pleasure

I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner. Mar. His pleasure ! is it possible ? Well. What 's thy will?

Furn. Marry, sir, I have some grouse, and turkey chicken,

Some rails 2 and quails, and my lady will'd me

ask you.

What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

Mar. [Axide.] The devil's enter'd this cook.
Sauce for his palate!

That, on my knowledge, for almost this twelvemonth

Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread

on Sundays.

Well. That way I like 'em best.

Furn.

It shall be done, sir. Exit.

Well. What think you of "the hedge we shall dine under?"

Shall we feed gratis?

I know not what to think; Mar. Pray you make me not mad.

Re-enter ORDER.

This place becomes you not; " Ord. Pray you walk, sir, to the dining room.

I am well here.

Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

Mar.

Well here, say you? Mar. 'T is a rare change! But yesterday you thought Yourself well in a burn, wrapp'd up in peasstraw.

Re-enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.

Woman. O! sir, you are wish'd for. Cham. My lady dreamt, sir, of you. Woman. And the first command she gave, after she rose,

Was ther devotions done) to give her notice

When you approach'd here.
(ham. Which is done, on my virtue. Mar. I shall be converted: I begin to grow Into a new belief, which saints nor angels Could have won me to have faith in.

Woman. Sir, my lady! Marsh birda.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH.

L. All. I come to meet you, and languish'd till I saw you.

This first kiss is for form; I allow a second
To such a friend.

Mar. To such a friend! Heaven bless me!

pleuse To grace this gentleman with a salute — so Mar. Salute me at his bidding!

Well. I shall receive it

As a most high favour. Sir, you may command me. L. All. retires.

Well. Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!

Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour am unworthy of.

(Hers to kiss her foot. I am unworthy of.

L. All.

Nay, pray you rise;

And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you.

You shall dine with me to-day, at mine own table.

Mar. Your ladyship's table! I am not good enough

To sit at your steward's board.

L. .111. You are too modest : I will not be deni'd.

Re-enter FURNACE.

Will you still be babbling w Till your ment freeze on the table? The old trick still;

My art ne'er thought on! Your arm, Master Wellborn : -L. All.

Nay, keep us company. Mar. [To MARRALL.] I was ne'er so grae'd.

Ereunt WELLBORN, LADY A. WORTH, AMBLE, MARRALL, Woman, [and Chumbermaid.] LADY ALL-

Ord. So! we have play'd our parts, and are come off well:

But if I know the mystery, why my lady Consented to it, or why Master Wellburn Desir'd it, may I perial!

Would I had Furn. The roasting of his heart that cheated him, And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts ! By fire! for cooks are Persians, and swear by

Of all the griping and extorting tyrants I ever heard or read of, I ne er met A match to Sir Giles Overreach. Watch. What

Watch. What will you take To tell him so, fellow Furnace? As my throat is worth, for that would be the price on 't. Furn. Just as much

To have a usurer that starves himself,

And wears a cloak of one and twenty years On a suit of fourteen groats, bought of the hangman, To grow rich, and then purchase, is too com-

mon : But this Sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servanta,

Who must at his command do any outrage;

Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses; et he to admiration 1 still increases

In wealth and lordships.

Ord. He frights men out of their extres

And breaks through all law-note, made to care ill men,

'As they were cobwebs, No man dares represe him.

Such a spirit to dare and power to do were n Ver

Lodg'd so unluckily.

Re-enter AMBLE [laughing].

Amb. Contain thyself, man. Hallal I shall burst.

Or make us partation Furn.

Furn.
Of your sudden mirth.
Ha! ha! my lady has got o Such a guest at her tuble! - this term-drive Murrall,

This snip of an attorney

What of him, mm Furn. What of him, man' Amb. The knave thinks still he's at the coat. shop in Ram Alley,2

Where the clerks divide, and the elder is a choose;

And feeds so slovenly !

Is this all? Furn.

Amb.
Drank to him for fushion sake, or to pin
Master Wellborn;
And takes up a dish My lady >

In which there were some remnants of a boild

capon, And pledges her in white broth !

Furn. The rest of his tribe.

Amb. And when I brought him wine. P He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two, Most humbly thanks my worship

Amb. I shall be chid.

Re-enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORK, M. MARHALL,

Furn. My lady frowns.
L. All. You wait well! [To Augst
Let me have no more of this: I observed as

Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I that worthy

To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean

To sit at my table, on any our companion.

When I am present, is not your companion.

Ord. Nay, she'll preserve what a due to be

Figure.

This refresher.

Follows your flux of laughter.

L. All. [to Wellborn.] You are made of your own will. I know so much of manager As not to inquire your purposes; in a word, or

That is your own. Wel. (Aside to MARRALL.) Mark that.
Mar. With revurence.

An it like your worship.

Marvellously
Of Floot Street, famous for his restaurants

Well. Trouble yourself no further, Dear madam; my heart 's full of zeal and ser-

However in my language I am sparing. Come, Master Marrall.

Mar.

I attend your worship.

Ereunt Wrilborn and Markall.

L. All. I see in your looks you are sorry.

and you know me An easy mistress. Be merry; I have forgot all. Order and Furnace, come with me; I must

Further directions.

Ord.

What you please,

We are ready. Excunt.

SCENE III.1

(Enter) WELLBOHN, and MARRALL [bare-headed].

Well. I think I am in a good way.

Mar. Good! Sir, the best way,

The certain best way.

Well. There are casualties

Well.

That men are subject to.

You are above 'em;

And as you are already worshipful.

I hope ere long you will increase in worship, sand be right worshipful.

Well. Prithee do not flout me:
What I shall be, I shall be. In't for your ease,
You keep your hat of?

Mar. Ease! an it like your worship! I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long, To prove himself such an unmannerly beant, 10 Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be cover'd

When your worship 's present. Well. (Aside.) Is not t Is not this a true rogue,

That, out of mere hope of a future cor. nage, 2
Can turn thus suddenly? 'T is rank already.

Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs
no counsel,

Yet if, in my desire to do you service, I humbly offer my advice, (but still Under correction,) I hope I shall not

Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment,

(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish

better habit, for this cannot be But much distasteful to the noble lady (I say no more) that loves you; for, this morning.

To me, and I am but a swine to her, Before th' assurance of her wealth perfum'd you,

You savour'd not of amber.

Well.

Mar. This your battoon hath got a touch of it.—

Kisses the end of his cudgel.

Yet, if you please, for change, I have twenty pounds here,

1 The country cear Lady Allworth's house.
2 Cheating.

Ambergrie, a fachionable perfume.

Which, out of my true love, I'll presently Lay down at your worship's feet; 't will serve to buy you

A riding suit.

Well. But where 's the horse? 'My gelding Is at your service; nay, you shall ride me, Before your worship shall be put to the trouble To walk afoot. Alus, when you are lord so Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be, You may with the lease of globe land, called

Knave's-acre, A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

Well. I thank thy love, but must make no

nse of it; What's twenty pounds?

Mar. T is all that I can make, sir. w
Well. Dost thou think, though I want
clothes, I could not have 'em,

For one word to my lady?

Mar.
Well. Come, I will tell thee a secret, and so

I will not give her the advantage, though she

gallaut-minded lady, after we are married, " (There being no woman but is sometimes froward.)

To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was fore'd To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling mag. No. I'll be furnish'd something like myself, And so farewell: for thy suit touching Knave's-

When it is mine, 't is thine.

Mar. I thank your worship. Exit WELL. How was I cozen'd in the calculation Of this man's fortune! My master cozen'd too, Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men; Sor that is our profession! Well, well, Master Wellborn,

You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated:

Which, if the Fates please, when you are possess'd

Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall

I'll presently think of the means,

H'alks by, musing.

Enter Overneach, [speaking to a Servant within.]

Sirtah. take my horse. so I'll walk toget me an appetite; 't is but a mile, And exercise will keep me from being pursy.⁹ Ha! Marrall! Is he conjuring? Perhaps The knave has wrought the prodigal to do

Some outrage on himself, and now he feels of Compunction in his conscience for 't: no matter, So it be done. Marrall!

Sir. How succeed we Mar. Over. In our plot on Wellborn?

Mar. Never hetter, sir Over. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?

Cultivate. Cheated. Fat and short winded.

No, sir, be liven; Lives once more to be made a prey to you, 10 A greater prey than ever.

Art thou in thy wite?

If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, sir, is fall n in love with him.

Over. With him? What lady?

Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.

Over. Thou dolt! how dar st thou speak thus? I speak truth ; 79 Mur.

And I do so but once a year, unless It he to you, sir. We din'd with her ladyship, I thank his worship.

His worship! Orre-

Mar.
I din'd with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she
kins'd him,
his request, have kins'd me too:

But I was not so audacious as some youths are, That dare do anything, be it ne'er so absurd,

And and after performance. Why, thou rascal! To tell me these impossibilities.

Dine at her table | and kiss him ! or thee !-Impudent variet, have not I myself,

To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew open, Ten times attempted, since her husband's

death, In vain, to see her, though I came - a suitor? And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,

Were brought into her presence, feasted with

her But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush, This most incredible lie would call up one

On thy butternulk cheeks. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir, os

Or tuste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah:

Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd

With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond these

Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you

Thou never say

From my employments.

Will you credit this yet?

Loffer'd

On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd
Wellborn —
(Aside.) I would give a crown now I durst say
"his worship"—

My mag and twenty pounds,

Over. Did you so, idiot! (Strikes him down.)

Was this the way to work him to despair,

106

Or rather to cross me?
Will your worship kill me? Mar. Will your worsing.
Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.

row.

Mar. He's gone. Over. I have done then : now, forgetting Your late imaginary feast and lady, Know, my Lord Lovell dines with me to-mor-

Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;

and bid my daughter's women trun her sa Though they paint her, so she catch the led

There's a piece for my late blows. I must yet suffer 2 Mar. Later

But there may be a time Do you grumbis! No, sir. Eres Mar.

ACT III

SCENE L.

[Enter LORD] LOVELL. ALLWORTH, and Sevauts.

Lov. Walk the horses down the hill : some thing in private

I must impart to Allworth. Breunt Servace O, new lord What a sacrifice of reverence, duty, watches, Although I could put off the use of sleep. And ever wait on your commands to sen

'em;

What dangers, though in no'er so horrid shape. Nay death itself, though I should run to no

Can I, and with a thankful willingness, safe But still-the retribution will fall short Of your bounties shower'd upon me.

Loc. Laving youth

Till what I purpose be put into act, Do not o'erprize it; since you have trusted as With your soul's nearest, may, her dense:

Rest confident 't is in a cabinet lock'd
Treachery shall never open. I have found you'
(For so much to your face I must profess. Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blod for ti

More zealous in your love and service to me Than I have been in my rewards.

.411. Still great com. Above my merit.

Lov. Such your gratitude calle 'em; a Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper As some great men are tax'd 2 with, who unagan They part from the respect due to thus he ours

If they use not all such as follow 'ena, Without distinction of their births, like sless I am not so condition'd ; I can make A fitting difference between my footboy

And a gentleman by want compell'd to see

me. 'Tis thankfully acknowledg'd: 199 have been More like a father to me than a master.

Pray you, pardon the comparison. Lov.

And, to give you assurance I am plem'd in 't Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me I can command my passions.

'T is a conquest a All.

1 The country near Overreach's house. I Charge

Few lords can boast of when they are tempted - (b)!

Lov. Why do you sigh? Can you be doubtful of me?

By that fair name I in the wars have purchas'd,

And all my actions, hitherto untainted,

I will not be more true to mine own honour

Than to my Allworth!

All. As you are the brave Lord Lovell, Your bare word only given is an assurance Of more validity and weight to me

Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations,

Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers practice;

et being a man, for, sure, to style you more Would relish of gross flattery,) I am forc'd, Against my confidence of your worth and vir-1005,

To doubt, nay, more, to fear.

Lov. So young, and jealous! All. Were you to encounter with a single foe, The victory were certain; but to stand The charge of two such potent enemica. At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty, and those too seconded with power, is odds

Too great for Hercules. Lov. Speak your doubts and fears, we Since you will nourish 'em, in plainer lan-

guage.

That I may understand them.

What 's your will. Though I lend arms against myself, (provided They may advantage you,) must be obeyed. My much-lov'd lord, were Margaret only fair, ... he cannon of her more than earthly form. Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,

And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling

Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses Could batter none, but that which guards your sight.

But when the well-tun'd accents of her tongue Make music to you, and with numerous 1 sounds Assault your hearing, (such as if Ulyases Now liv'd again, howe'er he stood the Syrens,

Could not resist, the combat must grow doubtfu]

Between your reason and rebellious passions. Add this too; when you feel her touch, and breath

Like a soft western wind when it glides o'er Arabia, creating gums and spices; nd, in the van, the nectar of her lips,

Thich you must taste, bring the battalia on, Well arm'd, and strongly lin'd 2 with her discontre,

And knowing manners, to give entertain-

ment; --Tippolytus himself would leave Diana, To follow such a Venus.

Love hath made you w Lov. Poetical, Allworth.

2 Reinforced, Q. lin'd. 1 Rhythmical.

All. Grant all these beat off, Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it, Manimon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,
To make her more remarkable, as would tire as
A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.
O my good lord! these powerful aids, which would

Make a mis shapen negro beautiful, (Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre, That in herself is all perfection, must Provail for her. I here release your trust; 'T is happiness enough for me to serve you And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon

her. Lov. Why, shall I swear?

Ail. O, by no means, my lord; And wrong not so your judgment to the world As from your fond indulgence to a hoy, Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing Divers great men are rivals for.

Lov. Suspend Your judgment till the trial. How far is it

To Overreach's house?

All. At the most, some half hour's riding ; 100 You'll soon be there. Lov. And you the sooner freed

From your jealous fears.

O that I durnt but hope it ! Excunt. All.

SCENE II.

[Enter] OVERREACH, GREEDY, and MARRALL.

Over. Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with the weight

Of curious viands.

"Store indeed 's no sore," sir.

Greedy. "Store indeed 's no sore," sir. Over. That proverb fits your stomach, Mac-ter Greedy. And let no plate be seen but what 's pure gold,

Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter That it is made of ; let my choicest linen

Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,

With precions powders mix'd, so please my lord

That he may with envy wish to hathe so ever.

Mar. 'T will be very chargeable.

Over Avaunt, you drudge! to Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake, la't a time to think of thrift " Call in my

(Erit MARRALL. daughter. And, Master Justice, since you love choice dishes,

And plenty of 'em -

Greedy. As I do, indeed, sir, Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em. Over. I do confer that providence,4 with my

power Of absolute command to have abundance,

To your best care. Greedy. I'll panetually discharge it, And give the best directions. Now am I,

A room in Overreach's house. 4 Responsibility for providing.

In mine own conceit, a monarch; at the least, Arch-president of the boil'd, the rosst, the

bak'd;

For which I will eat often, and give thanks
When my belly 's brac'd up like a drum, and
that 's pure justice.

Exit.

Over. It must be so. Should the foolish girl

prove modest,
She may spoil all; she had it not from me,
But from her mother; I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

[Enter] MARGARET.

Alone — and let your women wait without.

Marg. Your pleasure, sir?

Over. Ha! this is a nest dressing!

These orient pearls and diamonds well plac'd too!

The gown affects me not, it should have been Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold; But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help

And how below? since oft the wanton eye The face observ'd, descends unto the foot, Which being well proportion'd, as yours is, Invites as much as perfect white and red, Though without art. How like you your new

The Lady Downfall'n?
Well, for a companion;

Not as a servant. Is she humble, Meg. And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Over, Pity her! trample on her.

I took her up in an old tamin i gown, (Even starv'd for want of twopenny chops,) to

serve thee;
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have
lodg'd him,
Into the Counter 2 and there let 'em howl to-

gether. 79. You know yourown ways; but for me, Marg. You I blush

When I command her, that was once attended With persons not inferior to myself In birth.

Quer . In birth! why, art thou not my

daughter, The blest child of my industry and wealth? Why, foolish girl, was 't not to make thee great That I have run, and still pursue, those ways That haledown curses on me, which I mind not? Part with these humble thoughts, and apt 8 thyself

To the noble state I labour to advance thee; Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable, I will adopt a stranger to my heir, & And throw thee from my care. Do not provoke

Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.

1 Fis.

t A coarse cloth.
t One of the London prisons.

Over. How I Interrupted!
Greedy. T is matter of impersor The cook, sir, is self-will id, and will not be From my experience. There is a face been

Re-enter GHEEDY.

iu, sir,
And, for my life, I cannot make him coast
With a Norfolk dumpling in the bells of z And, air, we wise men know, without the comling

Tis not worth three-pence.

Over. Would it were whole in the beautiful. To stuff it out! Cook it any way; probee, les

Greedy. Without order for the dampling?
(Over.

Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will each to In his own caldron.

Greedy. I had lost my stometh Had I lost my mistress dumpling; I'll on thanks for 't.

Over. But to our business, Meg; you to heard who dines here? Marg. I have, sir.

Marg. 1 have, air.
Over.
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers, and, what 's rare, is one himselt,
A bold and understanding one; and to be
A lord and a good leader, in one values, s granted unto few but such as rise up The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter GREEDY.

Greedy.

If I be not better obey d.

Over.

Slight, art thou frantis'
Greedy. Frantic' 'T would make see frantis'

and stark mad,

Were I not a justice of peace and querum to Which this rebellions cook cares not a sure

There are a dozen of woodcocka-

Over. Make throll Thirteen, the baker's dozen.

So they may be dress'd to my mind; he has

A new device for sance, and will not dish 'we With toasts and butter. My father was tailor,

And my name, though a justice. Greedy Wast And, ere I'll see my lineage so abus'd.

I'll give up my commission.

Over. [loudly.] Cook! - Rogue, oher ha

I have given the word, pray you now rem

To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no forther Greedy. I will, and meditate what to all dinner.

r. And as I said, Meg, when this geldisturb'd us,

This hopograble lord, this colonel I would have thy husband.

4 Neck of a boar.

There's too much disparity 100 Between his quality and mine, to hope it, Over. I more than hope 't, and doubt not to

effect it.

Be thou no enemy to thyself, my wealth Shall weight his titles down, and make you

equals, Now for the means to assure him thine, ob-

serve me: Remember he's a courtier and a soldier, And not to be trifled with; and, therefore,

when He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:
This mineing modesty has spoil'd many a match
By a first refusel, in vain after hop'd for.

Mary. You'll have me, sir, preserve the dis-

tance that

Confines a virgin?

Over. Virgin me no virgins; must have you lose that name, or you lose me. Virgin me no virgins! I will have you private - start not - I say,

private;
If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard, us Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though

he came

Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off, too: And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close. Marg. I have I have heard this is the strumpet's

Which I must never learn.

Learn any thing, 180 And from any creature that may make thee

And Innergreat;
great;
From the devil himself.
This is but devilish doc-

Over. Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer

Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,

But meet his ardour; if a couch be near, Sit down on 't, and invite him.

Your own house, sir! For Heaven's sake, what are you then?
Or what shall I be, sir?

Stand not on form;

Words are no substances.

Marg. Though you could dispense
With your own honour, cast saide religion, 130
The hopes of Huaven, or fear of hell, excuse me, In worldly policy this is not the way To make me his wife; his where, I grant it

may do.

My maiden honour so soon yielded up, Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him us I, that am light to him, will not hold weight Whene'er 1 tempted by others; so, in judg-When to his lust I have given up my honour,

He must and will forsake me.

How I forsake thee I Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm Shrunk up or wither'd? Does there live a

Of that large list I have encounter'd with

Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground Not purchas'd with his blood that did oppose

Forsake thee when the thing is done! He dares not.

Give me but proof he has enjoy'd thy person, Though all his captains, echoes to his will, Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
Or the judge's favour, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict account, and force him, By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honone !

I have said it.

Re-enter MARRALL.

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come, Newly alighted.

Over. In, without reply.

And do as I command, or thou art lost. Exit MARGARET.

Is the loud music I gave order for

Ready to receive him?

'T is, sir. Let 'em sound Mar. Over. A princely welcome. [Exit MARRALL.] Roughness awhile leave me;

For fawning now, a stranger to my nature, we Must make way for me.

Loud music. Enter LORD LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, and MARRALL.

Sir, you meet your trouble. Over. What you are pleas'd to style so is an honour

Above my worth and fortunes.

All. [Aside.] Stra Strange, so humble.

Over. A justice of peace, my lord. Presents GREEDY to him.

Your hand, good sir. Low. Greedy. [Aside.] This is a lord, and some think this a favour;

But I had rather have my hand in my dump-

ling.
Over. Room for my lord.
I miss, sir, your fair daughter

To crown my welcome. May it please my lord To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and sud-

denly She shall attend my lord.

You'll be obey'd, sir. 1m Execut all but OVERBEACH. Over. 'T is to my wish: as soon as come, ask for her!

Why, Meg! Meg Overreach. -

[Re-enter MARGARET.]

How! tears in your eyes! Hah! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out. Is this a time to whimper? Meet that great-

That flies into thy bosom, think what 't is For me to say, "My honourable daughter;" And thou, when I stand bare, to say, "Put

1 80 Gifford. Q. when he te.

T. Father, you forges yourself." No more: But be untracted, or expect - He comes.

Beener LORD LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, and MARRALL

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.

Let. As I live, a rare one. They solute, so.

Let. Ande. He 's took already: I am lost.

That kees

Came twanging off, I like it. — Quit the room.

[Ereunt ad but Overkeach, Lov-

A little bashful, my good lord, but you, A little hashtirt, my Louidness.
I hope, will teach her boldness.
I am happy

In such a scholar: but -

I am past learning. 11505. And therefore leave you to yourselves. Re-member! Aside to MARGABET and crit. Lee. You see, fair lady, your father is so-

hertous To have you change the barren name of virgin Into a hopeful wife.

Mary.

Holds no power o'er my will.

But o'er your duty. 190 Marg. Which fore'd too much, may break. Bend rather, sweetest:

Think of your years.

Marg. Too few to match with yours: And choicest fruits too soon pluck'd, rot and wither.

Lov. Do you think I am old?

Mary. I am sure I am too young. Mary.

I can advance you.

To a hill of sorrow, no Marg.

Where every hour I may expect to fall, But never hope firm footing. You are noble, I of a low descent, however rich; And tissues match'd with scarlet's nit but ill. O, my good lord, I could say more, but that see

I dare not trust these walls. Lov.

Pray you, trust my ear then. Re-enter OVERREACH [behind], listening.

Over. (lose at it! whispering! this is excel-Jones t !

And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter GREEDY behind.

Greedy. Sir Giles, Sir Giles!

The great field stop that clapper! Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.

The bak'd-meats are run out, the reasts turn'd powder.

Over. I shall powder you.

Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not; In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr. Over, Marry, and shall, you barathrum? of Greedy.

the shambles! Strikes him. Greedy. How! strike a justice of peace! petty treason.

Edwardi quinto: but that you are my friend,

! Silks matched with woolen.

2 Gulf : here, insatiable glutton.

I would commit you without bail or men prize.

OPET. Leave your hawling, sir, or I shall commit you Where you shall not dine to-day. Disturb ay lord,

When he is in discourse!

Greedy. Is 't a time to talk =

When we should be monching!

Lov. Hah! I heard some most Over. Mum, villain; vanish! Shall we break a burgain

Almost made up?

Lov.

Lady, 1 understand ton.

And rest most happy in your choice, believe

it;

I'll be a careful pilot to direct Your yet uncertain bank to a part of safety. Marg. So shall your honour save two lives and bind na

Your slaves for ever.

I am in the act rewarded Since it is good; however, you must put on An amorous carringe towards me to delade a Your subtle father.

Marg.
Loc. Now break we off our conference. Sir Giles!

Where is Sir Giles?

[OVERREACH COMES forward]

Re-enter Allworth, Markall, und Gurret

Over.

My noble lord; and been possible ford; and been

And I like her the better, Apt, Sir Giles, and coming

Over. Yet should we take forts at the feet assoult.

'T were poor in the defendant; I must confin her

With a love-letter or two, which I must her Deliver'd by my page, and you give was to to Over. With all my soul: - a towardly go tleman [

Your hand, good Master Allworth: known house

Is ever open to you.

All. (Aside.) 'T was shut till now.

Over. Well done, well done, my honourable daughter!

Thou 'rt so already. Know this gentle yeath,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.

Marg. I shall, with my best care.

Noise within, as of a carl.

A coach ! Greedy. Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

Enter LADY ALLWORTH and WELLBORL

You share in it; if not, I'll back again.

Now I know your ends, for I come arm V to

Can be objected.

A writ commanding the chariff to take ball

How! the Lady Allworth! > Over. And thus attended !

LOVELL sulutes LADY ALLWORTH, LADY ALLWORTH salutes MAR-

GARET. The spirit of lies had ent'red me!" I am a dolt!

'T is more than wonder! an astonishment

That does possess me wholly!

Noble ludy, This is a favour, to prevent 2 my visit,

The service of my life can never equal.

L. All. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hop'd

You would have made my poor house your first

And therefore doubting that you might forget

Or too long dwell here, having such ample In this unequall'd beauty, for your stay,

And fearing to trust any but myself With the relation of my service to you, I borrow'd so much from my long restraint

And took the air in person to invite you. madam,

Of words to give you thanks.

L. .111. Good Sir Giles Overreach. Sulules him.

- How dost thou, Marrall? Lik'd you my meat

How down so ill, so ill, You'll dine no more with me?

You'll dine no more with me?

I will, when you please, 24

An it like your ladyship.

L. All. When you please, Master Greedy;
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied. And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge

This gentleman; howe'er his outside 's coarse,

Presents WillBorn.

His inward linings are as fine and fair As any man's; wonder not I speak at large: And howsoe'er his humour carries him To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever, for his wild life, bath stuck upon his fame, He may ere long, with boldness, rank himself With some that have contemn'd him. Sir Giles

Overreach,

If I am welcome, bid him so. Over. My nephew!
He has been too long a stranger. Faith you have,

Pray let it be mended.

LOVELL confers aside with WELLBORN.
Why, sir, what do you mean? Mar. Why, sir, what do you mee This is "rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy, That should hang or drown himself;" so a of worship,

Much less your nephew.
Well, sirrah, we shall reckon

For this hereafter.

Mar.

I'll not lose my jeer, Though I be beaten dead for 't.

Fool. ! Anticipate. ! If it please.

Let my silence plead Well. In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure Offer itself to hear a full relation

Of my poor fortunes.

I would hear, and help 'em.

Over. Your dinner waits you.

Lov. Pray you lead, we follow.

L. All. Nay, you are my guest; come, dear Master Wellborn.

Greedy. "Dear Muster Wellborn!" no she said : Heaven! Heaven!

If my belly would give me leave, I could rumimates

All day on this. I have granted twenty war-PAST N To have him committed, from all prisons in the

shire.

To Nottingham gaol; and now "Dear Master Wellborn!" And, "My good nephew! "- but I play the

fool To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Re-enter MARRALL.

Are they set, Marrall?

Mar. Long since; pray you a word, sir.

Greedy. No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must. My master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,

And does entreat you, more guests being come

Than he expected, especially his nephew, The table being full too, you would excuse him.

And sup with him on the cold meat. How! No dinner, Greedy.

After all my care? 'T is but a penance for

Mar.
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.
That was

But a bit to stay my stomach. A man in commission Give place to a tatterdemalion!

Mar. No bug words, sir;

Should his worship hear you -Greedy. Lose my dumpling too, And butter'd toasts, and woodcocks !

Come, have patience. If you will dispense a little with your wor-

ship, And sit with the waiting women, you'll have dumpling, Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.

This revives me : Greedy. I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. This is the way, sir. Eccust. Mur.

SCENE III.6

[Enter] OVERHEACH, as from dinner.

Over. She 's caught ! O women ! - she nogleets my lord,

Torrifying

Another room in Overreach's house.

And all her compliments appli'd to Wellborn! The garments of her widowhood laid by, The new appears as glorious as the apring.
Her eyes ha'd on him, in the wine she drinks, a
He being her pledge, she sends him burning

And sits on thorns, till she be private with him. She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks, And if in our discourse he be but nam'd, From her a deep sigh follows. And why grieve

At this? It makes for me; if she prove his, All that is here is mine, as I will work him.

Enter MAHRALL.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising. Over No matter, I'll excuse it. Prithee,

Marrall.

Watch an occasion to invite my nephew

Watch an occasion to private.

To speak with me in private.

Who? "The regue The lady scorn'd to look on "?

Over. You are a wag. Enter LADY ALLWORTH and WELLBORN.

Mar. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be with-

out him.

L. All. With your favour, sir, after a plente-

ous dinner.
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two, In your rare garden.

There's an arbour too, Over.

If your ladyship please to use it. Come, Master Wellborn. Ereunt LADY ALLWORTH and

WELLBORN. Over. Grosser and grosser! Now I believe

the post Feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote Pasiphae was enamour'd of a bull:

This lady's lust's more monstrous. - My good lord,

Enter LORD LOVELL, MARGARET, and the rest.

Excuse my manners.

There needs none, Sir Giles, I may ere long say father, when it pleases My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy.

Re-enter WELLBORN and LADY ALLWORTH.

Marg. My lady is return'd.
L. All. Provide my coach, Il instantly away. My thanks, Sir Giles,

For my entertainment. T is your nobleness

To think it such.

I must do you a further wrong

Lov. I wait on you, madam; farewell, good Sir Giles, L. Ail. Good Mistress Margaret! Nay, come, Master Wellborn,

I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must

Over. Rob me not, madam, of all jun r

Let my nephew stay behind. He shall have to coach.

And, after some small conference between a

And, after some successful And, after some sour ladyahip.

Stay not lang, at L. All. Stay not long, or Lov. This parting kiss: |kisses Manuall you shall every day hear from me,

By my faithful page.

All.

Ereunt Long Lovers, Lant to the factor of th WORTH, ALLWORTH, and Man RALL.

Over. Daughter, to your chamber

Exit MARGARY - You may wonder, nepher.

After so long an enmity between us, I should desire your friendship.

Well. So I do, w. 100

is strange to me.
But I 'll make it no wader And what is more, unfold my nature to you We worldly men, when we see friends and Lo

Past hopes sunk in their fortunes, lend as

To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom, As, I must yield,' with you I practis'd it: But, now I see you in a way to rise.
I can and will sesist you. This rich lady
(And I am glad of 't) is enamour'd of you;
'T is too apparent, nephew.

is too apparent, nephew. Well. No such thing

Compassion rather, sir.

Over.

Because your stay is short, I 'll have you see No more in this base shape; nor shall she say She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

Well. (Aside.) He'll run into the nosse, as

over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, so far hence,
In pawn; I will redeem 'em; and that no clar

May taint your credit for your petty debts. You shall have a thousand pounds to cut 's off,

And go a free man to the wealthy lady.
Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no else

Over. No compliments; you are staid for. Bo

Over. No compliments, you have supp'd You shall hear from me. My coach, harves for my nephew.

To-morrow I will visit you.

Here's an uncle

In a man's extremes! How much they de b lie you, That my you are hard-hearted!

Over. My deeds, negles

Shall speak my love; what men report I out not. I Admit.

ACT IV

SCENE I.1

[Enter LORD] LOVELL and ALLWORTH.

Lov. 'T is well; give me my cloak; I now discharge you

rom further service. Mind your own affairs;

I hope they will prove successful. What is bleat With your good wish, my lord, cannot but pros-

Let aftertimes report, and to your honour, How much I stand engage d, for I want language To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply My tongue's defects, I could

Lov. Nay, do not melt: This ceremonial thanks to me 's superfluous, 10

Over. (within,) Is my lord stirring?
Lov. 'Tis he loh, here 's your letter. Let him in.

Enter OverREACH, GREEDY, and MARRALL.

Over. A good day to my lord!
Lov. You are an early riser, Sir Giles.

Over. And reason, to attend your lordship. 10 Lov. And you, too, Muster Greedy, up so econ !

Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up, I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's

favour, I have a serious question to demand Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.

Loc. Pray you use your pleasure. Greedy. How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me

('pon your credit, hold you it to be

From your manor-house, to this of my Lady's Allworth's?

Ocer. Why, some four mile.
Greedy. How! four mile, good Sir Giles -Jpon your reputation, think better; Of five, you do shate but one half-quarter
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong
That can be in the world; for four miles riding fould not have rais'd so huge an appetite As I feel gnawing on me.

Whether you ride, Mar. Or go afoot, you are that way still provided. An it please your worship.

Over. How now, sirrah? Prating Before my lord! No difference? Go to my

nephew, See all his debta discharg'd, and help his wor-

whip
To fit on his rich suit.

Mar. [Asidr.]
Toss'd like a dog still! I may fit you too.

Erit. I have writ this morning

A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

Over. 'T will fire her, for she's wholly yours already. -

Sweet Master Allworth, take my ring; 't will Carry you To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there

plead

For my good lord, if you shall find occasion. That done, pray ride to Nottinghum, get a li-

Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd, And suddenly, my lord, that I may say, a My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman, get your breakfast;

'T is unwholesome to ride fasting. I'll eat with you,

And eat to purpose, Some Fury's in that gut; Hungry again! Did you not devour, this morn-

A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters

Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my

A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman, I will not have you feed like the hangman of flushing.
Alone, while I am here.
Haste your return.

All. I will not fail, my lord.

Greedy. Nor I. to line

My Christmas coffer.

Excust Greeny and Allworth.

Over. To my wish: we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter

A certain portion, - that were poor and trivial: In one word, I pronounce all that is mine, In lands or leases, ready coin or goods.

With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you

One motive to induce you to believe I live too long, since every year I 'll add Something unto the heap, which shall be yours

Lov. You are a right kind father. Over. You shall have reason To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres
Pertile and rich; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?

What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. Tis a wholesome air, a And well-built pile; and she that 's mistress of

Worthy the large revenue. She the mintreas! It may be so for a time: but let my lord Say only that he likes it, and would have it, I say, ere long 't is his.

Impossible. Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing

Nor the engines that I work by. 'T is not alone

The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once Weilborn's

(As by her dotage on him I know they will be,)

A room in Lady Allworth's house.

² Devices.

Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's In all the shire, and say they lie convenient And useful for your lordship, and once more I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own What's by unjust and cruel means exterted; My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose 'em to be censur'd by
The public voice,
Occr.
You run, my lord, no hazard.

Your reputation shall stand as fair, In all good men's opinions, as now; Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill, For, though I do contemn report myself
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender Of what concerns you, in all points of honour, That the immaculate whiteness of your fame, Nor your unquestioned integrity. Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot

That may take from your innocence and candour.1 All my ambition is to have my daughter All my ambition is to have my daughter

Right honourable, which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, borne by her unto you,
I write nil ultra 2 to my proudest hopes,
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state requires,
Ido remove that hunthon from your bouldes.

I do remove that burthen from your shoulders, And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin The country to supply your riotous waste, 100 The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find

Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations

And curses of whole families, made wretched By your sinister practices?

Over.
When formy billows split themselves against Yes, as rocks are, Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd 116 When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at her

brightness. I am of a solid temper, and, like these, Steer on a constant course. With mine own

sword,

If call'd into the field, I can make that right, Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong. Now, for these other piddling complaints Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call

Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder 194 On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser Of what was common, to my private use Nay, when my ears are piere'd with widows' cries.

And undone orphans wash with tears my thresh-

old, I only think what 't is to have my daughter in Right honourable; and 't is a powerful charm Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity. Or the least sting of conscience. I admire 3

The toughness of your nature.

Stainleasness. 3 Nothing beyond. 3 Wonder at.

Over.
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.
Nay more, if you will have my character.
In little, I enjoy more true delight.
In my arrival to my wealth these dark. And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take

pleasure In spending what my industry hath compand My haste commands me hence; in one was therefore,

In it a match?

I hope, that is past doubt my Lov. Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of a mankind here,

Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter, Shall make me study aught but your advance ment

One story higher; an earl! if gold can do it. • Dispute not my religion, nor my faith; Though I am borne thus headlong by my will You may make choice of what belief yo please.

To me they are equal; so, my lord, good se row.

Lov. He 's gone - I wonder how the carth as bear

Such a portent! I, that have liv'd a coldier. And stood the enemy's violent charge dannted.

To hear this blasphemous beast am both'd

In a cold sweat ; yet, like a mountain, he (Confirm'd in atheistical assertions) Is no more shaken than Olympus is When angry Poreus loads his double head With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, and AMBLE.

L. All. Save you, my lon! Disturb I not your privacy?

No. good madam For your own sake I am glad you came s sooner

Since this bold bad man, Sir Giles Overreach, Made such a plain discovery of himself.
And read this morning such a devilled matim.
That I should think it a sin next to him

But to repeat it.

L. All.

I ne'er press'd, my lord.
On others' privacies; yet, against my will.
Walking, for health' sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was inade
(So whement and loud he was) partaker
Of his temption office.

Of his tempting offers.

Lov. Please you to command a Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear Your wiser counsel.

L. All. 'Tis, my lord, a wieses But true and hearty; wait in the next next To whisper my intenta.

We are taught better Amb. By you, good madam. W. Wom. And And well know our distance

Apparently a alip for " Parmente.

Ill. Do so, and talk not; 't will become

your breeding.

Excunt AMBLE and W. Woman.

say good lord; if I may use my freedom, an honour'd friend -

You lessen else

favour to me.

I dare then say thus: 100 are noble (howe'er common men or industrious aims 't will not agree

those of eminent blood, who are engag'd to prefer I their honours than to increase ate left to 'em by their ancestors, and large additions to their fortunes, quite neglect their births : - though I must grant,

, well got, to be a useful servant, bad master.

Madam, 't is confessed; 100 hat infer you from it? This, my lord; all wrongs, though thrust into one scale, of themselves off when right fills the other

annot bide the trial; so all wealth, if ill-acquir'd, cemented to honour rtuous ways achiev'd, and bravely pur-

chas'd

as rubbish pour'd into a river, for intended to make good the bank,) ring the water, that was pure before, od and unwholesome. I allow air of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret, d well qualified and the richest match orth part can make boast of ; yet she can-

all that she brings with her, fill their

months, hever will forget who was her father t my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's,

wrung from both needs now no repetition.

real motives that more work'd your lordship

in your families, than her form and virtues:

my conceive the rest.

I do, sweet madam, me g since have consider'd it. I know. un of all that makes a just man happy ta in the well choosing of his wife: here, well to discharge it, does require try of years, of birth, of fortune; and the period of the p wealth, where there 's such difference in

years, fair descent, must make the yoke un-

BRSV.

come pearer. 7. Pray you do, my lord, 200 Were Overreach's states thrice centu-1 77 ol'd, his daughter a of degrees much fairer than she is,

Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me. I would not so adulterate my blood By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue

Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet, And the other London blue. In my own tomb

I will inter my name first.

L. All. (Aside.) I am glad to hear this.

Why then, my lord, pretend you marriage to hear?

Dissimulation but ties false knots On that straight line by which you, hitherto,

On that straight and all your actions.

Have measur'd all your actions.

I make answer, And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have

That, since your husband's death, have liv'd a atrict

And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself

To visits and entertainments? Think you, madam.

'T is not grown public conference? 2 Or the fa-VOUDS

Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,

Being two reserv'd before, incur not consure? L. .1/l. I am innocent here; and, on my life, I swear

My ends are good.

Lor. On my soul, so are mine
To Margaret; but leave both to the event:
And since this friendly privacy does serve But as an offer'd means unto ourselves, To search each other farther, you having shewn Your care of me, I my respect to you, Deny me not, but still in chasts words, madam, An afternoon's discourse.

An afternoon's discourse.

L. All.

So I shall hoar you. [Excunt.]

SCENE II.8

[Enter] TAPWELL and FROTE.

Tap. Undone, undone! this was your coun-

sel, Froth.
Froth. Mine! I defy thee. Did not Master
Marrall

(He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly command

On pain of Sir Giles Overreach' displeasure, On pain of Sir Olles Overland of doors?
To turn the gentleman out of doors?
"I is true; *

But now he 's his uncle's darling, and has got Master Justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly, At his commandment, to do anything. Woe, wos to us!

Froth. He may prove merciful.

Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.
Though he knew all the passages of our house, As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry, When he was rogue Wellborn no man would be lieve him,

And then his information could not burt us; But now he is right worshipful again, Who dares but doubt his testimony? Methinks, I see thee, Froth, already in a cart,

^{·1} Promote.

^{*} Gossip. Before Tapwell's house.

For a close 1 bawd, thine eyes ev'n pelted out With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing If I scape the halter, with the letter R 2 Printed upon it.

Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days' wonder: as for credit, We have none to lose, but we shall lose the

He owes us, and his custom; there's the hell Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by

the drum,

And they swarm about him like so many soldiers

On the pay day: and has found out such A NEW WAY

TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 't is very likely

He shall be chronicled for it!

He deserves it More than ten pageants. But are you sure his worship

Comes this way, to my lady's?

A cry within: Brave Muster Wellborn!

Tap.

Yes: - I hear him. Froth. Be ready with your petition and pre-

sent it To his good grace.

Enter WELLBORN in a rich habit, [MARRALL,] GREEDY, ORDER, FURNACE, and Creditors; TAPWELL kneeling, delivers his bill of debt.

How 's this? Petition'd to? Well. But note what miracles the payment of A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes, Can work upon these raseals! I shall be, I think, Prince Wellborn,

Mar.

When your worship 's married,
You may be - I know what I hope to see you.

Well. Then look thou for advancement.

Mur. To be known Your worship's hailiff, is the mark I shoot at.
Well. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, sir, despatch a These needy followers, and for my admittance,² Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles, Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something You shall give thanks for.

Well. Fear me not Sir Giles. 4 a Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy wife brought me

Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkeys.

Tap. And shall do every Christmas, let your worship

But stand my friend now.

Greedy. How! with Master Wellborn?
I can do anything with him on such terms. — See you this honest couple; they are good Bouls

As ever draw out faucet; have they not

A pair of honest faces? Well.

And the bribe he promis'd. You are occen'd in

them: For, by all the soum that grew rich by my riots,

* Roccet. * For "Rogue." Appointment.
* Q. gives e. d., This interim, Papuell and Froth fist-ring and bribing Justice Greedy.

This, for a most unthankful knave, and the. For a base bawd and whore, have ween & nerv'd me,

And therefore speak not for 'em. By your per You are rather to do me justice. Lend me but

- Forget his turkeys, and call in his been a

Worth all his poultry.

I am chang'd on the sedde In my opinion! Come near; nearer, raeal And, now I view him better, did you c'er a One look so like an archknave? His very con tenance.

Should an understanding judge but look up him,

Would hang him, though he were innecent
Tap. Froth.
Greedy. No, though the great Turk came a
stead of turkeys.
To beg my favour, I am inexorable.

Thou hast an ill name: besides thy musty de That hath destroy'd many of the king's br

Thou never hadat in thy house, to stay men stomachs

A piece of Suffolk cheese or gammen of here Or any esculent, as the learned call it, For their emolument, but sheer drank only, 'For which grow fault I here do damn thy hees

Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw : For, instantly, I will, in mine own per Command the constable to pull down thy And do it before I eat.

No mercy ? Vanish: Froth. Greedy.

If I shew any, may my promis'd oxed control oxed to Tap, Unthankful knaves are ever a standard oxed to the control ox

Well. Speak, what are you?

decay'd vintner or 1 Cred. That might have thriv'd, but that your work, broke me

With trusting you with muscadius and occannd five pound suppers, with your after dr 2 ings.

When you lodg'd upon the Bankside Permits ! 1 Cred. I have not been hasty, nor e'er w to arrest you;

And therefore, sir -Thou art an honest feller Well. I'll set thee up again; see his bill part. -What are you

2 Cred. A tailor once, but now mere botche I gave you credit for a suit of clothen.
Which was all my stock, but you failing a per-

ment,

was remov'd from the shopboard, and coals Under a stall.
Well. See him paid; — and botch so more

2 Cred. I ask no interest, sir Well. Such tailors seed =

Wine from nuscadel grapes.

1 Report

If their bills are paid in one and twenty year, They are seldom losers. — O, I know thy face, [To ('reditor.]

Thou wert my surgeon. You must tell no tales; Those days are done. I will pay you in private. Ord. A royal gentleman! Royal as an emperor f 101 Furn.

He 'll prove a brave master ; my good lady knew

Lo chouse a man.

Well. See all men else discharg'd; and since old debts are clear'd by a new way, little bounty will not misbecome me; There's something, honest cook, for thy good breakfasts;

And this, for your respect : [10 ORDER] take 't,

And I able to spare it.

You are too munificent. Furn. He was ever so.

Well. Pray you, on before. Heaven bless you!

Mar. At four o'clock; the rest know where to meet me.

Execut Onder, Furnace, and Creditors. Well. Now, Muster Marrall, what's the You promis'd to impart?

Sir, time nor place Mir. Allow me to relate each circumstance; This only, in a word: I know Sir Giles Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds, which you must not comment to.

As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will. Be you but rough, and say he 's in your debt Fen times the sum, upon sale of your land; I had a hand in t (I speak it to my shame) When you were defeated 1 of it.

That 's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve 't. Then urge him to

The deed in which you pass'd it over to him, which I know he'll have about him, to deliver To the Lord Lovell, with many other writings, as And present monies; I'll instruct you further, As I wait on your worship. If I play not my

To your full content, and your uncle's much

Hang up Jack Marrall.

Well. I rely upon thee. Escunt.

SCENE III.9

Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.

All. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's

Unequall'd temperance or your constant sweet-

That I yet live, my weak hands fasten'd on Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,

I yet rest doubtful.
Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell: 8 For what in him was bounty, in me 'a duty. I make but payment of a debt to which

1 Bobbed. A room in Overvench's house.

My vows, in that high office regist'red, Are faithful witnesses.

Are raithful witheases.

All.

Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones is
Make wilful shipwreeks of their faiths, and oaths

To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness, And you rise up [no] s less than a glorious star, To the amazement of the world, — hold out Against the stern authority of a father, And spurn at honour when it comes to court

you; I am so tender of your good, that faintly, With your wrong, I can wish myself that right You yet are pleas'd to do me.

Yet, and ever. Murg. To me what's title, when content is wanting?

Or wealth, rak'd up together with much care. And to be kept with more, when the heart

In being dispossess'd of what it longs for Beyond the Indian mines? or the smooth brow Of a pleas'd sire, that slaves me to his will, And, so his ravenous humour may be feasted By my obodience, and he see me great, convento my soul nor faculties nor power To make her own election?

.111. But the dangers

That follow the repulse -Mary. To me they are nou.

Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy To me they are nothing : " Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill me, A tear or two, by you dropt on my hearse In sorrow for my fate, will call back life So far as but to say, that I die yours; I then shall rest in peace: or should be prove So cruel, as one death would not suffice His thirst of vengeance, but with ling'ring tor-

ments In mind and body I must waste to air, In poverty join'd with banishment; so you share

In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you, So high I prize you, I could undergo 'em With such a patience as should look down With scorn on his worst malice.

.111. Heaven avert Such trials of your true affection to me! Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy, Shew so much rigour : but since we must run Such desperate hazards, let us do our bost
To steer between them.

Your lord 's ours, and sure:

And, though but a young actor, second me In doing to the life what he has plotted.

Enter OVERREACH [behind].

The end may yet prove happy. Now, my Allworth - (Seeing her father.)
All. To your letter, and put on a seeming

Buger Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title ;

And when with terms, not taking from his honour, I Inserted by Dodsley.

He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him. But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way, To appoint a meeting, and without my know-ledge,

A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone Till death unloose it, is a confidence In his lordship will deceive him.

I hope better, .4//

Good lady.

Mara. Hope, sir, what you please: for me

I must take a safe and secure course; I have A father, and without his full consent, Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my

favor.

I can grant nothing.

Over. I like this obedience: [Comes forward. But whatso'er my lord writes, must and shall

Accepted and embrac'd. Sweet Master All-

worth.

You shew yourself a true and faithful servant To your good lord; he has a jewel of you. To How! frowning, Meg? Are these looks to re-

A measurer from my lord? What's this?

Mary. A piece of arrogant paper, like th'

inscriptions.

Over. (reads.) "Fair mistress, from your

servant learn all joys
That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys; 1 Therefore this instant, and in private, meet "

A husband, that will gladly at your feet Lay down his honours, tend ring them to you With all content, the church being paid her due."

- Is this the arrogant piece of paper? Fool! will you still be one? In the name of madness

Could his good honour write more to content

Is there aught else to be wish'd, after these two.

That are already offer'd; marriage first

And lawful pleasure after: what would you more Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like

your daughter; Not hurried away i' th' night I know not

whither, Without all ceremony; no friends invited

To honour the solemnity.

An't please your honour, For so before to-morrow I must style you, My lord desires this privacy, in respect His honourable kinsmen are afar off, And his desires to have it done brook not

So long delay as to expect 2 their coming And yet he stands resolv'd, with all due

pomp, As running at the ring, plays, masques, and tilting,

To have his marriage at court celebrated, When he has brought your honour up to Lon-

Wait for.

Over, He tells you true; 't is the fashion, a my knowledge:

Yet the good lord, to please your porest DASE

Must put it off, forsooth! and lose a night, In which perhaps he might get two boys a

Tempt me no further, if you do, this goad

Shall prick you to him. I could be contented Mary.

Were you but by, to do a father's part, And give me in the church.

Over. So my lord have you What do I care who gives you? Since my lod Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross ham. I know not, Master Allworth, how my lord

May be provided, and therefore there's purse
Of gold, 't will serve this night 's expense; to

morrov I'll furnish him with any suma. In the mean time.

Use my ring to my chaplain; he is benefic'd At my manor of Gotham, and call'd Paras Willdo.

'T is no matter for a licence, I 'll bear him and

Marg. With your favour, sir, what warms is your ring?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways, Without your knowledge; and then to be re-

fun'd Were such a stain upon me! - If you pleas'd

sir.

Your presence would do better.
Over.
Still perverse!
I say again, I will not cross my lord;
You I'll prevent a you too. — Paper and ink

there!
All. I can furnish you.

Ouer. I thunk you, I can write the Writes on his last. All. You may, if you please, put out the

In respect he comes disguis'd, and only write.

Marry her to this gentleman." Over. Yesha Ball

'T is done; away; - (MARGARRET knocks: M) blessing, girl? Thou hast it.
Nay, no reply, be gone. - Good Master A5

worth, This shall be the best night's work you over made.

All. I hope an, sir. Exeunt ALLWORTH and MAD

Over. Farewell! - Now all 's cockenre:
Methinks I hear already knights and ladius
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? Has her honour
Slept well to-night? or, will her honour please

To accept this monkey, dog, or paraquit of (This is state in ladies), or my eldest son

Anticipate your objections.

page, and wait upon her trencher? my ends are compass'd!—then for liborn

lands: were he once married to the n here. - I can scarce contain myself, all of joy, pay, joy all over.

ACT V

SCENE I.1

IED LOVELL, LADY ALLWORTH, and AMBLE.

By this you know how strong the my lord, induce me to dispense

Ith my gravity to advance ating some few favours to him, and projects of the down-trod Well-

I c'er repent, although I suffer w men's opinions for 't, the action : at ventur'd all for my dear husband tly claim an obligation from me m such a courtesy; which had I over-curiously 2 denied. ave argu'd me of little love ceas'd.

What you intended, madam,

understand, his debts are paid, us more furnish'd for fair employ-

arts that I have us'd to raise mes of your joy and mine, young Allth,

in supposition, though I hope well; ang lovers are in wit more pregnant r years can promise; and for their Per.

awledge, they are equal.

As my wishes yours, my lord; yet give me leave to

ing, though well grounded: to deceive that 's both a lion and a fox seedings, were a work beyond met undertakers; not the trial ak innocents.

Despair not, madam: ment, being a gift deriv'd from ometimes lodg'd i' th' hearts of ldly men, consider from whom they receive it, meh as abuse the giver of it. he reason that the politic

ing statesman, that believes he fathals of all kingdoms on the earth,

Lady Allworth's house. * Factidiously.

dicity oft over-reach'd.

L. All. May be be so! Yet, in his name to Express it,

Lov. May it to myself Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you! What think you of the motion?

Troth, my lord, L. All. My own unworthiness may answer for me; For had you, when that I was in my prime, My virgin flower uncropp'd, presented me With this great favour; looking on my lowness Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth, could not but have thought it as a blessing Far, far beyond my merit.

Lov. You are too modest, And undervalue that which is above My title, or whatever I call mine. I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry A widow might disparage me; but being A true-born Englishman, I cannot find How it can tuint my honour: nay, what 's more, That which you think a blemish is to me The fairest lastre. You already, madam, Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cher-

A husband that deserves you; which confirms

That, if I am not wanting in my care
To do you service, you'll be still the same
That you were to your Allworth: in a word, Our years, our states, our births are not un-

You being descended nobly, and alli'd so; If then you may be won to make me happy, But join your lips to mine, and that shall be .

A solemn contract.

I were blind to my own good

I till use my lord, Should I refuse it; [kisses him] yet, my lord, receive me

As such a one, the study of whose whole life Shall know no other object but to please you. Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness, bual respect to you, may I die wretched L. All. There needs no protestation, my lord, To her that cannot doubt,—

Enter WELLBORN [handsomely apparelled.]

You are welcome, sir.

Now you look like yourself. And will continue Such in my free acknowledgment that I am Your creature, madam, and will never hold My life mine own, when you please to command

it.
Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you.

You could not make choice of a better shape

That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of lines Well

I heard of him, madage Well. By his minister, Marrall; he's grown

strange passions
About his daughter. This last night he

Your lordship at his house, but missing

And she not yet appearing, his wise head. Is much perplex'd and troubl'd.

Sweetheart, my project took.

I. All. I strongly hope.
Over. [within.] Ha! find her, booby, thou
huge lump of nothing,

I'll bore thine eyes out else.
Well. May it please your lordship, ... For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw You may, perhaps, have sport.

Lov. You shall direct me. Steps aside.

Enter OVERREACH, with distracted looks, driving in MARRALL before him [with a box].1

Over. I shall sol fa you, rogue! Mur. Sir, for what cause

Do you use me thus?

Ocer. Cause, slave! Why, I am angry, so And thou a subject only fit for beating, And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing; Let but the seal be broke upon the box

That hast slept in my cabinet these three years.

I 'll rack thy soul for 't.

Mar. (Aside.) I may yet cry quittance, 100
Though now I suffer, and dure not resist.

Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my
daughter ludy?

And the lord her husband? Are they in your house?

If they are, discover, that I may bid 'em joy; And, as an entrance to her place of honour, See your ladyship be on her left hand, and make courtesion

When she nods on you; which you must receive

As a special favour. When I know, Sir Giles, L. All. Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay

12 : But in the meantime, as I am myself, I give you to understand, I neither know

Nor care where her honour is.
Oner. When you once see her

Supported, and led by the lord her husband, You'll be taught better. — Nephew. You'll be Well.

Sir. No more ?

Made you thus insolent?

Well, tin scorn.)

No more?

Made you thus insolent?

Well, tin scorn.)

Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?
Over. [stide.] His fortune swells him.

Oner. [d side.] H
'Tis rank he's married. This is excellent! L. .111.

Over. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom nse it. I am familiar with the cause that makes you

Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buzz Of a stol'n marriage, do you hear? of a stol'n marriage,

In Q. this entrance occurs after "took," above.

In which, 't is said, there 's somebody hath best oozen'd;

I name no partie

Well, sir, and what romes.

Over, Marry, this; since you are perempter.

Remember, Well, air, and what follows' =

Upon more hope of your great match, I leat you A thousand pounds; put me in good eccurity. And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute.

Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have possessions or I'll have possessi

And therefore do not trifle.

Well.

So cruel to your nephew, now he 's in
The way to rise? Was this the courtesy
You did me "in pure love, and no ends elso

Over. End me no ends! Engage the vision

estate.

And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have Three or four thousand more, to roar and swe ger

And revel in bawdy taverns.

Well. And beg after,

Mean you not so?

Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.

Over. My though Shall I have security Well.

No, indeed, you shall -Nor boud, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment Your great looks fright not me.

Over. But my deeds shall Outbrav'd! Buch draw L. All.

Help, murder! murder! Enter Servants.

Well. Let him come a. With all his wrongs and injuries about him. Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guest

him; The right that I bring with me will defend no And punish his extortion.

That I had thee

But single in the field! You may; but make w

My house your quarrelling scene
Over. Were't in a church =

Over,
By Heaven and Hell, I'll do't!
Now put him

The shewing of the deed.

This tage to take of fear not, you shall have you For fighting, fee hands full,

Ipon the least incitement; and whereas You charge me with a debt of a thomas

pounds,
If there be law, (howe'er you have so science,)

Either restore my land or I 'll recover A debt, that's truly due to the from you. In value ten times more than what you still

longe.

Over, I in thy debt! O impudence! dat I purchase

Clothes in pawn were said to be "last up a bee

l left by thy father, that rich land, il continued in Wellborn's name descents; which, like a riotous fool, dat make sale of it? Is not here in-I that does confirm it mine?

Now, now! 168 I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd

land. I grant for a year or two

ing the possession, you shall case and me of chargeable suits in law, 170 If you prove not honest, as I doubt it, f you prove ... necessity follow. In my judgment,

advise you well. Good! Conspire

ne new husband, ludy; second him shonest practices; but when nor is extended ¹ to my use, peak in humbler key, and sue for fa-

ur. Never: do not hope it. Let despair first seize me. e give

the lie, the loud lie, I draw out dons evidence; if thon canst forswear d and seal, and make a forfeit of

Opens the box [und displays the bond].

to the pillory, see! here's that will kke

est clear - ha!

A fair skin of parchment. Indented, I confess, and labels too; us mack?

liable to insult with? My wise uncle, your precious evidence? Is this that kes

rest clear?

I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder! odigy is this? What subtle devil 100 and the inscription, the wax ato dust? The rest of my deeds whole is they were deliver'd, and this only thing! Do you deal with witches, ras-

a statute 2 for you, which will bring 106 k in an hempen circle; yes, there is; w't is better thought for, cheater,

gling shall not save you.

To save thee

eggar the stock of mercy. Marrall I

Sir. (flattering him.) Though the witnesses dead, your testimony th an onth or two: and for thy master, rol master, my good honest acreant,

hou wilt swear anything, to dash

The law against witchcraft.

This cunning sleight: besides, I know thou art A public notary, and such stand in law see For a dezen witnesses; the deed being drawn too By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd When thou wert present, will make good my title.

Wilt thou not awear this? have a conscience not sear'd up like yours ; I know no deeds.

Wilt thou betray me? Over. Mar. Keep him From using of his hands, I'll use my tougue, From using or ma.
To his no little torment.

Mine own variet

Rebel against me! Mar. Yes, and uncase 8 you too.
"The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby, as

The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise," your "football," or
"Th' unprofitable lump of flesh," your "drudge,

Can now unatomise you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride, and, with these gabions a
guarded

Unload my great artillery, and shake,

Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you. L. All. How he foams at the mouth with rage!

Well. To him again.
Over. O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee Joint after joint!

Mar. I know you are a tearer,
But I'll have first your fanga par'd off, and then

Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd.0 And made it good before the judge, what WANT

And devilish practices you us'd to cozen With an army of whole families, who yet live, And, but enroll'd for soldiers, were able To take in a Dunkirk.

All will come out. Well. L. All. The better. Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture

thee, And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die. These swords that keep thee from me should

fix here,

Although they made thee.
But I would reach thee.
Heaven's hand is in this; One bandog worry the other!

I play the fool,

cowards,
When you shall feel what I date do.
Well.
I think so:

You dare do any ill, yet want true valour To be honest, and repent.

Wicker baskets filled with earth, used to protect soldiers when digging trenches.

5 Revealed. 6 Capture.

7 Fierce watchdog.

Over. They are words I know not, Nor o'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter GREEDY and PARSON WILLDO.

Shall find no harbour here: - after these storms

At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome !

There's comfort in thy looks. Is the deed done? Is my daughter married? Say but so, my chaplain,

And I am tame.

Willdo. Married! Yes I assure you. 100

Willdo. Married! Yes I assure you. 120

more gold for thee.

My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd my honourable, my right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Here will be feasting! At least for

a mouth

I am provided: empty guts, croak no more. 146 You shall be stuff'd like bagpipes, not with wind, But hearing 2 dishes.

Oper. Instantly be here To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot

agniust me, And hop'd to trip my heels up, that contemn'd me,

Think on 't and tremble. - (Loud music) - They come! I hear the music.

A lane there for my lord! Well, This sudden heat

May yet be cool'd, sir.

One. Make way there for my lord!

Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your bless-

Your full allowance of the choice I have made. As ever you could make use of your reason.

Kneeling. Grow not in passion; since you may as well Call back the day that 's past, as untie the knot Which is too strongly fasten'd. Not to dwell

Too long on words, this is my husband. Over How! 100 till. So I assure you; all the rites of marriage, With every circumstance, are past. Alas | sir, Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,

Your daughter and my lov'd wife mourns not

And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may

Sour dutiful daughter.

Davil! are they married? 178

Davil and say, "Heaven Over. Devil! are they married row Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, "Heaven give 'em joy!"

Over, Confusion and ruin! Speak, and speak quickly.

or thou art dead.

Willdo,

They are married.

Then hadst better Have made a contract with the king of fiends, Than these: - my brain turns !

1 Q. will I.

9 Bolid.

Willdo. Why this rage to me '-Is not this your letter, air, and these the wars." Marry her to this gentleman."

for will I e'er believe it; 'adeath' I wi Over I will nest That I, that in all passages I touch'd

At worldly profit have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious more
To trace my footsteps, should be guil'd by children,

Baffi'd and fool'd, and all my hopes and labour Defeated and made void.

Well. As it appears,

You are so, my grave uncle.

Over.

Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll as WHELE

syllable, but thus I take the life Which, wretched, I gave to three

Offers to kill MARGARET Lov. [coming forward.] Hold, for your ove anke !

Though charity to your daughter hath quin left you.

Will you do an act, though in your hopes has been Can leave no hope for peace or reat hereafted. Consider; at the best you are but a man, And cannot so create your aims but that They may be cross'd.

Over. Lord | thus I spit at thee. And at thy counsel; and again desire thee. And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour Dares shew itself where multitude and example

Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and

change
Six words in private.

I am ready.

Stay, cir,

Contest with one distracted ! Well. You'll grow like his Should you answer his vain challenge.

Over.

Borrow his help, though Hercules call it couls I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd a thus.

Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil, Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil.

My fury cannot reach the coward hunters.

And only spends itself, I'll quit the place.

Alone I can do nothing; but I have servants.

And friends to second me; and if I make not.

This house a heap of ashes thy my wrongs.

What I have spoke I will make good her live.

One throat uncut,—if it he possible.

Hell, add to my afflictions!

Mar.

Is 't not brave specified.

Is 't not brave apr Mar. Greedy. Brave sport | I am sure it has to a

away my stomach;

Though it express your pity : what's decreed Above, we cannot alter.

No scruple, madam.

Mar. Was it not a rare trek An it please your worship, to make the in nothing?

I can do twenty neater, if you please

To purchase and grow rich; for I will be Such a solicitor and steward for you, As never worshipful had,

Well.

But first discover the quaint 1 means you us d
To raze out the conveyance?

Mar. They are mysteries and Not to be spoke in public : certain minerals Incorporated in the ink and wax -

Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me With hopes and blows; but that was the inducement

To this communicum. If it please your worship To call to memory, this mad beast once caus'd me To arge you or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.
Well. You are a rescal! He that dares be

false To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true To any other, Look not for reward
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's. Thank my pity
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenc'd.
Greedy.

I'll commit him, as

If you'll have me, sic.
Well.
That were to little purpose;
It is conscience be his prison. Not a word, But instantly be gone.

Take this kick with you.

Amb. And this.
Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,

I would divide your knave's head,
Mar. This is the haven as

False servants still arrive at.

Re-enter OVERREACH.

L. All. Come again?
Lee. Fear not, I am your guard.
Well. His books are ghastly.
Well. Some little time I have spent, under

your favours,

Physical studies, and if my judgment err not,

And look to yourselves.

Why, is not the whole world

Why is not the whole world

The friends and servants? Say there were a

squadron Pikes, lin'd through with shot, when I am

mounted my injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em? I'll through the battalia, and, that routed, I'll through the battalia and the trouted. I'll to execution—Ha! I um feeble:

redors widow sits upon mine arm, Lo reay scabbard with wrong'd orphans'

or best drawn. Ha! what are these? Sure, con brind my lands, and then to drag me

digranut-seat : now they are new

Furios, with steel whips =

I'm unphosphos.

To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall Ingloriously, and yield." No; spite of Fate, I will be fore'd to hell like to myself. Though you were begious of accursed spirits, Thus would I fly among you.

[Rushes forward and flings himself

on the ground.]
There 's no help;

Well. Disarm him first, then bind him. Take a mittimus.3 sm Gready.

And curry him to Bedlam.

Well. And bites the earth!
Willdo. Carry him to some dark room, There try what art can do for his recovery. Marg. O my dear father!
They force OVERREACH off.

All. You must be patient, mistress, Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked That when they leave religion, and turn athe-

ists. Their own abilities leave 'em. Pray you take

comfort, I will endeavour you shall be his guardians In his distractions: and for your land, Master Wellborn.

Be it good or ill in law, I 'll be an umpire
Between you, and this, th' undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach. For me, here's the

That I must fix on. What you shall determine,

My lord, I will allow of. Well. "T is the language That I speak too; but there is something else Beside the repossession of my land, And payment of my debts, that I must practime.

I had a reputation, but 't was lost In my loose course, and until I redeem it Some noble way, I am but half made up. It is a time of action; if your lordship Will please to confer a company upon me In your command, I doubt not in my service To my king and country but I shall do something

That may make me right again.
Lov. Your suit is granted ... And you lov'd for the motion.

Well. [coming forward.] Nothing wants then But your allowance -

THE EPILOGUE

BUT your allowance, and in that our all Is comprehended; it being known, nor we, Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free Without your manumission; which if you Grant willingly, as a fair favour due To the poet's and our labours, as you may, For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play.)
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write. [Excunt.]

A writ of committal.

THE BROKEN HEART

JOHN FORD

THE SPRAKERS' NAMES FITTED TO THEIR QUALITIES

AMYCLAS, Common to the Kings of Laconia. ITHOCLMS, Honour of lovelinear, a Favourite. Onollus, Angry, son to Cretcion. BASANES, Veration, a jealous Nobleman. DASSARS, Tection, a jesious voiceman.

Abmostas, an Appearer, a Councillor of State.
CROTOLON, Noise, another Councillor.
Pacentus, Peur, Friend to Ithocles.
Namenus, Young Prince, Prince of Argon.
Texneus, Artist, a Philosopher. Hemornts, Glutton,
Guorgas, Tavern-hounter,
Amelus, Tructu, Friend to Nearchus.
Phillas, Watchful, Servant to Bassanes.
Lords, Courtiers, Officers, Attendants, etc.

CALARTHA, Flower of beauty, the King's Daughter PENTHER, Complaint, Sister to Ithocles (and was be Brasauce). EUFHRANEA, Joy, a Maid of houser [Daughter to Crus lon).

CHRISTALIA, Christal, PHILEMA, A. Kess, GRAURIS, Uld Beldam, Oversoor of Penths

PERSONS DECLETOED.

TERASUS, Flerceness, Father of Ithocle Arzorms, Simplicity, Orgilus so diaguin

SCENE - Sparta.

PROLOGUE

OUR scene is Sparts. He whose best of art Hath drawn this piece calls it THE BROKEN HEART. The title lends no expectation here
Of apish laughter, or of some lame jeer
At place or persons; no pretended clause
Of jests fit for a brothel courts applause
From vulgar admiration: such low songs, Tun'd to unchaste cars, suit not modest tongues.
The Virgin Sisters then deserv'd fresh bays
When Innocence and Sweetness crown'd their lays;
Then vices gasp'd for breath, whose whole commerce
Was whipp'd to exile by unblushing verse. What whipped to exist by unbushing verse.
This law we keep in our presentment now,
Not to take freedom more than we allow;
What may be here thought fiction? when time's youth
What may be some riper years, was known a truth;
In which, if words have cloth'd the subject right, You may partake a pity with delight.

ACT I

SCENE L.S

Enter Chorolon and Obgilus.

Crot. Dally not further; I will know the

That speeds thee to this journey.

Reason! good sir,

Ory.
I can yield many.
Give me one, a good one;

I Q. Gransis, throughout.

1 Q. a fiellon.

Athens! Pray, why to Athens? You intend act.
To kick against the world, turn cynic, stort.
On read the logic lecture, or become

An Areopagite, and judge in cases
Touching the commonwealth; for, as I take it. The budding of your chin cannot programment So grave an honour.

Org. All this I acknowledge.
Crot. You do! Then, son, if books and less of knowledge
Inflame you to this travel, here in Sparta

You may as freely study.

A member of the Areopagus, the highest policy court in Athens.

'T is not that, sir. that, sir ! As a father, I command

me with the truth. Thus I obey ye. ny quarrels as dissension, age had broacht in blood, and some-

to such confederates as sided and Thrasus and yourself, my lord; king, Amyclas, reconcil'd n awords and seal'd a gentle peace: profest yourselves; which to con-

for a lasting league or families was entertain'd, a Hymenean bond fair Penthea, only daughter

What of this? Much, much, dear sir. of converse, an interchange chaste love, so fixt our souls owth of union, that no time the pledge: we had enjoy'd our vows expected, had not cruelty Il those triumphs we prepar'd for, his untimely death.

Most certain.

a this time sprouted up that poisonalk whose ripened fruit hath ravisht all comfort of a happy life; her brother, proud of youth r in his power, nourisht closely of former discontents, revenge. By cunning partly, reats, 'a woos at once and forces sister to admit a marriage res, a nobleman, in honour I confess, beyond my fortunes. this is no sound reason to impor-

thy departure.

Now it follows. enthea, wedded to this torture ing brother, being secretly yield her virgin freedom up never can usurp her heart, racted mine, is now so yok'd rbarous thraldrom, misery, hat he savours not humanity, mults not into more than pity at her name.

As how, pray? Bassanes, at calls her wife, considers truly a of perfections he is lord of fair Penthea his: this thought d of monster-love, which love h dear so strong and servile
dotage with a jealousy:
gaze upon that shrine of beauty
live do homage to the miracle; is assur'd, may now or then,

If opportunity but sort, prevail. So much, out of a self-unworthiness, His fears transport him; not that he finds CRUSE

In her obedience, but his own distrust. Crot. You spin out your discourse. Org. My griefs are violent:
For knowing how the maid was heretofore Courted by me, his jealousies grow wild That I should steal again into her favours, And undermine her virtues; which the gods * Know I nor dare nor dream of. Hence, from hence

I undertake a voluntary exile; First, by my absence to take off the cares Of jealous Bassanes; but chiefly, sir, To free Penthea from a hell on earth; Lastly, to lose the memory of something Her presence makes to live in me afresh

Crot. Enough, my Orgilus, enough. To Ath-

I give a full consent. — Alas, good lady! — We shall hear from thee often? See,

Thy sister comes to give a farewell.

Enter EUPHRANEA.

Euph.
Org. Euphranea, thus upon thy checks I

A brother's kiss; more careful of thine honour, Thy health, and thy well-doing, than my life. Before we part, in presence of our father, I must prefer a suit t' ye. Euph. You may style it,

Euph.

My brother, a command.

Org.

That you will promise To pass never to any man, however Worthy, your faith, till, with our father's

I give a free consent.

An easy motion! I'll promise for her, Orgilus.

Your pardon; Euphranea's oath must yield me satisfaction.

Euph, By Vesta's sacred fires I swear.

Crot.

And

And I. By Great Apollo's beams, join in the vow, Not without thy allowance to bestow her On any living.

Org. Dear Euphranea,
Mistake me not: far, far 't is from my thought,
As far from any wish of mine, to hinder
Preferment to an honourable bed Or fitting fortune; thou art young and band-

some; And 't were injustice, — more, a tyranny, — Not to advance thy merit. Trust me, sister, It shall be my first care to see thee match'd

As may become thy choice and our contents, in I have your oath.

Euph. You have. But mean you, brother,

To leave us, as you say? Ay, ay, Euphranea;

¹ Decide.

He has just grounds direct him. I will prove A father and a brother to thee.

Heaven Euple. Does look into the secrets of all hearts:

Gods, you have mercy with ye, else —
Cref Doubt nothing; 218 Thy brother will return in safety to us.

Ory. Souls sauk in sorrows never are without

They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs about 'em. Exeunt omnes.

SCENE II.1

Flourish. Enter AMYCLAS the King, ARMOSTRS, PROPHILUS, [Courtiers,] and Attendants.

Amy. The Spartan gods are gracious; our humility Shall bend before their altars, and perfume Their temples with abundant sacrifice. See, lords, Amyclas, your old king, is ent'ring Into his youth again! I shall shake off

This allyer badge of age, and change this snow For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks; Our heart leaps in new vigour.

ilrm. May old time Run back to double your long life, great sir! Amy. It will, it must, Armostes: thy bold nephew,

Death-braving Ithocles, brings to our gates Triumphs and peace upon his conquering sword.

Laconia is a monarchy at length;
Hath in this latter war trod under foot
Messene's pride; Messene bows her neck
To Lacednemon's royalty. O, 't was
A glorious victory, and doth deserve
More than a chronicle—a temple, lords,
A temple to the name of Ithocles.—
Where didn't than leave him. Prophiling?

Where didst thou leave him, Prophilus? At Pephon, so Most gracious sovereign; twenty of the noblest Of the Messenians there attend your pleasure,

For such conditions as you shall propose in settling peace, and liberty of life.

Amy. When comes your friend, the general?

Pro.

He promis'd settlements of the promis'd settlements. To follow with all speed convenient.

Enter CALANTHA, EUPHRANEA; CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA [with a garland;] and CROTO-LON.

Amy. Our daughter! - Dear Calantha, the

happy news.
The conquest of Messene, hath already

Enrich'd thy knowledge.

With the circumstance And manner of the fight, related faithfully so By Prophilus himself. - But, pray, sir, tell me How doth the youthful general demean His actions in these fortunes

Excellent princess, Your own fair eyes may soon report a truth Unto your judgment, with what moderation, so

1 A room in the palace.

Calmness of nature, measure, bounds, and impo Of thankfulness and joy, 'a doth digest Such amplitude of his success as would In others, moulded of a spirit less clear, Advance 'em to comparison with beaven: But Ithocles -

Your friend -Cal. Pro. He is so, maden, In which the period of my fate consists. He, in this firmament of honour, stands Like a star fixt, not mov'd with any thunder Of self-opinion; he hath serv'd his country, Of self-opinion; ne user.
And thinks 't was but his duty.
You describe

A miracle of man.

Such, Crotolon,

On forfeit of a king's word, then will feet Hark, warning of his coming ! All attend has

Enter ITHOOLES, HEMOPHIL, and GHONEAS the rest of the Lords ushering him in.

Return into these arms, thy home, thy macta-

Delight of Sparta, treasure of my bosom. Mine own, own Ithocles

Your humblest subject. Arm. Proud of the blood I claim un interest in.

As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee,

Right noble nephew.

Ith. Sir, your love 's too partial. Crot. Our country speaks by me, who by the valour,

Returning thee, in part of thy due merita,
A general welcome. Wisdom, and service, ahares in this great at

You exceed in bounty Cal. Christalla, Philema, the chaplet, Take the chaplet from them.] — Thou les, Upon the wings of Fame the singular

And chosen fortune of an high attempt Is horne so past the view of common eight.

That I myself with mine own hands have wrought,

To crown thy temples, this provincial garland Accept, wear, and enjoy it as our gift Deserv'd, not purchas d.

T' are a royal min Ith. Amy. She is in all our daughter.

Let me had Acknowledging how poorly I have were it. What nothings I have done, compar'd with the honours

Heap'd on the issue of a willing mind; In that lay mine ability, that only For who is he so sluggish from his birth, So little worthy of a unne or country. That owes not out of gratitude for life A debt of service, in what kind scener Safety or counsel of the commonwealth Requires, for payment?

The laurel wreath . . conferred of added a province to the empire. (difford.) conferred on them we

'A speaks truth. Whom heaven Cal. Ith. le pleas'd to style victorious, there to such Applause runs madding, like the drunken priests

In Bacchus' sacrifices, without reason, Voicing the lender-on a demi-god;

Whenas, indeed, each common soldier's blood Dropa down as current coin in that hard pur-

As his whose much more delicate condition liath suckt the milk of case: judgment commands,

But resolution executes. I use not, As in contempt of such as can direct;

My speech hath other end; not to attribute
All praise to one man's fortune, which is

strengthen'd

By many hands. For instance, here is Prophilus, A gentleman — I cannot flatter truth —

Of much desert; and, though in other rank, Both Hemophil and Groneus were not missing o wish their country's peace; for, in a word, All there did strive their best, and 't was our

duty.

Amy. Courtiers turn soldiers! - We vouchsafe our hand.

[HEMOPHIL and GRONEAS kies his

Observe your great example.
With all diligence. 100 Hem. Gron. Obsequiously and hourly. Some repose

After these toils is 2 needful. We must think

Conditions for the conquered; they expect a 'em.

On! - Come, my Ithoeles.

Euph.
I need not a supporter. Sir, with your favour,

Fate instructs me. Exeunt. HEMOPHIL stays CHRIS-TALLA; GHONBAS, PHILEMA.

Chris. With me? Phil. Indeed, I dare not stay. Hem.

Hem. Soldiers are bluut,— your lip. Fie, this is rudeness:

You went not hance such creatures. Gro. Spirit of valour

le of a mounting nature.

It appears so.-Pray, in carnest, how many men spice ne flave you two been the death of?

Gro. 'Faith, not many;

Gro.
We were compos'd of mercy.
For our daring,

You heard the general's approbation

Before the king,

Chris. You "wish'd your country's peace;"

That show'd your charity: where are your spoils,

Such as the soldier fights for?

Appropriately belittling terms.

They are coming. Chris. By the next carrier, are they not? Gro. Sweet Philema,

When I was in the thickest of mine enemies, Slashing off one man's head, another's nose, Another's arms and legs,-

Phil.

And an together.

Gro. Then would I with a sigh remember And all together. 190

thee,
And cry "Dear Philema, 't is for thy sake
I do these deeds of wonder!" — Dost not love me

With all thy heart now?

Phil. Now as heretofore. have not put my love to use; the principal 186 Will hardly yield an interest.

Gro. By Mare, I'll marry thee!

By Vulcan, you're forsworn, Phil. Except my mind do alter strangely.

One word. Gro. Chris. You lie beyond all modesty: - for-

bear me. Hem. I'll make thee mistress of a city; 't is

Mine own by conquest. Chris. By petition; sue for 't forma pauperis. - City! kennel. - Gallants, Chris. Off with your feathers, put on aprons, gallants; Learn to reel, thrum, or trim a lady's dog, us And be good quiet souls of peace, hobgoblins!

Hem. Christalla! Chris. Pr Practise to drill hogs, in hope To share in the acorus. - Soldiers! corneutters,

But not so valiant; they of times draw blood, Which you durat never do. When you have practis'd

More wit or more civility, we'll rank ye I't th' list of men: till then, brave things-at-

Dare not to speak to us, - most potent Groneus!

Phil. And Hemophil the hardy! - at your services

Ereunt CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA. Gro. They scorn us as they did before we

Hem. Hung 'em! let us scorn them, and be reveng'd.

Gra. Shall we? Hem. We will: and when we slight them thus,

Instead of following them, they'll follow us; Instead or real.
It is a woman's nature.
T is a scurvy one. Excust.

SCENE III.5

Enter Trenicus, a philosopher, and Orottus disguised like a Scholar of his.

Tec. Tempt not the stars; young man, thou caust not play

With the severity of fate: this change Of habit and disguise in outward view Hides not the secrets of thy soul within thea From their quick-piercing eyes, which dive at all times

4 Weave. * The gardens of the palace. A grove. Down to thy thoughts: in thy aspect I note A consequence of danger.

Give me leave, Org. Give me leave, Grave Tecnious, without foredooming destiny, Under thy roof to ease my silent griefs,
By applying to my hidden wounds the balm of thy oraculous lectures. If my fortune Run such a crooked by-way as to wrest .
My steps to ruin, yet thy learned precepts
Shall call me back and set my footings straight. I will not court the world.

Tec.
Ah, Orgilus,
Neglects in young men of delights and life Run often to extremities; they care not For harms to others who contemn their own.

Org. But I, most learned artist, am not so much

At odds with nature that I grudge the thrift so Of any true deserver; nor doth malice Of present hopes so check them with despair As that I yield to thought of more affliction Than what is incident to frailty; wherefore Impute not this retired course of living Some little time to any other cause Than what I justly render, — the information Of an unsettled mind ; as the effect

On these conditions I conceal thy change, and willingly admit thee for an auditor. — I'll to my study.

()rg. I to contemplations In these delightful walks. — Exit Tecnicus.

Thus metamorphos'd

I may without suspicion hearken after Penthen's usage and Euphranea's faith. Love, thou art full of mystery! The deities Themselves are not secure 1 in searching out The secrets of those flames, which, hidden, waste

A breast made tributary to the laws Of beauty : physic yet hath never found A remedy to care a lover's wound. -Ha! who are those that cross you private walk Into the shadowing grove in amorous foldings?

PROPHILUS passeth over, supporting 2 EUPHRA-NEA, and whispering.

My sister! O, my sister! 't is Euphranes With Prophilas: supported too! I would It were an apparition! Prophilus
Is Ithoeles his friend: it strangely puzzles me.
Again! help me, my book; this scholar's habit
Most stand my privilege; my mind is busy, Must stand my process.

Mine eyes and cars are open.

Walks by, reading.

Re-enter PROPHILUS and EUPHRANEA.

Do not waste . The span of this stol'n time, lent by the gods For precious use, in niceness. Bright Eu-

phranea, Should I repeat old vows, or study new, For purchase of belief to my desires, -

t Certain.
With his arm round her walst. (Dyce.)

Coynem; over-particular scruples.

Org. [Aside.] Desires!
Pro. My service, my integrity, - o
Org. [Aside.] That 's better.
Pro. I should but repeat a lesse

Oft coun'd without a prompter but thine eyes My love is homurable.

Org. (Aside)
So was mine
To my l'enthea, chastely honourable.

Pro. Nor wants there more addition to by
wish

Of happiness than having thee a wife; Alrendy sure of Ithocles, a friend Firm and unalterable.

Org. [Aside.] B More cruel than the gray But a brother

What can you look he Euph. From the first time you want can you look to.

In answer to your noble protestations,
From an unskilful maid, but language suited
To a divided mind?

Org. [Aside.] Hold out, Euphranes
From the first time you make your andervals it.

From the first time you mentioned worths have Your merit, means, or person: it had been A fault of judgment in me, and a dulaces In my affections, not to weigh and thank My better stars that offered me the grace Of so much blissfulness. For, to speak truth, The law of my desires kept equal pace With yours; nor have I left that resolution But only, in a word, whatever choice Lives nearest in my heart must first procu Consent both from my father and my brother Ere he can own me his.

She is forsworn ele. Org. [Aside.] She Pro. Leave me that task.

My bruther, ere he pared Euph.

To Athens, had my oath.

Ory. [.1side.]

Yes, yes, 'n had, are
Pro. I doubt not, with the means the cost

supplies,
But to prevail at pleasure,
Org. [Aside.]
Pro. Meantime, best, dearest, I may built

my hopes On the foundation of thy constant and rance In any opposition.

Euph. Death shall sooner Divorce life and the joys I have in living Than my chaste yows from truth.

On thy fair hard

I send the like, Org. [Aside.] There is no faith in woman Passion, O. he contain'd! My very heart-tone Are on the tenters.

Euph. Sir, we are overneas Cupid protect us! 'T was a stirring, sar, Sir, we are overheard.

Of some one near.

Your fears are needless, lady a None have access into these private please Except some near in court, or become student From Tecnicus his orntory, granted By special favour lately from the king Unto the grave philosopher.

Methinks Euph. I hear one talking to himself, - I am him.

4 Hooks for stretching cloth; on the rack,

Pro. 'T is a poor scholar, as I told you, lady. Org. [Aside.] I am discovered. - [flulf aloud to himself, as if studying.] Say it; is it

possible,
With a amouth tongue, a leering countenance,
Flattery, or force of reason — I come t'ye,

To turn or to appease the raging sea?

Answer to that. — Your art! what art to eatch

And hold fast in a net the sun's small atoms?

No. no; they'll out, they'll out: ye may as

Outrun a cloud driven by a northern blast As fiddle-faddle so! Peace, or speak sense, Euph. Call you this thing a scholar? 'Las, he 's lunatic.

Pro. Observe him, sweet; 't is but his recreation.

Org. But will you hear a little? You're so tetchy,

You keep no rule in argument. Philosophy no Works not upon impossibilities, But natural conclusions. - Mew! - absurd! The metaphysics are but speculatious

Of the celestial bodies, or such accidents As not mixt perfectly, in the air engend'red to Appear to us unnatural; that's all. rove it; yet, with a reverence to your gravity, 'll balk illiterate sauciness, submitting

My sole opinion to the touch of writers.

Pro. Now let us fall in with him.

[They come forward.] Ha, ha, ha! 144

Org.
These apish boys, when they but taste the grammates 1

They can oppose their teachers. Confidence Leads many into errors.

Pro.
By your leave, sir.
Euph. Are you a scholar, friend?
Org.
I am, gay creature, use Org.

With pardon of your deities, a mushroom On whom the dew of heaven drops now and

then; The sun shines on me too, I thank his beams! Sometime I feel their warmth; and eat and

sleep.

Pro. Does Tecnicus read to thee?
Org. Yes, forsooth, 188
He is my master surely; yonder door
Opens upon his study,

Pro. Happy creatures!
Such people toil not, sweet, in heats of state,
Nor sink in thaws of greatness; their affections
Keep order with the limits of their modesty; 100
Their love is love of virtue. — What's thy name?

Org. Aplotes, sumptuous master, a poor

weetch.

Euph. Dost thou want anything?

Books, Venus, books. Pro. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought,

And most available for both our comforts. we Euph. My lord, -

1 Rudiments.

Pro. Your father's Whiles I endeavour to deserve blessing to our loves, this

May daily at some certain hours attend ²
What notice I can write of my success,
Here in this grove, and give it to your hands; The like from you to me: so can we never,

Barr'd of our mutual speech, want sure intelligence, And thus our hearts may talk when our tongues

Cantilliot

Euph. Occasion is most favourable; use it. Pro. Aplotes, wilt thou wait us twice a day, At nine i' the morning and at four at night, and Here in this bower, to convey such letters As each shall send to other? Do it willingly, Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish

Thy study, or what else thou canst desire

Org. Jove, make me thankful, thankful, I beseach thee, Propitious Jove! I will prove sure and trusty: You will not fail me books?

Nor aught besides Thy heart can wish. This lady's name's Euphranea, Mine Prophilus.

Org. I have a pretty memory; 165
It must prove my best friend. I will not miss One minute of the hours appointed.

The books thou wouldst have bought thee in a

note.

Or take thyself some money. No, no money; Money to scholars is a spirit invisible, We dare not finger it : or books, or nothing.

Pro. Books of what sort thou wilt: do not forget

Our names. I warrant ye. I warrant ye. Org. I warrant ye. I warrant ye. Pro. Smile, Hymen, on the growth of our desires;

We'll feed thy torches with eternal fires! 18 Execut Properties and Et Phranes. Org. Put out thy torches, Hymen, or their Org. 1 light

Shall meet a darkness of eternal night! Inspire me, Mercury, with swift deceits. Ingenious Fate has leapt into mine arms, Beyond the compass of my brain. Mortality we Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach The riddles which are purpos'd by the gols. Great arts best write themselves in their own stories;

They die too basely who outlive their glories

ACT II

SCENE LA

Enter BASSANES and PHULAS.

Bass. I'll have that window next the street damm'd up;

Wait for.
Boyond what I could have planned.
A room in Bassance' house.

It gives too full a prospect to temptation, And courts a gazer's glances. There 's a lust Committed by the eye, that sweats and trav-

Plots, wakes, contrives, till the deformed bearwhelp,

Adultery, be lick'd into the act, The very act. That light shall be damm'd up; D' ye hear, sir?

I do hear, my lord; a mason

Shall be provided suddenly.1

Bass. Some rogue, Some rogue, Some rogue of your confederacy, — factor 2 For slaves and strumpets! to convey close packets

From this spruce springal and t' other young-

Bles

That gaudy earwig, or my lord your patron, Whose pensioner you are. - I'll tear thy throat out.

Son of a cat, ill-looking hound's-head, rip-up 15 Thy ulcerous maw, if I but scent a paper, A scroll, but half as big as what can cover A wart upon thy nose, a spot, a pimple, Directed to my lady; it may prove

A mystical preparative to lewdness.

Phu. Care shall be had: I will turn every thread

About me to an eye. - [Aside.] Here 's a sweet life!

Bass. The city housewives, cunning in the traffic

Of chamber merchandise, set all at price By wholesale; yet they wipe their mouths and

simper, Cull, 'kiss, and cry "sweetheart," and stroke

Which they have branch'd; 6 and all is well again!

Dull clods of dirt, who dare not feel the rubs

Dull clous of the Stuck on the [ir] foreheads.

"T is a villanous world;

One cannot hold his own in Dames at court, 20 Bass

Who flaunt in riots, run another bias; 6 Their pleasure heaves the patient ass that suf-

Up on the stilts of office, titles, incomes; Promotion justifies the shame, and sues for 't, Poor honour, thou art stabb'd, and bleed'st to

death By such unlawful hire! The country mistress Is yet more wary, and in blushes hides Whatever trespass draws her troth to guilt. But all are false: on this truth I am bold, No woman but can fall, and doth, or would. -

Now for the newest news about the city; What blab the voices, sirrah? Phu. O, my lord, The rarest, quaintest, strangest, tickling news

That ever -Bass. Hey-day! up and ride me, rascal! What is 't?

2 Youth. At once I Agent. 4 Embrace · Cucholded: the inevitable jest on the cuckold's

· Direction.

Phu. Forsooth, they say the king be mew'd

All his gray beard, instead of which is budded Another of a pure carnation colour, Speckled with green and russet.

Bass.
Phu. Yes, truly; and 't is talkt about the

That, since Lord Ithocles came bome, the lim-Never left roaring, at which noise the bears

Have dane'd their very hearts out. Plus. Besides, Lord Orgilus is field to Ather pour a fiery dragon, and 't is thought

A never can return.

Buss. Grant it, Apollo! Phu. Moreover, please your lordship, 'timeported

or certain, that whoever is found jealous Without apparent proof that's wife is warten Shall be divore'd: but this is but she-news: I had it from a midwife. I have more yet.

Bass. Autic, no more! Idiots and stupid food Grate my calamities. Why to be fair

Should yield presumption of a faulty soul --Look to the doors.

Phu. [Aside.] The born of plenty erest him!

Bass. Swarms of confusion huddle in my thoughts In rare distemper. - Beauty ! O, it is

An unmatcht blessing or a horrid curse.

Enter PENTHEA and GRAUSIS, an old Lady.

She comes, she comes I so shoots the morrant forth, Spangled with pearls of transparent dew.

The way to poverty is to be rich, As I in her am wealthy; but for her. In all contents a bankrupt, -

Lov'd Penthes! How fares my heart's best joy?
Grau. In sooth, not well.

She is so over-sad.

Leave chattering, magping and im-Thy brother is return'd, sweet, safe, and how our'd

With a triumphant victory; thou shalt vict him:

We will to court, where, if it he thy pleasure, Thou shalt appear in such a ravishing lustre Of jewels above value, that the dames Who brave it there, in rage to be outskin'd, . Shall hide them in their closets, and names Fret in their tears; whiles every wond ring en Shall crave none other brightness but the pro-

ence. Choose thine own recreations; be a queen Of what delights thou fanciest best, what and

pany, What place, what times; do anything, do all things

Youth can command, so thou will chase the clouds

From the pure firmament of thy fair looks

Woulted.

out, sir:
And now I vanish

tlemen,

Exit.

Caroches 1

GRONEAS,

In drifts; th' one enter, th' other stand with-

Noble Bassanes!

Bass. Most welcome, Prophilus; ladies, gen-

Enter Prophilus, Hemophil, Christalla, and Philema.

Grau. Now 't is well said, my lord. - What, lady! laugh, Be merry; time is precious.

Bass. [Aside.] Furies whip thee! **

Pen. Alas, my lord, this language to your hand-maid Sounds as would music to the deaf; I need No braveries nor cost of art to draw The whiteness of my name into offence:
Let such, if any such there are, who covet
A curiosity of admiration,
By laying-out their plenty to full view, Appear in gaudy outsides; my attires Shall suit the inward fashion of my mind; From which, if your opinion, nobly plac'd, 12 Change not the livery your words bestow, My fortunes with my hopes are at the highest. Bass. This house, methinks, stands somewhat too much inward,
It is too melancholy; we'll remove
Nearer the court: or what thinks my Penthea Of the delightful island we command? Rule me as thou canst wish. I am no mistress. Whither you please, I must attend; all ways Whither you prosent to me.

Are alike pleasant to me.

Island; prison! A prison is as gaysome: we'll no islands;
Marry, out upon 'em! Whom shall we see
there? Sea-gulls, and porpoises, and water-rats, And orabs, and mews, and dog-fish; goodly gear For a young lady's dealing, — or an old one's!
On no terms islands; I 'll be stew'd first.

Bass. [Aside to Grausis.] Grausis, 115 You are a juggling bawd. — This sadness, sweetest, Becomes not youthful blood.—[Aside to GRAU-sis.] I'll have you pounded.— For my sake put on a more cheerful mirth; Thou'lt mar thy cheeks, and make me old in griefs. -[Aside to GRAUSIS.] Damnable bitch-fox ! I am thick of hearing, Grau. Still, when the wind blows southerly. - What think ye, your fresh lady breed young bones, my lord? Would not a chopping boy d'ye good at heart? But, as you said —

Bass. [Aside to GRAUSIS.] I'll spit thee on a stake, Or chop thee into collops ! Pray, speak louder. 195 Grau. Sure, sure the wind blows south still.

Pen. Thou prat Thou prat'st madly.

Re-enter PHULAS.

Phu. A herd of lords, sir.

Bass.

Phu.

Phu. Bass.

Bass. Where?

To all my heart is open; you all honour me, —
[Aside.] A tympany swells in my head already, —
Honour me bountifully. — [Aside.] How they flutter,
Wagtails and jays together!
Pro. From your brother By virtue of your love to him, I require Your instant presence, fairest.

Pen. He is well, sir?

Pro. The gods preserve him ever! Yet, dear beauty,

I find some alteration in him lately, Since his return to Sparta. - My good lord, Since his recurred at I pray, use no delay.

We had not needed An invitation, if his sister's health Had not fallen into question. — Haste, Penthea Slack not a minute. - Lead the way, good Prophilus; I'll follow step by step.
Your arm, fair madam. Exeunt all but BASSANES and GRAUSIS.
Bass. One word with your old bawdship: th' hadst been better Rail'd at the sins * thou worshipp'st than have thwarted
My will: I'll use thee cursedly.
You dote, thwarted You are beside yourself. A politician In jealousy? No, y' are too gross, too vulgar. Piah, teach not me my trade; I know my cue. My crossing you sinks me into her trust, By which I shall know all; my trade's a sure one Bass. Forgive me, Grausis, 't was consideration I relish'd not; 4 but have a care now. Fear not, Grau. I am no new-come-to 't.
Thy life 's upon it, And so is mine. My agonies are infinite. Exeunt. SCHNE II.5 Enter ITHOCLES, alone. Ith. Ambition! 'tis of vipers' breed: it Bass. 'T is very hot; I sweat extremely. gnaws A passage through the womb that gave it motion. Now? Ambition, like a seeled 6 dove, mounts upward, Higher and higher still, to perch on clouds, But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin. A flock of ladies. a Gifford emend, saints. Shoals of horses.
Peasant, how? ² Swelling. 4 I did not see the point of. The palace. Ithocles' spartment.
Blinded by sewing up the eye-lids.

So squibe and crackers fly into the air, Then, only breaking with a noise, they vanish In stench and smoke. Morality, appli'd To timely practice, keeps the soul in tune, At whose sweet music all our actions dance: But this is form of books and school-tradition; It physics not the sickness of a mind Broken with griefs: strong fevers are not eas'd With counsel, but with best receipts and means; Means, speedy means and certain; that's the cure.

Enter ARMOSTES and CROTOLON.

Arm, You stick, Lord Crotolon, upon a point Too nice and too unnecessary; Prophilus Is every way desertful. I am confident Your wisdom is too ripe to need instruction From your son's tutelage. Yet not so ripe, Crot. My Lord Armostes, that it dares to dote pon the painted meat I of smooth persuasion, Which tempts me to a breach of faith. Not yet

Resolv'd, my lord? Why, if your son's consent Be so available, we'll write to Athens
For his repair to Sparta. The king's hand Will join with our desires; he has been mov'd

to't.

Arm. Yes, and the king himself impórtun'd
Crotolon

For a dispatch.
Cool. Kings may command; their wills

Ith. By this marriage = You knit an union so devout, so hearty, Between your loves to me and mine to yours, As if mine own blood had an interest in it;

As if finite with flow in the cond I am his.

Crot. My lord, my lord!—

Ith. What, good sir? Speak your thought. =

Crot. Had this sincerity been real once, My Orgilus had not been now unwiv'd, Nor your lost sister buried in a bride-bed. Y are bold and bitter. a

Ith. [Aside.] 'A presses home the injury; it amarta.

No reprehensions, uncle ; I deserve 'em. Yet, gentle sir, consider what the heat of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,
Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
Rawness of indement, willulness in folly,
Thoughts vagrant as the wind and as uncertain,
Might lead a boy in years to:— 't was a fault,
A capital fault; for then I could not dive Into the secrets of commanding love; Since when, experience, by the extremes 2 (in others).

Hath fore'd me collect.8 And, trust me, Croto-

I will redeem those wrongs with any service Your satisfaction can require for current.

1 Gifford suggests ball.

1 Q. extremities.
1 Infer, understand.

Arm. The acknowledge of the world you more?

I'm conquer'd : if Euphrass Herself admit the motion, let it be no;

I doubt not my son's liking. Use my fortune Life, power, sword, and heart, - all are jour

own.
Asm. The princess, with your eister.

Enter CALANTHA, PENTHEA. EI PHRASEA CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, GRAUSIS, BASSANIA and PROPHILUS.

I present re A stranger here in court, my lord; for did aid Desire of seeing you draw her abroad.
We had not been made happy in her company.

th. You are a gracious princees.—Sister

wedlock

Holds too severe a passion in your nature. Which can engross all duty to your hostand, Without attendance on so dear a mistress—
[To Bassanes.] Tis not my brother's pleasure. I presume,

T' immure her in a chamber.

Buss. 'Tis ber will ; " She governs her own hours. Noble Ithoches We thank the gods for your success and out fare:

Our lady has of late been indispos'd. Else we had waited on you with the first.

Ith. How does Penthea now?
Pen. You best know, brother. From whom my health and comforts are deriv'd.

Bass. [Aside.] I like the answer well; 'ta

There may be tricks yet, tricks. - Have an eye Grausis!

Cal. Now, Crotolon, the suit we join'd in

Fall by too long demur.

"T is granted, princes,"

For my part, With condition, that his son Favour the contract.

Cal. Such delay is easy. The joys of marriage make three. Prophila.
A proud deserver of Euphranea's love. And her of thy desert!

Most sweetly gracines 's Bass. The joys of marriage are the heavens earth.

Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quit Eternity of pleasures; - no restoratives Like to a constant woman! - [Acce.] But

where is she?

'T would puzzle all the gods but to create Such a new mouster. — I can apeak by road. For I rest in Elysium; 't is my happinesse Crot. Euphranea, how are you resolv'd, speak freely.

In your affections to this gentleman? Euph. Nor more nor less than as his love at sures me ;

4 Q. Thy.

Which - if your liking with my brother's warrants

cannot but approve in all points worthy.

Crot. So, so ! - [To l'ROPHILUS.] I know your

answer. 'T had been pity

To sunder hearts so equally consented.

Enter HEMOPHIL.

Hem. The king, Lord Ithocles, commands And, fairest princess, yours.

We will attend him. your presence : -

Enter GRONEAS.

Gro. Where are the lords? All must unto the king
Without delay: the Prince of Argos—

Well, sir? Cal.

Gro. Is coming to the court, sweet lady.

Cal. How! 105
The Prince of Argos?
Gro. "T was my fortune, madam,
T' enjoy the honour of these happy tidings.
Ith. Penthes!—

Brother ? Pen. Let me an hour hence Ith. Meet you alone within the palace grove; 100 I have some secret with you. - Pritheo, friend, Conduct her thither, and have special care The walks be clear'd of any to disturb us. Pro. I shall.

Bass. [Aside.] How's that?

Ith. Alone, pray be alone.—
I am your creature, princess.—On, my lords!

Execut all but Bassanes.

Bass. Alone! alone! What means that word

"alone"?

Why might not I be there? - hum! - he's ber brother.

Brothers and sisters are but flesh and blood,

And this same whoreson court-ease is tempta-

To a rebellion in the veins; — besides, us His fine friend Prophilus must be her guar-

Why may not he dispatch a business nimbly Before the other come? - or - pand'ring, pan-d'ring

For one another, — be 't to sister, mother, Wife, cousin, anything, — 'mongst youths of

mettle Is in request; it is so -stubborn fate! But if I be a cuckeld, and can know it, I will be fell, and fell,

Re-enter GRONEAS.

Gro. My lord, y'are call'd for. Buss. Most heartly I thank ye. Where 's my

wife, pray? Gro. Retir'd amongst the ladies. Still I thank ve. Rass. There is an old waiter with her; saw you her too?

Gro. She sits i' th' presence-lobby fast asleep, sir.

Bass. Asleep | asleep, sir !

Gro.
You will not to the king ?
Your humblest vascal. Is your lordship troubled?

Bass.
Gro. Your servant, my good lord.
I wait you wait your footsteps. Excunt.

SCENE III.1

Enter PROPHILUS and PENTHEA.

Pro. In this walk, ludy, will your brother find

And, with your favour, give me leave a little To work a preparation. In his fashion have observ'd of late some kind of slackness

To such alacrity as nature once And custom took delight in ; sadness grows Upon his recreations, which he hoards

In such a willing silence, that to question The grounds will argue little skill in friendship, And less good manuers.

Pen. Sir, I'm not inquisitive of secrecies without an invitation.

Pro. With pardon, lady, not a syllable Of mine implies so rude a sense; the drift—

Enter ORGILUS, [disguised as before.]

[To One.] Do thy best
To make this lady merry for an hour, Exit. of
Org. Your will shall be a law, sir.
Prithee, leave me: I have some private thoughts I would account with:

Use thou thine own.

Org. Speak on, fair nymph; our souls
Can dance as well to music of the spheres
As any's who have feasted with the gods.
Pen. Your school-terms are too troublesome.
Org.
What Heaven

Refines mortality from dross of earth But such as uncompounded beauty hallows With glorified perfection?

Set thy wits Pen.

Pen. In a less wild proportion. Time can never On the white table of unguilty faith Write counterfeit dishonour; turn those eyes, The arrows of pure love, upon that fire, Which once rose to a flame, perfum'd with

STITUTE As sweetly scented as the incense smoking

On Vesta's altars, On Vesta's altars,
the holiest odours, virgin's tears,
sprinkled, like dews, to feed 'em
And to increase their fervour.

Pen. Be not frantic. Org. All pleasures are but mere imagination, Feeding the hungry appetite with steam And sight of banquet, whilst the body pines, Not relishing the real taste of food:

Such is the learness of a heart divided From intercourse of troth-contracted loves : 40 The gardens of the palace. A grove.

3 Gifford's emend. Q. reads
no the incense emoking
The hollest altare, riving tears tike On Vesto's estaurs) sprinkled dews to feed 'em, And to increase.

No horror should deface that precious figure Seal'd with the lively stamp of equal souls, Pen. Away! some Fury hath bewitch'd thy

tongue.

The breath of ignorance, that flies from thence, Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions 40 Above all suff rance. — Thing of talk, begons!

Begone, without reply! Be just, Penthea Oris.

In thy commands; when thou send'st forth a doom

Of banishment, know first on whom it lights.
Thus I take off the shroud, in which my cares so
Are folded up from view of common eyes.

[Throws off his Scholar's dress.]
What is thy sentence next?

Rash man! thou layest A blemish on mine honour, with the hazard Of thy too-desperate life: yet I profess, By all the laws of ceremonious wedlock, I have not given admittance to one thought

Of female change since cruelty enforc'd Divorce betwixt my body and my heart. Why would you fall from goodness thus? Org.

U, rather Examine me, how I could live to say

I have been much, much wrong'd. 'T is for thy su ke

I put on this imposture: dear Penthea. If thy soft bosom be not turn'd to marble, Thou 'lt pity our calamities; my interest Thou 'It pity our calamines still.

Confirms me thou art mine still.

Lend your hand:

With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,

Thus kneel before ye. Ory. You instruct my duty. Pen. We may stand up. - Have you aught

else to urge
Of now demand? As for the old, forget it;
'T is buried in an everlasting silence,
And shall be, shall be ever. What more would

Org. I would possess my wife; the equity

Of very reason bids me. Pen. Is that all?

Org. Why, 't is the all of me, myself. Remove

Your steps some distance from me: - at this space A few words I dare change; but first put on

A few words I tune.
Your borrowed shape.
You are obey'd; 't is done.
Org.
[He resumes his disguise.]

Pen. How, Orgilus, by promise I was thine The heavens do witness: they can witness too A rape done on my truth: how I do love thee ** Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear In tendering thy freedom; for I find The constant preservation of thy merit, By the not during to attempt my fame With injury of any loose conceit,

Which might give deeper wounds to discontenta

Continue this fair race: 1 then, though I cannot Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often

2 Course.

Remember from what fortune I am fallen, And pity mine own ruin. - Live, live happy.-Happy in thy next choice, that then may to pe ple

This barren age with virtues in thy issue! And O, when thou art married, think on us With mercy, not contempt! I hope thy sub. Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall. -Now let us part.

Org. Part! yet advise thee better Penthea is the wife to Orgilus, And ever shall be.

Pen. Never shall por will.

Org. How !

Pen. Hear me ; in a word I'll tell thee of; The virgin-dowry which my hirth bestow do Is ravish'd by another; my true love Abhors to think that Orgilus deserv'd No better favours than a second bed.

Org. I must not take this reason.

To confine. Should I outlive my bendage, let me neet Another worse than this and less desir'd, If, of all men alive, thou shouldst but touch

My lip or hand again ! Org. Penthea, now I tell ye, you grow wanton in my sufferance: Come, sweet, th' art mine.

Uncivil sir, forbear! a Or I can turn affection into vengeance; Your reputation, if you value any. Lies bleeding at my feet. Unworthy man, If ever henceforth thou appear in language. Message, or letter, to betray my frailty, I'll call thy former protestations lust, And curse my stars for forfeit of my judgm Go thou, fit only for disguise, and walks. To hide thy shame: this once I spare the life I laugh at mine own confidence; my correll by thee are made inferior to my fortunes. If ever thou didst harbour worthy love Dare not to answer. My good gening good at That I may never see thee more! - Go free

me! Org. I'll tear my veil of politic French of. And stand up like a man resolv'd to do Action, not words, shall show me. - () l'es'

Pen. 'A sighed my name, sure, as he runfrom me:

I fear I was too rough. Also, poor centlemm 'A look'd not like the ruins of his youth, But like the ruins of those ruins. Honout. How much we fight with weakness thee !

Enter BARSANES and GRAUSES.

Bass. Fie on thee! damn thee, rotten me got, dann thee! Sleep? sleep at court? and now? Aches.

vulsions,

Imposthumes, rheums, gouts, palaice, clog de bones

A dozen years more yet!

Apparently corrupt.
The word was pronounced suches.

Grau. Now y' are in humours. Bass. She's by herself, there's hope of that; she s sad too;

She's in strong contemplation; yes, and fixt:
The signs are wholesome.

(Gran. Very wholesome, truly.

Bass. Hold your chops, 1 nightnuare! - Lady, come; your brother
Is carried to his closet; you must thither.
Pen. Not well, my lord?

A sudden fit; 't will off! Rizes. Some surfeit or disorder. - How dost, dearest?

Pen. Your news is none o' the best.

Re-enter PROPRILUS.

The chief of men, Pro. The excellentest Ithocles, desires

Your presence, madam.

We are hasting to him. Pin. In vain we labour in this course of life To piece our journey out at length, or crave Respite of breath: our home is in the grave.

Bass. Perfect philosophy!

[Pen.]

Then let us care

To live so, that our reckonings may fall even When we 're to make account.

He cannot fear Who builds on noble grounds: sickness or pain Is the deserver's exercise; 2 and such Your virtuous brother to the world is known. Speak comfort to him, lady; be all gentle: u turns fall but in the grossness of our sight; A good man dying, th' earth doth lose a light. Exeunt ownes.

ACT III

SCENE I.

Enter Trenicus, and Orgilus in his own shape.

Be well advis'd; let not a resolution Of giddy rashness choke the breath of reason.
Org. It shall not, most sage master.

I am jealous; 4 For if the borrowed shape so late put on Inferr'd a consequence, we must conclude Hath shook that shadow off, to fly upon A new-katch'd execution. Orgilus, A new-laten'd execution. Organia, Take heed thou hast not, under our integrity, Shrouded unlawful plots; our mortal eyes Pierce not the secrets of your heart, the gods Are only privy to them.

Learned Tecnieus, Such doubts are causeless; and, to clear the

truth

From misconceit, the present state commands me.

The Prince of Argos comes himself in person 15 In quest of great Calantha for his bride. Our kingdom's heir; besides, mine only sister, Euphranes, is dispos'd to Prophilus; Lastly, the king is sending letters for me

• The study of Teonicus.

To Athens, for my quick repair to court: Please to accept these reasons.

Just ones, Orgilas, Not to be contradicted: yet beware Of an unsure foundation; no fair colours Can fortify a building faintly jointed. I have observ'd a growth in thy aspect Of dangerous extent, sudden, and - look to't -I might add, certain -

Org. My aspéct ! Could art Run through mine inmost thoughts, it should not wift

An inclination there more than what suited

With justice of mine honour. I believe it. But know then, Orgilus, what honour is. Honour consists not in a bare opinion By doing any act that feeds content, Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave; Such honour comes by accident, not nature, Proceeding from the vices of our passion, Which makes our reason drunk: but real hon-

OUL Is the reward of virtue, and acquir'd By justice, or by valour which for basis Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails In honour, who for lucre [or] revenge Commits thefts, murders, treasons, and adul-

With suchlike, by intrenching on just laws, Whose sovereignty is best preserved by justice. Thus, as you see how honour must be grounded On knowledge, not opinion, - for opinion Relies on probability and accident, But knowledge on necessity and truth,— I leave thee to the fit consideration

Of what becomes the grace of real honour, wishing success to all thy virtuous meanings.

Org. The gods increase thy wisdom, reverend oracle.

And in thy procepts make me over thrifty ! 6

Tec. I thank thy wish.

Much mystery of fate Lies hid in that man's fortunes; curiosity May lead his actions into rare attempts: But let the gods be moderators still; No human power can prevent their will.

Enter ARMOSTES [with a casket].

From whence come ye?

Arm. From King Amyelas, — pardon
from the fr ity

You would examine, ponder, sift, and bolt The pith and circumstance of every tittle

The scroll within contains.

What is 't, Armostes? **
What is 't, Armostes? ** It is the health of Sparts, the king's Arm. It

Sinews and safety of the commonwealth; The sum of what the ornele deliver'd When last he visited the prophetic temple At Delphos: what his reasons are, for which, "

¹ Jawa.
2 Discipline.

⁴ Buspicious.

⁴ Make me ever avail myself of thy precepts.

After so long a silence, he requires Your counsel now, grave man, his majesty Will soon himself acquaint you with.

Tec. Takes the casket. Apollo Inspire my intellect! - The Prince of Argon Is entertain'd?

Arm. He is; and has demanded Our princess for his wife; which I conceive One special cause the king importunes you For resolution of the oracle.

Tec. My duty to the king, good peace to Sparta,

And fair day to Armostes!

Arm. Like to Teonicus! Excunt. 20

[SCENE II.]1

Soft music, during which time enter Phophilus, BASSANES, PENTHEA, GRAUSIS, passing over the stage. Bassanes and Grausis enter again softly, stealing to several stands, and listen.

A Somo.

Can you paint a thought? or number Every fancy in a alumber? Can you count soft minutes roving Can you count soft uniters roving? From a dial's point by moving? Can you grasp a sigh? or, lastly, Roh a virgin's honour chastely? No, O, no! yet you may Sooner do both that and this, This and that, and never miss,
Than by any praise display
Beauty 's beauty; such a glory,
As beyond all fate, all story, All arms, all arts, All loves, all hearts, Greater than these or they, Do, shall, and must obey.

Bass. All silent, calm, secure. - Grausis, no creaking?

No noise? Dost hear nothing? Not a mouse, Grau.

Or whisper of the wind.

The floor is matted; The bedposts sure are steel or marble. - Sol-

diers Should not affect, methinks, strains so effem-

inate: sounds of such delicacy are but fawnings Upon the sloth of luxury, they heighten

Cinders of covert lust up to a flame.

Grav. What do you mean, my lord?—speak

low; that gabbling Of yours will but undo us.

Bass.
Are felt, not heard.
Pro. [within.] 'A wakes.
What 's that?
Who 's there? Ith. within. Sinter? — All quit the room else. "T is consented!

Re-enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. Lord Bassanes, your brother would be private,

We must forbear; his aleep hath newly be him.

Please ye withdraw. Buss.

Pro. Pray, gentlewoman, walk too.

You, I will, air. Excust owns.

ITHOCLES discovered in a chair, and PRATHES [beside ham].

Ith. Sit nearer, sister to me; nearer yet. We had one father, in one womb took life, Were brought up twins together, yet have broad At distance, like two strangers. I could wish That the first pillow whereon I was crudled Had prov'd to me a grave.

Pen.

You had been happy

Then had you never known that sin of life Which blots all following glories with a very

geance, For forfeiting the last will of the dead,

From whom you had your being. Sad Pentine, Thou canst not be too cruel; my rush spicen Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from the

A love-blest ² heart, to grind it into dust; For which mine 'a now a-breaking.

Not yet, Heaven, I do beseech thee! First let some wild fire Scorch, not consume it I may the heat be char isht

With desires infinite, but hopes impossible!

Ith. Wrong'd soul, thy prayers are heard.

Pen. Here. lo, I breathe.

miserable creature, led to ruin By an unnatural brother !

I consume In languishing affections for that trespass;

Yet cannot die.

The handmaid to the wages Of country toil drinks the untroubled strains With leaping kids and with the bleating lamb.
And so allays her thirst secure; while a l
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings a of my

tears.
The labourer doth cat his course Ith. bread,

Earn'd with his sweat, and lice him down to sleep;

While every bit I touch turns in digersion To gall as bitter as Penthez's curse. Put me to any penance for my tyranny, And I will call thee merciful.

Pen. Pray kill me, Rid me from living with a jealous hand and; a Then we will join in friendship, he again Brother and sister.— Kill me, pray; nay, will ye? Ith. How does thy lord esteem thee?

Pen. As only you have made me; a faith-locates, A spotted whore: —forgive me, I am occ.
In act, not in desires, the gods must witness.
Ith. Thou dost belie thy friend.
I'en.
I do not, Ithochs.

5 Streams.

2 Q. lover-blest.

I The palace. Ithocles' apartment,

For she that 's wife to Orgilus, and lives In known adultery with Bassanes, Is at the best a whore. Will kill me now? The ashes of our parents will assume
Some dreadful figure, and appear to charge
Thy bloody guilt, that hast betrny'd their name To infamy in this repronchful match.

Ith. After my victories abroad, at home

I meet despair ; ingratitude of nature Hath made my actions monstrous. Thou shalt atand

A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd For thy resolved martyrdom; wrong'd maids And married wives shall to thy hallowed shrine

Offer their orisons, and sacrifice Pure turtles, crown'd with myrtle; if thy pity One finger but to ease it. O, no more!

Pen. O, no more!

Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian banks,

And free me from this chaos of my bondage; And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure. Pen. Who is the saint you serve?

Friendship, or [nearness] 1 Ith. Of birth to any but my sister, durat not Have mov'd that question; ['t is]" a secret, sister.

dare not murmur to myself. Pen. By your new protestations I conjure ye,

Partake her name.

Ith. Her name? - 'tis - 'tis - I dare not.

Pen. All your respects are forg'd.

They are not. - Pence! Calantha is - the princess - the king's daughter -

Sole heir of Sparta.—Me, most miserable
Do I now love thee? For my injuries
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
My treasons to the king's ears, do:—Calantha
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest. 108 Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her, would it not

Split even your very soul to see her father Snatch her out of your arms against her will, And force her on the Prince of Argos?

Trouble not The fountains of mine eyes with thine own

Atory:
A sweat in blood for 't.

We are reconcil'd. Alas, sir, being children, but two branches (M one stock, 't is not fit we should divide:

Have comfort, you may find it. Yes, in thee; Only in thee, Penthen mine. If sorrows

Have not too much dull'd my infected brain,
I'll cheer invention for an active strain.

Ith. Mad man! why have I wrong'd a maid so excellent !

2 'T is. Dyce emend. Q. as.
2 I. e. You do not care for me as you say.
3 I will attempt to device something.

Enter BASSANES with a poniard: PROPHILUS, GRONKAS, HEMOPHIL, and GRAUSIS.

Bass. I can forbear no longer; more, I will

Keep off your hands, or fall upon my point.— Patience is tir'd; for, like a slow-pac'd ass, in Ye ride my easy nature, and proclaim My sloth to vengoance a reproach and property.

Ith. The meaning of this rudeness?

Pro. He's distracted.

Pen. O, my griev'd lord !-Grau. Sweet lady, come not near him; 133 Grau. He holds his perilous weapon in his hand To prick 'a cares not whom nor where, - see,

see, see!
Bass. My birth is noble: though the popular blast

Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth, Hath rear'd thy name up to bestride a cloud, so Or progress in the chariot of the sun, I am no clod of trade, to lackey pride, Nor, like your slave of expectation," wait The bawdy hinges of your doors, or whistle For mystical conveyance to your bed-sports. 100

Gro. Fine humours! they become him. Hem. How 'n stares. Struts, puffs, and sweats! Most admirable?

Ith. But that I may conceive the spirit of

Has took possession of your soberer custom,

I'd say you were unmannerly. Dear brother! - 100

Unmannerly! - mew, kitling! -Bass. smooth Formality Is usher to the rankness of the blood.

But Impudence bears up the train. Indeed, sir, Your fiery mettle, or your springs! bluze Of huge renown, is no sufficient royalty
To print upon my forehead the scorn, "cuck-old."

Ith. His jealousy has robb'd him of his wita; 'A talks 's knows not what.

Bass.

Yes, and 'a knows

To whom 'a talks; to one that franks' his lust In swine-security of bestial incest.

Ith. Ha, devil!

Bass. I will haloo't; 10 though I blush more To name the filthiness than thou to act it.

Ith. Monster! Pro. Pen. [Draws his sword.] Sir, by our friendship -By our bloods -

Will you quite both undo us, brother? Gram. Out on him ! These are his megrims, firks, 11 and melancho-

lies.

Hem. Well said, old touch-hole.

Gro. Kick min our Willer. Pen. With favour, let me speak. - My lord, what slackness

In my obedience bath deserv'd this rage? Except humility and silent duty

5 Personal characteristics. ! Wonderful. Attendant slave.
 Attendant slave.
 Freels; fattens, as one fattens swins.
 Freels; 4 Youthful.

Have drawn on your unquiet, my simplicity 100 Ne'er studied your vexation.

Light of beauty, Buss. Deal not ungently with a desperate wound! No breach of reason dares make war with

Whose looks are sovereignty, whose breath is balm.

O, that I could preserve thee in fruition As in devotion!

Pen. Sir, may every evil Lock'd in Paudora's box shower, in your pre-MERICE.

On my unhappy head, if, since you made me A partner in your bed. I have been faulty In one unseemly thought against your bonour!

Ith. Purge not his griefs, Penthea.

Bass.

Yes, say on, in Excellent creature! - [To ITROCLES.] Good,

be not a hindrance To peace and praise of virtue. — O, my senses Are charm'd with sounds celestial ! — On, dear,

on: I never gave you one ill word; say, did I? 12 lndeed I did not.

Pen. Nor, by Juno's forehead,

Was I e'er guilty of a wanton error.

Bass. A goddess! let me kneel.

Grau.

Ith. No; but for penance.

Noble sir, what is it?

With gladness I embrace it; yet, pray let not My rashness teach you to be too unmerciful. 191 Ith. When you shall show good proof that

manly wiedom,

Not oversway'd by passion or opinion, Knows how to lead [your] judgment, then this lady,

Your wife, my sister, shall return in safety
Home, to be guided by you: but, till first
I can out of clear evidence approve it, She shall be my care.

Bass. Rip my bosom up, I'll stand the execution with a constancy;

This torture is unsufferable. Well, sir, Ith.
I dare not trust her to your fury.
But Ith.

Penthea says not so.

She needs no tongue

To plead excuse who never purpos'd wrong.

Hem. Virgin of reverence and antiquity, Stay you behind.

Gro. [to GRAUSIS.] The court wants not your diligence.

Ereunt all but BASS. and GRAU. Grau. What will you do, my lord? My lady's

gone; I am deni'd to follow. I may see her,

Or speak to her once more

Grau. And feel her too, man : Be of good cheer, she 's your own flesh and hone

Diseases desperate must find cures nlike

She swore she has been true,

True, on my medicary Let him want truth who credits be Bass. her vowa!

Much wrong I did her, but her brother infinite. Rumour will voice me the contempt of marhood,

Should I run on thus. Some way I must try To outdo art, and [jealousy decry.] 1 Ere

[SCENE III.] 4

Flourish. Enter AMYCLAS, NEARCHUA lead as CALANTHA, ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, E-PHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, and AD ELUS.

Amy. Cousin of Argos, what the beaven

have pleas'd.

In their unchanging counsels to conclude
For both our kingdoms' weal, we must subme to:

for can we be unthankful to their bounties. Who, when we were even creeping to our PERVO.

Sent us a daughter, in whose birth our hope Continues of succession. As you are In title next, being grandchild to our sunt So we in heart desire you may sit nearest Calautha's love; since we have ever vow'd Not to enforce affection by our will,

But by her own choice to confirm it gladly.

Near. You speak the nature of a right father.

I come not hither roughly to demand My cousin's thraldom, but to free mine ova. Report of great Calantha's beauty, virtue, Sweetness, and singular perfections, courted All ears to credit what I find was published By constant truth; from which, if any series of my desert can purchase fair construction. This lady must command it.

Princely sir, So well you know how to profess observation.

That you instruct your heavers to become Practitioners in daty; of which number

I'll study to be chief.

Chief, glorious virgis, 1 In my devotions, as in all men's wonder.

Amy. Excellent cousin, we deny no libery.

Use thine own opportunities. — Armostes.

We must consult with the philosophers:

The business is of weight.

Sir, at your pleasure . Arm. Amy. You told me, Crotolon, your man ! turn'd

From Athens : wherefore comes be not to exer As we commanded?

Crot. Your royal will, great sir. The marriage Crot. He shall soon attend

Between young Prophilus and Enghrance Tastes of too much delay.

Cros. My lord, -Amu At celebration of it would give life

1 Q. cry a lealcurie
2 A room in the palace
3 Worship, courtship.

To th' entertainment of the prince our kins

Our court wears gravity more than we relish.

Arm. Yet the heavens smile on all your high attempts.

Without a cloud.

Crot. So may the gods protect us.
Cal. A prince a subject?

Yes, to beauty's sceptre;

As all hearts kneel, so mine.

You are too courtly.

Enter ITHOCLES, ORGILUS, and PROPHILUS. Ith. Your safe return to Sparta is most wel-

came: to meet you here, and, as occasion Shall grant as privacy, will yield you reasons
Why I should covet to deserve the title Of your respected friend; for, without compli-

ment,
Believe it, Orgilus, 't is my ambition.
Org. Your lordship may command me, your

Ith. [Aside.] So amourously close! - so soon! my heart !

Pro. What sudden change is next?

Life to the king ! To whom I here present this noble gentleman, New come from Athens: royal sir, vouchsafe Your gracious hand in favour of his merit.

[The King gives ORGILUS his hand tu kess.

Crot. (Aside.) My son preferr'd by Ithocles!

Our bounties

Shall open to thee, Orgilus; for instance, -Hark in thine car, - if, out of those inventions Which flow in Athens, thou hast there engrowt !

Some rarity of wit, to grace the nuptials of thy fair sister, and renown our court.

In the eyes of this young prince, we shall be

debtor

To the conceit: think on 't.
Your highness honours me. Org. Your highness nonon Near. My tongue and heart are twins. A noble birth,

Becoming such a father. - Worthy Orgilus, a

You are a guest most wish'd for. Org.
Still rise in your opinion, sacred princess!

Ith. Euphranea's brother, sir; a gentleman May my duty

We embrace him, Proud of so dear acquaintance.

Any.

All prepare
For revels and disport; the joys of Hymen,
Like Phoebus in his lustre, put to flight

All mists of dulness, crown the hours with gladness : No sounds but music, no discourse but mirth! Cal. Thine arm, I prithee, Ithocles. — Nay,

good My lord, keep on your way; I am provided.

Neur. I dare not disobey.

Ith. Most heavenly lady! Excunt.

[SCEME IV.] 2

Enter CROTOLON and ORGILUS.

Crot. The king hath spoke his mind.
Ora. His will he hath; Org. But were it lawful to hold plea against The power of greatness, not the reason, haply Such undershrubs as subjects sometimes might Borrow of nature justice, to inform That liceuse sovereignty holds without check Over a meek obedience.

Crot. How resolve you Touching your sister's marriage? Prophilus

Could wish him thrift's in all his best desires,
And with a willingness inleague our blood
Wish him thrift's in all his best desires,

With his, for purchase of full growth in friendship. He never touch'd on any wrong that malie'd

The honour of our house nor stirr'd our peace: Yet, with your favour, let me not forget Under whose wing he gathers warmth and comfort.

Whose creature he is bound, made, and must live so.

Crot. Son, son, I find in thee a harsh condition;

No courtesy can win it; 't is too rancorous. Org. Good sir, be not severe in your construction;

I am no stranger to such easy calms
As sit in tender bosoms: lordly Ithocles
Hath grac'd my entertainment in abundance, Too humbly hath descended from that height " Of arrogance and spleen which wrought the

On griev'd Penthea's purity; his scorn Of my untoward fortunes is reclaim'd nto a courtship, almost to a fawning: —
'll kiss his foot, since you will have it so. 40
Crot. Since I will have it so! Friend, I will

bave it so,

Without our rain by your politic plots, (Ir wolf of hatred snarling in your breast. You have a spirit, sir, have ye? A familiar That posts i'th' air for your intelligence? ome such hobgoblin hurried you from Athens, For yet you come unsent for.

Org. If unwelcome, I might have found a grave there.

Sure, your busines Crot. Was soon dispatch'd, or your mind alter'd

quickly.
T was care, sir, of my health cut short my journey; For there a general infection

Threatens a desolation.

And I fear

Thou hast brought back a worse infection with thee,

Infection of thy mind; which, as thou say'st,
Threstens the desolation of our family.

Org. Forbid it, our dear genius! I will rather

A room in the house of Crotolon.
Prosperity.

I Acquired.

Be made a sacrifice on Thrasna' monument, Or kneel to Ithocles, his son, in dust, Than woo a father's curse. My sister's mar-

Times With Prophilus is from my heart confirm'd; "

May I live hated, may I die despis'd, If I omit to further it in all

That can concern me!

I have been too rough. My duty to my king made me so earnest :

My duty to my Excuse it, Orgilus. Dear sir!

Here comes ... Crot. Euphranea with Prophilus and Ithocles.

Enter Prophilus, Euphranea, Ithocias, Groneas, and Hemophil.

Org. Most honoured ! - ever famous!

Ith. Your true friend; On earth not any truer. — With smooth eyes Look on this worthy couple; your consent

Can only make them one.

They have it. - Sister, to Thou pawn'dst to me an outh, of which engage-

TRR e-Tat.

I never will release thee, if thou aim'st At any other choice than this.

Dear brother, Euph.

At him, or none,
To which my blessing 's added. Org. Which my bleaming a butter.
Org. Which, till a greater ceremony perfect, —

Euphranen, lend thy hand, - here, take her, Prophilus;

live long a happy man and wife; and further, That these in presence may conclude an omen, Thus for a bridal song I close my wishes:

Comforts lasting, loves increasing, Like soft hours never ceasing Plenty's pleasure, peace complying, Without jars, or tongues envying; Hearts by holy union wedded, More than theirs by custom bedded; Fruitful teauen; life so graced, Not by age to be defaced, Budding, as the year ensu'th, Every spring another youth: All what thought can add beside Crown this bridegroom and this bride!

Pro. You have seal'd joy close to my soul. -Euphranea,

Now I may call thee mine.

I but exchange One good friend for another.

If these gallants Will please to grace a poor invention By joining with me in some slight device, I'll venture on a strain my younger days

Have studied for delight.

Hem. With thankful willingness

I offer my attendance. Gro. No endeavour

Of mine shall fail to show itself. Ith.

All join to wait on thy directions, Orgilus, Org. O, my good lord, your favours flow to wards

A too unworthy worm ; — but as you please ; I am what you will shape me.

Ich. A fast friend. Crot. I thank thee, son, for this acknowledge ment ;

It is a sight of gladness.

But my duty. Erent. Org.

[SCENE V.] 1

Enter Calantha, Penthea, Christalla, and Philippa.

Cal. Whoe'er would speak with us, deny his entrance;

Be careful of our charge.
We shall, madam. Chris. We shall, madam. Cal. Except the king himself, give none admittance;

Not any.

Phil. Madam, it shall be our care. Exeunt [CHRISTALLA and Pun-

Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted

The opportunity you sought, and night At all times have commanded.

Which I shall owe your goodness even in death

My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes Remaining to run down, the sands are spent; For by an inward messenger I feel

The summons of departure short and certain, Cal. You feel too much your melancholy Pen.

Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams And shadows soon decaying, on the stage Of my mortality my youth bath acted Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweet'ned in the minters.
But tragical in issue: beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends, When any troubled passion makes assault On the unguarded castle of the mind.

Cal. Contemn not your condition for the prod Of bare opinion only: to what end

Reach all these moral texts

To place before ye A perfect mirror, wherein you may see How weary I am of a ling ring life. Who count the best a misery.

Indeed You have no little cause ; yet none so great As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead, And some untrod on corner in the earth. Not to detain your expectation, princess, I have an humble suit.

Speak ; I enjoy 2 12. Pen. Vonchsafe, then, to be my executris, And take that trouble on ye to dispose Such legacies as I bequeath, importially. I have not much to give, the pains are easy:

Calantha's apartment in the palace \$ So Q. Dyce suggests enjoin.

vill reward your piety, and thank it so im dead : for sure I must not live : annot.

Now, beshrew thy andness, n'st me toe much woman. [N'eeps.] [H'ceps.] - Then I have assurance passion. ing my boldness. In this paper was character'd; which you, with par-

know from mine own mouth.

Talk on, prithee;

tty earnest.

I have left me
poor jewels to bequenth. The first is
for though I am much old in griefs, I am a child.
To whom that [jewel]? so

o virgin-wives, such as abuse not wed-

m of desires, but covet chiefly an ranging of their blood; and next d maids, such as prefer the number rable issue in their virtues flattery of delights by marriage: be ever young!

A second jewel

a to part with?

T is my fame, I trust of all yet untouch'd; this I bequeath by, and Time's old daughter, Truth. y unhappy name find mention moless sport magination! Speak the last, ly like thy will.

This jewel, madam, precions to me; you must use of your discretion to employ an I intend it.

Do not doubt me. I is long agone since first I lost my we liv'd without it, else for certain have given that too; but instead rest Calantha, Sparta's heir, bound and by affection vow'd, math, in holiest rites of love.

brother, Ithocles. What saidst thou? ppute not, heaven-blest lady, to am-

humbly perfect as the prayers ted suppliant can endow it. him, princess, with an eye of pity; the ghost of what he lete appear d before you.

Shall I answer here,

IF ear too grocaly ? First his heart in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain, Ill dure, poor man, to ope an eye divine looks, but with low-bent wights

Accusing such presumption; as for words,
'A dares not utter any but of service:
Yet this lost creature loves ye.—Be a princess In sweetness as in blood ; give him his doom, Or raise him up to comfort.

What new change appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st Tempt my displeasure?

Pen.
To revel in Elysium, and 't is just
To wish my brother some advantage here;
Yet, by my best hopes, Ithoeles is ignorant Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him, Lend him one angry look or one harsh word, ... And you shall soon conclude how atrong a power

our absolute authority holds over

His life and end.

You have forgot, Penthes, Cal. How still I have a father.

Pon. But remember am a sister, though to me this brother Hath been, you know, unkind, O, most unkind!
Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are ye?—
Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

Re-enter CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA.

Chris. and Phil. Madam, here. Cal. I think ye sleep, ye drones: wait on Penthea

Unto her lodging. - [Aside.] Ithocles? Wrong'd

lady!
Pen. My reckonings are made even; death or Can now nor strike too soon, nor force too late.

ACT IV

SCENE I.1

Enter ITHOCLES and ARMORTES.

Ith. Forbear your inquisition: currosity Is of too subtle and too searching nature, In fears of love too quick, too slow of credit. -In fears of love too quality me.

I am not what you doubt me.

Nephew, be, then,

As I would wish; - all is not right. - Good heaven

Confirm your resolutions for dependence Onnorm your resolutions for dependence On worthy ends, which may advance your quiet!

Ith. I did the noble Orgilus much injury,
But griev'd Penthea more: I now repent it, —
Now, uncle, now; this "now" is now too late.
So provident is folly in and issue,

"I hat after wit, like bankrupts' debts, stands

tallied, Without all possibilities of payment. Sure, he's an honest, very honest gentleman;

A man of single I meaning. I believe it: Yet, nephew, 't is the tongue informs our earn; Our eyes can never pierce into the thoughts,

¹ The palace. Ithocles' apartment.

For they are lodg'd too inward: - but I ques-

No truth in Orgilus. — The princess, sir.

Ith. The princess! ha!

Arm. With her the Prince of Argos. **

Enter NEARCHUS, leading CALANTHA; AME-LUS, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA.

Near. Great fair one, grace my hopes with any instance

Of livery, from the allowance of your favour; This little spark -

[. Ittompts to take a ring from her finger.]

A toy Neur. Love feasts on toys, For Cupid is a child; - vouchsafe this bounty:

It cannot be deni'd.

You shall not value, Sweet comin, at a price, what I count cheap; So cheap, that let him take it who dures stoop for 't.

for 't.

And givest at next meeting to a mistrees:

She 'll thank him for 't, perhape.

Costs the ring to ITHOCLES.

The ring, sir, is

The princess's; I could have took it up. 20 Ith. Learn manners, prithee. - To the blessed OWHER,

Upon my knee

Kneels and offers it to CALANTHA.
Y' are saucy.

This is pretty ! Cal. am, belike, " a mistress " - wondrous pretty Let the man keep his fortune, since he found 98 :

He 's worthy on 't. - On, consin!

Ith. [to AMBLUE.] Follow, spaniel; " I'll force ye to a fawning clso.

You dare not. Ame. Ereunt, Manent ITH. and ARM.

Arm. My lord, you were too forward. 11/1. Look ye, uncle,

Some such there are whose liberal contents Swarm without care in every sort of plenty; Who after full repasts can lay them down To sleep; and they sleep, uncle: in which si-

lence Their very dreams present 'em choice of pleas-

Pleasures - observe me, uncle - of rare object; Here beaps of gold, there increments of hon-

Now change of garments, then the votes of people:

Anon varieties of beauties, courting, In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance: Yet these are still but dreams. Give me felio-

Of which my senses waking are partakers,

A real, visible, material happiness; And then, too, when I stagger in expectance

Of the least comfort that can cherish life, -

MAN it, sir, I saw it; for it came

From her own hand.
The princess threw it t' ye.

Badge of a retainer.

Ith. True; and she said - well I remember

what Her cousin prince would bog it.
You, and parts In anger at your taking on 't.

Panthea O, thou hast pleaded with a powerful langue. I want a fee to gratify thy merit;

But I will do -What is 't you say ? Arm.

Ith. In aner: In anger let him part ; for could his breat! In anger let hum part; for could his lesselt Like whirlwinds, tesse such servile slaves as at The dust his footsteps print into a vapor, It durst not stir a hair of mine, it should as. I'd rend it up by th' roots first. To be as thing

Calantha smiles on, is to be a blessing More sacred than a petty prince of Arros Can wish to equal, or in worth or title.

Arm. Contain yourself, my lord: Ixion, as ing

To embrace Juno, bosom'd but a cloud, And begat Centaurs; 't is an useful meal. Ambition hatch'd in clouds of mere opinion Proves but in birth a prodigy.

Ith. I thank ye; Yet, with your licence, I should evem unchr

table To gentler fate, if, relishing the dainties Of a soul's settled peace, I were so feeble

Not to digest it. He deserves amall trust Who is not privy-counsellor to himself.

Re-enter NEARCHUS and AMELUS, with One Lus.

Near. Brave me!

Your excellence mistakes his temper For Ithocles in fashion of his mind Is beautiful, soft, gentle, the clear mirro Of absolute perfection.

Was 't your modest; Ame. Term'd any of the prince's servante' Your nurse, sure, taught you other language

Ith.
Near. A gallant man-at-arms
doctor

In feats of chivalry, blunt and rough-speker. Vouchsafing not the fustian of civility, Which [less] 1 rash spirits style good manner

Org. No. No more, illustrious sir ; 'tis matche

Near. You might have understood who ! = Teh.

I did; else - but the presence calm'd th' front -

Y' are cousin to the princess. To the king, to Neur. certain instrument that lent supportat To you colored granded.
You might have added.
There is more dive

In beauty than in majesty.

[.] Q. omita

O fie, fie!

Near. This odd youth's pride turns heretic in loyalty.

Sirrah! low mushrooms never rival cedars.

Exemt Nearchts and Amelus.

Ith. Come back! — What pitiful dull thing am I

So to be tamely scolded at! come back!— 100 Let him come back, and echo once again That scornful sound of mushroom! painted

Like heralds' coats gilt o'er with crowns and sceptres -

May bait a muzzled lion.

Cousin, cousin, trm.

Thy tongue is not thy friend.

In point of honour see Org. Discretion knows no bounds. Amelus told me was all about a little ring.

Ith.

The princess threw away, and I took up.

Admit she threw 't to me, what arm of brass
Can snatch it hence? No; could he grind the

hoop To powder, 'a might sooner reach my heart Than steal and wear one dust on 't. - Orgilus, I am extremely wrong'd.

Org. A lady's favour

Is not to be so slighted.

Slighted! Quiet

These vain unruly passions, which will render

Into a madness. Griefs will have their vent. Org.

Enter TECNICUS [with a scroll].

Arm. Welcome; thou com'st in season, reverend man,

To pour the balanm of a suppling 1 patience Into the testering wound of ill-spent fury.

Org. [Aside] What makes he here?

Org. [Aside] What makes he here?
Ter.
The hurts are yet but 2 mortal, we Which shortly will prove deadly. To the king, Armostes, see in safety thou deliver
This seal'd-up counsel; bid him with a con-

stancy Peruse the secrets of the gods. - O Sparts, () Lacedaemon ! double-nam'd, but one In fate: when kingdoms reel, - mark well my

Their heads must needs be giddy. Tell the

That henceforth he no more must inquire after My aged head; Apollo wills it so:

I am for Delphos.

Arm. Not with Not without some conference 180

Never more to see him : greater prince commands me. - Ithocles. When youth in ripe, and age from time doth

The lifeless trunk shall wed the broken heart.

Ith. What's this, if understood? List, Orgilus; 188

Q. supplying. 2 Gifford suggests not.

Remember what I told thee long before,
These tears shall be my witness.
Arm. Las, good man!
Tec. Let croft with courtesy a while confer,

Revenge proves its own executioner. Org. Dark mentences are for Apollo's priests;

Tec. My hour is come; (theor up the king; farewell to all. — O Sparta,

If prophetic fire Have warm'd this old man's bosom, we might construe

His words to fatal sense.

Leave to the powers us 1th.

Above us the effects of their decrees;
My burthen lies within me: servile fears
Prevent no great effects.—Divine Calantha!

Arm. The gods be still propitions!

Exeunt ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.

Something oddly The book-man prated, yet 'a talk'd it weeping; Let craft with courtesy a while confer, in

Revenge proves its own executioner.

Con it again; - for what? It shall not puzzle

T is dotage of a withered brain. - Penthea Forbade me not her presence; I may see her, And gaze my till. Why see her, then, I may, 100 When, if I faint to speak — I must be silent.

SCENE II.18

Enter BASSANES, GRAUSIS, and PHULAS.

Bass. Pray, use your recreations, all the ser-

I will expect is quietness amongst ye; Take liberty at home, abroad, at all times,

And in your charities appease the gods,
Whom I, with my distractions, have offended.
Grau. Fair blessings on thy heart!
I'hu. [Aside.] Here 's a rare change!
My lord, to cure the itch, is surely gelded;
The cuckold in conceit hath cast his horns.

Buss. Botake ye to your several occasions; And wherein I have heretofore been faulty, 10 Let your constructions mildly pass it over. Henceforth I'll study reformation, - more I have not for employment.

O, sweet man! firau. Thou art the very "Honeycomb of Honesty." Phu, The "Garland of Good-will." - Old

lady, hold up Thy reverend shout, and trot behind me softly,

Exeunt GRAUSIS and PHULAS. Bass, Beasts, only capable of sense, enjoy The benefit of food and case with thankful-

ness;

Such silly creatures, with a grudging, kick not Against the portion nature liath bestow'd: at But men, endow'd with reason and the use

2 A room in Bassanes' house.

t The Honeycouth of Honesty, like the Gorland of Goodwill, was probably one of the popular miscellance of the day. (Gifford.) See Additional Notes.

a Mule.

Of reason, to distinguish from the chaff Of abject scarcity the quintessence, Soul, and clixir of the earth's abundance, The treasures of the sea, the air, nay, heaven, Repining at these glories of creation Are verier beauts than beasts; and of those beasta

The worst am I: I, who was made a monarch Of what a heart could wish for, - a chaste wife,

Endeavour'd what in me lay to pull down That temple built for adoration only, And level 't in the dust of causeless scandal. But, to redeem a sacrilege so impious, Humility shall pour, before the deities I have inconst, a largess of more patience Than their displeased altars can require: No tempests of commotion shall disquiet The calms of my composure.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. I have found thee, Thou patron of more horrors than the bulk Of manhood, hoop'd about with ribs of iron Can cram within thy breast: Penthes, Bassames

Curst by thy jealousies, - more, by thy dot-

Is left a prey to words.

Exercise Your trials for addition to my pensuce;

I am resolv'd.
Play not with misery Past cure: some angry minister of fate hath Depos'd the empress of her soul, her reason, From its most proper throne; but, what's the miracle

judgment;

'T is anchor'd into a firm resolution;

Dalliance of mirth or wit can ne'er unfix it:

Practise 1 yet further.

Oco. May thy death of love to her Danin all thy comforts to a lasting fast from every joy of life! Thou barren rock, By thee we have been split in ken 2 of harbour.

Enter Itnocues, Penthen her hair about her ears, [ARMOSTES,] PHILEMA, and CHRIS-TALLA.

Ith. Sister, look up; your Ithocles, your

Speaks t'ye; why do you weep? Dear, turn not from me.

Here is a killing sight; lo, Bassanes, A lamentable object !

Org. Man, dost see 't? Sports are more gamesome; am I yet in merri-

Why dost not laugh?

Buss. Divine and best of ladies, Please to forget my outrage; mercy ever Cannot but lodge under a roof so excellent. I have cast off that cruelty of frenzy

> I Test me. 2 Sight.

Which once appear'd imposture, and the juggled

To cheat my sleeps of rest.

Org. Was I in carnes Pen. Sure, if we were all Sirem, we should sing pitifully.

And 't were a comely music, when in parts a One sung another's knell. The turtle sight When he hath lost his mate; and yet come as) He must be dead first. 'T is a fine decesi To pass away in a dream; indeed, I 've slept With mine eyes open a great while. No falsoned hood

Equals a broken faith; there 's not a hair Sticks on my head but, like a leader plan

met,
It sinks me to the grave. I must creep thither,
The journey is not long.

Ith.
But, thou, Penthes,
Hast many years, I hope, to number yet.
Ere thou cannot travel that way.

Bass.

Let the sun few

Be wrapp'd up in an everlasting darkness, Before the light of nature, chiefly form'd For the whole world's delight, feel an eclips So universal!

Org. Wisdom, look ye, begins
To rave! — Art thou mad too, antiquity?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might have

been

Mother to many pretty prattling babes; They would have smil'd when I smil'd, and for I should have cri'd when they cri'd . - truly

brother, My father would have pick'd me out a has band.

And then my little ones had been no bastarb.
But 't is too late for me to marry now,
I am past child-bearing; 't is not my fault.
Buss. Fall on me, if there be a barne

Aetna.

And bury me in flames! Sweats hat as sulph Boil through my pores! Affliction bath to see No torture like to this.

Org. Behold a patience! Lay by thy whining gray dissinual at a poor of the posterior of this reiselief; day out.

The jealousies that hatch'd this thrake a few With thine own poniard. Every antic raguer. Can roar as thine does, Ith.

Orgilus, forhear Bass, Disturb him not; it is a talking notice!
Provided for my torment. What a find as I To bandy b passion! Ere I'll speak a word.

I will look on and hurst.

Pen. I lov'd you once. To Chants.

Org. Thou didst, wrong'd creature in a spite of malice.

For it I love thee ever.

Pen. Spare your hand; o Believe me, I'll not hurt it. My heart ton Org.

Q appear'd, Impushers. 4 Pupper. • Q 6 Q. Puine my, and omite [Fex.] in most line.

[Pen.] Complain not though I wring it hard.
I'll kiss it;

O, 't is a fine soft palm! - hark, in thine ear; Like whom do I look, prithee? - Nay, no whispering.

Goodness! we had been happy; too much happiness

Will make folk proud, they say — but that is he — Points at ITHOCLES. And yet he paid for 't home ; alas, his heart

Is crept into the cabinet of the princess; We shall have points and bride-laces. member,

When we last gather'd roses in the garden, is I found my wits; but truly you lost yours.
That 's he, and still 't is he. [Again pointing at ITHOCLES.]

Poor soul, how idly Her fancies guide her tougue!

Buss. [Aside.] Keep in, vexation,

And break not into clamour.

She has tutor'd me: Some powerful inspiration checks my lazi-DORR.

Now let me kiss your hand, griev'd beauty.

Alack, slack, his lips be wondrous cold.
Dear soul, h'as lost his colour: have ye seen
A straying heart? All crannies! every drop
Of blood is turned to an amethyst. Which married bachelors hang in their ears, Org. Peace usher her into Elysium! --

If this be madness, madness is an oracle. Exit.

Ith. Christalla, Philema, when slept my sister, Her ravings are so wild?

Chris. Sir, not these ten days. 120 Phil. We watch by her continually; besides,

We can not any way pray her to eat.

Bass. O, misery of miseries!

Take comfort; You may live well, and die a good old man. y yea and may, an oath not to be broken, you had join'd our hands once in the temple, -

T was since my father died, for had he liv'd He would have done t, I must have call'd you father.

O, my wrack'd honour! ruin'd by those tyrants, A cruel brother and a desperate dotage! There is no peace left for a ravish'd wife

Widow'd by lawless marriage; to all memory Penthea's, poor Penthea's name is strumpeted: But since her blood was season'd by the forfeit Of noble shame with mixtures of pollution, the Her blood - 'tis just - be henceforth never height'ned

With taste of sustenance! Starve : let that ful-Desta

Whose plurisy hath fever'd fuith and modesty -

Forgive me; O, I faint! [Fulls into the orms of her Attendants.]

Be not so wilful, Sweet niece, to work thine own destruction. Nature 186

> ¹ Tagged laces, S Excess.

Will call her daughter monster! - What! not ent!

Refuse the only ordinary means

Which are ordain'd for life? Be not, my sister, A murderess to thyself .- Hear'st thou this, Bassanes?

Foh! I am busy; for I have not Bass. thoughta

Enow to think: all shall be well anon.
'T is tumbling in my head; there is a mastery
ln art to fatten and keep smooth the outside; Yes, and to comfort up the vital spirits Without the help of food, fumes or perfumes.
Perfumes or fumes. Let her alone; I'll search ont

The trick on 't. Pen. Lead me gently; heavens reward ye. Griefs are sure friends, they leave without control

Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soul. Exeunt the maids supporting PEN-THEA.

Bass. I grant ye; and will put in practice instantly What you shall still admire: 't is wonderful,

'T is super-singular, not to be match'd; Yet, when I 've done't, I 've done't: - ye shall

all thank me.

Arm. The night is full of terror. Ith. On my soul Lies such an infinite clog of massy dulness, 118 As that I have not sense enough to feel it. -See, oncle, th' angry s thing returns again; Shall 's welcome him with thunder? We are

haunted, And must use exorcism to conjure down

This spirit of malevolence. Mildly, nephew. 100 Arm.

Enter NEARCHUS and AMELUS.

Near. I come not, air, to chide your late dis-

order,
Admitting that th' inurement to a roughness In soldiers of your years and fortunes, chiefly, So lately prosperous, hath not yet shook off The custom of the war in hours of leisure;

Nor shall you need excuse, since y' are to ren-

Account to that fair excellence, the princess, Who in her private gallery expects it From your own mouth alone: I am a messenger But to her pleasure.

Excellent Nearchus, Be prince still of my services, and conquer Without the combat of dispute; I honour ye. Near. The king is on a sudden indisposed, Physicians are call'd for; 't were fit, Armostes,

You should be near him. Sir, I kiss your handa. 116 Arm.

Exeunt ITHOCLES and ARMORTES. Near. Amelus, I perceive Calantha's bosom Is warm'd with other tires than such as cun Take strength from any fuel of the love I might address to her. Young Ithocles, Or ever I mistake, is lord ascendant

3 Q. miguey.

Of her devotions; one, to speak him truly, In every disposition nobly fashioned. Ame. But can your highness brook to be so

rivall'd,

Considering the inequality of the persons? Near. I can, Amelus; for affections injur'd By tyranny or rigour of compulsion, Like tempest-threat ued trees unfirmly rooted,

Ne'er spring to timely growth : observe, for in-

stance,
Life-spent Penthea and unhappy Orgilus.
Ame. How does your grace determine?
To be jealous no In public of what privately I'll further; And though they shall not know, yet they shall find it.

ISCENE III.11

Enter HEMOPHIL and GRONEAS leading AMY-CLAS, and placing him in a chair: followed by ARMOSTES [with a box], CROTOLON, and PROPHILUS.

Amy. Our daughter is not near?

Irm. She is retir'd, sir,

Into her gallery.

Where 's the prince our consin? Fro. New walk'd into the grove, my lord.

Amy.

All leave us Except Armostes, and you, Crotolon;

We would be private.

Health unto your majesty! & Exeunt Properties, Henorett, Pro.

Amy. What! Tecnicus is gone?

He is to Delphos: .Irm. And to your royal hands presents this box.

Amy. Unseal it, good Armostes; therein lie
The secrets of the oracle; out with it;

Apollo live onr patron! Read, Armostes.

Arm. [reads.] The plot in which the vine takes root

Begins to dry from head to foot; The stock soon withering, want of sap Doth cause to quail the budding grape; Shall drop, and feed the plot anew.

Amy. That is the oracle: what exposition

Makes the philosopher?

Arm. This brief one only. [Reads.] The plot is Sparta, the dri'd vine the king:

The quailing grape his daughter; but the thing wo Of most importance, not to be recealed, Is a near prince, the elm: the rest concealed.

Then icus.

Amy. Enough; although the opening of this riddle

Be but itself a riddle, yet we construe How near our labouring age draws to a rest, 15 But must Calantha quail too? that young

Untimely budded! I could mourn for her; Her tenderness hath yet deserv'd no rigour So to be crost by fate.

Arm. You misapply, ir.— With favour let me speak it, — what Apolla Hath clouded in hid sense. I here conputer Her marriage with some neighb'ring prince, the dew

Of which befriending alm shall ever strengths Your subjects with a sovereignty of power Crot. Besides, most gracious ford, the pube

orneles Is to be then digested when th' events

Expound their truth, not brought as san b light

As utter d. Truth is child of Time; and bown I find no scruple, rather cause of comfort. With unity of kingdoms.

For weal of this dear nation! - Where Where e

Ithoches? -Armostes, Crotolon, when this wither d vins Of my frail careass, on the funeral pile Is fir'd into its ashes, let that young man Be hedg'd about still with your cares

loves. Much owe I to his worth, much to his service. Let such as wait come in now.

Arm. All attend her

Enter CALANTHA, ITHOCLES. PROPRIE ORGILUS, EUPHRANEA, HEMOPHIL, OF GHONEAS.

Cal. Dear sir! king! father!

O my royal mate rimy. Cleave not my heart, sweet twice d

your forejudging feare; there be

So cunningly restorative to cherish
The fall of age, or call back youth and vigor
As your consents in duty. I will shake of This languishing disease of time, to quicken Fresh pleasures in these drooping hour andness.

Is fair Emphranea married yet to Prophiles!

Crot. This morning, gracious lord.

Org.

This very morne.

Which, with your highness' leave, you may " serve too.

Our sister looks, methinks, mirthful me

sprightly,
As if her chaster fancy could already
Expound the riddle of her gain in losing
A triffe maids know only that they know no
Pish! prithee, blush not; 'tis but have litt hats change

Of fashion in the garment, loose for strait, And so the modest maid is made a wife. Shrewd business — is 't not, sister?

Euph. You are pleas. Amy. We thank thee, Orgilus; this mirthcornes thee,

But wherefore sits the court in such a sile.
A wedding without revels is not seemly. Your late indisposition, sir, forte

Amy. Re it thy charge, Calantha, to set to

The bridal sports, to which I will be present

An apartment in the palace.

If not, at least consenting. - Mine own Ithocles, If not, at least consenting.
I have done little for thee yet.

Y' have built me

To the full height I stand in. Cal. [Aside.] No Now or never! - "

May I propose a suit?
Amy.

Cat. Pray, sir, give me this young man, and no further

Account him yours than he deserves in all

things

To be thought worth mine: I will esteem him

According to his merit.

Amy.

Still thou 'rt my daughter, **
Still grow'st upon my heart. — [To ITHOCLES.]

(Five me thine hand; **

Calantha, take thine own: in noble actions
Thou 'It find him firm and absolute. — I would not
Have parted with thee, I thocles, to any
But to a mistress who is all what I am.

Ith. A change, great king, most wisht for, 'cause the same.

Cal. [Aside to ITHOCLES.] Th' art mine. Have I now kept my word?

Ith. [Aside to CALANTHA.] Divinely.

Org. Rich fortunes guard, [the] I favour of a

princess

Rock thee, brave man, in ever-crowned pleuty! are minion of the time; be thankful for

(Aside.) Ho! here's a swing in destiny - apparent!

The youth is up on tiptoe, yet may stumble.

Amy. On to your recreations. — Now convey me

Unto my bed-chamber.
Wear a distempered look.
The gods preserve ye! **

The gods preserve ye! ** my sight.

Ith. | Aside to CALANTHA. My whole felicity ! Exeunt carrying out the king. URG1-LUS stays Truoches,

Org. Shall I be bold, my lord?

Ith. Thou canst not, Orgilus. Call me thine own; for Prophilus must hence-

forth Be all thy sister's : friendship, though it cease

In marriage, yet is oft at less command Than when a single freedom can dispose it. Org. Most right, my most good lord, my most

great lord.

My gracious princely lord, I might add, royal.

Ith. Royal! A subject royal?

Org.

Why not, pray, sir?

The sovereignty of kingdoms in their nonage
Stoop'd to desert, not birth; there's as much

In clearness of affection as in puddle Of generation: you have conquer'd love
Even in the loveliest; if I greatly err not,
The son of Venus hath bequenth'd his quiver
To Ithocles his manage, 2 by whose arrows Calantha's breast is open'd.

3 To the control of Ithocles. 1 Q. to.

Can't be possible? Ith. Org. I was myself a piece of suitor once,

And forward in preferment too; so forward 118 That, speaking truth, I may without offence,

Presume to whisper that my hopes, and - hark

My certainty of marriage stood assured With as firm footing — by your leave — as any's

Now at this very instant—but—
'T is granted: 100

And for a league of privacy between us, Read o'er my bosom and partake a scoret; The princess is contracted mine.

Org. Still, why not? I now applaud her wisdom: when your kingdom

Stands seated in your will, secure and settled, us I dare pronounce you will be a just monarch; Greece must admire and tremble.

Then the aweetness Of so imparadis'd a comfort. Orgilus!

It is to banquet with the gods. The glory Org. Of numerous children, potency of nobles,
Bent knees, hearts pay'd to tread on!

Ith. With a friendship

So dear, so fast as thine.

I am unfitting Ory. For office; but for service -

Ith. We'll disting Our fortunes merely in the title; partners We'll distinguish In all respects else but the bed.

Org. orfend it Jove's own jealousy! - till lastly Forfend it Jove's own jeaning. We slip down in the common earth together. And there our beds are equal; save some mon-

To show this was the king, and this the subject. -Soft sail music.

List, what sad sounds are these, - extremely sad ones? Ith. Sure, from Penthea's lodgings. Ory. Hark ! a voice too.

A Some [within].

O, no more, no more, too late Sighs are spent; the burning tapers Of a life as cluste on fate, Pure as are unwritten pape Are burnt out no heat, me i ght Now remains; 't is ever night.

Love is dead ; let lovers' eyes, Lock'd in endies dreams. Th' extremes of all extremes Ope no more, for new Lore dies, New Love dies, - implying Love's martyre must be ever, ever dying.

Ith. O, my misgiving heart! A horrid stillness Succeeds this deathful air; let's know the rea-SOD :

Tread softly; there is mystery in mourning.

SCENE [IV].1

Enter Christalia and Philema, bringing in Printhea in a chair, veiled: two other Servants placing two chairs, one on the one side, and the other with an engine on the other. The Maids at down at her feet, mourning. The Servants sit down at her feet, mourning. The Serve go out: meet them ITHOCLES and OHGILL'S.

1 Ser. [Aside to ORGILUS.] 'T is done; that on her right hand.

Good: begone.
[Exeunt Servants.] Org.

Ith. Soft peace enrich this room! Org. Phil. Dead ! How fares the lady?

Chris. Dead! Starv'd!

Chris. Starv'd!

Ith. Me miserable! Org. Tell us

How parted she from life.

Phil. She call'd for music, And begg'd some gentle voice to tune a farewell

To life and griefs: Christalla touch'd the lute;

I wept the funeral song.

Which scarce was ended But her last breath seal'd up these hollow sounds,

"O, cruel Ithooles and injur'd Orgilus!" So down she drew her veil, so died.

Ith. Org, Up! you are messengers of death; go from us;

Here's wee enough to court without a prompter: Away: and hark ye - till you see us next, No syllable that she is dead. - Away,

Keep a smooth brow

Exeunt CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA. My lord, -

Ich. Mine only sister! 15

Another is not left me.

Take that chair; I'll seat me here in this: between us sits The object of our sorrows; some few tears We'll part among us: I perhaps can mix One lamentable story to prepare 'em. -

There, there; sit there, my lord.

Yes, as you please, ITHOCLES sits down, and is cutcht in the engine.

What means this treachery?

Caught! you are caught, Young master; 't is thy throne of coronation, Thou fool of greatness! See, I take this veil off; Survey a beauty wither'd by the flames Of an insulting Phaeton, her brother. Ith. Thou mean'st to kill me basely?

I foreknew The last act of her life, and train'd thee hither To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.

You dreamt of kingdoms, did ye? How to bosom

1 Penthea's apartment in the palace.

³ A piece of mechanism.

The delicacies of a youngling princess. How with this nod to grace that subtle course. How with that frown to make this noble tree ble.

And so furth; whiles Penthen's grooms and betures,

Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions, Ne'er toucht upon your thought : as for my iuries

Alas, they were beneath your royal pity; But yet they liv'd, thou proud man to befound thee.

Behold the fate; this steel! [Draws a document the strike home; A courted as keen as the revence shall give it welcome But prithee faint not; if the wound close up. Tent's it with double force, and search it death Thou look'st that I should whine and beginners.

As loth to leave the vainness of my glories. A statelier resolution arms my confidence, To cozen thee of honour; neither could I With equal trial of unequal fortune
By hazard of a duel; 't were a bravery
Too mighty for a slave intending murder.
On to the execution, and inherit

A conflict with thy horrors. Org. By Apollo.

Thou talk'st a goodly language! for requital I will report thee to thy mistress richly. And take this peace along: some few short minutes

Determin'd, my resolves shall quickly follow . Thy wrathful ghost; then, if we tug for man

Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courses Give me thy hand: be healthful in thy part

From lost mortality ! thus, thus I free it.

Ith. Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink. Grg. Keep up tay can I will be gentle even in blood; to linger Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be crue in Such him. Keep up thy spars

State him . 512 Ith. Nimble in vengeance, I forgive the

Safety, with best success: O, may it prosper! Penthea, by thy side thy brother bloods. The earnest of his wrongs to thy forced full. Thoughts of ambition, or delicious tangest With beauty, youth, and love, together sent In my last breath, which on the sarred and Of a long-look'd-for peace - now - more -

heaven. Org. Farewell, fair spring of Henceforth welcome Best expectation of a noble suff rance

I'll lock the bodies safe, till what must for low

Shall be approv'd. - Sweet twins, chine star for ever

In vain they build their hopes whose life shame:

No monument lasts but a happy name.

Proba

ACT V

SCHOOL L.1

Enter BARBANES, alone,

Athens - to Athens I have sent, the ursery ce for learning and the fount of knowdge; win Sparta there's not left amongst us man to direct; we're all turn'd mud-

d Apollo is the god of herba, stainly he knows the virtue of 'em: hos I have sent too. If there can be

for nature, we are sure yet. Enter ORGILUS.

Hononr

thy counsels ever ! I beseech thee my heart, let me go from thee quietly; at anght to do with thee, of all men. bles of a hare, - or, in a morning, from a splay-footed witch, - to drop frops of blood at th' nose just and no ore. g of ravens, or the screech of owls, u

so boding mischief as thy crossing ate meditations. Shun me, prithee; Cannot love thee heartily, thee as well as I can.

Phew! then we shall be troubled. se set ordain'd my plague — heaven make thankful,

e me patience too, heaven, I beseech

Accept a league of amity; for honceirth. by my best genius, in a syllable, apeak vexation. I will study and friendship, with a zealous sorrow

set incivility towards ye. Hey-day, good words, good words! I

a coxcomb for my labour.

I'se pot a language; your misdoubt is cause-

ance, if you promise to put on ancy of patience, such a patience nicle or history ne'er mentioned, wa not example, but shall stand ir and a theme for imitation, t, the index spointing to a second, quaint ye with an unmatch'd secret, bowledge to your griefs shall set a pe-

Thou canst not, Orgilus; 't is in the

ods only: yet, for satisfaction, I note an earnest in thine utterance,

n in Bassanes' house.

² The index-hand.

Unforc'd and naturally free, be resolute * The virgin-bays shall not withstand the light-

With a more careless danger than my constancy
The full of thy relation. Could it move
Distraction in a senseless marble statue,
It should find me a rock: I do expect now

It should find me a recomment.

Some truth of unheard moment.

To your patience You must add privacy, as strong in silence
As mysteries lock d-up in Jove's own bosom.

Bass. A skull hid in the earth a treble age

Shall sooner prate.

Lastly, to such direction Org. As the severity of a glorious action Deserves to lead your wisdom and your judgment.

You ought to yield obedience.

With masurance

Of will and thankfulness. With manly courage

Org.
Please, then, to follow me.
Where'er, I fear not. Exeunt onnes.

SCRNE IL.5

Loud music. Enter GHONEAS und HEMOPHIL, leading EUPHRANEA; CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA, leading PROPHILUS; NEARCHUS Supporting CALANTHA; CROTOLON and AMELUS. Cease loud music; all make a stand.

Cal. We miss our servant Ithoules and Orgilus;

On whom attend they?

Crot. My son, gracious princess, Whisper'd some new device, to which these revels Should be but usher: wherein I conceive

Lord Ithocles and himself are actors, Cal. A fair excuse for absence: as for Bass-

Delights to him are troublesome: Armostes In with the king?

Crot.

He is. On to the dance! Cal. Dear cousin, hand you the bride; the bridegrown must be

Intrusted to my courtship, Be not jealous, Euphranea; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.

Fall to our dance.

Music.

NEARCHUS dances with EUPERANEA, PROPHI-LUB with CALANTHA, CHRISTALLA with HEM-OPHIL, PHILEMA with GRONEAR

They dance the first change; during which AB-MUSTER enters.

Arm. (in CALANTHA's ear.) The king your father's dead.

Cal. To the other change.
Arm. Is 't possible? They dance again.

Enter BASSANKS.

Bass. [whispers CALANTHA.] O, madam I Panthea, poor Penthea 's starved.

4 SatiaSad.

* A state-room in the palace.

Cal. Lead to the next. Beshrew thee !-Bass. Amazement dulls my senses. u They dunce again.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. [whispers CALANTHA.] Brave Ithocles is marder'd, marder'd cruelly. Cal. How dull this music sounds! Strike up more sprightly;

Our footings are not active like our heart,

Which treads the nimbler measure.

I am thunderstruck. The last change. Cease music. Cal. So! let us breathe awhile. — Hath not this motion,

Kais'd fresher colour on your cheeks?

Near. Sweet princess,

perfect purity of blood enamels

A perfect purity of Your white,

The beauty of your white,

We all look cheerfully; And, cousin, 't is, methinks, a rare presumption In any who prefer our lawful pleasures

Before their own sour censure, t' interrupt The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

Near. None dures, lady. Cal. Yes, yes; some hollow voice deliver'd

to nue

How that the king was dead. Arm. The king is dead: 20 That fatal news was mine; for in mine arms He breath'd his last, and with his crown be-queath'd ye

Your mother's wedding ring; which here I ten-

der.

Crot. Most strange! Cal. Peace crown his ashes! We are queen,

then. Neur. Long live Calantha! Sparta's sovereign

queen

All. Long live the queen!

Cul. What whispered Bassanes? Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,

Was starv'd to death.
Cal. She's happy; she hath finish'd A long and painful progress. - A third mur-

Pierc'd mine unwilling cars.
That Ithocles Was murder'd; - rather butcher'd, had not bravery

Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror, Proclaim'd his last act triumph over ruin.

Arm. How! murder'd!

Cal. By whose hand?
Org. By mine; this weapon w
Was instrument to my revenge; the reasons Are just, and known; quit him of these, and

then Never liv'd gentleman of greater merit, Hope or abiliment 1 to ateer a kingdom.

Crat. Fie, Orgilas!

Euph. Fie, brother! You have done it? •• Buss. How it was done let him report, the forfuit

1 Capacity.

Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet Rigour of justice; but that done it is. Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit Too sure to be convinced. Armostes, rest not Thine arteries with hearing the bare cucum stances

Of these calamities; thou 'st lost a nephew, A niece, and I a wife continue man still; Make me the pattern of digesting svile, Who can outlive my mighty ones, not absink-

At such a pressure as would sink a soul Into what's most of death, the worst of her-

But I have seal'd a covenant with saduem, And enter'd into bonds without condition, To stand these tempests calmly; mark ma

nobles.
I do not shed a tear, not for Penthen!

Excellent misery!

We begin our reign With a first act of justice: thy confession, Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sent noe: But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence Shall be excus'd. — Give, Crotolon, a blessing To thy lost son; - Euphranea, take a farwell:

And both be gone.

Crot. [to ORGILUS.] Confirm thee, noble or

In worthy resolution!

Euph. Could my tears speak. My griefs were slight.
Org. All good

Org. All goodness dwell amongst ye! 2 Enjoy my sister, Prophilus: my vengeanos Aim'd never at thy prejudice.

Cal.

Now withdraw
Excust CROTOLON. Prormits
and ECTHRANIA.
Bloody relater of thy stains in blood, For that thou hast reported him, whose for

tunes And life by thee are both at once enatched

from him, With honourable mention, make thy closes Of what death likes thee best ; there 's all our

bounty. But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousia, Intreat you and these lords see execution Instant before ye part.

Near.

Your will commands us.

Near. Your will commande us.
Org. One suit, just queen, my last: soud
safe your clemency,
That by no common hand I be divided

That by no common frailty.

From this my humble frailty.

To their wisdow Who are to be spectators of thine and I make the reference. Those that are dead Are dead; had they not now died, of necessity They must have paid the debt they ou do nature

One time or other. - Use dispatch, my lords: We'll suddenly prepare our coronation.

Escunt CALANTHA, PHILL MA. 5

CHRISTALLA.

* Confuted.

Arm, 'T is strange these tragedies should never touch on

Her female pity.

Bass. She has a masculine spirit And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl, Put tinger in the eye? Let's be all toughness, Without distinction betwirt sex and sex,

Near. Now, Orgilus, thy choice?
Org. To bleed to death. 100

Arm. The executioner?

Org. Myself, no surgeon; am well skill'd in letting blood. Bind fast This arm, that so the pipes may from their conduits

Convey a full stream; here's a skilful instru-ment. [Shows his dagger.]

Only I am a beggar to some charity
To speed me in this execution
By lending th' other prick to th' tother arm,
When this is bubbling life out.

I am for ye; It most concerns my art, my care, my credit. - Quick, fillet both his arms.

Org. Gramercy, friendship! 100 Such courtesies are real which flow cheerfully Without an expectation of requital.

Reach me a staff in this hand.

[They give him a staff.]
— If a proneness

Or custom in my nature from my cradle Had been inclin'd to fierce and eager bloodwhed.

A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking, Would have betray'd fame to ignoble flight And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety: But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not The sickness of my fortune, which, since Bass-

21168 Was husband to Penthea, had lain bed-rid. We trifle time in words: - thus I show cunning

In opening of a vein too full, too lively.

[Pierces the vein with his dagger.] 1rm. Desperate courage !

(Near.) 1
Hem. I tremble at the sight.
Would I were loose! us Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new

broacht; The vessel must be sound from which it is-

anes. Grasp hard this other stick - I'll be as nim-

ble -But prithee, look not pale - have at ye | atretch

Thine arm with vigour and [with] 2 unshook vir-

tue.

Good! O. I envy not a rival, fitted
To conquer in extremities. This pastime
Appears majestical; some high-tun'd poem
Hereafter shall deliver to posterity

The writer's glory and his subject's triumph, us How is 't, man? Droop not yet. Org. I feel no palsies.

n a pair-royal do I wait in death; My sovereign, as his liegeman; on my mistress, As a devoted servant; and on Ithocles,

As a devoted servant; and on knoces,
As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy.
Nor did I use an engine to entrap
His life, out of a slavish fear to combat
Youth, atrength, or cunning; 2 but for that I durst not

Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune By which his name might have outfac'd my vengeance.

O. Teonicus, inspir'd with Phoebus' fire! I call to mind thy sugury, 't was perfect; Revenge proves its own executioner.

When feeble man is bending to his mother.
The dust 'a was first fram'd on, thus he totters.
Bass. Life's fountain is dri'd up.

Org. So falls the standard in Of my prerogative in being a creature! A mist hangs o'er mine eyes, the sun's bright

splendour

clouded in an everlasting shadow; Welcome, thou ice, that sitt'st about my heart

No heat can ever thaw thee. Dies. Speech hath left him. 18

Near.

Speech manniter.

Bass. 'A has shook hands with time; his

Shall be my charge: remove the bloodless body. The coronation must require attendance; That past, my few days can be but one mouraing. Exeunt. 100

SCHNE III.4

An altar covered with white; two lights of virgin war, during which music of recorders; enter four bearing INHOCLES on a heurse, or in a chair, four bearing ITHOCLUS on a hearse, or in a chair, in a rich robe, with a crown on his head; place him on one side of the altar. After him enter Calantha in a white robe and crown'd; Euphranea, Philesia, and Chhistalla, in white; Nearchus, Armontis, Crotolon, Prophilus, Amelus, Bassanes, Hemophil, and Groneas.

CALANTHA goes and kneels before the altar, the rest stand aff, the women kneeling behind, the recorders cease during her devotions. Soft music, Calantha and the restrice, doing observed

sance to the altur.

Cal. Our orisons are heard; the gods are merciful.

Now tell me, you whose loyalties pay tribute To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful Your duties or obedience is to render Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin, Who have been ever fortunate in princes. Of masculine and stirring composition. A woman has enough to govern wisely Her own demeanours, passions, and divisions. A nation warlike and inne'd to practice Of policy and labour cannot brook A feminate authority: we therefore Command your counsel, how you may advise

33 B In choosing of a husband whose abilities

Can better guide this kingdom. Royal lady, u

Your law is in your will. * 8kill.

We have seen tokens Arm. Of countaincy too lately to mistrust it.

Cred. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice

By your own judgment both allow'd and lik'd of.

Sparta may grow in power, and proceed Do an increasing height.

Cal. Hold you the same mind?

Alas, great mistress, reason is so Bass. clouded

With the thick darkness of my infinite woes, That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety. Give me some corner of the world to wear

The remnant of the minutes I must number, Where I may hear no sounds but sad complaints

Of virgins who have lost contracting partners; Of busbands howling that their wives were ravisht

By some untimely fate; of friends divided

By charlish opposition; or of fathers
Weeping upon their children's alaughtered car-

Or daughters groaning o'er their fathers' hearses;

And I can dwell there, and with these keep comment

As musical as theirs. What can you look for # But craziness of age?

Cat. Cousin of Argos, —

Madam?

Cal. Were I presently To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely What articles I would propose to treat on

Before our marriage.

Name them, virtuous lady. Cal. I would presume you would retain the

royalty Of Sparta in her own bounds; then in Argos Armostes might be viceroy; in Messene Might Crotolon hear sway; and Bassanes — Buss. I, queen! alas, what I?

Cal.

Be Sparta's marshal.

The multitudes of high employments could

not But set a peace to private griefs. These gentle-

men. Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,

Should wait upon your person in your cham-I would bestow Christalla on Amelus.

She 'll prove a constant wife; and Philema Should into Vesta's Temple. Bass. This is a testament!

It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.

Near. All this should be perform'd.

Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus, as In all those honours, titles, and preferments Which his dear friend and my neglected hus-

band Too short a time enjoy'd.

Pro. I am unworthy

Pro.
To live in your remembrance.
Excellent lady! **

Near. Madam, what means that word, "seglected husband"?

Cal. Forgive me: — now I turn to thee, the

shadow

Of my contracted lord! Bear witness all. I put my mother's wedding-ring upon His tinger; 't was my father's last bequest.

His ringer; Places a ring on the finger of ITHOCLES.

Thus I new-marry him whose wife I am; Death shall not separate us. O. my hods. I but deceiv'd your eyes with antic gesture, When one news straight came hudding sa another

Of death ! and death ! and death ! still I desced

forward; But it struck home, and here, and in as is

Be such mere women, who with shricks and outeries

Can yow a present end to all their sorrows.

Yet live to [court] new pleasures, and outlies them.

They are the silent griefs which cut the bearstrings;

Let me die smiling. T is a truth too ominous Near. 'T is a truth too ominous Cal. One kiss on these cold lips. me included [Kisses ITHOCLES.] — Crack. crack!—Argos now's Sparta's king. — Command the

voices Which wait at th' altar now to sing the song

I fitted for my end. Sire, the song! Near.

A Bosto.

All. Glories, pleasures, pompa, delights, and case.
Can but please
Outward scarce when the mind
Is [or'] untroubled or by pence refle'd.
I [Voice.] Crowns may flourish and decay.
Beautics shine, but fade away.
2 [Voice.] Youth may revel, yet it mans
Lie down in a bed of dust.
3 [States | Norther become flow and washe.

3 (Voice.) Earthly henours flow and waste.
Time alone doth change and last.
All. Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
Reel for care:

Love only reigns in death; though art Can find no comfort for a broken tears.

[CALANTHA dies Arm. Look to the queen?

Bass. Her heart is broke, indeed.

O, royal maid, would thou hadat mist this part. Yet 't was a brave one. I must weep to see

Her smile in death,
Wise Tecnicus! thus said be When youth is ripe, and age from time dat

part,
The Lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heat
Is here fulfill'd.

I am your king. Long live Near. All. Nearchus, King of Sparta I

Her last will Shall never be digrest from : wait in order

1 Q. sow.

1 Q met



THE BROKEN HEART

799

on these faithful lovers, as becomes us.—
10 counsels of the gods are never known 105
11 men can call th' effects of them their own.
[Excust.]

ijį.

THE EPILOGUE

HERE noble judgments and clear eyes are fix'd

grace endeavour, there sits truth, not mix'd ith ignorance; those censures may command lief which talk not till they understand.

Let some say, "This was flat;" some, "Here the scene
Fell from its height;" another, that the mean Was "ill observ'd" in such a growing passion As it transcended either state or fashion:
Some few may cry, "T was pretty well," or

"But—" and there shrug in silence; yet we know

Our writer's aim was in the whole addrest Well to deserve of all, but please the best; Which granted, by th' allowance of this strain The BBOKEN HEART may be picc'd up again.

THE LADY OF PLEASURE

JAMES SHIRLEY

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE]

BIR THOMAS BORKWELL. BIR WILLIAM SCRUTLOVE, MADTER ALEXANDER KICKSHAW, [Gallante.] MASTER ALEXASION FLUCTURE, [MASTER HAIRCUT. [n Burber.]
MASTER HAIRCUT. [n Burber.]
MASTER FREDERICE, 'n uchlew to Lady Bornwell.]
Steward to the Lady Arctuna.
Steward to the Lady Celestims.

Secretary [to Lord ---]. Bervants, etc.

ABETHA, Sir Thomas Bornwell's Laby. CELEMINA, a young widow. IsaBELLA, MABLANA, | [Friends of Celestina.] MABLANA, | [a Procuresa.] [Geutlewoman.]

SOENE. - The Strand.

ACT I

[SCENE I.]1

Enter Lady BOHNWELL,2 and her Steward.

Stew. Be patient, madam; you may have

your pleasure.

Lady B. Tin that I came to town for. I

would not Endure again the country conversation, To be the lady of six shires! The men, A sense of nothing but the earth; their brains, And barren heads standing as much in want Of ploughing as their ground. To hear a fellow Make himself merry and his horse, with whistling

Sellinger's Round! 8 To observe with what solemnity

They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candle-sticks!

How they become the morris, with whose bells They ring all in to Whitsun-ales; and sweat, Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the hobby-horse +

Tire, and the Maid Marian, dissolv'd to a jelly, Be kept for spoon meat!

Stew. These, with your pardon, are no argu-

To make the country life appear so hateful; At least to your particular, who enjoy'd A blessing in that calm, would you be pleas'd as To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom; While your own will commanded what should move

Delights, your husband's love and power join'd

A room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's house. In the Q. Lady Bornwell is called Arrina throughout in stage directions and speech-tags.

A common country-dance time. Cf. p. 487.

Characters in the mortis-dance.

To give your life more harmony. You life

Secure, and innocent, belov'd of all, Prais'd for your hespitality, and pray'd la You might be envi'd, but malies knew Not where you dwelt. I would not propher But leave to your own apprehension.

What may succeed your change.

Lady B. You do inage. No doubt, you have talk'd wisely, and on! London past all defence. Your master the Do well to send you back into the county

With title of superintendent-bailiff.

Stew. How, madam!

Lady B. Even so, sir Even so, sir. Stew. I am a gentlem=

Though now your servant. Ludy B. A country gentle By your affection to converse with stub-His tenants will advance your wit, and p-

With beef and bag-pudding ! Stew. ou may say your plant It becomes not me dispute,

Lady B. Complain to The lord of the soil, your master. Stew.

Of an ungovern'd passion, and I pity you. Enter Sir THOMAS BORDWELL

Born. How now? What a the matter Stew. Nothing, sir. (f. Stou. Born. Angry, sweetheart?

Lealy B. 1 am angry with m

To be so miserably restrain'd in things

Wherein it doth concern your love and be

To see me satisfied.

Rorn.

In what, Arctina.

Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obey!

All thy desires? Against mine own opins Quitted the country, and remov'd the hor-

return, by sale of that fair lordship d in? Chang'd a culm and retir'd life is wild town, compos'd of noise and harge? 1

pry for

of my birth and education? , I am not ignerant how much nobility in your blood; your kinsmen great and nowerful

tate; but with this, lose not you mem-

my wife. I shall be studious, a, to give the dignity of your birth best ornaments which become my forane :

hald not flatter it, to ruin both, the fable of the town, to teach hen loss of wit by mine, employ'd

aen loss of wit of the your vast expenses.

Am I then the balance? So, sir!

Though you weigh partial 2 scale, my heart is honest, met take liberty to think you have no modest counsel, to affect,8 ady ways of pride and costly ceremony: hange of gaudy furniture, and pictures Italian master, and that Dutchman's; lighty looking-glasses, like artillery, home on engines; the superfluous

hate, and novel; vanities of tires; and re-pound suppers for my lord, your kine-pan.

ets for t' other lady aunt, and cousins, rfumes that exceed all: train of ser-

ante,

e us at home, and show abroad totley than the French or the Venetian, ... your coach, whose rude postillion ester bevery narrow lane, till passengers adesmen curse your choking up their talls;

mmon cries pursue your ladyship, d'ring o' their market.

Have you done, sir? I could accuse the gaiety of your wardbe,

odigal embroideries, under which itins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare bw their own complexions; your jewels, burn out the spectators' eyes, or like bonlices on you by the tapers, ing might here be spar'd, with safety of orth and honour, since the truest wealth from the soul, and draws up just ad-

urge something more.

Pray do, I like **

omily of thrift. I could wish, madam, ald not game so much. B. A gamester too!

Desire.
Headdresse.

· Obstruct.

Born. But are not come to that acquaintance

Should teach you skill enough to raise your

profit.
You look not through the subtilty of cards, 100 And mysteries of dice; nor can you save

Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls, And keep your family by the precious income; Nor do I wish you should: my poorest servant Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire.

Purchas d beneath my honour. You make play Not a pastime but a tyranny, and vex Yourself and my estate by it.

ady B. Good! proceed. Born. Another game you have, which cou-

sumes more Your fame than purse; your revels in the

night, Your meetings called the "Ball," to which re-

pair,
As to the Court of Pleasure, all your gallants
And ladies, thither bound by a subposan
Of Venus, and small Cupid's high displeasure;
'T is but the Family of Love translated is
lute more costly sin! There was a play or t.7 And had the poet not been brib'd to a modest Expression of your antic gambols in 't, Some darks had been discovered, and the deeds too.

In time he may repent, and make some blush, To see the second part dane'd on the stage. My thoughts requit you for dishonouring me By any foul act; but the virtuous know 'I is not enough to clear ourselves, but the

Tis not enough. Suspicions of our shame.

Have you concluded us

Your lecture? I ha' done; and howsoever Born. My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without carb to their mod-

est B

And noble freedom. I 'll not be so tedious us Ludy B. In my reply; but, without art or elegance, Assure you, I keep still my first opinion: And though you veil your avaricious meaning With handsome names of modesty and thrift, I find you would intrench and wound the liberty

was born with. Were my desires unprivileg'd By example, while my judgment thought 'em fit.

You ought not to oppose; but when the practice

And track of every honourable lady
Authorise me, I take it great injustice
To have my pleasures circumscrib'd, and taught me.

narrow-minded husband is a thief To his own fame, and his preferment too; He shuts his parts and fortunes from the world,

A religious sect often accused of licentiousness.

The Ball, a comedy by Shirley and Chapman. 1032.

2 Moderate.

While, from the popular vote and knowledge,

Rise to employment in the state.

Ihave Born. No great ambition to buy preferment at So dear a rate.

Ludy B. Nor I to sell my honour.

By living poor and sparingly. I was not Bred in that ebb of fortune, and my fate Shall not compel me to it.

I know not, Born.

Madam; but you pursue these ways—
Ludy B. What ways?

Born. In the strict sense of honesty, I dare Make oath they are innocent.

Ludy B.

Do not divert, By busy troubling of your brain, those thoughts That should preserve 'em.

Born. Lady B How was that?
"I in English, 186 Born. But carries some unkind sense.

Enter MADAM DECOY.

Dec. Good morrow, my sweet madam. Decoy! welcome; Ludy B.

This visit is a favour. Alas, sweet madam, Der. Alss, sweet madam,
I cannot stay: I came but to present
My service to your ladyship; I could not
Pass by your door, but I must take the bold-

To tender my respects.

You oblige me, madam;

You oblige me, madam; But I must not dispense so with your absence. Dec. Alas, the coach, madam, stays for me nt the door.

Lady B. Thou sha't command mine; prithee, sweet Decoy—

Dec. I would wait on you, madam, but I

have many

Visits to make this morning; I beseech -Lady B. So you will promise to dine with me.

I shall Dec.

Present a guest.

Lady B. Why, then good morrow, madam. Dec. A happy day shine on your ladyship! in Exit.

Re-enter Steward.

Lady B. What 's your news, sir?

Stew. Madam, two gentlemen. Lady B. What gentlemen? Have they no names?

Stew. They are
The gentleman with his own head of hair, Whom you commended for his horsemanship in In Hyde Park, and becoming so the saddle,
The Cother day.

Lody B. What circumstance is this

To know him by?

His name 's at my tongue's end : -He lik'd the fashion of your pearl chain,

madam;
And burrowed it for his jeweller to take A copy by it.

Born. [Aside.] What cheating gallant 's this?

Stew. That never walks without a boy's busk,1

And plays with fans - Master Alexander Kick-

shaw,—
I thought I should remember him.
What 's the othe' Lody B.

Stew. What an unlucky memory I have street, The gallant that still danceth in the street, And wears a gross of ribbon in his hat; That carries oringado 2 in his pocket. And augar-plums, to sweeten his discourse. That studies compliment, defies all wit

In black, and censures plays that are so hawdy —

Master John Littleworth,

Lady B. They are welcome; but

Pray entertain them a small time, lest I Be unprovided.

Born. Did they ask for me?

Born.
Stew. No. sir.
Born. It matters not, they must be writen.
Lady B. Fie! how's this hair disordered
Here's a curl

Straddles most impiously. I must to my che

Born. Wait on 'em; my lady again. I have to such a height fulfill'd b her home All application 's dangerous: these gallants Must be receiv'd, or she will fall into A tempest, and the house be shook with an Of all her kindred. 'T is a servitude I may in time shake off.

Enter ALEXANDER [KICKSHAW] and LITTLE WORTH.

Kick, and Little. Save you, Sir Thomas Born. Save you, gentlemen! Kick. I kiss your hand. Born. What b day is it abroad? The morning rises from your lady Little.

If she look clear, we take the happy omen

Of a fair day.

She'll instantly appear.

To the discredit of your compliment; But you express your wit thus.

Kick. And you model!

Not to affect the praises of your own
Born. Leaving this subject, what greet now on foot?

What exercise carries the general vote
O' the town? Nothing moves without

knowledge.

Kick. The cocking now has all the noise. 1 have

hundred pieces of one battle. - Ob.

A hundred piece.

These birds of Mars!

Venus is Mars his bird was been birds. Little.

Little.

Kick. Why, and the pretty doves are Very.

To show that kisses draw the charint.

Little. I am for that skirmish.

Rora.

When shall we lan

Corset.
Candied orange-peel.

Indulged.

* Appeal, demail ?

booths and bagpipes upon Banstead No mighty race is expected? - But my lady Returns!

Re-enter LADY BORNWELL

Lady B. Fair morning to you, gentlemen! on went not late to bed by your early visit. You do me honour.

Kick. It becomes our service.

Lady B. What news abroad? You hold precious intelligence.

Little. All tongues are so much busy with

your praise,
They have not time to frame other discourse,
Will t please you, madam, taste a sugar-plum?
Born. What does the goldsmith think the pearl is worth

You borrowed of my lady? Tis a rich one. Born. She has many other toys, whose fushion you

Will like extremely: you have no intention
To buy any of her jewels?

Kick.

Born. You had rather sell, perhaps. But, leaving this, I hope you'll dine with us.

I came a' purpose. Lady B. And where were you last night?
Kick. 1, madam? Where I slept not; it had been sin, where so much Delight and beauty was to keep me waking. 200 There is a lady, madam, will be worth Your free society; my conversation
No er knew so elegant and brave a soul,
With most incomparable flesh and blood;
So spirited! so courtly! speaks the lan-

Sings, dances, plays o' th' lute to admiration! In fair, and painta not ; games too, keeps a table, And talks most witty satire; has a wit Of a clean Mercury -

Is she married? Little.

Kick.
Lody B. A virgin?
Kick.
Neither.
What! a widow! Something Of this wide commendation might have Excus'd. This such a prodigy !

Kick.

Refore I name her : she did never see Repent, et full sixteen, an age, in the opinion Of wise men, not contemptible. She has Monra'd out her year, too, for the honest knight

That had compassion of her youth, and died So timely. Such a widow is not common; nd now she shines more fresh and tempting

Than any natural virgin.

Lady B. What's her name? **

Kick. She was christened Celestina; by her

husband,
The Lady Bellamour: this ring was here.

Born. You borrowed it to copy out the posy.

Rick. Are they not pretty rubies? 't was a grace

She was pleas'd to show me, that I might have Made of the self-same fashion : for I love

All pretty forms.

Lidy B. And is she glorious?

Kick. She is full of jewels, madam; but I RIB

Most taken with the bravery of her mind, Although her garments have all grace and or-

Lady B. You have been high in praises.

Kick. I come short;

No flattery can reach her. Born, [Aside.] Now my lady Is troubled, as she fear'd to be eclips'd: This news will cost me somewhat.

Lady B. You deserve Her favour, for this noble character.

Kick. And I possess it, by my stars benevo-

Lady B. You must bring us acquainted.

Born. I pray do, sir; I long to see her too.— Madam, I have Thought upon 't, and corrected my opinion. Pursue what ways of pleasure your desires
Incline you to, not only with my state,
But with my person; I will follow you.
I see the felly of my thrift, and will Repent in sack and prodigality, To your own heart's content.

Lady B. But do not mock. Born. Take me to your embraces, gentlemen, And tutor me.

Little. And will you kiss the ladies? Born. And sing and dance. I long to see this

beauty; I would fain lose a hundred pounds at dice now. Thou sha't have another gown and petticoat == To-morrow. Will you sell my running-horses? We have no Greek wine in the house, I think: Pray send one of our footmen to the merchant, And throw the hogshead of March-beer into ... The kennel, to make room for suck and claret. What think you to be drunk yet before dinner? We will have constant music, and maintain Them and their fiddles in fantastic liveries : 'Il tune my voice to catches. I must have My dining-room enlarg'd, to invite ambassa

dors. We'll feast the parish in the fields, and teach The military men new discipline, Who shall charge all their great artillery With oranges and lemons, boy, to play

With granges and All dinner upon our capons.

He's exalted! Born. I will do anything to please my lady.
Let that suffice; and kiss o'th' same condition.
I am converted; do not you dispute,
But patiently allow the miracle.
Lady B. I am glad to hear you, sir, in so

good tune.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the painter.

Lady B. I am to sit this morning.

1 Gutter.

Born. Do, while I give new directions to my

Aick. With your favour, we'll wait on you:
sitting's but
A melancholy exercise without

A melancholy exercise.

Some company to discourse.

It does conclude as Lady B.

A lady's morning work. We rise, make fine,
Sit for our picture, and 't is time to dine.

Little. Praying 's forgot.

Kick.

T is out of fashion.

|Scene II.|1

Enter CELESTINA and her Steward.

Cel. Fie! what an air this room has!

Stew. 'T is perfum'd. Cel. With some cheap stuff. Is it your wisdoin's thrift

To infect my nostrils thus? Or is 't to favour The gout in your worship's hand, you are afraid

To exercise your pen in your account book? Or do you doubt my credit to discharge Your billa?

My duty, with the guilt of sloth or jealousy, Unapt to your command.

You can extenuate Your faults with language, sir; but I expect to To be obey'd. What hanguage have we here! Stew. They are arras, madam.

Cel. Impudence! I know 't.

I will have fresher, and more rich; not

wrought With faces that may scandalize a Christian, With Jewish stories stuft with corn and camels, You had best wrap all my chambers in wild Irish,

And make a nursery of monsters here, To fright the ladies come to visit me.

Stew. Madam, I hope Cel. I say I will have Good Master Steward, of a finer loom; I say I will have other,

Some silk and silver, if your worship please To let me be at so much cost. I'll have Stories to fit the seasons of the year, And change as often as I please.

Stew. You shall, madam. Cel. I am bound to your consent, forsooth! And is

My coach brought home?

Stew. This morning I expect it.

Cel. The inside, as I gave direction,
Of crimson plush?

Stew. Of crimson camer prison. Cel. Ten thousand moths consume 't! Shall Cel. Ten though

The streets in penance, wrapt up round in hair cloth?

Sell't to an alderman, 't will serve his wife To go a feasting to their country-house; Or fetch a merchant's nurse-child, and come

hame Laden with fruit and cheese-cakes, I despise it!

1 A room in Celestina's house.

Stew. The nails adorn it, madam, set is method.

And protty forms.

But single gilt, I warrant. Stew. No, madam.

Another solecism ! Oh fie' This fellow will bring me to a consumption With fretting at his ignorance. Some buly Had rather never pray than go to church in tw The nails not double gilt! To market we t? 'T will backney out to Mile-end, or convey Your city tumblers 8 to be drunk with cream And prunes at Islington.

Stew. Good madam, hear word. I'll rather be beholding to my aunt. The countess, for her mourning coach, than be Good madam, hear me Disparag'd so. Shall any juggling tradesman Be at charge to shoe his running-horse with

gold, And shall my coach nails be but single gilt! How dare these knaves abuse me so Stew. Vouchenfo .

To hear me speak.

Cel. Is my sedan yet finish'd,
And liveries for my men-mules, according

As I gave charge? Stre. Yes, madam, it is finish'd. But without tilting-plumes at the four corners. The scarlet's pure, but not embroidered Cel. What mischief were it to your con-

science Were my coach lin'd with tissue, and my har

Cover'd with needle-work? if my sedan

Had all the story of the prodigal Embroidered with pearl?

Stew. Alas, good medam. know 't is your own cost; I am but your steward,

steward.
And would discharge my duty the best way.
You have been pleas'd to hear me; 't is not for
My profit that I manage your estate
And save expense, but for your honour, madam
Cel. How, sir I my honour?
Stew.
Though you hear it not.
Men's tongues are liberal in your character,
Since you began to live thus high. I know
Your fame is precious to you.

Livery heat

Cel. Make you my governor. Audacious variet!
How dare you interpose your doting consel.
Mind your affairs with more obedience,
Or I shall case you of an office, sir. Must I be limited to please your honour. Or, for the vulgar breath, confine my pleasure I will pursue 'em in what shapes I fames.

Here, and abroad; my entertainments shall Be oft'ner, and more rich. Who shall conme?
I live i' th' Strand, whither few ladies come

To live, and purchase more than farms I will Be hospitable then, and spare on cost.
That may engage all generous report.
To trumpet forth my bounty and my beauty.

2 Will it ? Gifford reads with '/ 1 Consteam

4 A suburban resort for cakes and er-

Till the court envy, and remove. I 'll have My house the academy of wits, who shall as Evalt their genius with rich seek and sturgeon, Write panegyrics of my feasts, and praise The method of my witty superfluities.

The horses shall be taught, with frequent wait-

ing

Upon my gates, to stop in their career Toward Charing-cross, spite of the coachman's

fury;
And not a tilter but shall strike 1 his plume,
When he sails by my window: my balcony
Shall be the courtier's idol, and more gaz'd at
Than all the pageantry at Temple Bar, By country clients.

Stew. Sure my lady 's mad. Cel. Take that for your ill manners.

[Strikes him.] Thank you, madam. I would there were less quicksilver in your fin-

gers.

Cel. There's more than simple honesty in a

servant
Requir'd to his full duty; none should dare 100
But with a look, much less a sancy language.
Check at their mistress' pleasure. I'm resolv'd
To pay for some delight, my estate will bear it;
I'll rein it shorter when I please.

Re-enter Stoward.

Stew. A gentleman

Desires to speak with your ladyship.

His name ? 100 Stew. He says you know him not; he seems to be

Of quality. Admit him. [Erit Steward.]

Enter HAIRCUT.

Sir, with me?
Hair. Madam, I know not how you may recaive

This boldness from me; but my fair intents
Known, will incline you to be charitable. 110
Cel. No doubt, sir.
Itemust live obsenrely, madam,

That hath not heard what virtues you possess; And I, a poor admirer of your fame,

Am come to kiss your hand.

Cel. That all your business? Hair. Though it were worth much travel, I have more

In my ambition.
(C.L. Speak it freely, sir.

Hair. You are a widow.

Hair.
Cet. You come a wooing, sir, and would perhaps

Show me a way to reconcile the two?

Huir. And bless my stars for such a happi-

Cel. I like you, sir, the better, that you do not

Wander about, but shoot home to the meaning ; I Lower.

It is a confidence will make a man Know sooner what to trust to: but I never Saw you before, and I believe you come not us With hope to find me desperate upon marriage.

If maids, out of their ignorance of what Men are, refuse these offers, widows may, Out of their knowledge, be allow'd some coy-

And yet I know not how much happiness peremptory answer may deprive me of; You may be some young lord, and though I see

Your footmen and your groom, they may not

Far off, in conference with your horse, Please you

To instruct me with your title, against which I would not willingly offend.

A geutleman; my name is Haircut, madam.
Cel. Sweet Master Haircut, are you a courtier?
Hair. Yes.

Cel. I did think so, by your confidence.
Not to detain you, sir, with circumstance, was not so unhappy in my husband,
But that 't is possible I may be a wife
Again; but I must tell you, he that wins My affection, shall deserve me.

Hair. I will hope, If you can love, I shall not present, madam, 146
An object to displease you in my person And when time, and your patience, shall pos-

sess you With further knowledge of me, and the truth Of my devotion, you will not repent

The offer of my service.

Cel. You say well. How long do you imagine you can love, sir? Is it a quotidian, or will it hold But every other day?
You are pleasant, madam.

Hoir. You are pleasant. Cel. Does it take you with a burning at the

Or with a cold fit? for you gentlemen Have both your summer and your winter service.

Hair. I am ignorant what you mean; but I shall never

Be cold in my affection to such beauty.

Cel. And 't will be somewhat long ere I be warm in 't.

Hair. If you vouchsafe me so much honour, madam.

That I may wait on you sometimes, I sha' not Despair to see a change.

But now I know Your mind, you shall not need to tell it when

You come again; I shall remember it. Hair. You make me fortunate.

Re-enter Stoward.

Stew. Madam, your kinswomen, "The lady Novice, and her sister, are New lighted from their coach.

I Jocular,

Cel.

I did expect 'em,
They partly are my pupils. I 'll attend 'em. [Erit Steward.]

Hair. Madam, I have been too great a tres-

Upon your patience; I will take my leave. 170
You have affairs, and I have some employment Calls me to court ; I shall present again A servant to you. Exit.

Cel. Sir, you may present,
But not give fire, I hope. — Now to the ladies.
This recreation is past, the next must be To read to them some court philosophy. Exit.

ACT II

SCRNE 1.1

Enter SIR THOMAS BORNWELL.

'T is a strange humour I have under-Born. taken,

To dance, and play, and spend as fast as she

But I am resolv'd: it may do good upon her, And fright her into thrift. Nay, I'll endeavour To make her jealous too; if this do not Allay her gamboling, she's past a woman, And only a miracle must tame her.

Enter Steward.

'Tis master Frederick, my lady's Stew. nephew.

What of him? Born. Stew. Is come from the university.

By whose directions? Burn. Steic. It seems, my lady's.

Let me speak with him to Before he see his aunt. [Exit Stew.] - I do not like it .-

Enter [Steward, with] MASTER FREDERICK, [in his college dress.]

Master Frederick, welcome! I expected not So soon your presence; what is the hasty cause? Fred. These letters, from my tutor, will ac-

quaint you. [Gives BORNWELL letters.] Stew. Welcome home, sweet Master Frederick !

Where 's my aunt? Fred.

Stew. She's busy about her painting, in her

The outlandish man of art is copying out

Her countenance.

She is sitting for her picture? She is sitting for her picture. Stew. Yes, sir; and when 't is drawn she will

Next the French cardinal, in the dining-room. But when she hears you're come, she will dis-

The Belgic gentleman, to entertain Your worship.

Fred. Change of air has made you witty. Born. Your tutor gives you a handsome Change of air has made you witty. character.

Frederick, and is sorry your aunt's pleasure Commands you from your studies; but I bop You have no quarrel to the liberal arts. Learning is an addition 2 beyond Nobility of birth. Honour of blood, Without the ornament of knowledge, in

A glorious i ignorance.
Fred, I never knew more sweet and happy

hours
Than I employ'd upon my books. I heard
A part of my philosophy, and was so
Delighted with the harmony of nature, l could have wasted my whole life upon't.

Born. [Aside.] 'T is pity a rash indulgence

should corrupt So fair a genius! She's here; I'll observe.

Enter Lady BORNWELL, KICKSHAW, LITTLEWORTH.

Fred. My most lov'd aunt! Support me, I shall faint What ails your ladyship Lule.

Lady B. Is that Frederick, .

Lady B.

In black?

Kick. Yes, madam; but the doublet's sain.

Lady B. The boy's undone!

Fred. Madam, you appear troubled.

Lady B. Have I not cause? Was not I trusted with

Thy education, boy, and have they sent theo Home like a very scholar !

'T was ill done. Kick. Howe'er they us'd him in the university, To send him to his friends thue.

Why, sir ? Black (For 't is the colour that offends your evenght.) Is not, within my reading, any blemash;
Sables are no disgrace in heraldry.

Kick, 'Tis coming from the college that
that makes it
Dishonourable. While you were it for

Your father, it was commendable; or were Your aunt dead, you might mourn, and partly Lady B. What luck I did not send him into France!

They would have given him generous education Taught him another garb, to wear his back. And shape, as gaudy as the summer, how To dance, and wag his feather g-la-mode. To compliment, and cringe; to talk not med-

estly, "ay forsooth," and "no forsooth," to

Like, "ay forsooth," and no rome.

And look so like a chaplain! — There be might Have learn'd a brazen confidence, and observed. He might, by this time, have invented fachable. For us, and been a benefit to the kinydes. Preserv'd our tailors in their wits, and sav'd The charge of sending into foreign courts For pride and antio fashions .- (Macry-

In what a posture he does hold his hat now '?
Fred. Madam, with your pardon, you have practis'd

A room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's house.

² Title, ornament.

Vain-giorious.

Bair.

Another dialect than was taught me when was commended to your care and breeding. understand not this; Latin or Greek Are more familiar to my apprehension: Logie was not so hard in my first lectures

As your strange language. Lady B. Some strong waters; oh!

Little. Comfits will be as comfortable to your stomach, madam. [Offers his box.] Lady B. I fear he 's spoil'd for ever! He did BRUIL

Logic, and may, for aught I know, be gone ... So far to understand it. I did always Suspect they would corrupt him in the college.

Will your Greek saws and sentences discharge The mercer? Or is Latin a fit language
To court a mistress in? - Master Alexander, as

If you have any charity, let me Commend him to your breeding.— I suspect I must employ my doctor first, to purge The university that lies in 's head;

It alters his complexion.

If you dare Kick. Trust me to serve him -

Master Littleworth, Lady B. Be you join'd in commission.

I will teach him

Postures and rudiments.

Lady B. I have no patience To see him in this shape; it turns my stomach. When he has cast his academic skin

He shall be yours. I am bound in conscience To see him bred; his own state shall maintain The charge, while he's my ward. - Come hither, sir.

Fred. What does my aunt mean to do with

me?
Stew. To make you a fine gentleman, and translate you

Out of your learned language, sir, into
The present (joth and Vandal, which is French.
Born. Aside.) Into what mischief will this
humour chb?

She will undo the boy; I see him ruin'd. My patience is not manly; but I must Use stratugem to reduce her : open ways

Give me no hope.

You shall be obey'd, madam. Exeunt all but FREDERICK and Steward].

Fred. Master Steward, are you sure we do not dream?

Was 't not my aunt you talkt to? One that loves you

Dear as her life. These clothes do not become You must have better, sir -

These are not old. Stew. More suitable to the town and time; we keep

No Lent here, nor is 't my lady's pleasure you Should fast from anything you have a mind to; Unless it be your learning, which she would

have you Forget with all convenient speed that may be, For the credit of your noble family.

The case is alter'd since we liv'd i' th' country ; We do not now invite the poor o' th' parish To dinner, keep a table for the tenants; Our kitchen does not smell of beef; the cellar Deties the price of mult and hops; the footmen And coach-drivers may be drunk like gentlemen.

With wine; nor will three fiddlers upon holidays.

With aid of bag-pipes, that call'd in the country To dance, and plough the hall up with their

hob-nails, Now make my lady merry. We do feed Like princes, and feast nothing else but princes;

And are these robes fit to to be seen amongst 'em?

Fred. My lady keeps a court then! Is Sir Thomas Affected 1 with this state and cost?

He was not, Stew. But is converted: and I hope you wo' not Persist in heresy, but take a course Of riot, to content your friends; you shall

Want nothing, if you can be proud, and spend it

For my lady's honour. Here are a hundred Pieces, will serve you till you have new clothes; will present you with a nag of mine, Poor tender of my service, please you accept; My lady's smile more than rewards me for it. 100 I must provide fit servants to attend you,

Monsieurs, for horse and foot. I shall submit, Fred. If this be my aunt's pleasure, and be rul'd;
My eyes are open'd with this purse already,
And sack will help to inspire me. I must spend

it? Stew. What else, sir?
Fred. I'll begin with you: to encourage You to have still a special care of me,

There is five pieces, not for your nag. Stew. No, sir; I hope it is not. Buy a beaver Fred. For thy own block; 2 I shall be rul'd. Who does

Command the wine cellar?

Stew. Who commands but you, sir?

Stew. Who commands out you, my Fred. I'll try to drink a health or two, my aunt's,

Or anybody's; and if that foundation Stagger me not too much, I will commence In all the arts of London. If you find, sir, Stew.

The operation of the wine exalt Your blood to the desire of any female Delight, I know your aunt wo not deny Any of her chambermaids to practise on; She loves you but too well.

Fred.
I may be for that exercise. - Farewell, Aris-

Prithee commend me to the library At Westminster; my bones I bequeath thither,

" Usually, a mould for shaping a hat; here, head.

And to the learned worms that mean to visit

will compose myself; I begin to think I have lest time indeed. - Come to the wine cellar. Exeunt. [SCENE II.]

Enter CELESTINA, MAHIANA, and IBARKLLA.

Mar. But shall we not, madam, expose our-Belves

To consure for this freedom?

Let them answer That dare mistake us. Shall we be so much Cowards, to be frighted from our pleasure, Because men have mulicious tongues, and show What miserable souls they have? No, consin. We hold our life and fortunes upon no Man's charity; if they dare show so little Discretion to traduct our fames, we will

Be guilty of so much wit to laugh at 'em. Isab. 'T is a becoming fortitude. My stars re yet kind to me; for, in a happy munite e't spoke, I'm not in love, and men shall

2305 A 612

Make my heart lean with sighing, nor with teurs

Draw on my eyes the infamy of spectacles. 'T is the chief principle to keep your heart Under your own obedience; jest, but love not. I say my prayers, yet can wear good clothes, And only satisfy my tailor for 'em.

I will not lose my privilege.

Mar. And yet they say your entertainments

2110.

Give the your purdon, madam, to proclaim Yourself a widow, and to get a husband. Cd. As if a lady of my years, some beauty

Left by her husband rich, that had mourn'd for him

A twelvementh too, could live so obscure i' th' tawn.

That gallants would not know her, and invite Themselves, without her chargeable 2 proclama-

Then we are worse than citizens: no widow Left wealthy can be thoroughly warm in mourn-

But some one noble blood, or lusty kindred, Claps in, with his gilt coach, and Flandrian ! trofters,

And hurries her away to be a countess. Courtiers have spies, and great ones with large

titles. Cold in their own estates, would warm themselves

At a rich city bonfire.

Most true, madam. Isab. Most true, madam. Cel. No matter for corruption of the blood: Some undone courtier made her husband rich, And this new lord receives it back again. Admit it were my policy, and that My entertainments pointed to acquaint me With many suitors, that I might be safe

And make

Mar. Ma C'es.

In my thou Of leaving And court I now obser And can lan Mur.

A most ingl Cel. One

gives Worthy you You see me l'lemannt in That crown Accuse me a By any wink To my with Their pleas And do me ! I hold the k And he that Of that, exp To those the That ma lig The naked Whereas, a 8 Men long in! Ourselves in

honous Isah, This Cel. It tal mirth. But seems to Our pleasure And, that promy fancy can The copy of u You understa

Enter &

Gentlew. Mi Cel. There BECHNO For a few min

Isab.

Mar. Cel. Such Of little land So valiant as il And feeds wit No better than Or scout for

tame, He thinks no In hope of the Mur.

A room in Celestina's house 2 Expensive. s Flemish.

Foolishly eas Davides, sole

That some of them are often my lord's tasters, The first fruits they condition for, and will Exact as fees, for the promotion.

Cel. Let them agree; there's no account shall

For me among their traffic.

Re-enter Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. Master Haircut, madam, In new come in, to tender you his service.

Cel. Let him discourse a little with Sir William.

Exit Gentlewoman.

limm Mar. What is this gentleman, Master Haircut, madam

I note him very gallant, and much courted 100 By gentlemen of quality.

Cel. I know not,

More than a trim gay man; he has some great

office, are, by his confident behaviour. He would be entertain'd under the title Of servant 1 to me, and I must confess,

He is the sweetest of all men that visit me. Lub. How mean you, madam?

Cal He is full of powder;

He will save much in perfume for my chamber, Were he but constant here. - Give 'em access. Enter SIR WILLIAM SCENTLOVE and HAIRCUT.

Scent. Madam, the humblest of your servants is Exalted to a happiness, if you amile Upon my visit.

I must beg your charity Hair. Upon my rudeness, madam; I shall give That day up lost to any happiness, When I forget to tender you my service. Cel. You practise courtship, gentlemen.

But cannot Scent. Find where with more desert to exercise it.
What lady 's this, I pray?

A kinswoman

Of mine, Sir William.

Scent. 1 am more ner ser vanc. Cel. You came from court, now. I presume? "T is, madam, use I am more her servant. The aphere I move in, and my destiny

as kind to place me there, where I enjoy All blessings that a mortal can posse

That lives not in your presence; and I should Fix my ambition, when you would vouchsafe us Me so much honour, to accept from me An humble entertainment there.

But by What name shall I be known? In what degree shall I be of kindred to you?
How mean you, madan;?

Hair. How mean you. I call me sister, I shall

A special preferment; or it may be may pass under title of your mistress, I seem rich, and fair enough, to engage If I seem rich, make Your confidence to own me. I would hope —

Harr.
Cel. But 't is not come to that yet: you will,

Excuse my mirth.

1 Lover.

Hair. Sweet madam !

Cal Shall I take Boldness to ask what place you hold in court? T is an uncivil curiosity:

But you'll have mercy to a woman's question. Hair. My present condition, mulam, carries Honour and profit, though not to be nam'd With that employment I expect i' th' state, Which shall discharge the first maturity When man decange the Upon your knowledge; antil then, I beg
You allow a modest silence.
Col. I am charm'd, sir; 100

And if you scape ambassador, you cannot Reach a preferment wherein I 'm against you. But where is Sir William Scentlove?

Harr Give him leave To follow his nose, madam, while he hunts

In view, — he'll soon be at a fault.2
You know him? 150 Hair, Know Scentlove? Not a page but can

decipher him; The waiting-women know him to a scraple;

Ho's called the blister-maker of the town.

Cd. What's that?

Hair. The laundry ladies can resolve you. And you may guess: an arrant epicure, As this day lives, born to a pre-tty wit, A knight, too, but no gentleman. I must Be plain to you; - your ladyship may have Use of this knowledge, but conceal the author. Scent. I kiss your fairest hand.

Mar. You make a difference ; 100 Pray reconcile them to an equal whiteness.

Scent, You wound my meaning, lady Nay, Sir William Cel.

Has the art of compliment.

Madam, you honour me Scent. Bove my desert of language. Cel.

Will you please To enrich me with your knowledge of that gentleman? Scent. Do you not know him, madam?

What is he? Cal. Scent. A camphire ball ; you shall know more hereafter;

He shall tell you himself, and save my character;

Till then, - you see he 's proud.

One thing, gentlemen. I observe in your behaviour, which is rare In two that court one mistress : you preserve A noble friendship; there 's no gum within Your hearts; you cannot fret," or show an envy Of one another's hope, some would not govern Their passions with that temper!
Scent. The whole world on

Shall nor divorce our friendship. - Master Hair-

cut!

Would I had lives to serve him! He is lost To goodness does not honour him.

Harr. Cel. [Avide.] This is right playing at court shuttlecock.

² Lose the scent. ³ Cf. 1 Henry IV. II. ii. 2, "I have hid Palataff's horse, and he frets like gumm'd volvet." (Gifford.)

Re-cuter Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. Madam, there is a gentleman desires To speak wi' ye, one Sir Thomas Bornwell. Gentley. He says he is a stranger to your had whip.

Seent. I know him.

Huzr. Your neighbour, madam. Seent. Husband to

The lady that so revels in the Strand.

Harr. He has good parts, they say, but cannot help

His lady's bias. They have both much fame I' th' town, for several merits. Pray admit him. Exit Gentlewoman.

Hair. [Aside.] What comes he for? Enter Sir THOMAS BORNWELL.

Born. Your pardon, noble lady, that I have Presum'd a stranger to your knowledge, -

[Salutes CELEBTINA.] Sir, 100 Your worth was here before you, and your person

Cannot be here ungrateful. 'T is the bounty Born. Of your sweet disposition, madam. - Make me

Your servant, indy, by her fair example, To favour me. Offers to salute Isanella, who turns from him. Aside.) - I never knew

one turu Her cheek to a gentleman that came to kiss her, But she'd a stinking breath. - Your servant,

gentlemen. Will Scentlove, how is 't? Cel. I am sorry, coz, To accuse you; we in nothing more betray Ourselves to censure of ridiculous pride, Than answering a fair salute too rudely. Oh, it shows ill upon a gentlewoman Not to return the modest lip, if she Would have the world believe her breath is not Offensive. Madam, I have business Born.

With you.
Scent. His looks are pleasant. With me, sir? Born. I hear you have an exc'llent wit, madam :

I see you are fair.

The first is but report; And do not trust your eye sight for the last, 'Cause I presume y' are mortal, and may err.

Hair, He is very gamesome.

Born.

L' have an exc'llent voice, an

They say you eatcht it from a dving swan,) (With which, join'd to the harmony of your lute,

You ravish all mankind.

Cel. Ravish mankind? Born. With their consent. It were the stranger rape; sis

But there's the less indictment lies against it: And there is hope your little honesties !

1 Chastities.

Cannot be Balinge th Themselva Tis sime CON Born. Cel.

I do not ki Burn. Cel Bittet out

You have ! Born. Cel. Und

Horn. l see you al

You trust ! Born.

As well hair Or the king As amorous

Cel. You mirna Born. B.

Chines That dure a Cel. D'y Born.

know not But I dare My service An fierce an As the most

Born. Cel.

You dare no Some here. Out of the &

Born. Cel. And

Born, Y's have b

And bled ma Cel.

I took you on Skill at defan And show and You dare not Born.

By this fair h If my rude Wi Which, in a h To force a bli And from the Hair.

Their secret Ivab. By no Sernt.

To show so mi Mar.

Be prejudicial Your own deal

have other business, madam, You music: ry how you can dance.
did? — [Ande.] I'll try his hur out of breath. I boast no cunning, sir, in revels, re to show your art that way, on you. You much honour me;

You make a barmony.

They dance. lave nothing now, madam, but to bedon for my boldness, you s occasion to pay my gratitude. chaste your presence; and a wife present herself your servant. A the ambition to invite you, ot ; your person you shall trust nrity.

Sir, although I use not m with a stranger, you shall have o hold me obstinate.
You grace me. 200

I must take my leave. excuse me, madam; court attend-

any means.

Ladies, you will vouchsafe We wait upon you, sir. Excunt.

ACT III

[Scene I.]1

looking-glass. Enter LORD - un-HAIRCUT preparing his perlwig.

hat hour is 't?

Bout three o'clock, my lord.

is time to rise.
Your lordship went but late

night. 'T was early in the morning. thin.] Expect a while, my lord is

Enter Secretary.

hat 's the matter ? Here is a lady s to you upon some affairs, hay specially concern your lordship. lady? What 's her name? Madam Decoy.

coy? Prithee admit her. [Exit Secretary.]

Enter DECOY.

Have you business, madam.

And such, I hope, as will not be is p your lordship.

a house. 2 Undressed. 2 Wait. Lord. I pray speak it.
Dec. I would desire your lordship's ear more

private.

Lord. Wait i' th' next chamber till I call.—

Now, madam.

Exit [HAIRCUT].

Dec. Although I am a stranger to your lordship,

would not lose a fair occasion offer'd To show how much I honour, and would serve

you. Lord. Please you to give me the particular, That I may know the extent of my engage-

am ignorant by what desert you should Be encourag'd to have care of me.

My lord, " will take boldness to be plain; beside Your other excellent parts, you have much fame

For your sweet inclination to our sex.

Lord. How d' ye mean, madam?

Dec. I' that way your lordship
Hath honourably practis'd upon some

Not to be nam'd. Your noble constancy To a mistress hath deserv'd our general vote; And I, a part of womankind, have thought

How to express my duty. Lord. In what, madam? Dec. Be not so strange, my lord. I knew the In what, madam? beauty

And pleasures of your eyes; that handsome erealter With whose fair life all your delight took

leave. And to whose memory you have paid too much Sad tribute.

Lord.

What's all this?
This: if your lordship Dec. Accept my service, in pure zenl to cure Your melancholy, I could point where you might

Repair your loss.
Your ladyship, I conceive,

Lord.
Doth traffic in flesh merchandize.
To men Of honour, like yourself. I am well known To some in court, and come not with ambition Now to supplant your officer.

Lord. What is The lady of pleasure you prefer? A lady

Of birth and fortune, one upon whose virtue
I may presume, the lady Aretina.

Lord. Wife to Sir Thomas Bornwell?

Dec.

Lord. Have you prepar'd her?

Lord. Have you prepar'd her?
Dec. Not for your lordship, till I have found

your pulse.
I am acquainted with her disposition,

She has a very appliable hature.

Lord. And, madain, when expect you to be whipt

For doing these fine favours? Dec. How, my lord? Your lordship does but jest, I hope; you make

· Obligation.

Accountible.

A difference between a lady that
Does honourable offices, and one
They call a bawd. Your lordship was not went
To have such coarse opinion of our practice.
Lord. The Lady Arctina is my kinswoman.
Dec. What if she be, my lord? The nearer blood, The dearer sympathy.

Lord.

I'll have thee carted.

Dec. Your lordship will not so much stain your honour d education, to use a wom Of my quality Lord. 'T is possible you may sent off with an honourable convoy Of halberdiers. Dec. Oh, my good lord!

Lord. Your ladyship shall be no protection,
If you but stay three minutes. I am gone. When next you find rebellion in your blood, May all within ten mile o' th' court turn h est | 2 Lord. I do not find that prone Exit. Bella Maria died; my blood is cold, Nor is there beauty enough surviving To heighten me to wantonness. — Who waits? Re-enter HAIBCUT [and Secretary]. And what said my lady? Hair. The silent language of her face, my lord, Was not so pleasant, as it show'd upon Her entrance.

Lord. Would any man that meets This lady take her for a bawd? She does Hair. The trade an honour, credit to the profession.
We may in time see baldness, quarter noses,
And rotten legs to take the wall of footeloths.

Lord. I ha' thought better; call the lady back. -I wo' not lose this opportunity. — Bid her not fear. [Exit Secretary.]—The favour is not common, And I'll reward it. I do wonder much Will Scentlove was not here to-day. Hair. I heard him say this morning he would wait Upon your lordship. - She is return'd, sir, Re-enter Socretary and DECOY. Sec. Madam, be confident, my lord's not angry.

Lord. You return welcome, madam; you are better Read in your art, I hope, than to be frighted : With any shape of anger, when you bring Such news to gentlemen. Madam, you shall Soon understand how I accept the office. Dec. You are the first lord, since I studied

carriage, That show'd such infidelity and fury

carted.
Chaste.

t The punishment of bawds was to be whipt and

Upon so ki Will show hono: Should not Lord. My complia Aretine. Fi Show her ti Dec.

Lord. Wi is in danger Enter (Six

Scentlove at Kick. Lord. Wr Any discour

Sec. "Sih Lord. "T prevent a fe And where versat

Scent. Wh barbai In your sta terms. Lord. Wi

With none b
Scent.
Lord, It w
Sec. "You
Lord. "If
fame, lest th
repentance".
By what nan
Scent.

He knows he
Kick.
Scent.

Lord. He
'Las, p
When dost t
low?
Kick. Whe

I must turn p
Lord.
'T were cooles
Upon the hoo

Scent.
Lord. Nay,
ship
n Peru, and

In Peru, and a Though all th Sec. "To re Lord. "In from virtue, blush to be a Scent. But

work; Thou art fame

Kick. So, sir! et me ask you a question, my dear knight: Which is less servile, to bring up the pheasant,

and wait, or sit at table uncontroll'd, And carve to my own appetite?

Scent.
Thou 'rt witty, as I am.
"A bawd." Scent.

Scent. How's that?

Kick. Oh, you are famous by 't, and your name's up, sir.

Lord. "Be wise, and reward my caution with timely care of yourself, so I shall not [148] repent to be known your loving kinsman and

Gentlemen, the lady Celestina, Is she so rare a thing?

Kick.

Kick.

If you'll have my
Opinion, my lord, I never saw

so sweet, so fair, so rich a piece of nature.

Lord, I'll show thee a fairer presently, to

shame

Thy eyes and judgment; look o' that, [Gives him a miniature.]—So; I'll subscribe. [Signs his name to the letter.]

Beal it; I'll excuse your pen for the direction.

Kick. Bella Maria's picture! she was hand-

some.

Scent. But not to be compar'd — Lord. Your patience, gentlemen; I'll return

instantly.

Kick. Whither is my lord gone?

Sec. To a lady i' th' next chamber.

Wh

Scent.
Sec. You shall pardon me, I am his secre-

Scent. I was wont to be of his counsel. A new officer,

And I not know 't? I am resolv'd to batter All other with the praise of Celestina; I must retain him.

Re-enter LORD.

Lord. Has not that object Convine'd your erring judgments?

Kick. What! this picture? Kick. What ! this picture ? 160 Lord. Were but your thoughts as capable as

mine Of her idea, you would wish no thought That were not active in her praise, above All worth and memory of her sex.

She was fair, must courses; but had your lordship look'd 178 With eyes more narrow, and some less affec-tion,

Upon her face, -Kick. I do not love the copies Of any dead, they make me dream of goblins; The beauty of Celestina. Come, my lord,
The beauty of Celestina. Come, my lord,
The pity that a lord of so much flesh
Should waste upon a ghost, when they are liv-

Can give you a more honourable consumption.

Scrat. Why, do you mean, my lord, to live
an infidel?

Do, and see what will come on 't; observe 1 still.

And dote upon your vigils; build a chamber Within a rock, a tomb among the worms, Not far off, where you may, in proof apocry-

phal,
Court 'em not to devour the pretty pile
Of flesh your mistress carried to the grave.
There are no women in the world; all eyes,
And tongues, and lips, are buried in her cof-

fin!
Lord. Why, do you think yourselves competent judges

Of beauty, gentlemen?

Both. What should hinder us? Im Kick. I have seen and tried as many as another,

With a mortal back.
Your eyes are brib'd, And your hearts chain'd to some desires : you cannot

Enjoy the freedom of a sense.

Kick. Your lordship

Has a clear eyesight, and can judge and penetrate.

Lord. I can, and give a perfect censure of Each line and point; distinguish beauty from A thousand forms, which your corrupted opties

Would pass for natural.

I desire no other Scent. Judge should determine us, and if your lordship

Dare venture but your eyes upon this lady, = I'll stand their justice, and be confident You shall give Celestina victory

And triumph o'er all beauties past and living.

Kick. I dare, my lord, venture a suit of

clothes, You 'll be o'ercome.

Lord. You do not know my fortitude. **

Lord. You do not know my fortitude. Scent. Nor frailty; you dare not trust yourself to see her.

Lord. Think you so, gentlemen? I dare see

this creature To make you know your errors, and the differ-

ence Of her whose memory is my saint. Not trust My senses! I dare see, and speak with her, see Which holds the best acquaintance to prepare

My visit to her? I will do 't, my lord. Kick. She is a lady free in entertainments.

Lord. I would give this advantage to your CAUSE.

Bid her appear in all the ornaments
Did ever wait on beauty, all the riches
Pride can put on, and teach her face more charm

Than ever poet drest up Venus in ; Bid her be all the Graces, and the Queen Of Love in one, I'll see her, Scentlove, and Bring off my heart, arm'd but [with a] single thought

Of one that's dead, without a wound; and when

1 Pay observance, worship.

Dec. Luare me

Lady B. Dec. Ye

Ludy A

Little. I

Lady B

Lady B. Little. A

Lady B.

Ludy B

Luttle . A.

Let him no

Kick.

Both. Lady B. acter

Kick. Lady B.

Little. I w Lady B.

ample

Your very no

By your auth

Kick.

Ludy R. prof

would

pride

me i

with Little, L

I have made your folly prisoner, I'll laugh at Scent. She shall expect you; trust to me for knowledge. Lord. I'm for the present somewhere else engng'd; Let me hear from you. [Exit.] So! I am glad he's yet Serne. So near conversion. I am for Aretina, hick. Seent. No mention of my lord. Eyes shoot Kick. Prepare his lady, 'T is time he were reduc'd 1 to the old sport ; = One lord like him more would undo the court. (SCENE 11.)2 And is so fi Enter LADY BURNWELL, with a letter, and DE-CHAY. Dec. He is the ornament of your blood, nudam ; I am much bound to his lordship. He gives you Lady B. Dec.

T is his goodness, madam.

Lady B. [Aside.] I wanted such an engine.

My lord has A noble character. With jeale Done me a courtesy, to disclose her nature; Her beauty now know one to trust, and will employ her,-Revenge up Touching my lord, for reasons which I shall
Offer to your ladyship hereafter, I
Desire you would be silent; but, to show
How much I dare be confident in your secrecy, But that it I pour my bosom forth. I love a gentleman, One whom there we' not need much conjura-Much service tion To employ 3 To meet. - Your ear. [Whispers her. Dec. I apprehend you, and I shall Be happy to be serviceable. I am sorry Your ladyship did not know me before now: 19 I have done offices : and not a few Of the nobility but have done feats Of Celeatine Within my house, which is convenient For situation, and artful chambers, And pretty pictures to provoke the fancy. Enter LITTLEWORTH. And, by a to Little. Madam, all pleasures languish in your Wits of the absence.

Lady B. Your pardon a few minutes, sir. —
You must The senate li The taverns Contrive it thus. [Walks aside with DECOY.] Made acades I attend, and shall account it Little. Your sins as Honour to wait on your return. He may not Have the least knowledge of my name or per-No speech of You can prof

Brought back
A room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's house.

And dare again, to satisfy you, madam;
I have a thousand ways to do sweet offices.

Little. If this Lady Arctina should be honest,
I ha' lost time. Sho's free as air; I must

Have closer conference, and if I have art,

Make her affect me in revenge.

Dec. I have practis'd that already for some

great ones,

Ought to hav

Kick.

Little. And

Lady R. The strength And talk her Both which a

Absolute, 1

lertake this slight thing for my sake, or shall reward it; but be faithful, u to let all spring from your own freem.
This all! We can defume her; if you

d shall call her where, or any thing, or be endanger'd to a duel.

B. How 's that?

He can endure a cudgelling, and no

it after so fair a satisfaction :

B. They are here; begin not till I esper you.

THOMAS BORNWELL, CELESTINA, MARIANA, and ISABELLA.

B. Je vous prie, madame, d'excuser inité de mes affaires, qui m'ont fait of- [& sar mon absence, une dame de laquelle

ardonnes moi, madame; vous me faites

nneur.

B. C'est bien de la douceur de votre natpous tenez cette langage; mais j'espire mari n'a pas manqué de vous entretenir

B. Il eut trop failli, s'il n'eut taché de pouvoir à vous rendre toutes sortes de

Pest de sa bonté qu'il nous a tant favorisé. B. De la vôtre plutôt, madame, que vous mer d'interprétation si bénigne à ses ef-

vois bien que la victoire sera toujours ne, et de langage et de la courtesie. B. Vraiment, madame, que jamais per-

Mus désiré l'honneur de votre compagnie

permettez à votre servante de vous baixer

B, Vous m'obligez trop. I have no more patience; let's be erry again

yn language : madam, our mirth cools. lew!

REDERICK [intoxicated, and Steward].

B. Passion of my brain! Save you, gentlemen ! save you, ladies!

B. I am undone. I must salute; no matter at which

[Salutes CELESTINA.] B. There's a compliment!

this your nephew, madam?

B. Je vous prie, madame, d'excuser les le rude comportement de mon couxin. Il fraîchement venu de l'université, où on alle.

izcusez moi, madame, il est bien accom-

This language should be French by

Lady B. I am dishonour'd.

Fred. 'T is one of the finest tongues for ladies to show their teeth in: if you'll Latin it, I am for you, or Greek it; my tailor has not put me into French yet. Mile basia, basia mile.

Cel. Is ne vous entends pas, monsteur;

I understand you not, sir.

Fred. Why, so!
You and I then shall be in charity;
For though we should be abusive, we ha' the benefit

Not to understand one another. Where's my aunt?

I did hear music somewhere; and my brams Tun'd with a bottle of your capering claret, Made baste to show their dancing. did hear music somewhere; and my brains,

Please you, madam, Little. Offering his box of sweetments to CELESTINA.

They are very uncomfortable.1

Siew. Alas, madam, How would you have me help it? I did use a All means I could, after he heard the music. To make him drunk, in hope so to contain him. him :

But the wine made him lighter, and his head

Flew hither, ere I mist his heels.

Kuck. Nay, he spoke Latin to the lady.

Leidy B. O most unpardonable! Get him off
Quickly, and discreetly too; or, if I live—

Stew. It is not in my power; he swears I am

An absurd sobet fellow; and if you keep

A servant in his house to cross his humour, 100

When, the righ, sword, and helt, comes home

A servant in his house to cross his number,
When the rich sword and belt comes home,
he 'll kill him.

Lady B. What shall I do? Try your skill.

Master Littleworth.

Sweet master

Lattle. He has ne'er a sword.—Sweet master Frederick— Born. 'Tis pity, madam, such a scion should

Be lost; - but you are clouded. Not I, sir, 100

I never found myself more clear at heart.

Born. I could play with a feather; your fan,

lady .-Gentlemen, Arctina, ta, ra, ra, ra! Come,

madam.
Fred. Why, my good tutor in election,
You might have been a scholar.

But I thank 100 My friends, they brought me up a little better.

Give me the town wits, that deliver jests Clean from the bow, that whistle in the air, And cleave the pin at twelvescore! Ladies do But laugh at a gentleman that has any learn-

ing: 'T is sin enough to have your clothes suspected. Leave us, and I will find a time to instruct you. Come, here are sugar plums; 't is a good Fred-

erick.

Fred. Why, is not this my aunt's house in the Strand?

The noble rendezvous? Who langus at me? 178
Go. I will root here if I list, and talk Of rhetoric, logic, Latin, Greek, or any thing,

1 Comforting.

Then

And understand 'em too; who says the contrary

Yet, in a fair way, I contemn all learning, And will be as ignorant as he, or he, Or any taffeta, satin, scarlet, plush,

Tissue, or cloth o' bodkin 1 gentleman, Whose manners are most gloriously infected.— Did you laugh at me, lady?

Not I. sir; But if I did show mirth apon your question, us I hope you would not beat me, little gentleman? Fred. How! "little gentleman?" You dare

not say These words to my new clothes, and fighting

sword. Lady B. Nephew Frederick! Fred. Little gentleman !" 'T is an affront both to my blood and person. 100 I am a gentleman of as tall a birth

As any boast 2 nobility; though my clothes Smell o' the lamp, my coat is honourable, Right honourable, full of or and argent.— A "little gentleman!"

Born. Coz, you must be patient; 198 My lady meant you no dishonour, and

You must remember she 's a woman.

Fred. Is she a woman? That 's another mat-

Do you hear? My uncle tells me what you are.

Cel., So, sir.

Fred. You call'd me "little gentleman."

Cel. I did, sir.

Fred. A little sir. ter. -

Fred. A little pink 8 has made a lusty ship Strike her top-sail; the crow may beard the elephant.

A whelp may tame the tiger, spite of all so False decks and murderers; and a "little gentleman"

Be hard enough to grapple with your ladyship, Top and top-gallant. - Will you go drink, uncle, T' other enchanted bottle? You and I

Will tipple, and talk philosophy.

Born.

Come, nephew. — no on will excuse a minute's absence, madam. -Wait you on us.

Stew.

My duty, sir.

Execut Sir Thomas Bornwell, FREDERICK, and Steward.

rady B Now, gentlemen. Kick. Madam, I had rather you excuse my language

For speaking truth, than virtue suffer in My further silence; and it is my wonder That you, whose noble carriage hath deserv'd All honour and opinion, should now

Be guilty of ill manners. What was that You told me, sir?

Do you not blush, madam, Little. To ask that question?

You amaze rather My cheek to paleness. What mean you by this? I am not troubled with the hiccup, gentlemen, You should bestow this fright upon me.

1 Made of silk and gold thread.
2 O condu lend. 2 A small vessel.

4 Cannon charged with grape-shot.

Little. Pride and ill memory go together. Tittle.

Kick. The gentleman on whom you races dour thin wit, was a nephew to the lady Whose guest you are; and though her modes; Look calm on the abuse of one so near Her blood, the affront was improus.

I am asharu'd on't. Little. ou an ingenious lady, and well manner'd! to 'Il teach a hear as much civility.

Cel. You may be master of the college, sr.

For aught I know. What college ? Little.

Of the bears Have you a plot upon me? Do you pomen Your wits, or know me, gentlemen?

Re-enter Sir THOMAS BOHNWELL Ibehind.

Born.
Kick. Know you? Yes; we do know you to

an atom. Little. Madam, we know what stuff your seed is made on.

Cel. But do not bark so like a mastiff, pray -Sure they are mad. - Let your brains stand

And settle, gentlemen; you know not me; - What am I?

Th' art a puppet, a thing made Of clothes and painting, and not half so hasd-

As that which play'd Susanna in the fair. Cel. I heard you visited those canvastrace

dies, One of their constant audience, and so taken With Susan, that you wish'd yourself a real With the two wicked alders.

Kick. You think this

Rick.
Is wit now. Come, you are What, I beserve you' Your character will be full of salt and sature.

Kick. Why, you are a woman - 2 Cel. And that 's at least a bow wide of you knowledge. Kick. Would be thought handsome, and might pass i' th' country

Upon a market day; but so miserably Forfeit to pride and fashions, that if Heaves Were a new gown, you'd not stay in 't a for

night.

Cel. It must be miserably out of fashion this Have I no sin but pride?

Kick. Hast any virtu Or but a good face, to excuse that want 'Cel. You prais'd it yesterday. That made you promi

Cel. You prais'd i Kick. Cel. More pride! Kick. You You need not: - to close up the praise,

I have seen a better countenance in a sybil.

Cel. When you were spectacles of each, ' zetook

Q. continues of the bears to Littleworth.

The painted cloth,1 and kist it for your mis-

Kick. Let me ask you a question: how much Have you consum'd in expectation
That I would love you?

Cel. Why, I think as much As you have paid away in honest debts This seven year. 'T is a pretty impudence,

But cannot make me angry.

Little, Is there any Man that will cast away his limbs upon her? so Kick. You do not sing so well as I imagin'd. Nor dance; you reel in your coranto, I said pinch Your petticent too hard: y' have no good ear To th' music, and incline too much one shoulder, As you were dancing on the rope, and fall-

You speak abominable French, and make A curtsey like a dairy-maid. — [Aside.] Not mad!

Little. Do we not sting her handsomely? Born.
Kick. Your state is not so much as 't is re-A conspiracy! ported,

When you confer notes, all your husband's debts.

And your own reconcil'd; but that's not it Will so much spoil your marriage.

As what, sir?

Let me know all my faults. Kick. Some men do whisper You are not over honest,

All this shall not Cel. Move me to more than laughter, and some pity,

Because you have the shapes of gentlemen; And though you have been insolent upon me, I will engage no friend to kick or cudgel you, To spoil your living and your limbs together:
I leave that to diseases that offend you,
And spare my curse, poor silken vermin! and
Hereafter shall distinguish men from monkeys.
Born. [coming forward.] Brave soul!—You
brace of horse-lecches!—I have heard
Their barbarous language, madam; y' are too

merciful: They shall be silent to your tongue; pray punish em.

Cel. They are things not worth my charac-

ter,4 nor mention

They cannot sentisfy for wrongs enough,
Though they should steal out of the world at
Tyburn.⁵
Little. We are hang'd already.

Cei. Yet I will talk a little to the pilchards. - ⁵

Non tree that have not it in the senting of the

You two, that have not 'twixt you both the

hundred Part of a soul, coarse woollen-witted fellows,

Without a nap, with bodies made for burdens! You, that are only stuffings for apparel,

A cheap substitute for tapestry. 3 A quick, lively dance.

4 Characterizing. A quies, lively dance.

The place of execution.

A contemptuous term, coincitines associated with pitchard, a small fish like a berring. As you were made but engines for your tail-

To frame their clothes upon, and get them custom,

Until men see you move; yet, then you dare not,

Out of your guilt " of being the ignobler heast, But give a horse the wall, whom you excel Only in dancing of the brawls," because

The horse was not taught the French way.
Your two faces,
One fat, like Christmas, t' other lean, like Candlemas,

And prologue to a Lent, both bound together, Would figure Janus, and do many cures On agues, and the green disease, 16 by frighting; But neither can, with all the characters And conjuring circles, charm a woman, though She'd fourscore years upon her, and but one Tooth in her head, to love, or think well of

you:
And I were miserable to be at cost
To court such a complexion as your malice Did impudently insinuate. But I waste time, And stain my breath in talking to such tadpoles.

Go home, and wash your tongues in barleywater,

Drink II clean tobacco, be not hot i' th' mouth, And you may scape the beadle; so I leave you To shame, and your own garters! - Sir, I must Entreat you, for my honour, do not penance them.

They are not worth your anger. How shall I --Acquit your lady's silence?

Madam, I Burn.

Am sorry to suspect, and dare revenge.

Cel. No cause of mine.

Born. It must become me to attend you home.

Cel. You are noble. - Farewell, mushrooms.

[Exit with Sir Thomas Borswell.] Lady B. Lutte. I think we pepper'd her. I'm glad 't is over;

But I repent no service for you, madam. -Enter Servant, with a letter and a pwel, which he delivers to Kickshaw].

To me? From whence? - A jewel! a good pre-

fure.

Be happy the conclusion. He smiles upon 't.

Lady B. Some love letter.

Little. He has a hundred mistresses: you 12313 V

Be charitable, madam, I ha' none;
He surfeits, and I fall away i' th' kidneys.

Kick. I'll meet.—

[Exit bervant.]

[Aside.] 'T is some great lady, questionless, that has

Taken notice, and would satisfy her appetite.

Lady B. Now, Master Alexander, you look
bright o' the sudden;

Another spirit 's in your eye.

7 [levices.

4 Guilty consciousness.

A dance like a cotillion.

W Janualice (*).

Bmoke.

Not mine, madam ; Kick Only a summons to meet a friend.
Lady B. What friend?

Little, By this jewel, I know her not. Lady B. 'Tin a she-friend. I'll follow, gentlemen ;

We may have a game at cent before you go.

Kick. I shall attend you, madam.

"I is one duty.

Estelle. (Breunt Kiennhaw and Littlawours.) Lady B. I blush while I converse with my own thoughts.

Some strange fate governs me, but I must on; The ways are cast already, and we thrive When our sin fears no eye nor perspective. Erit.

ACT IV

[SCHOUB L.] 2

Enter two men leading Kickshaw blinded, and youlf suddenly.

Kick I am not hurt; my patience to obey'em, Not without fear to ha' my throat cut else, Did me a courtesy. Whither ha' they brought mo? [Pulls off a bandage.]

Tis devilish dark; the bottom of a well
At midnight, with but two stars on the top,
Were broad day to this darkness. I but think How like a whirlwind these rogues caught moup, And amothered my overight. Let me a These may be spirits, and, for aught I know, Have brought me hither over twenty steeples. Pray Heaven they were not bailiffs! that 's more worth

My fear, and this a prison. All my debta Reek in my nostril, and my bones begin To ache with fear to be made dice; and yet This is too calm and quiet for a prison. -What if the riddle prove I am robb'd? And

I did not feel 'em sourch me. How now ! music ! [Music within.]

Enter DECOY, like an old Woman, with a light. And a light! What beldam's this? I cannot

What art?

A friend. Fear not, young man, I am Der. No spirit.

Off! Kick. Dec. Despise me not for age, Or this coarse outside, which I wear not out Of poverty. Thy even be witness, 't is No cave, or beggar's cell, th' art brought to;

let That gold speak here's no want, which thou mayst spend,

And find a spring to tire even prodigality, If thou be'st wise. Gives him a purse.] The devil was a coiner Kick.

From the beginning; yet the gold looks current.

Dec. Th' art still in wonder: know, I am mistress of

1 A game at cards. ³ A room in Decoy's house. This bouse, And feed the there : The jewel at It was my a Because I w

Kick Asi Dieam A care up 'a hope ale h To do the to Familiar to

Dwell in my le sauces And entertal Such as old ? And blame th Kick. Idsi

This twenty Brings up he Be sound at 1 Strong sneeze make

Her quarters Her up like She is so cold Her phlegm breath Would damp

Der. Consider'd? Kick.

Dec. Canat love? Kick, I oan! I know you are Iber

So dull of soul Kick. Anide But some duri in 't. -

Yes, I can love Dec. Kick, Althou tron Were an ambie

You give me bo Dec. Thou art my of

Kick. I. Iside Dec. And I mand

Thy servants; And fate in the I gries'd a prop To bring his bo My wealth shall

niore To encourage fright Thy youthful ey

Of thy own sen My chamber, w And kisses seal

shall not there affright thee, nor seem old, " With rivell'd1 veius; my skin is smooth and noft.

As ermines, with a spirit to meet thine, Active, and equal to the Queen of Love's When she did court Adonis.

This doth more Kick. [Aside.] Confirm she is a devil, and I am Within his own dominions. I must on (Ir else be torn a pieces. I have heard These succubae must not be crost.

Dec. We trifle Too precious time away; I'll show you a pros-

Of the next chamber, and then out the candle. ...

Kick. Have you no sack i' th' house? I

would go arm'd

Upon this breach.

It sh' not need. Mother; have not you been a cat in your days?

Dec. I am glad you are so merry, sir. You

observe That bed? [Opens a door.] Kick.

A very brave one. When you are ** Disrob'd, you can come thither in the dark. You sha'not stay for me? Come, as you wish For happiness. Exit.

Kick. I am preferr'd, if ! Be modest and obey: she cannot have The heart to do me harm, an she were Hecate Herself. I will have a strong faith, and think I march upon a mistress, the less evil.

If I scape fire now, I defy the devil.

[Scens II.] 2

Enter FREDERICK [gaily dressed,] LITTLE-WORTH, and Steward.

Fred. And how d' ye like me now? Most excellent. Fred. Your opinion, Master Littleworth.

Your French tailor Little. Has made you a perfect gentleman; I may Converse now with you, and preserve my credit.

D' ye find no alteration in your body With these new clothes?

My body alter'd? No. Fred. Little. You are not yet in fashiou then. That munt

Have a new motion, garb, and posture too, Or all your pride is cast away; it is not The cut of your apparel makes a gallant, But the geometrical wearing of your clothes.

Stew. Master Littleworth tells you right; you

wear your hat

Too like a citizen. 'T is like a midwife; Little. Place it with best advantage of your hair.

Is half your feather moulted? This does make No show; it should sprend over, like a canopy; Your hot-rein'd monsieur wears it for a shade And cooler to his back, Your doublet must

Wrinkled, shrivelled.
A room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's house.

Be more unbutton'd hereabouts; you 'll not Be a sloven else, a foul shirt is no blemish; You must be confident, and outface clean linen, Your doublet and your breeches must be allow'd

No private meeting here; your cloak 's too long. It reaches to your buttock, and doth smell Too much of Spanish gravity; the fashion so Is to wear nothing but a cape; a cont May be allow'd a covering for one elbow, And some, to avoid the trouble, choose to walk In querio, thus.

Stew. [Aside.] Your coat and clock's a

brushing In Long-Lane, Lombard.

But what if it rain? ... Your belt about your shoulder is suffi-Little. cient

To keep off any storm; beside, a reed But wav'd discreetly, has so many porce, It sucks up all the rain that falls about one. With this defence, when other men have been Wet to the skin through all their cleaks, I

Defied a tempest, and walk'd by the taverns

Defied a temporary
Dry as a bone.
Stew. [Aside.] Because he had no money
To call for wine.
Why, do you walk enchanted?
Ered.
Why, do you walk enchanted? Have you such pretty charms in town? But stay;
Who must I have to attend me?

Little. Is not that Yet thought upon?

I have laid out b for servants. Stew. Little. They are everywhere.

I cannot yet be furnish'd Stew. With such as I would put into his hands.

Fred. Of what condition must they be, and how

Many in number, sir? Little. Reside your fencing. Your singing, dancing, riding, and French master,

Two may serve domestic, to be constant waiters

Upon a gentleman; a fool, a pimp. Stew. For these two officers I have enquir'd. And I am promis'd a convenient whiskin.6 I could save charges, and employ the pie-wench, That carries her intelligence in whitepots; ⁷ Or 't is but taking order ⁶ with the woman That [trolls] the ballads, she could fit him

with A concubine to any tune; but I Have a design to place a fellow with him That has read all Sir Pandarus' works; a Tro-

jan 1) That lies conceal'd, and is acquainted with Both city and suburban fripperies, 11

- Span. Cuerpo, stripped of the upper garment.
 Lumbard Streat: pawn-shops were common in Long Lane
- * Been on the look-out. * Ochetween
- * Make arrangements. 9 Q reads holds.
- A kind of milk-pudding.
- II Gay women, prostitutes.

Can fetch 'em with a spell at midnight to him, And warrant which are for his turn ; can, for A need, supply the surgeon too.

Fred. I like thy providence; such a one de-

A livery twice a year.

Ster. It sha' not need; a cast suit of your

worship's Will serve, he'll find a cloak to cover it, Out of his share with those he brings to bed to

Fred. But must I call this fellow pimp? Little,

Not necessary; [Tom,] or Jack, or Harry, or Or what he's known abroad by, will sound betwr.

That men may think he is a Christian. Fred. But hear you, Master Littleworth: is

there not

method and degrees of title in

Men of this art?

Little. According to the honour Of men that do employ 'cm. An emperor May give this office to a duke; a king May have his viceroy to negociate for him; A duke may use a lord; the lord a knight, A knight may trust a gentleman; and when the They are abroad, and merry, gentlemen May pimp to one another.

Freel. Good, good fellowship! But for the fool now, that should wait on me, And break me jests?

Little. A fool is necessary.

Stew. By any 2 means.

Fred. But which of these two servants as Must now take place? Little. That question, Master Frederick, The school of herablry should conclude upon: But if my judgment may be heard, the fool Is your first man; and it is known a point Of state to have a fool.

But, sir, the other Stern Is held the finer servant; his employments Are full of trust, his person clean and nimble, ad none so soon can leap into preferment,

Where fools are poor.

Little. Not all; there's story for't;
Princes have been no wiser than they should be. Would any pobleman, that were no fool, Spend all in hope of the philosopher's stone, To buy new lordships in another country? Would knights build colleges, or gentlemen
Of good estates challenge the field, and fight, we
Because a whore wo' not be honest? Come, ools are a family over all the world; We do affect one naturally; indeed We do affect one to.

The fool is leiger 4 with us.

Then the pimp

Le extraordinary.

Do not you fall out About their places. - Here's my noble aunt!

Enter LADY BORNWELL

Little. How do you like your nephew, madam,

Foresight, 2 All. 2 Precedence. 6 Resident.

Lady B. Well! - Turn about, Frederick - Very well!

Fred. Am I not now a proper gentleman. The virtue of rich clothes! Now could I take The wall of Julius Caesar, or ill rout

Great Pompey's upper lip, and defy the sense Nay, I can be as proud as your own bear. madam,

You may take that for your comfort; I put on That virtue with my clothes, and I doubt not But in a little time I shall be impudent As any page, or player's boy. I am Beholding to this gentleman's good discipline. But I shall do him credit in my practice. Your steward has some pretty notions, too. In moral mischief.

Lady B. Your desert in this Exceeds all other service, and shall bind me Both to acknowledge and reward.

Little. Think me but worth your favour: I would

Upon my knees to honour you, and for every of Minute you lend to my reward, I'll pay A year of serviceable tribute. Lady B.

Can compliment.

Little. (Aside.) Thus still she puts me off;
Unless I speak the downright word, she ?

Understand me. A man would think that creeping

Upon one's knees were Euglish to a lady.

Enter KICKSBAW.

Kick, How is 't, Jack. - Pleasures attend

How does my plant of honour?

Lady B. Who is this!

Kick. 'T is Alexander.

Lady B. Rich and glorious'

Little. 'T is Alexander the Great.

And my Bucephalm o Kick.

Waits at the door.

Lady B. Your case is alter'd, six Rick. I cannot help these things, the Fame will have it

Tis not my land does this.

But thou hast a plough Little,

That brings it in.

Lady B. Now he looks brave and lovely
Fred. Welcome, my gallant Macedonian
Kick. Madam, you gave your nephew for we

pupil.

I read but in a tavern; if you'll honour us.
The Bear at the Bridge foot shall entertain you.
A deaver is my Canymede, he shall skink
Brisk nectar to us; we will only have
A dozen purtridge in a dish; as many page

ATITA Quails, cooks, and godwits shall come much ing up

Like the train'd-hand; a fort of aturgeon Shall give most bold defiance to an army, And triumph o'er the table. -

Lecture. * Walter. * Pour out. * City action

Lady B. Sir, it will 150 But dull the appetite to hear more, and mine Must be excus d. Another time I may be

Your guest.

Kick. 'T is grown in fashion now with ladies;
When you please, I'll attend you. Littleworth.

Come, Frederick.

Fred. We'll have music; I love noise. 188

We will outroar the Thames, and shake the bridge, boy. Exit [with KICKSHAW]. bridge, boy. Exit with KICKSHAW]. Little. Madam, I kiss your hand; would you would think

Of your poor servant: flesh and blood is frail,

And troublesome to carry, without help.

Lady B. A coach will easily convey it, or to You may take water at Strand Bridge.

Luttle.
Have taken fire.
The Thames will cool (it, sir).

The Thames my heart; your Lady B. The Thames will cool (it, sir). Little. But never quench my heart; your charity

Can only do that.

Lady B. I will keep it cold

Of purpose.
Little. Now you bless me, and I dare Be drunk in expectation. I am confident E.rit.

He knows the not, and I were worse than mad To be my own betrayer. - Here's my husband.

Enter Sir Thomas Bornwell.

Born. Why, how now, Aretina? What! alone?

The mystery of this solitude? My house in Turn desert o' the sudden! All the gamesters Blown up! Why is the music put to silence? Or have their instruments caught a cold, since

W G Gave 'em the last heat? I must know thy

Gave en ground
Of melancholy.
You are morry, as
You are Celestina. 178 Born.

Feel her yet warm upon my lip; she is Most excellent company: I did not think There was that sweetness in her sex. I must Acknowledge, 't was thy cure to disenchant me

From a dull husband to an active lover.
With such a lady I could spend more years
Than since my birth my glass hath run soft minutes,

and yet be young; her presence hath a spell To keep off age; she has an eye would strike is

To keep ou age, and another through an adamant.

Lady B.

Bestow'd upon a dull-fue'd chambermaid.

But would thus commend. True

beauty Le mock'd when we compare thus, itself being Above what can be fetch'd 1 to make it levely; Or,2 could our thoughts reach something to declare

Brought in comparison. S Perhaps, OA.

The glories of a face, or body's elegance (That touches but our sense), when beauty apreada

Over the soul, and calls up understanding To look [what] a thence is offer'd, and admire! In both I must acknowledge Celestina

In both I must acknowledge concerns
Most excellently fair, fuir above all
The beauties I ha' seen, and one most worthy
Man's love and wonder.

Born.
Do you speak. Arctina,

This with a pure sense to commend? Or is 't 100

The mockery of my praise?

Lady B.

Myself, I must be just, and give her all Although it shame The excellency of women; and were I

A man -

Born. What then?

Lady B. I know not with what loss I should attempt her love. She is a piece So angelically moving. I should think Frailty excus'd to dote upon her form, Frailty excus d to dote upon net with her.

And almost virtue to be wicked with her.

Exit.

Born. What should this mean? This is no jealousy,

Or she believes I counterfeit. I feel Something within me, like a heat, to give Her cause, would Celestina but consent. What a frail thing is man! It is not worth Our glory to be chaste, while we dony Mirth and converse with women. He is good no That dares the tempter, yet corrects his blood.

[SCENE III.]4

[Enter] CELESTINA, MARIANA, and ISABELLA.

Cel. I have told you all my knowledge: since he is pleas'd

To invite himself, he shall be entertain'd,

And you shall be my witnesses.

Mur. Who comes with him? Mar. Cel. Sir William Scentlove, that prepar'd me for

The honourable encounter. I expect His lordship every minute.

Enter SIR WILLIAM SCRNTLOVE.

Scent. Cel. He has honour'd me. My lord is come.

Enter Lord - and HAIRCUT.

Scent. My Lord, you.

Lord. You, sir — While Haircut is busy about his hair, Sir William Scrittore hair, Sir William Scrittore.

You may guess at the gentleman Scent. You may that's with him.

It is his barber, madam, d'ye observe? An your ladyship wants a shaver.

She is here, sir, to Hair. am betrny'd. - Scentlove, your plot. Have opportunity to be reveng'd. Scent. She in the midst.

Q. reads when. A room in Celestina's house.

Lord. She's fair, I must confess; But does she keep this distance out of state? Cel. Though I am poor in language to ex-How much your lordship honours me, my heart is rich and proud in such a guest. I shall

Be out of love with every air abroad, And for his grace done my unworthy house, Be a fond prisoner, become anchorite, **
And spend my hours in prayer, to reward
The blessing and the bounty of this presence.

Lord. Though you could turn each place you

move in to A temple, rather than a wall should hide So such a beauty from the world, it were Less want to lose our piety and your prayer. A throne were fitter to present you to Our wonder, whence your eyes, more worth than all

They look on, ahould chain every heart a pri-

soner.
at. 'T was pretty well come off. By your example » shall know how to compliment; in this, You more confirm my welcome.

I shall love Wy lips the better, if their eilent language
Persuade your lordship but to think so truly.

Lord. You make me smile, madam.

Cel.

I hope you came not a

With foar that any sadness here should shake One blossom from your eye. I should be miserablo

To present any object should displease you.

Lord. You do not, madam.

Lord. As I should account It no less sorrow, if your lordship should Lay too severe a censure on my freedom. I wo' not court a rensure on my freedom.

I wo' not court a prince against his justice.

Nor bribe him with a smile to think me honest.

Pardon, my lord, this boldness, and the mirth

That may flow from me. I believe my father a

Thought of no winding-sheet when he begot me.

Lord. She has a merry soul. — It will become

Mr sak your nardon, madan, for my rade.

Me ask your pardon, madam, for my rude Approach, so much a stranger to your know-

ledge.
Cel. Not. my lord, so much stranger to my knowledge;
Though I have but seen your person afar off,

am acquainted with your character, Which I have heard so often, I can speak it.

Lord, You shall do me an honour.

If your lordship will Cel.

Be putient. Lord. And glad to hear my name. Cel. That as your conscience can agree upon

Cel. That as your conscience

'em;

However, if your lordship give me privilege,
I'll tell you what 's the opinion of the world.

Lord. You cannot please me better.

Y' are a lord

Divided, serve to make ten noblemen, Without a herald; but with so much spirit And height of soul, as well might furnish twenty.

fou are le With nativ A language All bearts.

Sui And prude Believe the A apacious To three Ti A noble ca To honour

You are as ! Into the spr Created los to constant Yourself as And men h Than justic

Cel. Bu

Lord. Pr. one, s (Your lords) I speak but

If others! That you ha Cel. Yes,

I shall not a But you has

And, for you If their vote make no co My lord, I sh

We DW To nature for Cel.

Their debts. Lord, Cel. She h

ciful, And not give But you ow'd Lord. Still in their

It was part of Pardon, I only For loving wo You have, aga Restrain'd the

And with a mil Had died wit nighted. In this you mo Than you did

Love tempts harvest. And everywhe

I Q. yeares.

Their golden heads, the laden trees bow down Their willing fruit, and court your amorous tasting.

Lord. I see men would dissect me to a fibre; But do you believe this?

It is my wonder,

I must confess, a man of nobler earth
Than goes to vulgar composition,
(Born and bred high, so unconfin'd, so rich
for fortunes, and so read in all that sum Up human knowledge, to feed gloriously, And live at court, the only sphere wherein

True beauty moves, nature's most wealthy

garden,
Where every blossom is more worth than all 12a
The Hesperian fruit by jealous dragon watch'd,
Where all delights do circle appetite,
And pleasures multiply by being tasted,)
Should be so lost with thought of one turn'd

ashes.
There's nothing left, my lord, that can excuse

you,

Unless you plead, what I am asham'd to prompt Your wisdom to?

What 's that ? Lard. That you have play'd

The surgeon with yourself.

Lord.
Cel. It were much pity.

Trouble not yourself,

Lerd.

1 could convince your fears with demonstration

That I am man enough, but knew not where, Until this meeting, beauty dwelt. The court You talk'd of must be where the Queen of Love

Which moves but with your person; in your eye Her glory shines, and only at that flame was Her wanton boy doth light his quick ning torch.

Nay, now you compliment; I would it did.

My lord, for your own sake.

You would be kind,

And love me then?

Cel. My lord, I should be loving,
Where I found worth to invite it, and should cherish

A constant man.

Lord. Then you should me, madam.

Cel. But is the ice about your heart fallen off? Can you return to do what love commands? -Cupid, thou shalt have instant sacrifice,

And I dare be the priest.

Your hand, your lip; 100
Your hand, your lip; 100

Kiases her. Now I am proof 'gainst all temptation.

Cel. Your meaning, my good lord?
Lord.
I, that have strength gainst thy voice and beauty, after this May dare the charms of womankind. - Thou

Bella Maria, unprofaned yet; This magic has no power upon my blood. — Farewell, madam! if you durst be the example

Of chaste as well as fair, thou wert a brave one. Cel. I hope your lordship means not this for carnest:

Be pleas'd to grace a banquet.

Land. Pardon, madam. - 100 Will Scentlove, follow; I must laugh at you.

Cel. My lord, I must beseech you stay, for honour,

For her whose memory you love best.

Your pleasure. Lord. Your pleasure.
Cel. And by that virtue you have now profest,
I charge you to bolieve me too; I can Now glory that you have been worth my trial, Which, I beseech you, pardon. Had not you So valiantly recover'd in this conflict, You had been my triumph, without hope of

more Than my just scorn upon your wanton flame; Nor will I think these noble thoughts grew first

From melancholy, for some female loss, As the fantastic world believes, but from Truth, and your love of innocence, which shine So bright in the two royal luminaries 1 At court, you cannot lose your way to chastity. Proceed, and speak of me as honour guides you.

am almost tir'd. - Come, ladies, we'll beguile Dull time, and take the air another while.

Exeunt.

ACT V

[SCENE I.]9

Enter Ludy BORNWELL, and a Servant [with a purse .

Lady B. But hath Sir Thomas lost five hundred pounds

Already ?

Serv. And five hundred more he horrow'd. The dice are notable devourers, madam;
They make no more of pieces than of pebbles, But thrust their heaps together, to engender. 5 "Two hundred more the caster!" 8 cries this

gentleman. "I am wi' ye. —I ha' that to nothing, air.
The caster
Again." 'T is covered, and the table too,

With sums that frighted me. Here one sneaks

And with a martyr's patience smiles upon
His money's executioner, the dice;
Commands a pipe of good tobacco, and
I' th' smoke on 't vanishes. Another makes The bones vault o'er his head, swears that ill-

throwing Has put his shoulder out of joint, calls for A bone setter. That looks to th' box, to bid His master send him some more hundred pounds,

Which lost, he takes tobacco, and is quiet, Here a strong arm throws in and in, with which He brusheth all the table, pays the rooks 4 That went their smelts a piece upon his hand,

Charles I and Henrietta Maria.

A room in Sir Thomas Bornwell's bouse.

Thrower of the dice.

4 Guile, simpletons 6 Staked their coins (?).

Yet swears he has not drawn a stake this seven

But I was bid make haste; my master may Lose this five hundred pounds ore I come thither.

Lady B. If we both waste so fast, we shall soon find

Our state is not immortal. Something in His other ways appear not well ready.

Enter Sir THOMAS BORNWELL, [and Servants, one with a purse.

Born. Ye tortoises, why make ye no more haste?

Go pay to th' master of the house that money, And tell the noble gamesters I have another so Superfluous thousand pound; at night I'll visit em.

D' ye hear?
Yes, an please you.
10o't ye drudges.

Ta, ra, ra! - Aretina!

Lady B. You have a pleasant humour, sir. Lady B. You have a pleasant humour, s Born. What! should a gentleman be sad? You have lost -Ludy B. Born. A transitory sum; as good that way se

As another.

Luly B. Do you not vex within for 't? Born, I had rather lose a thousand more, than OBB

Sad thought come near my heart for 't. Vex for trash!

Although it go from other men like drops Of their life blood, we lose with the alterity We drink a cup of sack, or kiss a mistress. No money is considerable with a gamester; They have souls more spacious than kings. Did

two Camesters divide the empire of the world, They'd make one throw for 't all, and he that

lost Be no more melancholy than to have play'd for A morning's draught. Vex a rich soul for dirt, The quiet of whose every thought is worth

A province! Lady B. Lady B. But when dice have consum'd all, Your patience will not pawn for as much more. Born. Hang pawning! Sell outright, and the

fear's over. Lady B. Say you so? I'll have another coach to-morrow

If there he rich above ground.

I forgot To bid the fellow ask my jeweller Whether the chain of diamonds be made up; so

Whether the chain of diamonds be made up; so I will present it to my Lady Bellamour, Fair Celestina.

Lady B. This gown I have worn Six days already; it looks dull, I'll give it My waiting-woman, and have one of cloth Of gold embroidered; shoes and pantables 1 will show well of the same.

Barn. I have invited

A covey of ladies, and as many gentlemen

1 Slippers.

To-morrow, to the Italian ordinary: I shall have rarities and regulias 2

To pay for, madam , music, wanten conc. And tunes of silken petticoats to dance t Ludy B. And to-morrow have I suvited hall

the court
To dine here. What misfortupe 't is your and

PERMIT And ours should be divided! After dinner entertain 'em with a play.

By that time Your play inclines to the epilogue, shall we Quit our Italian host; and whirl in coaches To the Dutch magazine of sonce, the New york Where deal, and backrag, and what strang wine else

They dare but give a name to in the reckoning Shall flow into our room, and drown Westphil

186,5 Tongues, and anchovies, like some bittle town

Endangered by a sluice, through whom been We wade, and wash ourselves into a boat.

And bid our coachmen drive their leather terements

By land, while we sail home, with a fresh tide. To some new rendezvous.

If you have not Lady B. Pointed the place, pray bring your labor hither:

I mean to have a ball to-morrow night.

And a rich banquet for 'em, where we'll dans.

Till morning rise, and blush to interrupt as.

Born. Have you no ladies i' th' next ress.

to advance of A present mirth? What a dull house you geter! Farewell! a wife 's no company. - Aretina. I 've summ'd up my estate, and find we may have

A month good yet,

Lidy B. What mean you?

Born. And I'd rather Be lord one month of pleasures, to the height And rapture of our senses, than he years Consuming what we have in foolish temperate Live in the durk, and no fame wait upon man I will live so, posterity shall stand.

At gaze when I am mentioned.

Ludy B. A month good And what shall be done then?

I'll over wa. Born. And trail a pike. With watching, marchage. lying

In trenches, with ouduring cold and hunger, And taking here and there a musket shet And taking here and there a hilling a madan. I can earn every week four a hilling a madan. And if the bullets favour me to smatch Any superfluous limb, when I return. With good friends, I despair not to be carelly Poor knight of Windsor. For your coarse

madam,

2 Choice viands.
3 "Some undentified kind of wine." (N. E. D.)
4 Baccarach, a famous Rhine wine.

1 Rouse One of a small order of military knights with posions and apartments in Windeor Castle. No doubt you may do well; your friends are great;

Or if your poverty and their pride cannot Agree, you need not trouble much invention To find a trade to live by; there are custom-

Farewell, be frolic, madam! If I live, I will feast all my senses, and not fall Less than a Phaeton from my throne of pleasure,

Though my estate flame like the world about Erit.

Lady B. 'T is very pretty! -

Enter DECOY.

Madam Decoy !

After so sweet a night's work? Have not I
Show'd myself mistress of my art?
Lady B. A lady.
Dec. That title makes the credit of the act
A story higher. Y' have not seen him yet?
I wonder what he 'll say.
Lady B. He 's here.

Enter KICKSHAW and FREDERICK.

Kick. Bear up, 190 My little myrmiden; does not Jack Littleworth Follow?

Fred. Follow? He fell into the Thames
At landing.
Kak. The devil shall dive for him, Kirk. The devil shall dive for him, Ere I endanger my silk stockings for him. Let the watermen alone, they have drags and

engines.1

When he has drunk his julep, I shall laugh To see him come in pickled the next tide. Fred. He'll never sink, he has such a cork brain.

Kick. Let him be hang'd or drown'd, all's one to me;

Yet he deserves to die by water, cannot

Yet he deserves.

Bear his wine credibly.

Is not this my aunt? Kick. And another handsome lady; I must know her. [Goes up to Decov.]
Fred. My blood is rampant too, I must court somebody;

Lady B. Where have you been, consin? At the Bridge, 186 Fred. At the Bear's foot, where our first health be-

To the fair Arctina, whose sweet company Was wished by all. We could not get a lay, A tumbler, a device, a bona roba,

When were you in drink, aunt? Ludy B. Fred. How? Do not ladies

All four terms are cuphemisms for courtesan.

A vague piece of contemporary slang, the meaning of which has usually to be derived from the context.

Play the good fellows too? There's no true mirth

Without 'em. I have now such tickling fancies! That doctor of the chair of wit has read A precious lecture, how I should behave Myself to ladies; as now, for example, [Goes up to Laby BORNWELL.]

Lady B. Would you practise upon me?
Fred. I first salute you, Fred. You have a soft hand, madam; are you so

All over?

Lady B. Nephew! Fred. Nay, you should but smile. 100
And then again I kiss you; and thus draw Off your white glove, and start, to see your hand More excellently white. I grace my own Lip with this touch, and turning gently thus, Prepare you for my skill in palmistry, Which, out of curiosity, no lady But easily applies to. The first line look with most ambition to find out, Is Venus' girdle, a fair semicircle, Enclosing both the mount of Sol and Saturn; If that appear, she's for my turn; a lady Whom nature has prepar'd for the career; And, Cupid at my elbow, I put forward:

You have this very line, aunt.

Lady B. The boy's frantic!

Fred. You have a couch or pallet; I can shut
The chamber door. Enrich a stranger, when Your nephew's coming into play!

Lady B. No more. Fred. Are you so coy to your own flesh and blood?

Kick. Here, take your playfellow; I talk of sport, And she would have me marry her. Fred. Here's Littleworth,

Enter LITTLEWORTH, wet.

Why, how now, tutor?

Little.

Fred. And what ha you caught?

My belly for I have been fishing.

My belly full of water.

Kick. Ha, ha! Where's thy rupier?

Little. My rupier is drown'd,
And I am little better. I was up by th' heels, to
And out came a tun of water, beside wine.

Kick. 'T has made thee soler.

Little. Would you have me drunk With water ? Ludy B. I hope your fire is quench'd by this

Fred. It is not now, as when your worship "walk'd

By all the taverns, Jack, dry as a hone," tee Kick. You had store of fish under water,

Jack.
Lattle. It has made a poor John of me.
Fred. I do not think but if we cast an angle

Into his helly, we might find some pilchards !

Little. And boil'd, by this time. - Dear madam, a hed. Kick. Carry but the water-spaniel to a grassplot,

I Yields.

a A amail flab, like a herring.

Where he may roll himself; let him but shake His ears twice in the sun, and you may grind him Into a posset.

Freel. Come, thou shalt to my bed,

Poor pickerel.

Dec. Alas, sweet gentleman! 100 Little. I have ill luck an I should smell by this time;

I am but new ta'en, I am sure, - Sweet gentle-

womani

Your servant. Pray do not pluck off my skin; Little.

It is so wet, unless you have good eyes, You'll hardly know it from a shirt.

Dec. Fear nothing. 198 Exeunt [all but Kickshaw and Lady Bornwell.]

Lady B. [Aside., He has sack enough, and I may find his humour.

Kick. And how is 't with your ladyship? You look

Nithout a sunshine in your face.
You are glorious

In mind and habit.

Kicks. Ends of gold and suver ...
Lady B. Your other clothes were not so rich.
Who was

Your tailor, sir?

Kick. They were made for me long since; They have known but two bright days upon my back.

I had a humour, madam, to lay things by : They will serve two days more: I think I ha' gold enough

To go to th' mercer. I'll now allow myself son A suit a week, as this, with necessary Dependances, beaver, silk stockings, garters, And roses, in their due conformity; Boots are forbid a clean leg, but to ride in.

My linen every morning comes in new,

The old goes to great bellies.

Lady B. You are charitable. Kick. I may dine wi' ye sometime, or at the

To meet good company, not for the table.
My clock o' th' kitchen 's here, a witty epioure,
A spirit, that, to please me with what 's rare,
Can fly a hundred mile a day to market, And make me lord of fish and fowl. I shall Forget there is a butcher; and to make My footman nimble, he shall feed on nothing But wings of wild fowl.

These ways are costly.

Lady B. These ways are costly. so Kick. Therefore I'll have it so; I ha' sprung

a mine.

Lady B. You make me wonder, sir, to see this change

Of fortune : your revenue was not late

So plentiful.

Hang dirty land, and lordships!

I wo not change one lodging I ha got,

For the Chamber of London, Lady B. Strange, of such a sudden, To rise to this estate! No fortunate hand At dice could lift you up so, for 't is since

Last night: yesterday, you were no such mon-

arch.

Kick. There be more games than dice. It cannot be m A mistress, though your person is worth love, None possibly are rich enough to feed

As you have cast the method of your rota. A princess, after all her jewels, must

Be forc'd to sell her provinces. Kick. Of jewels, what do you think of this "

Lady B. A rich on Kick. You'll honour me to wear't; the other toy

I had from you; this chain I borrowed of you.

A friend had it in keeping. [Given her the personal chain.] — If your ladyship
Want any sum, you know your friend, and
Alexander.

Lady B. Dare you trust my security?

Kick. There is gold.

Rick.
I shall have more to-morrow.
You astonish me

Who can supply these? Rick. A dear friend I have

ing Lady B. Not that I wish to know More of your happiness than I have already Heart to congratulate, - be pleas'd to lay

My wonder.

Kick. 'T is a secret — Which I'll die
Ere I'll betray.

Kick. You have always wish'd me well.

But you shall awear not to reveal the party.

Ludy B. I'll lose the benefit of my tongus.

Kick. Kick

Afraid at what I say. What think you first Of an old witch, a strange ill-favour'd hag. That, for my company last night, has wrough To think upon her name.

How, sir! a wirch?

Lady B. How, sir! a wish? Kick. I would not fright your ladyship to much

At first, but witches are akin to spirita The truth is - Nay, if you look pale already. I ha' done.

Lady B. Sir, I beseech you.

Kick.

But courage then to know the truth, I il to

In one word; my chief friend is — the devil!

Ludy B. What devil? how I tremble! Have & be Kick.

Thus a she-devil too, a most insatuate,
Abominuble devil, with a tail
Thus long.
Lady B. Goodness defend mo! Did you so
her?

her?
Kick. No, 't wasi' th' dark; but she appeared first to me

I' th' likeness of a beldam, and was brought. I know not how, nor whither, by two gobins I know not now, lost hawk, More hooded than a hawk,

But would you venture *

Lady B. Upon a devil!

Kick. Ay, for means.

Lady B. [Aside.] How black a impudence is this! - But are you sure It was the devil you enjoy'd? Say nothing :

I did the best to please her; but as sure

As you live, 't was a heli-cat.

I)' ye not quake? Lady B. D' ye not quake? an Kick. I found myself in the very room 1 i' th'

morning,
Where two of her familiars had left me.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord is come to visit you. As you respect my safety. I ha' told tales Out of the devil's school; if it be known, I lose a friend, 'T is now about the time

I promis'd her to meet again; at my
Return I'll tell you wonders. Not a word. Exit.
Lady B. 'Tis a false glass; sure I am more
deform'd: [Looks in her pocket murror.]
What have I done? — My soul is miserable. 202

Enter LORD -

Lord. I sent you a letter, madam. You exprest Your noble care of me, my lord.

Re-enter Sir THOMAS BORNWELL with CELES-TINA.

Rorn. Your lordship

Does me an honour. Madam, I am glad Lord. To see you here; I meant to have kist your

hand. Ere my return to court.

Cel. Sir Thomas has Prevail'd to bring me, to his trouble, hither.

Lord. You do him grace.

Born. Why, what 's the matter, madam?

Lady B. As you Do hope for Heaven, withdraw, and give me but

The patience of ten minutes.

Wonderful! I will not hear you above that proportion. She talks of Heaven: — Come, where must we

to counsel? Lady B. You shall conclude me when you

please. [Exit.]

Born. I follow.

Lord. [Aside.] What alteration is this? I,

that so late Stood the temptation of her eye and voice, Boasted a heart 'bove all licentious flame,

At second view turn renegade, and think was too superstitious, and full

of phlegm, not to reward her amorous courtship With manly freedom.

I obey you, sir. Born. I'll wait upon your fordship presently.

Gifford conj. Q. myself the very same.
A punning allusion to lowland's Laurimae or Seven Tears, etc., a popular musical work of the time for tringed instruments.

Lord. She could not want a cunning to seem honest

When I neglected her. I am resolv'd.— You still look pleasant, madam.

I have cause, My lord, the rather for your presence, which Hath power to charm all trouble in my thoughts.

Lord. I must translate that compliment, and OWA

All that is cheerful in myself to these All-quick'ning smiles; and rather than such

bright Eyes should repent their influence upon me, as would release the aspects, and quit the bounty Of all the other stars. Did you not think me A strange and melancholy gentleman, To use you so unkindly?

Cel. Me, my lord? Lord. I hope you made no loud complaint; I

Be tried by a jury of ladies.

For what, my lord? Lord. I did not meet that noble entertain-

ment You were late pleas'd to show me.

No such defect in your lordship, but a brave And noble fortitude.

Lord. A noble folly; bring repentance for 't. I know you have, Madam, a gentle faith, and we' not rain

adam, a gentic take, the boucur you.

What 's that? Lord. If you can love, I'll tell your ladyship.
Cel. I have a stubborn soul else.
Lord
You are all see

You are all me

Compos'd of harmony. What love d' ye mean? Lord. That which doth perfect both. Madam, you have heard

I can be constant, and if you consent Tean be constant, and if you consent
To grace it so, there is a spacious dwelling
Prepar'd within my heart for such a mistress, so
Cel. Your mistress, my good lord?
Lord.
Why, my good lady,

Your sex doth hold it no dishouour To become mistress to a noble servant In the now court Platonic way. Consider Who 't is that pleads to you; my birth and

present Value can be no stain to your embrace :

But these are shadows when my love appears, Which shall, in his first miracle, return Me in my bloom of youth, and thee a virgin; When I, within some new Elysium, Of purpose made and meant for us, shall be

In every thing Adonis, but in his Contempt of love; and court thee from a

Daphne

Hid in the cold rind of a bashful tree, With such warm language and delight, till thon

Leap from that bay 2 into the Queen of Love. And pay my conquest with composing garlands Of thy own myrtle for me.

Daphne was transformed into a bay-tree.

Col. What's all this?

Lord. Consent to be my mistress, Calestina, and we will have it spring-time all the year; so from whose invitations, when we walk, he winds shall play soft descent to our feet, and breathe wish advant to our feet, Jpon whose invitatio And breathe rich odours to re-pure the air:
Green bowers on every side shall tempt our stay,
And violets stoop to have us tread upon 'em. so
The red rose shall grow pale, being near thy

cheek.
And the white blush, o'ercome with such a forehead.
Here laid, and measuring with curselves come bank.
A thousand birds shall from the woods repair, And place themselves so cuaningly behind.
The leaves of every tree, that while they pay Us tribute of their songs, thou sha't imagine The very trees bear music, and sweet voices Do grow in every arbour. Here can we Embrace and kins, tell takes, and kins again, stand none but Heaven our rival.

Col.
When we are

Weary of these, what if we shift our paradise,
And through a grove of tall and even pine,
Descend into a valley, that shall shame
All the delights of Tempe; upon whose
Green plush the Graces shall be call'd to dance To please us, and maintain their fairy revels, To the harmonious murmurs of a stream That gently falls upon a rock of pearl.
Here doth the nymph, forsaken Echo, dwell,
To whom we'll tell the story of our love, Till at our surfeit and her want of joy, We break her heart with envy. Not far off, A grove shall call us to a wanton river, To see a dying swan give up the ghost, The fishes shooting up their tears in bubbles, That they must lose the genius of their WAYES -

And such love linsey woolsey, to no purpose.

Lord. You chide me handsomely; pray tell me how

You like this language.

Good my lord, forbear. Lord. You need not fly out of this circle, madam ; -

These widows are so full of circumstance! -Your ladyship for the toy, to ha' broken ten,
Nay, twenty colts, virgins I mean, and taught
"em

The amble, or what pace I most affected, Cel. You're not, my lord, again, the lord I thought you;

And I must tell you now, you do forget

It shall appear: — there is a man, my lord, Within my acquaintance, rich in worldly fortunes.

But cannot boast any descent of blood,

Would buy a coat of arms.

He may, and legs Booted and spurr'd, to ride into the country.

But that w soul, Beside the

lord, To what yo If you would (If that be m And painted done.

Lord, Enos Obscure my l Enter Sir WI

Hair. It shall be no Upon my lord You may be l I do my lord i Such you have Scent. 'T is

would r Break the got Hair. Off

Lord.
Minute I'll be A mistress in t I 'll honour yo Cel. I'll stu

Lord. Scent covering Beside a hat;

ent. Who thinks I bare This half hour Hair. Pardon my ambition, Madam, I told you truth; I am a gentleman, And cannot fear that name is drown'd in my Relation to my lord.

I dare not think so. Hair. From henceforth call my service duty, madam.

That pig's head, that betray'd me to your mirth,

Is doing penance for 't.

Scent.

Wy lord, begin a fashion of no hair?

Cel. Do you sweat, Sir William?

Scent.

Not with store of nightesps.

Re-enter SIR THOMAS and LADY BORNWELL.

Lady B. Heaven has dissolv'd the clouds that hung upon
My eyes, and if you can with mercy meet
A penitent, I throw my own will off, And now in all things obey yours. My nephew Send back again to th' college, and myself To what place you'll confine me.

Dearer now

Than ever to my bosom, thou sha't please

Me best to live at thy own choice. I did

But fright thee with a noise of my expenses;

The sums are safe, and we have wealth enough,

If yet we use it nobly. My lord — madam, If yet we use it house, .

Pray honour us to-night.

I beg your presence, 410

And pardon.

I know not how my Aretina Born. May be disposed to-morrow for the country.

Cel. You must not go before you have done
Me honour to accept an entertainment
Where I have power; on those terms I'm your

guest.

Born. You grace us, madam.

Lady B. [Aside.] Already I feel a cure upon my soul, and promise My after life to virtue. Pardon, Heaven, My shame, yet hid from the world's eye.

Re-enter DECOY.

Sweet madam ! Lady B. Not for the world be seen here!
We are lost. I'll visit you at home. — [Aside.] But not to practise What

she expects: my counsel may recover her. [Exit DECOY.] her.

Re-enter KICKBHAW.

Kick. Where's madam? - Pray lend me a little money, My spirit has deceiv'd me : Proserpine

Has broke her word. Do you expect to find Lady B.

The devil true to you? Not too loud.
I 'll voice it Kick. Lady B.

Louder, to all the world, your horrid sin,
Unless you promise me religiously,
To purge your foul blood by repentance, sir.
Kick. Then I'm undone.

Lady B. Not while I have power see To encourage you to virtue. I'll endeavour To find you out some nobler way at court, To thrive in.

Do 't and I 'll forsake the devil, Kick. And bring my flesh to obedience. You shall steer me.

My lord, your servant.

Lord. You are brave again.

Lord.
Kick. Madam, your pardon.
Your offence requires

Humility.

Kick. Low as my heart.—Sir Thomas, I'll sup with you, a part of satisfaction. Born. Our pleasures cool. Music | and when our ladies

Are tir'd with active motion, to give Them rest, in some new rapture to advance Full mirth, our souls shall leap into a dance. Exeunt.



PERSONS

TAMES SHIRLEY

Ring of Navarre. The Cardinal THE CARRIER CONTINUE CONTROL THE PROPERTY OF ALVANES.
HERMANDO, a Colonel.
ALPROPERO, (a Captain.) (Arronno,) Secretary to the Duchem Colonia. Auronness, the Cardinal's Servent. Surgeon.
[Jaquus, Pa Guard.
Attendants, CREERDA,

SCHEEK. - Navarre.

THE PROLOGUE

THE CARDINAL! 'Cause we expres
We do believe most of you, gentles
Are at this hour in France, and be
Though you vouchasfe to lead your
But keep your fancy active, till ye
By th' progress of our play, 't is no
A poet's art is to lead on your thou
Through subtle paths and working
And where your expectation does n
If things fall better, yet you may fa
I will say nothing positive; you ma
Think what you please; we call it!
Whether the comic Muse, or ladies'
Romance, or direful tragedy it prov
The bill determines not; and wouls
Persuaded, I would have 't a Comes
For all the purple in the name and THE CARDINAL! 'Cause we exper For all the purple in the name and For all the purple in the name and a Of him that owns it; but 't is left to Yet I will tell you, ere you see it plu What the author, and he blusht too. Comparing with his own, (for 't had He thought, to build his wit a pyras. Upon another's wounded fame, this Might rival with his best, and dar'd Troth, I am out: he said no more. I When 't's done, may say your pleas

ACT I

[SCENE I.] 1

Enter two Lords at one door; secretary [Am-TONIO]² at the other.

- 1 Lord. Who is that? 2 Lord. The duchess' secretary.
- An apartment in the palace.
 In stage directions and speech-tags throughout, Antonio is called Scoretary.

1 Lord. Sig Ant. Your 1 Lord. Ho her mo For the your death At sea left he 2 Lord. Sh

When is the day of mighty marriage To our great Cardinal snephew, Don Columbo? Ant, When they agree; they will not steal to

I guess the ceremonies will be loud and pub-

Your lordships will excuse me. Exit.

1 Lord. When they agree! Alas! poor lady, she

Dotes not upon Columbo, when she thinks 15 Of the young Count d'Alvarez, divore d from

By the king's power.

2 Lord. And counsel of the Cardinal, To advance his nephew to the duchess' bed;

It is not well.

1 Lord. Take heed; the Cardinal holds
Intelligence with every bird i' th' air.

2 Lord. Death on his purple pride! He gov-

erns all;

And yet Columbo is a gallant gentleman.

1 Lord. The darling of the war, whom victory Hath often courted; a man of daring, And most exalted spirit. Pride in him Dwells like an ornament, where so much hon-

Secures his praise.

This is no argument 2 Lord. This is no argument
He should usurp, and wear Alvarez' title
To the fair duchess; men of coarser blood,
Would not so tamely give this treasure up.

1 Lord. Although Columbo's name is great

in war.

Whose glorious art and practice is above The greatness of Alvarez, yet he cannot Want soul, in whom alone survives the virtue If many noble ancestors, being the last

Of his great family. 'T is not safe, you 'll say,

To wrastle with the king.

1 Lord. More danger if the Cardinal be displeas'd, Who sits at helm of state. Count d'Alvares

Is wiser to obey the stream, than by Insisting on his privilege to her love, Put both their fates upon a storm.

2 Lord. If wisdom, Not inborn fear, make him compose, I like it. How does the duchess bear herself?

1 Lord. She moves by the rapture 2 of another wheel,

That must be obey'd; like some sad passenger, That looks upon the coast his wishes fly to, But is transported by an adverse wind, Sometimes a churlish pilot.

2 Lord. She has a sweet and noble nature. 1 Lord. Commenda Alvarez; Hymen cannot tie That so

A knot of two more equal hearts and blood.

Enter ALPHONSO.

2 Lord. Alphonso!

My good lord.
What great affair Alph. Hath brought you from the confines?

Agree.

* Force, momentum.

Alph. Such as will Be worth your counsels, when the king hath

My letters from the governor; the Arragonians, Violating their confederate oath and league, Are now in arms: they have not yet murcht towards us;

But 't is not safe to expect," if we may timely Prevent invasion.

 Lord. Dare they be so in
 Lord. This storm I did foresee. Dare they be so insolent? "

What have they, but The sweetness of the king, to make a crime?

1 Lord. But how appears the Cardinal at this

news?

Alph. Not pale, although

He knows they have no cause to think him innocent,

As by whose counsel they were once surpris'd.

1 Lord. There is more

Than all our present art can fathom in This story, and I fear I may conclude

This flame has breath at home to cherish it. 10 There's treason in some hearts, whose faces are Smooth to the state.

My lord, I take my leave. 2 Lord. Your friends, good captain. Excust.

SCENE II.14

Enter Duchess, Valeria, and Celinda.

Val. Sweet madam, be less thoughtful; this obedience 6

To passion will destroy the noblest frame
Of beauty that this kingdom ever bossted.
Cel. This sadness might become your other

habit, And ceremonies black, for him that died. The times of sorrow are expir'd; and all The joys that wait upon the court, your birth, And a new Hymen, that is coming towards you,

Invite a change.

Duch.

Ladies, I thank you both:
I pray excuse a little melancholy
That is behind; my year of mourning hath not
So clear'd my account with sorrow, but there

may Some dark thoughts stay, with sad reflections, Upon my heart, for him I lost. Even this New dress and smiling garment, meant to Show

A peace concluded 'twixt my grief and me, Is but a sad remembrance. But I resolve To entertain more pleasing thoughts; and if You wish me heartily to smile, you must Not mention grief, not in advice to leave it. Such counsels open but afresh the wounds Ye would close up, and keep alive the cause,

Whose bleeding you would cure. Let's talk of something

That may delight. You two are read in all The histories of our court : tell me, Valerin, who has thy vote for the most handsome man?—

9 Walt.

1 Tielding. 4 A room in the Duchess's hous

[Aside.] Thus I must counterfeit a peace, when

Within me is at mutiny.

I have examin'd Val. All that are candidates for the praise of ladies, But find - may I speak boldly to your grace? and will you not return it in your mirth, To make me blush?

Duch, No, no; speak freely. but

Were I a princess, I should think the Count d'Alvarez

Had sweetness to deserve me from the world. * Duch. [Aside.] Alvarez! she's a spy upon

my heart.
Val. He 's young and active, and compos'd most sweetly.

Duch. I have seen a face more tempting. It had then Val. Too much of woman in 't: his eyes speak movingly,

Which may excuse his voice, and lead away so All female pride his captive; his hair, black, Which, naturally falling into curls -

Duch. Prithee, no more; thou art in love with him.

The man in your esteem, Celinda, now? Cel. Alvarez is, I must confess, a gentleman

Of handsome composition; but with His mind, the greater excellence, I think Another may delight a lady more,

If man be well considered, that's Columbo, If man be wen comments.

Now, madam, voted to be yours.

My torment 1 to

Dutch. (Aside.) My torment! a Val. [Aside.] She affects him not. Cel. He bas a person, and a bravery beyond

All men, that I observe. Val.

He is a soldier,
A rough-hewn man, and may show well at dis-

tance

His talk will fright a lady; War, and grim-Fac'd Honour are his mistresses; he raves To hear a late; Love meant him not his

priest. gain your pardon, madam. We may talk,

But you have art to choose, and crown affec-tion. (CELINDA and VALERIA waik aside,) Duch. What is it to be born above these ladies.

And want their freedom! They are not conatrain'd,

Nor slav'd by their own greatness, or the king's.

But let their free hearts look abroad, and сионя

By their own eyes to love. I must repair My poor afflicted bosom, and assume The privilege I was born with, which now

prompts me
To tell the king, he hath no power nor art
To steer a lover's soul. —

Enter Secretary [ANTONIO].

What says Count d'Alvarez? Ant. Madam, he 'll attend you.

Duch. Wait you, as I directed. When be comes

Acquaint me privately.

Madam, I have neve Ant. 'T is now arriv'd the court ; we shall have we Duch. [Ande.] I find an army here of killing thoughts.

Ant. The king has chosen Don Columbo poeral,

Who is immediately to take his leave.

Duch. [Aside.] What flood is let into my
heart!— How far

Is he to go?

To Arragon. That 's well Ant. Duch.

At first; he should not want a pilgrimage. To the unknown world, if my thoughts mich

convey him.

Ant. 'T is not impossible he may go thither.
Duch. How?

Ant. To the unknown world; he goes to fight.

That is in his way; such stories are in mature.

hat 's in his way.

Huch. Conceal this news.

He wo' not be long about: The affair will make him swift To kiss your grace's hand.

He cannot fir Duch. With too much wing to take his leave. - !

Be admitted to your conference; you have Enlarg'd my spirits; they shall droup no muce Cel. We are happy, if we may advance co-

thought

To your grace's pleasure. smiles

Become you, madam.

Duch. [Ande.] I have not skill to contain myself.

Enter PLACENTIA.

Pla. The Columbo. The Cardinal's nephew, medam, Des Columbo.

Duch. Already | Attend him.

Exit Placentia

Shall we take our bar Val. Duch. He shall not know, [Celinda]! her

you prais'd him.
[Cel.] If he did, madam, I should have the

To tell him my free thoughts.

Enter COLUMNO.

Duch. My lord, while I 'm in study to require The favour you ha' done me, you increase My debt to such a sum, still by a new home ing

Your servant, I despair of my own freedom. Colum. Madam, he kimeth your white hand that must

Not surfeit in this happiness - and, ladies, I take your annies for my encourage ment I have not long to practice these court targets Kisses Ites

Cel. He has been taught to kim.

1 Q. Valeria, but cf. vv. 48-57, above. IQ Fal Duck. There 's something, sir,

Colum. Does the character please you, madam? More, Duch.

Duch. Store, Because it speaks you cheerful. 'T is for such no Colum.

'T is for such no Access of honour, as must make Columbo
Worth all your love; the king is pleas'd to

Me fit to lead his army.

How! an army? Duch. Colum. We must not use the priest, till I bring home

Another triumph that now stays for me, To reap it in the purple field of glory.

Duch. But do you mean to leave me, and ex-

Yourself to the devouring war? No enemy Should divide us; the king is not so cruel.

Colum. The king is honourable; and this

More answers my ambition, than his gift Of thee, and all thy beauty, which I can Love, as becomes thy soldier, and fight To come again, a conqueror of thee.

She weeps. Then I must chide this fondness.1

Re-enter Secretary [ANTONIO].

Ant. Madam, the king, and my lord Cardinal.

Enter KING, CARDINAL, and Lords.

King. Madam, I come to call a servant from

you, and strengthen his excuse; the public cause Will plend for your consent; at his return Your marriage shall receive triumphant cere-

monies; Till then you must dispense.

She appears sad

To part with him.—I like it fairly, nephew.

[Cel.] Is not the general a gallant man?

What lady would deny him a small courtesy?

[Val.] Theu hast converted me, and I begin
To wish it were no sin.

[Cel.] Leave that to narrow consciences.

[Val.] Het be would also one better the Val. You are pleasant. Cel. But he would please one better. Do

auch men

e with their pages?
[Val.] Wouldst thou make a shift?
[Cd.] He is going to a bloody business; T is pity he should die without some heir. That lady were hard-hearted now, that would Not help posterity, for the mere good

th' king and commonwealth.
[Val.] Thou art wild; we may be observ'd.
Duch. Your will must guide me; happiness and conquest

Be ever waiting on his sword !

Ereunt King, Columbo, Cardi-Colum. NAL and Lords.

2 Q. transposes Cel. and Val. throughout this conver-

Duch. Pray give leave to examine a few thoughts;

Expect by me in the garden.

Ludies. We attend. Excust Ladies, 100 Ludies. We attend. Exeunt Ladies, 19 Duch. This is above all expectation happy. Forgivo me, Virtue, that I have dissembled, And witness with me, I have not a thought To tempt or to betray him, but secure

The promise I first made, to love and honour. 18

Re-enter Secretary [ANTONIO].

Ant. The Count d'Alvarez, madam. Duch. Admit him. And let none interrupt us. [Exit ANTONIO.] -

How shall I Behave my looks? The guilt of my neglect, Which had no seal from hence, will call up blood To write upon my checks the shame and story 100 In some red letter.

Enter ALVAREZ.

Madam, I present Alv. One that was glad to obey your grace, and come One that was gist to one;
To know what your commands are.
Where I once

Did promise love, a love that had the power The promise to the prime to chain my heart
To yours, it were injustice to command.
Alv. But I can look upon you, madam, as

Becomes a servant; with as much humility, In tenderness of your honour and great fortune, Give up, when you call back your bonuty, all that

Was mine, as I had pride to think them favours.

Duch. Hath love taught thee no more assur-

ance in Our mutual vows, then canet suspect it possible I should revoke a promise, made to heaven And thee, so soon? This must arise from some

Distrust of thy own faith. Your grace's pardon; 100 1/11. To speak with freedom, I am not so old

In cunning to betray, nor young in time, Not to see when and where I am at loss, And how to bear my fortune, and my wounds, see Which, if I look for health, must still bleed in-

ward, A hard and desperate condition. am not ignorant your birth and greatness Have plac'd you to grow up with the king's grace And jealousy, which to remove, his power Hath chosen a fit object for your beauty To shine upon, Columbo, his great favourite. am a man on whom but late the king Has pleas'd to cast a beam, which was not meant. To make me proud, but wisely to direct, Mand light me to my safety. Oh, dear madam! will not call more witness of my love If you will let me still give it that name) Than this, that I date make myself a loser, And to your will give all my blessings up. Preserve your greatness, and forget a trifle, That shall, at best, when you have drawn me up, But hang about you like a cloud, and dim The glories you are born to.

8 Awalt.

Bruch Of both and state! That I could shift into > A meaner blood, or find some art to purge That part which makes my veius anequal! Yet Those mee distinctions have no place in us : There 's but a shadow difference, a title : Thy stock particles as much of poble sap

As that which feels the root of kings; and he
That writes a lord hath all the essence of

Nobility.

Air. 'T is not a name that makes
Our separation; the king's displeasure Hangs a portent to fright us, and the matter me That feeds this exhalation is the Cardinal's Plot to advance his nephew; then Columbo, A man made up for some prodigious act, In fit to be considered : in all three

There is no character you fix upon
But has a form of ruin to us both.

Duch. Then you do look on these with fear? With eyes Ale. That should think tears a duty, to lament Your least unkind fate; but my youth dares

boldly Meet all the tyranny o' th' stars, whose black Malevolence but shoots my single tragedy. 2 You are above the value of many worlds

l'eopled with such as I am. What if Columbo, logag'd to war, in his hot thirst of honour,

Find out the way to death? "I is possible. Ale Duch. Or say, (no matter by what art or

motive.)
He give his title up, and leave me to
My own election?

.1222. If I then be happy To have a name within your thought, there can me Be nothing left to crown me with new blessurg. But I dream thus of henven, and wake to find My amorous soul a mockery. When the priest Shall tie you to another, and the joys Of marriage leave no thought at leisure to Look back upon Alvarez, that must wither sa For loss of you; yet then I cannot lose So much of what I was once in your favour, But, in a sigh, pray still you may live happy.

Duch. My heart is in a mist; some good star smile Upon my resolution, and direct Two lovers in their chaste embrace to meet! Columbo's bed contains my winding sheet.

ACT II

[SCENE I.] 1

General Columbo, Hernando, two Colonels, Altrioneo, two Captains, and other Officers, as at a Council of War.

Colum, I see no face in all this council that Hath one pale fear upon 't, though we arriv'd not

Before the walls of the frontier city. -- Columbo's

So timely to secure the town, which gives Our enemy such triumph.

1 Col.

1 Col.

'T was be diple. The wealth of that one city Will make the enemy glorious." 'T was betray'd.

1 Col.

Not plunder it.

Alph. They give fair quarter yet. They only seal up men's estates, and keep Prosession for the city's use: they take up No wares without security; and he. Whose single credit will not pass, puts in Two lean contrades, upon whose bonds to as Religion to deny 'em.

To repair thin With honour, gentlemen?

Her. My opinion is

Her.
To expect awhile.
Your reason?
Till their own: Surfeit betray 'em; for their soldier a.] Bred up with coarse and common bread, w

show Such appetites on the rich cates they find. They'll spare our swords a victory, when the

Riot and luxury destroys 'em. That Will show our patience too like a tear.
With favour of his excellence, I thank
The spoil of cities takes not off the course.
But doubles it on soldiers; besides, While we have tameness to expert, the mass?

Their army.

'T is considerable; we do not Exceed in foot or horse, our muster not Bove sixteen thousand both; and the infector

'Bove sixteen thousand. Raw, and not disciplin'd to act. Their hearts. But with a brave thought of their country

honour, Will teach 'em how to fight, had they not see A sword. But we decline tour own too work A sword.
The men are forward in tues.
The use ' with avaries of fame.
They rise, and talk pricates

— Colonel, "

I do suspect you are a coward.

Her. Colum. Or else a traitor; take your chor-No more.

call'd you to a council, sir, of war : I call'd you or Yet keep your place. I have worn other san-

Colum. Deserve 'em. Such Another were enough to unsoul an army. Ignobly talk of patience, till they drink And reel to death! We came to fight, and for

To mend their pace: thou hast no honour b

Not enough noble blood to make a blush For thy tame eloquence.

> 2 Boastful. 8 4 Learn to use their arms. 1 Depreciate.

My lord, I know My duty to a general : yet there are ome that have known me here. Sir, I desire

To quit my regiment.
You shall have license.

Ink and paper!

[Enter Attendant with ink and paper, and exit.]

1 Col. The general 's displeas'd.

2 Col. Her. The general has found out employment

Her. The general has found out employment for me;
He is writing letters back.

Mph. and Capt. To his mistress?

Her. Fray do not trouble me; yet, prithee, speak,

And flatter not thy friend. Dost think I dare as Not draw my sword, and use it, when a cause, With honour, calls to action?

Alph. and Col. With the most valuat man

alive. You'll do me some displeasure in your Her. You loves:

Pray to your places.
Colum. So; bear those letters to the king;

They speak my resolution, before Another sun decline, to charge the enemy.

Her. [Aside.] A pretty court way
Of dismissing an officer. — I obey; success

Attend your counsels! Exit.

Colum. If here be any dare not look on dan-

And meet it like a man, with scorn of death, beg his absence; and a coward's fear

Consume him to a glust!

None such [are] here. 70 Colum. Or, if in all your regiments you find One man that does not ask to bleed with hon-

Give him a double pay to leave the army;
There's service to be done will call the spirits
And aid of men.

1 Col.
You give us all new flame,

Colum. I am confirm'd, and you must lose no

time; The soldier that was took last night, to me Discover'd their whole strength, and that we

A party in the town. The river, that

Opens the city to the west, ['s] unguarded; — ••

We must this night use art and resolution

We cannot fall ingloriously.

That voice 1 Capt. Is every man's.

Enter Soldier and Secretary [ANTONIO] with a letter.

Colum. What now?

Colum. Whence?
Sold. From the duchess.
Colum. They are welcome. —[Takes the letter.] Meet at my tent again this evening; Yet stay, some wine. The duchess' health! Drinks.

[Opens the letter.] See it go round. Ant. It wo' not please his excellence.

1 Col. The duchess' health ! [Drinks.]

2 Capt. To me! more wine.

Aut. The clouds are gathering, and his eyes shoot fire;

Observe what thunder follows.

2 Capt. The general has but ill news. I suspert

The duchem sick, or else the king. 1 Capt. May be

The tardinal.

2 Capt. His soul has long been look'd for. 2 Capt. His soul has long been look'd for. Colum. She dares not be so insolent. It is 100 The duchese' hand. How am I shrunk in famo

To be thus play'd withal! She writen, and counsels,

Under my hand, to send her back a free Resign of all my interest to her person, Promise, or love; that there's no other way, With safety of my honour, to revisit her. The woman is possest with some bold devil, And wants an exorcism; or, I am grown A cheap, dull, phlegmatic fool, a post that's cary'd

l' th' common street, and holding out my forebenil

To every scurril wit to pin disgrace And libels on 't. - Did you bring this to me,

My thanks shall warm your heart.

Draws a pistol. Ant. Hold, hold! my lord! I know not what provokes this tempest, but Her grace ne'er show'd more freedom from a storm

When I receiv'd this paper. If you have A will to do an execution,

Your looks, without that engine, sir, may

I did not like the employment. Colum.

Ha! had she No symptom, in her eye or face, of anger, When she gave this in charge?

Serene, as I Have seen the morning rise upon the spring : No trouble in her breath, but such a wind As came to kiss, and fan the smiling flowers.

Colum. No poetry.

Ant.

By all the truth in proce, we

By honesty, and your own honour, sir,
I never saw her look more calm and gentle.
Colum. I am too passionate; you must forgive me

I have found it out; the duchess loves me dearly ;

She exprest a trouble in her when I took My leave, and chid me with a sullen eye: Tie a device to hasten my return;

Love has a thousand arts. I'll answer it Beyond her expectation, and put Her soul to a noble test. - Your patience, gen-

tlemen; The king's health will deserve a sacrifice Ant. [Aside.] I am glad to see this change, and thank my wit

For my redemption.

Sir, the soldier's curse

On him loves not our master And they curse 140 2 Col.

Loud enough to be heard.

2 Capt. Their curse has the nature of gun-

powder.
They do not pray with half the noise.

1 Col. Our general is not well mixt;

He has too great a portion of fire.

2 Col. His mistress cool him, her complexion Carries some phlegm.) when they two meet in bed!

2 Capt. A third may follow.
1 Capt. 'T is much pity
The young dake liv'd not to take the virgin off.
1 Col. 'I was the king's act, to match two nabbit-suckers.'

2 Cal. A common trick of state;

The little great man marries, travels then Till both grow up, and dies when he should do The feat; these things are still unlucky On the male side.

Colum. This to the duchees' fair hand.

[Gives ANTONIO a letter.] She will think Ant. Time hath no wing, till I return. [Exit.] Gentlemen, Colum.

Now each man to his quarter, and encourage The soldier. I shall take a pride to know Your diligence, when I visit all your Several commands.

We shall expect.

All. And move

By your directions. Y' are all noble. Exeunt.

[SCENE II.]2

Enter CARDINAL, DUCHESS, and PLACENTIA.

Cor. I shall perform a visit daily, madam, In th' absence of my nephew, and be happy

If you accept my care. Duch. You have honour'd me; And if your entertainment have not been Worthy your grace's person, 't is because Nothing can reach it in my power; but where There is no want of zeal, other defect

Le only a fault to exercise your mercy.

Car. You are bounteous in all. I take my leave,

My fair niece, shortly, when Columbo has Purchas'd more honours to prefer his name And value to your noble thoughts : meantime, Be confident you have a friend, whose office And favour with the king shall be effectual To serve your grace.

Your own good deeds reward you, 15 Till mine rise equal to deserve their benefit. --Exit CARDINAL.

Exit PLACENTIA. Leave me awhile. -Do not I walk upon the teeth of serpents, And, as I had a charm against their poison, Play with their stings? The Cardinal is subtle, Whom 't is not wisdom to incense, till I

1 Young rabbits, youngsters.
2 A room in the Duchess's house.

Hear to what desting Columbio leaves me. May be the greatness of his soul will seem To own what comes with murrour; — if he egs Interpret me so happuly. - Art come?

Enter Socretary (ANTONIO) with a letter.

Ant. His excellence salutes your gr Dv. A. A melancholy brow. How did he take my lette!

Ant. As he would take a blow; with so make 542396

Of anger, his whole soul boil'd in his face; And such prodictions flame in both his even. As they'd been th' only seat of fire, and at Euch look a salamander leaguing forth, Not able to endure the furnace.

Ha! thou dost Describe him with some horror.

Soun as he Ant. Had read again, and understood your mening.

His rage had shot me with a pistol, had not us'd some soft and penitential language,

I us'd some sor.
To charm the bullet.

Wait at some more distance. My soul doth bathe itself in a cold dew . Imagine I am opening of a tomb;

Opena the latter. Thus I throw off the marble, to discover What antic posture death presents in the Pale monument to fright me. - Ha! My heart, that call'd my blood and apirite to Most keep a guard about it still, lest this Strange and too mighty joy erush it to thing .-

Antonio; ARL. Madam.

Duch. Bid my steward give theo
Two thousand ducate. Art sure I am awake.

Int. I shall be able to resolve you, madam

Mhen he has paid the money.

Duck, Columbo now is noble.

This is better Ant.
Than I expected, — if my lady be
Not mad, and live to justify her bounty. Ent.

[SCENE III.]

Enter KING, ALVAREZ, HERNANDO, and Lords.

King. The war is left to him; but we must have

You reconcil'd, if that be all your difference. His rage flows like a torrent, when he roots this possition; leave to wrastle with him. And his het blood retreats into a callu. And then he chides his passion. You shall back With letters from us.

Your commands are pd

To be disputed. Alvarez. King. Tokes his and. 1 Lord Lore not

Yourself by cool submission , he will find His error, and the want of such a soldier.

2 An spartment in the palace.

2 Lord. Have you seen the Cardinal f

Not yet.

1 Lord. He wants no plot —

Her. The king I must obey;
But let the purple gownman place his engines
I' th' dark, that wound I me.

2 Lord.

Of what we can to friend you; and the king w Cannot forget your service.

I am sorry

For that poor gentleman.

Alv. I must confess, sir, The duchess has been pleas'd to think me worthy

Her favours, and in that degree of honour That has oblig'd my life to make the best Return of service, which is not, with bold Affiance in her love, to interpose Against her happiness, and your election.
I love so much her honour, I have quitted
All my desires; yet would not shrink to bleed
Out my warm stock of life, so the last drop

Might benefit her wishes. I shall find King. compensation for this act, Alvarez;

It bath much pleased us.

Enter Duchess with a letter; Gentleman-Usher.

Sir, you are the king, And in that sacred title it were sin To doubt a justice: all that does concern My essence in this world, and a great part

Of the other's bliss, lives in your breath.

King. What intends the duchess?

Duch. That will instruct you, air. [Gives the letter.]—Columbo has.

Lyon some better choice, or discontent,

Set my poor soul at freedom.

King.

'T is his character. Reads.

Medican Locality discherall averagements.

Madam, I easily discharge all my pretensions to your love and person; I leave you to your own choice; and in what you have obliged yourself to me, resume a power to cancel, if you please. [a olumbo.

This is strange!

Duch.

Now do an act to make
Your chronicle belov'd and read for ever.

King. Express yourself.

Since by divine infusion, - 4 or 't is no art could force the general to This change, second this justice, and bestow The heart you would have given from me, by Your strict commands to love Columbo, where I was meant by Heaven; and let your breath return

Whom you divore'd, Alvarez, mine.
This is

But justice, sir.

King. It was decreed above; And since Columbo has releas'd his interest, Which we had wrought him, not without some

Upon your will, I give you your own wishes: 48 Receive your own Alvarez. When you please Receive your own Alvarez. When To celebrate your nuptial, I invite Myself your guest, 1 Q. wounds.

Eternal blessings crown you! All. And every joy your marriage!
Exit King, who meets the CARDI-

Ale. I know not whether I shall wonder most,

Or joy to meet this happiness.

Now the king Duch. Hath planted us, methinks we grow already, And twist our loving souls, above the wrath Of thunder to divide us.

Ha! the Cardinal Has met the king! I do not like this confer-

He looks with anger this way. I expect

A tempest,
Duch. Take no notice of his pressure;
Leave me to meet, and answer it. If the king
Be firm in a royal word, I fear no lightning. Be firm in a royal Expect me in the garden.

I obey;

But fear a shipwrack on the coust. Exit. Madam. Car.

Car.

Duch. My lord.

Car. The king speaks of a letter that has brought

A riddle in 't.

Duch.

Car. From my nephew? May I deserve the favour? [Duchess gives him the letter.]

Duch. [Aside.] He looks as though his eyes would fire the paper.

They are a pair of burning glasses, and His envious blood doth give 'em flame.

Car. [Aside.] What lethargy could thus nespirit him?

I sm all wonder.—Do not believe, madam, as But that Columbo's love is yet more sacred.

But that Columbo's love is yet more sacred. To honour and yourself, than thus to forfeit What I have heard him call the glorious wreath To all his merits, given him by the king, From whom he took you with more pride than

ever He came from victory: his kisses hang Yet panting on your lips; and he but now Exchang'd religious furewell to return, But with more triumph, to be yours.

My lord, Duch You do believe your nephew's hand was not wo

Cur. Strange arts and windings in the world! most dark

And subtle progresses! Who brought this letter?

Duch. I enquir'd not his name; I thought it

Considerable 2 to take such narrow knowledge. Car. Desert and honour arg'd it here, nor

I blame you to be angry; yet his person Oblig'd you should have given a nobler pause, Before you made your faith and change so vio-

lent, From his known worth, into the arms of one, However fashioned to your amorous wish, in

* Important.

Not equal to his cheapest fame, with all The gloss of love and merit. This compari My good lord Cardinal, I cannot think Flows from an even justice; it betrays You partial where your blood rums. I fear, madem, Car.

Your own takes too much license, and will:
Fall to the censure of unruly tongues.
Because Alvarez has a softer cheek,
Can, like a woman, trim his wanton hair,
Spend half a day with looking in the glass.
To find a posture to present himself,
And bring more effeminesy than man,
And bring more effeminesy than man, Or honour, to your bed, must be supplant him? Take heed, the common murmur, when it catches
The scent of a lost fame —
My fame, lord Cardinal? catches Ance. By fame, lord Cardinal? It stands upon an innocunce as clear
As the devotions you pay to Heaven.
I shall not arge, my lord, your soft indulgence
At my next shrift.
Car. You are a fine court lady! 120
Duck. And you should be a reverend churchman. One Car. One That, if you have not thrown off modesty, Would counsel you to leave Alvares. 'Can You dare do worse than marriage, must not I Be admitted what the church and law allows me? Car. Insolent! Then you dare marry him? Dare ! Let your contracted flame and malice, with Columbo's rage, higher than that, meet us When we approach the holy place, clasp'd hand In hand we'll break through all your force, and fix Our sacred vows together there. I knew Car. When, with as chaste a brow, you promis'd fair To another. You are no dissembling lady! Duch. Would all your actions had no falser lights About 'em ! Car. Ha! Duch. The people would not talk, and curse so loud.

Car, I'll have you chid into a blush for this. Duch. Begin at home, great man, there's cause enough: You turn the wrong end of the perspective 1 140

How gross your avarice, eating up whole fami-lies! How vast are your corruptions and abuse 148 Of the king's ear! at which you hang a pendant,

Upon your crimes, to drive them to a far And lesser sight; but let your eyes look right, What giants would your pride and surfeit seem!

Not to adorn, but ulcerate, while the honest

¹ Here, a telescope.

Nobility, like pictures in the arr florve only for court eranness. "Tis when you set their tong wind up . If they to strike at ti

Leave, leave, my lord, these unurpetions, And be what you were meant, a man to a Not let in, agues to religion : Look on the church's wounds.

Car. You dare pe In your rude splee church? n to zee, to abuse the

Duck. Alas, you give false aim, my lerd; 't is

mbition and searlet size, that rob Her alter of the glory, and leave wounds Upon her brow; which fetches grief and p

Into her cheeks, making her troubled boson Pant with her grouns, and shroud her l

Within your reverend purples.

Car. Will you now take been Duck. In hope, my lord, you will behold you self

In a true glass, and see those injust acts
That so deform you, and by timely cure
Prevent a shame, before the short-haired m
Do crowd and call for justice; I take leave

Car. This woman has a spirit, that may I Car. This woman has a spirit, that may real To tame the devil's: there's no dealing with Her angry tongue; 't is action and revenge Must calm her fury. Were Columbo here, I could resolve; but letters shall be sent To th' army, which may wake him into sense of his rash folly, or direct his spirit 13 Some way to snatch his honour from this flame.

All great men know the soul of life is fame P÷.

ACT III

SCENE L.12

Enter VALERIA and CELINDA.

Val. I did not think, Celinda, when I praid Alvarez to the duchess, that things thus Would come about. What does your ladyship Would come about. want does your imparted. Think of Columbo now? It staggers all The court, he should forask his mistres; I: Am lost with wonder yet. 'T is very strange, Cel.

Without a spell; but there 's a fate in love; -I like him ne'er the worse.

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. Nothing but marriages and triumph now ! Val. What new access of joy makes you, my lord.

So pleasant?

Apparently, an allusion to the Purita
An apartment in the palace.

There's a packet come to court 1 Lord. Makes the king merry; we are all concern'd in t. And glorious defeat, and is already Preparing to march home.

Cel. He thriv'd the better for my prayers.

His great admirer, madam.

1 Lord. The king longs

To see him.

Val.

This news exalts the Cardinal.

Enter Cardinal.

t Lord. He's here! He appears with discontent; the marriage With Count d'Alvarez hath a bitter suste, And not worn off his pulate: but let us leave

him.
Cel. and Val. We'll to the duchess. Excunt. Car. He has not won so much upon the Ar-

ragon As he has lost at home; and his neglect Of what my studies had contriv'd to add More lustre to our family by the access Of the great duchess' fortune, cools his triumph, And makes me wild.

Enter HERNANDO.

Her. My good lord Cardinal! Car. You made complaint to th' king about

your general?
Not a complaint, my lord; I did but Her. untisfy

satisty Some questions o' the king's, You see he thrives

Without your personal valour or advice, Most grave and learned in the wars.

My lord,

lenvy not his fortune. 'T is above Your malice, and your noise not worth his anger;

'T is barking 'gainst the moon.

More temper would Her.

Become that habit.

Car. The military thing would show some spleen.

I'll blow an army of such wasps about
The world. — Go look your atmg you left i'th' camp, mr.

Enter King and Lords.

Her. The king! - This may be one day counted for. King. All things conspire, my lord, to make

you fortunate.

Your nephew's glory—
Cur.

'T was your cause and justice
Made him victorious; had he been so valiant so
At home, he had had another conquest to
Invite, and hid her welcome to new wars.

King. You must be reconcil'd to providence, My lord.

I heard you had a controversy with The duchess; I will have you friends.

Car. I am not angry.

For my sake, then,

You shall be pleas'd, and with me grace the marriage.

A churchman must show charity, and shine
With first example: she's a woman.

Car. You shall prescribe in all things, sir.

You cannot

Accuse my love, if I still wish my nephew Had been so happy, to be constant to Your own, and my election; yet my brain Cannot reach how this comes about ; I know so My nephew lov'd her with a near affection.

Re-enter HERNANDO.

King. He'll give you fair account at his return. Colonel, your letters may be spar'd; the gen-

Has finish'd, and is coming home.

Her. I am glad on't, sir. — My good lord
Cardinal,

'Tis not impossible but some man provok'd

May have a precious mind to cut your throat. Car. You shall command me, noble Colonel; I know you wo' not fail to be at the wedding.

Her. 'T is not Columbo that is married, sir.

Car. Go teach the postures of the pike and musket; Then drill your myrmidons into a ditch,

Where starve, and stink in pickle. - You shall find

Me reasonable; you see the king expects me. Exit.

Her. So does the devil. -Some desperate hand may help you on your journey.

[SCENE II.]1

Enter Secretary [ANTONIO] and Servants, [with masques, dresses, etc.]

Ant. Here, this ; ay, this will fit your part : you shall wear the slashes, because you are a

you and wear the shashes, because you are a soldier. Here's for the blue mute. 2

1 Sers. This doublet will never fit me; pox on 't! Are these breeches good enough for a [a prince too? Pedro plays but a lord, and he has

two laces more in a seam.

Ant. You must consider Pedro is a foolish

Ant. You must consider Pedro is a foolish lord; he may wear what lace he please.

2 Serv. Does my heard fit my clothes well, [10 gentlemen?

Ant. Pox o' your heard!

3 Serv. That will fright away the hair.

1 Serv. This fellow plays but a mute, and he is so troublesome, and talks.

3 Serv. Master Secretary might have let Jaques play the soldier; he has a black patch already.

2 Sere. By your favour, Master Secretary, I was ask'd who writ this play for us?

Ant. For us? Why, art thou any more than

a blue mute? 2 Serv. And, by my troth, I said, I thought it was all your own.

¹ A room in the Duchem's house.

² I.e. For the mute who was to take the servant's part, blue being the general colour of a servant's liv-

Ant. Away, you coxcomb!

4 Serv. Dust think he has no more wit than
to write a comedy? My lady's chaplain made
the play, though he is content, for the houser
and trouble of the business, to be seen in t.

5 Serv. Did anybody see my head, gentlemen? 'Twas here but now.— I shall have

arever a head to play my part in.

Ant. Is thy head gone? 'T was well thy part was not in t. Look, look about; has not Jaques it?

4 Serv. I his head? 'T wo' not come on upon

shoulders

Aut. Make haste, gentlemen; I'll see whether the king has supp'd. Look every man to his wardrobe and his part.

2 Nov. Is he gone? In my mind, a masque had been fitter for a marriage.

4 Sore. Why, mute? There was no time for 't,

and the seenes are troublesome.

2 Serv. Half a score deal tack'd together [win the clouds, what's that? A throne, to come down and dance; all the properties have been paid forty times over, and are in the court stock; — but the secretary must have a play, to show his wit.

4 Serv. Did not I tell thee 't was the chap-

lain's? Hold your tongue, mute, 1 Sore. Under the rose, and would this cloth of ailver doublet might never come off again, if there be any more plot than you see in the [a back of my hand. 2 See. You talk of a plot! I'll not give this

for the best poet's plot in the world, an if it be

or well carried.

3 Serv. Well said, mute.

3 Serv. Ha, hn! Pedro, since he put on his doublet, has repeated but three lines, and he

has broke five buttons.

2 Serv. I know not; but by this false beard, and here is buir enough to hang a reasonable [44] honest man. I do not remember, to say, a strong line indeed in the whole comedy, but when the chambermaid kisses the captain.

3 Serv. Excellent, mute! 5 Serv. They have almost supp'd, and I [* 5 Sere.

cannot find my head yet.

4 Sere. Play in thine own.
5 Sere. Thank you for that! so I may have it made a property. If I have not a head found me, let Master Secretary play my part him- [n self without it.

Re-enter Secretary [ANTONIO].

Ant. Are you all ready, my masters? The king is coming through the gallery. Are the women drest?

Nre. Rogero wants a head.

Ant. Here, with a pex to you! take mine.
You a player! you a puppy-dog. Is the music ready?

Enter Gentleman-Usher.

Gent. Gentlemen, it is my lady's pleasure that you expect till she call for you. There are [4 a company of cavaliers in gallaut equipage, newly alighted, have offer'd to present their

Revels in honour of this Hymen; and 't is begrace's command, that you be silent till ther entertainment be over.

1 Serv. Gentlemen?
2 Serv. Affronted?
5 Serv. Master Secretary, there is your had again; a man's a man. Have I broken as sleep to study fifteen lines for an archive dor, and after that a constable, and is it can to this?

Ant. Patience, gentlemen, be not an hot, to but deferr'd, and the play may do well excess

4 Serv. If it be not presented, the chaples

Ant. This music speaks the king upon or trance. Retire, retire, and grandle not.

Execut [all but Antono]

Enter KING, CARDINAL, ALVAREZ, DICHIO CHINDA, VALERIA, PLACENIIA, LOPIA AND HERANDO. They being set, enter Course and five more, in rich habits, vicacita, to tween every two a Torch-beaver. They disc and afterwards berkon to ALVARKE, as if to sirous to speak with him.

Alc. With mel (They embrace and whisper.) King. Do you know the masquers, madam
Duch Not I, sir.
Car. There's one, — but that my nephron

abroad.

And has more soul than thus to jig upon Their hymeneal night, I should suspect "Twere he. (The Masquers lead on ALVARIA") Duch. Where 's my Lord Alvarez

(Recorders ! King. Call in the bridegroom.

Re-enter COLUMBO, Four Masquers bring in Al VAREZ dead, in one of their habits, and being laid him down, exeunt.

Duch. What mystery is this? Car. We want the bridgeroom still. King. Where is Alvares?

COLUMBO points to the leafy: they unvisued it, and find Assansa bleeding.

Tuch. Ob, 't is my lord! He 's murder'd!

King. Who durst commit this horrid ac'
Colum. I, sir. [Throws of he dispussion of the Columbo! He!
Colum. Yes; Columbo, that dares stay
To justify that act.

Her. Most barbarous! Duch. Ob, 't is my lord! He 's murder'd!

Most barharous! Duch. Oh, my dearest lord!

King. Our goard seize on them all: This sight doth shake all that is man wi Poor Alvarez, is this thy wedding day?

Enter Guard.

Duch. If you do think there is a Heaven of

To punish such black crimes i' th' other work, Let me have swift, and such exemplar junta.

1 Flaguoleta

As shall become this great assassinate; You will take off our faith else; and, if here Such innocence must bleed, and you look on, Poor men, that call you gods on earth, will doubt

To obey your laws, nay, practise to be devila, as fearing, if such monstrous sins go on, The saints will not be safe in Heaven.

King. You shall, us You shall have justice.

Car. [Aside.] Now to come off were brave.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The masquers, sir, are fled; their horse, prepar'd

t gute, expected to receive 'em, where They quickly mounted: coming so like friends, None could suspect their haste, which is secur'd

By advantage of the night.

Colum. I answer for 'em all; 't is stake Colum. I enough

For many lives: but if that poniard Had voice, it would convince they were but all Spectators of my act. And now, if you were Will give your judgments leave, though at the first

Face of this object your cool bloods were frighted.

I can excuse this deed, and call it justice; An act your honours and your office, sir, Is bound to build a law upon, for others
To imitate. I have but took his life.
And punish'd her with mercy, who had both
Conspir'd to kill the soul of all my fame.
Read there; and read an injury as deep In my dishonour, as the devil knew woman had capacity or malice

To execute: read there, how you were cozen'd, BIP.

Gives the Duchess's letter to the KING.

Your power affronted, and my faith; her smiles,

A juggling witcheraft to betray, and make My love her horse to stalk withal, and catch 100 Her curled minion.

Is it possible The duchess could dissemble so, and forfeit Her indesty with you, and to us all?
Yet I must pity her. My nephew has
Been too severe; though this affront would

call

A dying man from prayers, and turn him tiger; There being nothing dearer than our fame, Which, if a common man, whose blood has no Ingredient of honour, labour to Preserve, a soldier (by his nearest tie To glory) is, above all others, hound To vindicate: - and yet it might have been

Less bloody.

Her. Charitable devil!

King. (Reads.) "I pray, my lord, release under your hand, what you dare challenge in my love or person, as a just forfeit to myself; this act will speak you honourable to my thoughts; and when you have conquered thus yourself, you may proceed to many victories, and after, with safety of your fame, visit is again. The lost Rosaura. To this your answer was a free resign?

Colum. Flatter'd with great opinion of her faith,

And my desert of her (with thought that she, Who seem'd to weep and chide my easy will is To part with her, could not be guilty of A treason, or apostasy so soon,

A treason, or apostasy so soon.
But rather meant this a device to make
Me expedite the affairs of wars, I sent
That paper, which her wickedness, not justice,
Applied (what I meant trial,) her divorce.

I lov'd her so, I dare call heaven to witness,
I knew not whether I lov'd most; while she,
With him, whose crimson penitence I provok'd,
Consnir'd my expressions informs.

Conspir'd my everlasting infamy:

Conspir'd my evertanting. Examine but the circumstance, 'T is clear; This match was made at home, before she sent

That cunning writ, in hope to take him off, As knowing his impatient soul would score To own a blessing came on crutches to him. It was not well to raise his expectation, (Had you, sir, no affront?) to ruin him

With so much scandal and contempt. Kiny. I'm plentiful a circumstance to accuse You, madam, as the cause of your own sor-

rows;

But not without an accessory more Than young Alvarez.

Any other instrument? Car. King. Y Yes; I am guilty, with herself, and

Columbo, though our acts look'd several ways, That thought a lover might so soon be runsom'd; 2

And did exceed the office of a king, To exercise dominion over hearts, That owe to the prerogative of Heaven

Their choice or separation: you must, therefore.

When you do kneel for justice and revenge, as Madam, consider me a lateral agent

In poor Alvarez' tragedy.

1 Lord. It was your love to Don Columbo.

sir. Her. So, so! the king is charm'd. Do you observe

How, to acquit Columbo, he would draw Himself into the plot. Heaven, is this justice?

Car. Your judgment is divine in this.

Columbo cannot be secure, and we

Just in his pardon, that durst make so great And insolent a breach of law and duty.

2 Lord. Ha! will be turn again?

And should we leave King. This guilt of blood to Heaven, which cries, and attikes

With loud appeals the palace of eternity;

Tet here is more to charge Columbo then Alvarez' blood, and bids me puzish it,

Or be no king.

Her.

Tie come about, my lords.

King. And if I should forgive
His timeless I death, I cannot the offence, That with such holdness struck at me. Has my Indulgence to your merits, which are great. **
Made me so cheap, your mgs could meet as tima

time

Nor place for your revenue, but where my eyes

Must be affrighted, and affronted with

The bloody execution? This contempt

Of majorty transcends my power to pardon, so

And you shall feel my organ, sin.

Her.

Colum.
I' th' progress of my life,
No actions to plend me up deserving
Against this occurrency? Have one short prayer more for that. Have L.

Cor. Contain yourself, Colon, I must be dumb then. Where is he

And gratitude of kings, when they forget Whose hard scent'd their greatness? Take my head off :

Examine then which of your silken lords,
As I have done, will throw himself on dangers;
Like to a floating island move in blood;
And where your great defence calls him to stand

A bulwark, upon his bold breast to take In death, that you may live : — but soldiers are Your valiant fools, whom, when your own securities

Are bleeding, you can cheriah; but when once Your state and nerves are knit, not thinking when

To use their surgery again, you cast Them off, and let them hang in dusty armor-

Or make it death to ask for pay. No more ; 🕶 King. We thought to have put your victory and merita In balance with Alvarez death, which, while Our mercy was to judge, had been your safety; But the affront to us, made greater by This boldness to upbraid our royal bounty,

This boldness to upprass .
Shall tame, or make you nothing.
Excellent! Her. The Cardinal is not pleas'd.

Car. To th' king. Humble yourself And beg my life? Let cowards

Colum.

That dare not die; I'll rather have no head :== Than owe it to his charity.

King.

To the castle with him!

[COLUMBO is led off by the Guard.] Madam, I leave you to your grief, and what The king can recompense to your tears, or hon-OHE

Of your dead lord, expect. Duch. This shows like justice. Excust.

Formal justice.

ACT IV

(Scans L12

Enter two Lords and HIREKANDO.

Lord. This is the age of wonders. Lord. Wondrous mischiefs! Her. Among those guards, which some call tutelar angels,

Nhose office is to govern provinces, a there not one will undertake Navarre?

Hath Heaven formook us quite?

1 Lord. Columbo at larg.

2 Lord. And gene'd now more than ever. Columbo at large #

Lord. He was not pardon'd, at word was prejudicial to his farne. for, But, as the murder done had been a 1 Lord.

Her. De dream

Vanish'd to memory, he's courted as Freserver of his country. With what chains " Of magic does this Cardinal hold the king? 2 Leed. What will you say, my hard, if they muchant

The duches now, and by some impudent ast, Advance a marriage to Columbo yet?

Her. Say! 'll say he woman can be sav'd; sor is 't I'll say flo woman can be save; sor we to the fit, indeed, any should pretend to Heaven, After one such impiety in their sew:

And yet my faith has been so stagger'd, since the king restor'd Columba, I'll be sow of no religion.

I Lord. 'T is not possible

She can forgive the murder; I observ'd

Her tears,
Her, Why, so did I, my lord; And if they be not houses, 't is to be Half damn'd, to look upon a woman weeping." When do you think the Cardinal said his pray-

2 Lord. I know not. Her. Heaven forgive my want of charity!
But, if I were to kill him, he should have No time to pray; his life could be no encrifice.

Unless his soul went too. That were too much. 1 Lord. Her. When you mean to dispatch him, you

may give Time for confession : they have injur'd me After another rate.

2 Lord. You are too passionate, consin.

Courtiers. They pass over the stage.

Her. How the gay men do flutter, to our gratulate His gaol delivery! There 's one honest man:

What pity 't is a gallant fellow should Depend on knaves for his preferment! 1 Lord. Except this cruelty upon Alvares, Columbo has no mighty stain upon him;

But for his uncle -If I had a son Her. Of twelve years old that would not fight with bim.

4 An epartment in the palace.

Erit.

And stake his soul against his cardinal's cap, I would disinherit him. Time has took a lease But for three lives, I hope; a fourth may see .. Honesty walk without a crutch. 2 Lord. This is

But air and wildness.

I will see the duchess. [1 Lord.] You may do well to comfort her; we must

Attend the king.

Your pleasures. Her.

Enter KING and CARDINAL.

1 Lord. A man of a brave soul.
2 Lord. The less his safety. -- ** The king and Cardinal in consult!

King. Commend us to the duchese, and em-

King. Commend us to the duchess, and employ
What language you think fit and powerful
To reconcile her to some peace. — My lords.
Car. Sir, I possess all for your sacred uses. Exeunt severally.

[SCENE II.] 1

Enter Secretary [ANTONIO] and CELINDA.

Madam, you are the welcom'st lady living.

To whom, Master Secretary?

Ant.
To pardon so much boldness, I durat say, To me - I am a gentleman.

And handsome.

Ant. But my lady has

Much wanted you. Why, Master Secretary?

You are the prettiest, -

Ant. You Cel. So!

Ant. The wittiest, —
Cel. So!
Ant. The merriest lady i' th' court.
Cel. And I was wish'd, to make the duchess

Ant. She never had so deep a cause of sor-

row;
Her chamber's but a coffin of a larger
Volume, wherein she walks so like a ghost, as
'T would make you pale to see her.
Tell her grace

Lattend here.

I shall most willingly. A spirited lady! would I had her in my closet! She is excellent company among the lords.

Sure she has an admirable treble. — Madam. 20

Exit. Cel. I do suspect this fellow would be nib-

bling, Like some, whose narrow fortunes will not rise To wear things when the invention's rare and

But treading on the heel of pride, they hunt as The fashion when 't is crippled, like fell tyrants. I hope I am not old yee; I had the honour Fo be saluted by our Cardinal's cophew This morning: there's a man!

A room in the Duchess's house. Merry.

Re-enter Secretary [ANTONIO].

I have prevail'd. Sweet madam, use what eloquence you can Upon her; and if ever I be useful To your ladyship's service, your least breath commands me. [Exit.]

Enter Duchess.

Duch. Madam, I come to ask you but one question : If you were in my state, my state of grief,
I mean, an exile from all happiness
Of this world, and almost of Heaven, (for my station is finding out despair,)
What would you think of Don Columbo?

Madam ? Duck. Whose bloody hand wrought all this misery.

Would you not weep, as I do, and wish rather An everlasting spring of tears to drown Your sight, than let your eyes be curst to see The murderer again, and glorious? So careless of his sin, that he is made
Fit for now parricide, even while his soul
48
Is purpled o'er, and reeks with innocent blood? But do not, do not answer me; I know You have so great a spirit, (which I want, The horror of his fact "surprising all My faculties), you would not let him live: But I, poor I, must suffer more. There is not so One little star in Heaven will look on me, Unless to choose me out the mark, on whom

Enter PLACENTIA.

It may shoot down some angry influence.

Pla. Madam, here's Don Columbo says he

Speak with your grace.

Duch. But he must not, I charge you. **

[Ent Placentla.] None else wait? - Is this well done, To triumph in his tyranuy? Speak, madam, Speak but your conscience.

Enter COLUMBO and Secretary [ANTONIO].

Ant. Sir, you must not see her. Colum. Not see her? Were she cabled up abuve

The search of bullet or of fire, were she Within her grave, and that the toughest mine That ever nature teem'd and groun'd withal, I would force some way to see her. - Do not fear

I come to court you, madam; y' are not worth. The humblest of my kinder thoughts. I come w To show the man you have provok'd, and lest, And tell you what remains of my revenge.—Live, but never presume again to marry: I'll kill the next at th' altar, and quench all The smiling tupers with his blood; if after,

You dare provoke the priest and Heaven so much

To take another, in thy bed I 'll cut him from Thy warm embrace, and throw his heart to ru-

Daed.

Cal. This will app dum. Your pardon, madam; rage, and my

revenge,
Met perfect, took away my eyes. You are
A noble lady, this not worth your eye-ben
One of no slight a making, and so thin,
An astumn leaf in of too great a value

ne of so slight a making, and so thin,
a autumn leaf is of too great a value
o play, which shall be soonest lost i' th' air. **
e pleas'd to own me by some name in your
ammance, I despise to be receiv'd
here; let her witness that I call you mistress;
lenour me to make these pearls your carkanet. [Gives her a secklass.]
Col. My lord, you are too humble in your
thoughts.

thoughts. There's no vexation too great to punish her.

Ant. Now, medam.

Cel. Away, you saney fellow! — Madam, I not be excused, if I do think more honoural en you have cause, of this great lord.

Why, is not so Il womankind concern'd to hate w ious ?

pious?
Cel. For my partDuck.

Duck. Autonio, is this a woman?

Ant. I know not whether she be man or wo-

man;
I should be mimble to find out the experiment.
She look'd with less state when Columbo came.

Duch. Let me entrent your absence. [Aside.]
I am cozen'd in her.—

I took you for a modest, honest lady.

Cel. Madam, I scorn any accuser; and
Deducting the great title of a duchess,
I shall not need one grain of your dear honour
To me make full weight: if your grace be jeal-

OUS. Exit. I can remove. She is gone. Ant.

Prithee remove Duch. My fears of her return. [Exit ANT.] — She is not worth

Considering; my anger 's mounted higher. He need not put in caution for my next Marriage. — Alvarez, I must come to thee, Thy virgin wife, and widow; but not till I ha' paid those tragic duties to thy hearse Become my piety and love. But how? Who shall instruct a way?

Enter PLACENTIA.

Madam, Don Hernando much desires to speak with you.

Duch. Will not thy own discretion think I am Unfit for visit?

Please your grace, he brings Pla. Something, he says, imports your ear, and love Of the dead lord, Alvarez.

Duch. Then admit him. [Exit PLACENTIA.] 115

Enter [Placentla with] Hernando.

Her. I would speak, madam, to yourself.

Duck. Your absence. [Exit Placentia.] Her. I know not how your grace will consure so Much boldness, when you know the affairs I come for.

Duck Mys ma 27 d

If it on Her. th of your Ab And spend so :

As if you th

so your oyes red, an at I my L, that can ch And panting with the lat Till my amen'd soul show While barbarous Columb e jei And mock'd the

That you should keep your haart After this spectacle, and not reve Duck. You do not know the b

That consure me so really; yet I then!
And, if you be Alvarer' friend, dare tall
Your confidence, that I decayses my life,
But know ast how to use it in a service
To speak me his revenger: this will nos
No other proof, then that to you, who m
Be sent with cunning to betray me, I
Have made this bold confession. I so m I so much Desire to sacrifice to that hovering ghost Columbo's life, that I am not ambitious

To keep my own two minutes after it.

Her. If you will call me coward, which is
equal
To think I am a traitor, I forgive it

For this brave resolution, which time And all the destinies must aid. I beg That I may kiss your hand for this; and may The soul of angry honour guide it Whither? =

Duch. Her. To Don Columbo's heart. Duch. It is too weak, I fear, alone. Her. Alone? Are you in earmest? Why, will it not

Be a dishonour to your justice, madam Another arm should interpose? But t It were a saucy act to mingle with you, I durst, nay, I am bound in the revenge Of him that's dead, (since the whole world he interest

In every good man's loss,) to offer it. Dare you command me, madam?

Not command : " Duch. But I should more than honour such a truth In man, that durst, sgainst so mighty odds.

Appear Alvares' friend, and mine. The Codinal -

Her. Is for the second course ; Columbo must Be first cut up; his ghost must lead the dance:

Let him die first.
But how? Her. How! with a sword; and, if I under take it,

I wo' not lose so much of my own honour,
To kill him basely.

Duch. How shall I reward
This infinite service? 'T is not modesty While now my husband grouns beneath his tomb,

and calls me to his marble bed, to promise, What this great act might well deserve, myself,

If you survive the victor; but if thus Alvarez' ashes be appeas'd, it must

Deserve an honourable memory And though Columbo (as he had all powe And grasp'd the fates) has vow'd to kill the

man That shall succeed Alvarez -

Tyranny! Duch. Yet, if ever entertain a thought of love hereafter,

Hernando from the world shall challenge it; Till when, my prayers and fortune shall wait on you.

This is too mighty recompense.

Duch.

T is all

Her. If I outlive Columbo, I must not

Expect security at home. I is all just.

Thon canst Duch.

Not fly where all my fortunes, and my love Shall not attend to guard thee.

Her. If I die —
Duch. Thy memory
hall have a shrine, the next within my heart, To my Alvarez.

Her. Once again your hand. Your cause is so religious, you need not Strengthen it with your prayers; trust it to me.

Re-enter PLACENTIA, and the CARDINAL.

Pla. Madam, the Cardinal.

Duch.

Will you appear?

Her. An he had all the horror of the devil ∞ In 's face, I would not baulk him.

He stares upon the CARDINAL in his exit. Car. [Aside.] What makes Hernando here? I do not like

They should consult; I'll take no note. - The

Fairly salutes your grace; by whose command I am to tell you, though his will and actions to Illimited, stoop not to satisfy

The vulgar inquisition, he is

Yet willing to retain a just opinion With those that are plac'd near him; and although

You look with nature's eye upon yourself, Which needs no perspective to reach, nor art Which meets no perspective to reach, nor at Of any optic to make greater, what Your narrow sense applies lan injury, (Ourselves still nearest to ourselves,) but there 's Another eye that looks abrond, and walks us In search of reason, and the weight of things, With which, if you look on him, you will find His pardon to Columbo cannot be

So much against his justice, as your string

Faith would persuade your anger.

Duch. Good my lord, 200 Your phrase has too much landscape, and I cannot

Distinguish at this distance you present ² The figure perfect; but indeed my eyes May pray your lerdship find excuse, for tears

Have almost made them blind. Fair peace restore 'em ! 300 To bring the object nearer, the king says, He could not be severe to Don Columbo Without injustice to his other merits, Which call more loud for their reward and

honour, Than you for your revenge; the kingdom made

Happy by those; you only, by the last, Unfortunate: — nor was it rational. I speak the king's own language, he should die

For taking one man's breath, without whose valour

None now had been alive without dishonour. 300 Duch. In my poor understanding, 't is the crown

Of virtue to proceed in its own track, Not deviate from honour. If you acquit A man of murder, 'cause he has done brave Things in the war, you will bring down his val-

To a crime, nay, to a bawd, if it secure A rape, and but teach those that deserve well To sin with greater license. But dispute Is now too litte, my lord; 't is done; and you. By the good king, in tender of my sorrows, see ent to persuade me 'tis unreasonable That justice should repair me.

You mistake; Car. For if Columbo's death could make Alvarez Live, the king had given him up to law Your bleeding sacrifice; but when his life Was but another treasure thrown away. To obey a clamorous statute, it was wisdom To himself, and common safety, to take off This killing edge of law, and keep Columbo To recompense the crime by noble acts,

And sorrow, that in time might draw your pity.

Duch. This is a greater tyrainy than that

Columbo exercis'd; he kill'd my lord;

And you have not the charity to let Me think it worth a punishment.

Car. In my own name, I answer: I condemn, And arge the bloody guilt against my nephew; 'T was violent and cruel, a black deed; A deed, whose memory doth make me shudder; An act, that did betray a tyrannous mature, which he took up in war, the school of ven-

And though the king's compassion spare him

here Unless his heart

Weep itself out in penitent tears. This sounds As you were now a good man,

Does your grace 270 Think I have conscience to allow the murder?

¹ Whether you precent.

³ Aconired.

Although, when it was done. I did obey The stream of nature, as he was my kinsman, To plead he might not pay his forfeit life, Could I do less for one so near my blood? Counider, madam, and be charitable;
Let not this wild injustice make me lose
The character I bear, and reverend habit.
To make you full acquainted with my innocence, I challenge here my soul, and Heaven to wit-

If I had any thought, or knowledge with My nephew's plot, or person, when he came, Under the smooth pretence of friend, to violate

Your hospitable laws, and do that act, Whose frequent mention draws this tear, a whirlwind

Snatch me to endless flames! I must believe, Duch. And ask your grace's pardon, I confess I have not lov'd you since Alvarez' death, Though we were reconcil'd.

I do not blame Your jealousy, nor any zeal you had To prosecute revenge against me, madam, As I then stood suspected, nor can yet Implore your mercy to Columbo, All I have to say is, to retain my first
Opinion and credit with your grace;
Which you may think I urge not out of fear,
Or ends upon you, (since, I thank the king, I stand firm on the base of royal favour,) But for your own santerings,
Compassion of your sufferings,
You have clear'd acc But for your own sake, and to show I have

A doubt, my lord; and by this fair remon-

strance, Given my sorrow so much truce, to think That we may meet again, and yet be friends.-But be not angry, if I still remember By whom Alvarez died, and weep, and wake see

Another justice with my prayers. Car. All thoughts That may advance a better peace dwell with von!

Evil.

Duch, How would this cozening statesman

bribe my faith

With flatteries, to think him innocent! No; if his nephew die, this Cardinal must not.

Be long-liv'd. All the prayers of a wrong'd wilow

Make firm Hernando's sword! and my own hand

Shall have some glory in the next revenge. I will pretend my brain with grief distracted, It may gain easy credit; and beside

The taking off examination
For great Columbo's death, it makes what act
I do in that believ'd 1 want of my reason, Appear no crime, but my defence. - Look down.

Soul of my lord, from thy eternal shade, And unto all thy blest companions boast Thy duchess busy to revenge thy ghost! Exit.

¹ Bupposed.

(SCENE III 12

Enter [on one side] COLL MBO and ALTBONIO. [on the other, HERNANDO and a Colonel.

Hernando, now I love thee, and & boat !

Repeut the affront my passion three upon the Her. You will not be too prodigal o' ye

penitence.
Colum. This makes good thy pobility of birth;

Thou may'st be worth my anger and my sweet. If thou dost execute as duringly As thou provok'st a quarrel. I did think

Thy soul a starveling, or asleep. You Il find a

Active enough to keep your spirit waking, Which, to exasperate, for yet I think It is not high enough to meet my rage

Do you smile?

Colum. This noise is worth it.— Gentlema.
I'm sorry this great soldier has engage d
Your travail; all his business is to talk.

Her. A little of your lordship's patience, u will

Be as nimble 'bout your heart as you can wish.

'T is pity more than our two single lives
Should be at stake.

Colum.

Make that no excupte, ex.

To him then that survivee, if fate a

That difference, I speak, that he may toll The world, I came not hither on shight angr. But to revenge my honour, stain'd and transpled

By this proud man; when general, he commanded

My absence from the field.

I do remen ber, " Colum.

And I'll give your soul now a discharge

To meet it, if your courage be so furturate But there is more than my own injury You must account for, sir, if my sword proper;

Whose point and every edge is made more has With young Alvarez' blood, in which I has A noble interest. Does not that an benumb Thy arteries, and turn the guilty flowings To trembling jelly in thy veins. Came has Me name that murder, and thy apirits not Struck into air, as thou wert short by some Engine from Heaven? Colum. You are the duchess' champon

Thou hast given me a quarrel now. I grace It is determined all must fight, and I Shall lose much honour in his fall.

[Iv. That duches a

(Whom but to mention with thy breath mear

An orphan of thy making, and condema'd By thee to eternal solitude, I come To vindicate; and while I am killing thee,

A retired spot without the city.

By virtue of her prayers sent up for justice, & At the same time, in Heaven I am pardou'd for 't.

Colum. I cannot hear the bravo.
Two words more, And take your chance. Before you all I must Pronounce that noble lady without knowledge Or thought of what I undertake for her. Poor soul! who's now at her devotions,
Busy with Heaven, and wearing out the earth
With her stiff knees, and bribing her good an-

gel With treasures of her eyes, to tell her lord How much she longs to see him. My attempt " Needs no commission from her: were I A stranger in Navarre, the inborn right Of every gentleman to Alvarez' loss Is reason to engage their swords and lives

Against the common enemy of virtue. 60

Colum. Now have you finish'd? I have an in-

atranuerit Shall cure this noise, and fly up to thy tongue,

To murder all thy words. One little knot Of phlegm, that clogs my stomach, and I ha'

You have an uncle, call'd a Cardinal.

Would he were lurking now about thy heart,
That the same wounds might reach you both,

and send Your reeling souls together! Now have at

Alph. We must not, sir, be idle.

[They fight: Columno's second
[Alphonso], slain.

Her. What think you now of praying?

Colum. Time enough. 70 Colum.

He kills HERNANDO'S second. Commend me to my friend; the scales are even.

I would be merciful, and give you time
Now to consider of the other world;
You'll find your soul benighted presently.
Her. I'll find my way i' the dark.
They fight, and close; Columbo
gets both the swords, and Hi K-

NANDO takes up the second's weapon.

Colum. A stumble 's dangerous. 78
Now usk thy life. — Ha!
Her. I despise to wear it,

A gift from any but the first bestower. Colum. I scorn a base advantage.

COLUMNO throws away one of the swords: they fight; HERNANDO wounds COLUMBO.

Ha! I am now

Ont of your debt,

Colum. Thou 'st don't, and I forgive thee. Give me thy hand; when shall we meet again?

Her. Never, I hope.

Colum. I feel life ehb apace; yet I'll look

And show my face to Heaven.

The matter's done; Dies. I must not stay to bury him.

ACT V

[SCENE I.]1

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. Columbo's death doth much afflict the king.

2 Lord. I thought the Cardinal would have lost his wits At first, for 's nephew; it drowns all the talk

I do suspect Hernando had some interest, And knew how their wounds came.

His flight confirms it, 2 Lord. For whom the Cardinal has spread his nets.

1 Lord. He is not so weak to trust himself at home

To his enemy's gripe.

All strikes not me so much As that the duchess, most oppressed lady, Should be distracted, and before Columbo

Was slain.

1 Lord. But that the Cardinal should be made

Her guardian, is to me above that wonder. 2 Lord. So it pleas'd the king; and she, with that small stock

Of reason left her, is so kind and smooth

Upon him, 1 Lord. She 's turn'd a child again: a mad-

THE R. P. LEWIS CO., LANSING, MICH. That would ha' made her brain and blood boil

high, In which distemper she might ha' wrought something

2 Lord. Had been to purpose. 1 Lord. The Cardinal is cunning; and how-

His brow does smile, he does suspect Hernando Took fire from her, and waits a time to punish

2 Lord. But what a subject of disgrace and

mirth Hath poor Celinda made herself by pride, In her belief Columbo was her servant! Her head hath stoop'd much since he died, and

Almost ridiculous at court.

Enter CARDINAL, ANTONELLI, and Servant.

The Cardinal 1 Lord.

Is come into the garden, now - Car. Walk off. - Execut Lords. It troubles me the duchess by her loss Of brain, is now beneath my great revenge. She is not capable to feel my anger.

Which, like to unregarded thunder spent In woods, and lightning aim'd at senseless

Must idly fall, and hurt her not, not to That sense her guilt deserves: a fatal stroke, w Without the knowledge for what crime, to fright her

When she takes leave, and make her tug with death,

1 A garden.

Until her soul sweat, is a pigeon's terment, And she is sent a babe to the other world. Columbo's death will not be satisfied, And I but would her with a two-edg'd feather. I must do more: I have all opportunity. She by the king now made my charge, but she's So much a turtle, I shall lose by killing her, Perhaps do her a pleasure and preferment: That must not be.

Enter CELINDA with a parchment.

Anton. [stopping her.] - Is not this she, that would be thought to have been Columbo's mistress? - Madam, his grace is private,

And would not be disturb'd; you may displease him.

Cel. What will your worship wager that he shall

Be pleas'd again before we part?

Anton. I'll lay this diamond, madam, 'gainst

a kiss,

And trust yourself to keep the stakes.

Cel. "T is done. | Comes forward.] Anton. I have long had an appetite to this lady;

But the lords keep her up so high - this toy "

May bring her on.

Car. This interruption tastes not of good

BODGOTTEROX Cel. But where necessity, my lord, compels, The boldness may meet pardon, and when you Have found my purpose, I may less appear •• Unmannerly.

To the business.

Car. It did please Your nephew, sir, before his death, to credit me With so much honourable favour, I Am come to tender to his near'st of blood, Am come to tender to me near or occur. Fourself, what does remain a debt to him. Mot to delay your grace with circumstance. That deed, if you accept, makes you my heir Of no contemptible estate. — [Aside.] This way He reads.

Is only left to tie up scurrile tongues
And saucy men, that since Columbo's death Venture to libel on my pride and folly; His greatness and this gift, which I enjoy Still for my life, (beyond which term a king-

dom 's Nothing,) will curb the giddy spleens of men That live on impudent rhyme, and railing at

Each wandering fame they catch.

Car. Madam, this bounty Will hind my gratitude, and care to serve you.

Cel. I am your grace's servant Car. Antonelli! - Whisper, And when this noble lady visits me,

Let her not wait.

Cel. What think you, my officious sir? His

Is pleas'd, you may conjecture: I may keep

Your gem; the kiss was never yours. weet madam -Cel. Talk if you dare; you know I must not wait;

And so, farewell for this time. [Exit.] w Car. "T is in my brain already, and a form Apace — good, excellent revenge, and plecan She is now within my talens: "t is too cleap A satisfaction for Columbo's death, A satisfaction for Columbo 5 death,
Only to kill her by soft charm or force.

I'll rifle first her darling chastity.
'T will be after time enough to poisson her.
And she to th' world be thought her own de-

As I will frame the circumstance, this night All may be finished; for the colonel, Her agent in my nephew's death, whom I Disturb'd at counsel with her, I may reach has Hereafter, and be master of his fate. We starve our conscience when we thrive z

[SCENE II.12

state.

Enter Secretary [ANTONIO] and PLACESTIC

Ans. Placentia, we two are only left Of all my lady's servants; let us he trae Of all my lady's servants; let us be true.
To her, and one another; and he sure.
When we are at prayers, to curse the Cardina
Pla, I pity my sweet lady.
Ant, I pity her too, but am a little angre.
She might have found another time to be

Her wits.

Pla. That I were a man!

Ant. What would'st thou do, Placentia.

Pla. I would revenge my lady.

Ant. 'T is better, being a woman; tha

may'st do Things that may prosper better, and the frat Be thy own another day.

Your wit stall bees

To play the wanton.

'T is a sad time. Placeston Ant. 'T is a sad time. Places as Some pleasure would do well: the truth at l. Am weary of my life, and I would have One fit of mirth before I leave the world.

Plo. Do not you blush to talk thus wildly 'Ant. 'T is good manners.

To be a little und after my lady:
But I ha' done. Who is with her now?

Plo. Madam Valeria.

Ant. Not Celinda? There is a lady for my

humour !

A pretty book of flesh and blood, and well Bound up, in a fair letter too. Would 1 Had her with all the errata !

Pla. She has not

An honourable fame.

Her fame! that 'e nothing The colour, and bring honour into ber cheels As fresh ; -

If she were mine, and I had her exchanges, I know the way to make her honest. Honest to th' touch, the test, and the

trial.

Pla. How, prithee?
Ant. Why,
First I would marry her, that 's a verb mater Then I would print her with an inder Expurgatorius; a table druwn

A room in the Duchest's house.

Of her court heresies; and when she's read, ...
Cum privilegio, who dares call her where?
Pla. I'll leave you, if you talk thus.

I ha' done ; Ant. Placentia, thou may'st be better company After unother progress; and now tell me, Didst ever hear of such a patient madness As my lady is possest with? She has rav'd But twice: — an she would fright the Cardinal, Or at a supper if she did but poison him, It were a frenzy I could bear withal. the calls him her dear governor.

Enter HERNANDO disquised, having a letter.

Who is this? so Her. Her secretary ! - Sir,

Here is a letter, if it may have so Much happiness to kiss her grace's hand. From whom?

Ant. Her. That 's not in your commission, sir, To ask, or mine to satisfy; she will want No understanding when she reads.

Ant. Under your favour, sir, you are mistaken; Her grace did never more want understanding. Her. How? Ant. Have you not heard? Her skull is

broken, sir,

And many pieces taken out; she's mad.

Her. The sad fame of her distraction

Has too much truth, it seems.

Pla.

If please you, sir,

To expect awhile, I will present the letter. Her. Pray do. — Exit Placentia. 44
How long has she been thus distemper d, sir?
Ant. Before the Cardinal came to govern
here,

Who, for that reason, by the king was made Her guardian. We are now at his devotion.

Her. A lamb given up to a tiger! May dis-

Soon eat him through his heart Your pardon, air. Ant. I love that voice; I know it too a little. Are not you - be not angry, noble sir,

And think you are another man, but if
You be that valiant gentleman they call—
Her. Whom? what?
Ant. That kill'd—I would not name him, if

Ant. That I thought

Betray you here: kill me, and I will take My death you are the noble colonel.

We are all bound to you for the general's death,

Valiant Hernando! When my lady knows You are here, I hope 't will fetch her wits again.

But do not talk too loud; we are not all Honest 1 i' th' house; some are the Cardinal's

erentures.

Her. Thou wert faithful to thy lady. I am glad

1 Loyal (to the Duchess).

'Tis night. But tell me how the churchman

The duchess.

Enter ANTONELLL

Ant. He carries angels in his tongue and face,

Suspect his heart: this is one of his spawns. -Signor Antonelli.

Auton. Honest Antonio!

Ant. And how, and how - a friend of mine - where is

The Cardinal's grace?

Her. [Aside.] That will be never answered. Anton. He means to sup here with the duch-

Ant. Will he?
Anton. We'll have the charming bottles at my chamber.

Bring that gentleman; we'll be mighty merry.

**Ref. [.lande.] I may disturb your jollity.

**Anton. Farewell, sweet [Exit.] Ant. Dear Antonelli !- A round pox confound you!

This is court rhetoric at the back-stairs.

Enter PLACENTIA.

Pla. Do you know this gentleman?
Ant. Not I.
Pla. My lady presently dismist Vuleria.
And bade me bring him to her bed-chamber.

The gentleman has an honest face. Ant. Her words 110 Fell from her with some evenness and joy .--

Fell from her with some Her grace desires your presence.

I'll attend her.

Erit [with PLACENTIA]. Ant. I would this soldier had the Cardinal

Upon a promontory, with what a spring The churchman would leap down! It were a apectacle

Most rare, to see him topple from the precipice,

And some in the salt water with a noise
To stun the fishes; and if he fell into
A net, what wonder would the simple sea-gulls Have, to draw up the o'ergrown labster.²
So rendy boil'd! He shall have my good wishes. This colonel's coming may be lucky; I Will be sure none shall interrupt 'em.

Enter CREINDA.

Her grace at opportunity? No, sweet madam;

She is asleep, her gentlewoman survs.

Cel. My business is but visit. I'll expect. I

Ant. That must not be, although I like your

company.

Cel. You are grown rich, Master Secretary.

Ant. I. modom? Alas!

Cel. I hear you are upon another purchase. ...

Ant. I upon a purchase!

Cel. If you want any sum -

Referring, of course, to the color of the Cardinal's

Ant. If I could purchase your sweet favour,

madam. You shall command me, and my for-

tune, sir.

Ant. [Aside.] How 's this?

Cet. I have observ'd you, sir, a staid

And prudent gentleman—and I shall want—

Ant. Not me?

Cel. A father for some infant: he has credit
I' th' world. — [Assde.] I am not the first east lady

Has married a secretary.

Int. Shall I wait upon you?

Cel. Whither?

Cel. Whither?
Ant. Any whither.
Cel. I may chance lead you then—
Ant. I shall be honour'd to obey, My blood
Is up, and in this humour I 'm for anything.
Cel. Well, sir, I 'll try your manhood.
'T is my happiness;

You cannot please me better.

Cel. [Aside.]

This was struck

I' the opportunity.

I am made for ever. Ant. [Exit, following her.]

[SCENE III.]1

Enter HERNANDO and DUCHESS.

Her. Dear madam, do not weep.
Duch. Y'are very welcome;
I ha' done; I wo' not shed a tear more
Till I meet Alvarez, then I'll weep for joy. He was a fine young gentleman, and sung sweetly;

An you had heard him but the night before We were married, you would ha sworn he had

A swan, and sung his own sad epitaph.

But we'll talk o' the Cardinal.

Would his death

Might ransom your fair sense! he should not

To triumph in the loss. Beshrew my manhood, But I begin to melt.

Duck.

Duck.

I pray, sir, tell me, —
For I can understand, although they say
I have lest my wits; but they are safe enough,
And I shall have 'em when the Cardinal dies; —
Who had a letter from his nephew, too, Since he was slain?

Ilrr. From whence? Duch. I know not where he is. But in some bower

Within a garden he is making chaplets, And means to send me one; but I II not take it; I have flowers enough, I thank him, while I live. Her. But do you love your governor? Duch. Yes. but I'll never marry him; I am

promis'd
Already.
Her. To whom, madam?

Duch.

Blush when you ask me that? Must not you be a My husband? I know why, but that is a secret.

i Another room in the same.

Indeed, if you believe me, I do love Indeed, if you believe me, I do love
No man alive so well as you: the Cardinal
Shall never know 't; he 'll kill us both; and jet
He says he loves me dearly, and has pround a
To make me well again; but I 'm afrand.
One time or other, he will give me posson.

Her. Prevent him, madam, and take nothing
from him.

Duch. Why, do you think 't will hart me?
Her.

Her. It will kill you Duck. I shall but die, and meet my dear lov'd lord.
Whom, when I have kist, I'll come again and

A bracelet of my hair for you to carry him, When you are going to Heaven; the pay

Be my own name, in little tears, that I Will weep next winter, which congest'd i' th'

Will show like seed-pearl. You'll deliver it?

I know he 'll love, and wear it for my sake.

Her. She is quite lost.

Duch. I pray give me, sir, your parded
I know I talk not wisely; but if you had
The burthen of my sorrow, you would miss of
Sometimes your better reason. Now I in well;
What will you do when the Cardinal counts?

He count not see you for the world. He must not see you for the world.

He sha' net . Her. I'll take my leave before he come.

Duch. I shall have no friend left me when you co. He will but sup; he sha not stay to lie with me. I have the picture of my lord abed; Three are too much this weather.

Enter PLACENTIA.

Madam, the Cardinal Her. He shall sup with the devil

Duch. I dary put may . The red cock 2 will be angry. I'll come again a Exeunt [Di CHESS and Pi ACCATIA.] Her. This sorrow is no fable. Now I find

Ha! if the duchess in her straggled with Let fall words to betray me to the Cardinal. The panther will not leap more fierce to meet His prey, when a long want of food both parch of His starved maw, than he to print his race. And tear my heart-strings. Everything is fatal. And yet she talk'd sometimes with chair of

And said she lov'd me. Ha! they come not 5rd. I have a sword about me, and I left My own security to visit death.

My own security to visit death.
Yet I may pause a little, and consider
Which way does lead me to 't most honourship
I home not the chamber that I walk in tremble
What will become of her, and me, and all
The world in one amail hour? I do not think Ever to see the day again; the wings

Of night spread o'er me like a enble hans The stars are all close mourners ton; but I Must not slone to the cold silent grave,

2 The Cardinal.

I must not. — If thou canst, Alvarez, open That ebon curtain, and behold the man, When the world's justice fuils, shall right thy

And feed their thirst with blood! Thy duchess is Almost a ghost already, and doth wear Her body like an useless upper garment, The trim and fashion of it lost, - Ha!

Re-enter PLACENTIA.

Pla, You need not doubt me, sir. - My lady

praya You would not think it long; she in my ear commanded me to tell you, that when last She drank, she had happy wishes to your health.

Her. And did the Cardinal pledge it?

He was not Invited to 't, nor must be know you are here.

Her. What do they talk of, prithee?

Pla. His grace is very pleasant A lute is heard.

And kind to her; but her returns 1 are after The sad condition of her sense, sometimes Unjointed.
Her. They have music.
Pla.

Pla. A lute only, the grace propar'd; they say, the best of Italy, That waits upon my lord.

He thinks the duchess Is stung with a tarantula.

Your pardon; Exit. My duty is expected. Gentle lady! -

A voice too !

Boxo within.

Strep. Come, my Daphne, come away, Come, my Daphne, come away, 100 We slo waste the crystal day;
The Strephonealle. Dap What mays my love?
Come, follow to the myrtle grove,
Where Venus shall prepare
New chaptets for thy hair.
100 Strep.

Were I shut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to follow thee. My shepherdess, make hasto, The minutes slide too fast.

Strep. Dap.

In those cooler shades will I, Blind as Cupid, kus thine eye. In thy boson then I'll stay; In such warm snow who would not lose his

Cher. We'll laugh, and leave the world behind, Shall envy thee and me,
But never find

Such joys, when they embrace a deity.

Her. If at this distance I distinguish, 't is not Church music; and the air's wanton, and no anthem

Sung to 't, but some strange ode of love and kisses

What should this mean? - Ha? he is coming hither.

am betray'd; he marches in her hand.
'Il trust a little more; mute as the arras, Draws his sword.

My sword and I here, He |conceals himself behind the

arras, and observes. 1 Replies.

Enter CARDINAL, DUCHESS, ANTONELLI, and Attendants.

Car. Wait you in the first chamber, and let DOME

Presume to interrupt us .-

Escunt [ANTONELLI and Attendants.] She is pleasant;

Now for some art, to poison all her innocence.

Duch. I do not like the Cardinal's humour; he

Little suspects what guest is in my chamber. Let Car. Now, madam, you are safe.

[Embraces her.]

Duch.

How means your lordship?

Cor. Safe in my arms, sweet duchess.

Duch.

Do not hurt me.

Duch.
Car. Not for the treasures of the world! You

My pretty charge. Had I as many lives
As I have careful thoughts to do you service, wo
I should think all a happy forfeit, to
Delight your grace one minute; 't is a Heaven To see you smile.

Duch. What kindness can you this. Car. It cannot want a name while you pre-

So plentiful a sweetness; it is love.

Duch. Of me? How shall I know't, my lord? Duch. Of me? How shall I know t, my total Car. By this, and this, swift messengers to whisper Kisses her.

whisper
Our hearts to one another.

Duch. Pray, do you come a wooing?

Yes, sweet madam;

You cannot be so cruel to deny me. Duch. What, my lord? Car.

Another kiss. Duch. Dispense with this, my lord? - (Axide.) Alas; I Fear

Hernando is saleep, or vanish'd from me. Car. [.tsidr.] I have mock'd my blood into a

flame; and what My angry soul had form'd for my revenge, 184 ls now the object of my amorous sense.

I have took a strong enchantment from her lips, And fear I shall forgive ('olumbo's death, If she consent to my embrace. - Come, madam.

Duch. Whither, my lord?

Car. But to your bed or conch, we Where, if you will be kind, and but allow Yourself a knowledge, love, whose shape and

raptures Wise poets have but glorified in dreams, Wise poets have our giornical sternal palace; Shall make your chamber his eternal palace; And with such active and essential streams Of new delights glide o'er your bosom, you Shall wonder to what unknown world you are By some blest change translated. Why d' ye

pause, And look so wild? Will you deny your gov-ernor?

Duch. How came you by that cloven foot? Your fancy Would turn a traitor to your happiness. I am your friend; you must be kind.

Unhand me,

Or I'll cry out a rape.

You we'not sure?
I have been comed with Hermodo's

pet's seem but Heaven to hear me .-- Help! a

rape!
Are you on good at understanding? Car. Then,

the force ber. Hausanno rudos

Her. Go to, Cardinal

Her. Go to, Cardinal.

Strikes him; exit Decreese.

One. Hermondo? Marder! tresson! help!

and margin thee. Your der. An much inflam'd; I have brought a lancet wil

It open your hat veins, and cool your fever.— we the parting cool it was the earns that piere d i foliam to a heart.

Help : marder ! State him.

Enter ASTONELLI and Servants.

fator. Some ring the bell, 't will raise the

By lard to murder'd! 'T in Hermando. The left rings. Her. I'll make you all some sport. - (Made

is the darkers? I would take my leave , and then bequently my curse an B. feile

Ester King, Ductieres, Valuetta, Lorda, and Gnard

King, How come them bloody objects? In Her. With a trick my sword found out. I hope he's paid. 1 Lord 'Andre, I hope so too.— A surgeon For my lord Cardinal!

King, Hernando? Duch, Justine! oh, justice, sir, against a ravjuber! Her. Sir. I ha' done you service.

A bloody service.

King. Her. 'T is pure nearlet.

Enter Surgeon.

Car. [Aride.] After such care to perfect my

These bandled out o' th' world by a weman's pla

Her. I have preserv'd the duchem from a

Good night to me and all the world for ever. Dies

King. So impions?

Livch. 'T is most true; Alvarer' blood in now reveng d; I find my brain return.

And every straggling sense repairing home, so Car. I have desert d you should turn from

My life hash been prodigiously wicked My blood is now the kingdom's balm. Oh, sir, I have abus'd your ear, your trust, your people,

1 Q. placid.

And my over merel office my o For any the story the store more card And were were pursue. Like a come self- gain Fan My post strategy and, that has the surel.

Cubatemple elimen, and paration disserts. But I am last, if the great woman bargers in sim I tad you many for a cross-You know med, meeting you against your li I wast confess, more than my much by all pon your houses you be albumby penson) king. By whom ? Cor. By me.

In the revence I ow'd Columbia's ham; With your last treat was make a person, the By sellife, and by sure degrees, make he in death.

Look to the ductions, our physicis

Prof. will deserve her meny though I count Call back the deed in proce of my reports If the last breath of a tors fying man May gain your charity and water remire

This ivery bet : not in applicate, Bove that they beat the goan magnitud !

VVIII : That peoder, ment with wine, by a most or And quick seven to the heart, will furtify Against the rage of the most minder points I are not northly to present her with it.

(fit. take it, and preserve her innocent life.

1 Lord. Strange, he should have a good to ment renderest.

Car. 'I is that, which in my justicity.

state,

Trusting to take productions of my hirth, That I should sie by poisses, I preserv'd For my own safety; wonder not, I made That my companies was to be my refuge.

Euro Servant with a basel of wine.

Lord. Here 's nome touch of grace. Car. In greater proof of my pure though take

This first, and with my dying breath could My penitence; it may benefit bey life. But not my wounds. [He drenks.] (th. h: to preserve her;

And though I merit not her parelon, let no Her fair soul be divore'd.

The Property takes the lovel and the King. This is some charity; may it mo

madam !

Deci. And must I owe my life to kim, w death Was my ambition? Take this free ack

ledgment; I had intent, this night, with my own hose

To be Alvarez' justicer.

To be were mad. Aing.

And thought past apprehension of revence

Duck, That shape I did maure, great si

give My heart more freedom and defence; but Hermando came to visit me, I thought I might defer my execution ;

Which his own rage suppli'd without my guilt, And when his lust grew high, met with his blood.

blood.

1 Lord. The Cardinal smiles.

Cur. Now my revenge has met.

With you, nimble duchess! I have took 100

A shape 1 to give my act more freedom too.

And now I am sure she's poison d with that dose I gave her last.
Thou'rt not so horrid?

Duch. Ha! some cordial.

Cur. Alas, no preservative Hath wings to overtake it; were her heart Lock'd in a quarry, it would search and kill

Before the aids can reach it. I am sure You sha' not now laugh at me.

King. How come you by that poison? I prepar'd it, Resolving, when I had enjoy'd her, which The colonel prevented, by some art

To make her take it, and by death conclude My last revenge. You have the fatal story. King. This is so great a wickedness, it will

Exceed belief. Car. I knew I could not live, sug. Your wounds, sir, were not desperate. Car. Not mortal? Hall were they not mortal?

Surg. If I have skill in surgery. Car. Then I have caught myself in my own

engine.
2 Lord. It was your fate, you said, to die by

poison.

Cur. That was my own prediction, to abuse Your faith; no human art can now resist it: I feel it knocking at the sent of life; It must come in. I have wrackt all my own To try your charities: now it would be rare, so If you but waft me with a little prayer; My wings that flag may catch the wind; but

To steer my wand'ring bark.

1 Lord.

With him

Die all deceived trust.

1 Lord. This was a strange

Implety.

King. When men
Of gifts and sacred function once decline From virtue, their ill deeds transcend example.

Duch. The minute's come that I must take my leave, too.

3 Diaguino.

Your hand, great sir; and though you be a king. We may exchange forgiveness. Heaven forgive, And all the world! I come, I come, Alvarez.

King. Dispose their bodies for becoming funeral.

How much are kings aboa'd by those they take To royal grace, whom, when they cherish most By nice indulgence, they do often arm Against themselves! from whence this maxim

apringa:
None have more need of perspectives? than kings. Exeunt.

EPILOGUE

Within, Master Pollard! Where's Master Pollard, for the epilogue?

He is thrust upon the stage, and falls. Epi. [rising.] I am coming to you, gentle-

men; the poet Has help'd me thus far on my way, but I'll Be even with him : the play is a tragedy, The first that ever he compos'd for us, Wherein he thinks he has done prettily,

Enter Servant.

And I am sensible. — I prithee look, is nothing out of joint? Has be broke nothing?

Sere. No, sir, I hope.

Ept. Yes, he has broke his epilogue all to

pieces.

Canst thou put it together again?

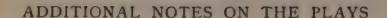
anst thou put to Serv. Not I, sir.

Ept. Nor I; prithee he gone. [Exit Serv.] —
Hum! — Master poet,
have a teeming mind to be reveng'd. —
in and not be seen in 't now, You may assist, and not be seen in If you please, gentlemen, for I do know He listens to the issue of his cause; But blister not your hands in his applause; Your private smile, your nod, or hem! to tell My fellows that you like the business well; And when, without a clap, you go away, I'll drink a smull-beer health to his second day ; And break his heart, or make him swear and

He'll write no more for the unhappy stage. But that's too much; so we should lose; faith. shew it

And if you like his play, 't's as well he knew

Telescopes; used also of other optical instrumenta.



ENDYMION

Entymion was published in 1591, and the title-page states that it had been played "before the Queenes Maiestie at Greenwich on Candlemas day at night, by the Chyldren of Paules." It is fairly certain that this performance took place on Feb. 2, 1586. The present text is fased on Bond's reprint of the quarto of 1591, with slight additions from the version included by Blount in his Size Court Councilies, 1632. Like most of Lydy's plays. Endymann is an allegory of the court, with a mythological basis. Very little, however, is here to proved from the myth of the Moon-goddess and her lover, and the plot is evidently invented with a view to carrying contemporary almosons. Beginning with Halpin's paper in 1843, many attempts have been mide to read the riddle, the Intest and most ingenious being that of M. Feudlerat, who identifies Cynthia with Endsteth, Tethus with Mary of Scots, and Endymion with her son, James VI. The credit of having disproved the Endymion Leicester identification is shared with M. Feudlerat by Dr. P. W. Long, who seeks to read the play as mainly an allegory of Heavenly Beauty (Cynthia) and Earthly Beauty (Tellus), an interpretation perhaps not wholly incompatible with the more personal solution. as theres

THE OLD WIVES TALE

The Old Wife's Tale, as the title should appear in modern spelling (the reference being, of course, to Madge), was first published in 1505, and on this quarto, as reprinted by Gunnaere, the present text is based. The precise date of production has not been definitely ascertained, but it was probably not far from 1500. Source, in the usual sense of the term, the play can hardly be said to have, it is a medley of a dozen themes from current English folk-tales. Realistic in diction, romantic in subject-matter, the play was a notable innovation in its day; and through the peculiar irony of the satire on romance, Peele introduced a new and subtler form of humor into English consedy. Both in its main theme, and in its use of the induction, this drama is an interesting forerunner of The Knight of the Burning Pestle.

FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY

This play was first printed in quarto in 1594, and that edition (Q_1) , as printed by Collins and Gayley, forms the basis of the present text. The existence of a second quarto, said to have been issued in 1599, has been rendered highly doubtful by Gayley. Later editions appeared in 1639, (Q_1) and $1635, (Q_2)$. The date of production was probably 1839-90. That part of the plot dealing with the marvelous exploits of Friar Bacon is drawn from The Eumona Historic of Friar Bacon, a late sixteenth century account of the legends that had gathered round the name of the Oxford Franciscan, Roger Bacon thorn 1214). The love story is Greene's own. It seems probable that this comedy was conserved as a foil to Marlowe's tragedy of Doctor Fausius, some of the scenes approaching an actual parody, and stress being laid on the superiority of the Knellisk to the Gayman pageomancer. being laid on the superiority of the English to the German necromancer.

TAMBURLAINE

Both parts of Tamburlaine were entered in the Stationers' Register on Aug. 14, 1590, and they appeared together in octavo in 1590, and again in 1592. The alleged existence of editions of 1593, 1597, and 1690 is unsupported by evidence; and the third edition seems to be that of 1695 part in and 1606 part in, printed from the first. The issue of 1590 is the basis of the present text. The first part of the play was probably produced three years before, in 1887 and the second part in the following year. All the early editions are anonymous, nor does there survive any pre-Restoration statement as to the authorship; yet so convincing is the internal evidence that the ascription to Marlowe may be regarded as indubitable.

The main source of part I. Is Fortescue's Roreste, 1571, a translation of l'edro Mexia's Silva de carra lecion, 1543. Additional details were derived from The Notable History of the Sorucean by Thomas Newton, 1575, and from Petrus Perondinus, 1553. The title-rôle was first acted by the gigantic

Edward Alleyn.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Allusions to contemporary events in the Low Countries fix the limits for the date of Doctor Faustus Allusions to contemporary events in the Low Countries fix the limits for the date of Doctor Faustus as 1583 and 1590; and the evidence of style places it after Tamburlance. A bailed which seems to be inspired by the play was because in February, 1589, so that it is generally agreed that the first production of the play fell in the winter of 1588-83. "A booke calld the place of Instar Faustus" was optered in the Stationers' Register on Jan. 7, 1501, but if an edition was published in that year, no copy has survived. The earliest extant edition is that of 1695 Q₁, on which the present text is based. This version was reprinted in 1000 and 1611; and in 1616 appeared an enlarged form, followed in the later quartoe of 1619, 1620, 1624, and 1631. An edition issued in 1603 has many additions and excisions, but none with any claim to authority. The question of the authorship of the amplifications in the of 1616 is still under discussion; but recent opinion tends to the view that, except for a few a lines, the additions may well be the work of William Birds and Samuel Rowley, engaged by H in 1622 for this purpose. Marlows's knowledge of the Faust legend is derived from the German Such, published at Frankfurt by Johann Spies in 1887, which he probably knew through an translation.

THE IEW OF MALTA

The earliest mention of this play occurs in Henslowe's Disry, where a performance is moted as things place on February 28, 1822, and it is implied that the tragedy was not then new. Its composition is conjecturally placed about 1890. On May 17, 1894, it was entered on the Stationers' Engister, but medition has come down to us earlier than a corrupt quarto of 1882, which is thus our sole authority for the text. As to the source from which Marlowe drew his material, nothing definite is known. Estimated (Anglische Studien, X. 50) has elaborated a parallel between the carear of Marlowe's here and that of a sixteenth-century Portugues Jew, Michenius, who is mentioned by a number of historians; but such accounts as have been found could have furnished only suggestions.

This play was one of the most popular on the Elizabethan stage, Henslowe recording thirty-six performances before June 21, 1896.

EDWARD II

When The troublesom Reign and Lamentable Death of Edward the Second was entered in Stationers' Register on July 6, 1595, the play had been already on the stage for some time; and it probable that it was first produced in 1591 or 1592. No copy issued in 1595 is extant, and the sari surviving quarto belongs to 1594. On this, the best of the early prints, the present text is based. Or editions followed in 1595, 1612, and 1622. Marlowe's main source for the historical basis of the play Holinshed, Fabyan's and Stowe's Caronelees having also supplied some minor details. Chroneless accuracy is often disregarded, yet in its main lines the action is substantially faithful to history. I have in the four plays by Marlowe, Tucker Brooke's reprints of the early editions have been used.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

The most definite indication of the date of this, one of the most popular of all Elizabethan plays, is found in an aliusion in the Induction to Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair (1614), where truesms so be implied that The Spanish Tragedy was then twenty-five or thirty years old. This gives us the years 1864-89 as limits; and the absence of any reference to the Armada, in a play laid in Spain, has led critics to place it before 1888. The year 1886 may, perhaps, be fairly conjectured as coming within a year of the date of composition. In 1892 it was being successfully performed; and on October 6 of that year it was entered for publication. The first edition has disappeared entirely; and the earliest extent is an undated quarto in the British Museum. Other quartos appeared in 1894 and 1899; and in the edition of 1602 are first found the additions made to the play by Ben Jonson, and included in the later quartos of 1610, 1615, 1618, 1623, and 1633. The present text is based on the B. M. quartor for Kyd's part of the play, and on that of 1602 for the additions, which are pointed out in the foot-notes; and I have availed myself of the collations of both Manly and Boas. All the early editions are anonymous; and the ascription of the play to Kyd is made on the authority of a passage in Heywood's Apology for Actors, 1612.

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

The first quarto of Bussy D'Ambois appeared in 1607, and a second in 1808. In 1841 a third quart appeared, which claimed to be "much corrected and amended by the author before his death," as this was reissued in 1646 and 1657. The present text is based on Boas's reprint of the quarto of Mr. The date of the production of the play is uncertain. Certain entries in Henslowe's D'Aury point 1598, but if the play was on the stage as early as this, it must have been revised before its publication 1607. Bussy D'Ambois belongs to the group of Chapman's plays dealing with almost contempers French politics. D'Ambois himself was born in 1549, and was murdered by Monsorean's retainers 1579. The earliest extant accounts of his career are later in date than the play, and the precise source of Chapman's information have not yet been found. But from the later descriptions it is clear to the sotion of the play, and the view given of the hero's character, are substantially historical.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

This play, the first example of the "comedy of humours," was performed in 1808 with great suc It was published in quarto in 1801, and in this version the characters bear Italian names, and the sis laid in Italy. It was revised about 1806, and this second version, with the names and scene made lish and with many other changes, was published in the folio of 1816. The present text is based div on the folio. The plot, which seems to have been entirely of Joson's invention, is constructed a view to those classical standards of comedy, which Joson sought to uphold against the preventemental license.

SEJANUS, HIS FALL

Sciences was first performed in 1600, but, as Jonson admits, failed to please the audience. It was published in 1606, and again in the folio of 1616. On this latter the present text is based. It is not necessary to discuss the sources of this impressive tragedy, since Jonson has supplied us in his ample foot-motes with documentary evidence for nearly every fact in the play. These notes have been reproduced in the present edition, through the first scene, which is probably as far as the modern reader will care to study them. The delineation of Tiberius is one of the most successful attempts in our literature to recreate a highly complex historical character.

VOLPONE, OR THE FOX

Follone was performed in 1606 or 1606 at the Globe theatre and at both Oxford and Cambridge, and in 1607 was printed in quarte. It was included in the folio of 1616, on which the present text is based. The main plot is founded on an episode in the Suttericon of Petronius Arbiter; but the parts of Celia and Lady Would-be are of Jonson's own invention. The song, "Drunk to me only with thine eyes," is practically a translation from Philostratus, and "Come, my Celia" is imitated from Catullus. The comedy is a terrible sature on some of the most sordid aspects of human nature, and the superb skill with which it is constructed barely suffices to counteract the depressing effect of the types of character it displays.

THE ALCHEMIST

The Alchemist, which may, perhaps, be regarded as Jonson's supreme masterpiece in comedy, was performed in 1610, and published in quarto in 1612. The present text is based on that of the folio of 1616. It has been frequently stated that for the plot of this play Jonson was indebted to Plantus, but the borrowing is very slight. In the Mostellaria there is a scene which might have suggested the opening dialogue of The Alchemist, and another which bears a slight resemblance to Face's attempt to boodwink his master in V. I. In the Posendus, a man speaks Punic, and is musinderstood somewhat as Surly's Spanish is misunderstood in IV. id. But the plot as a whole is Jonson's own, and the alchemical and astrological matter is drawn from a wide acquaintance with current treatises on these subjects. Attempts have been made to identify Subtle and Face with the famous Dec and Keiles, but identification is much too strong a word. Bathaway has pointed out a more striking correspondence with the activities of Simon Forman, a notorous quark of Jonson's day. The Alchemist has been credited with a considerable effectiveness in clearing London of the type of impostors which it ridicules and exposes so trenchantly and amusingly.

THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY

This, the first of Dekker's comedies, was acted in 1599, and printed in the following year. On the text of this quarto, as reprinted by Warnke and Procecholdt, the present text is based. The story of the partly historical Sunon Eyre was found by Dekker in one of the takes in Thomas Deloney's Gentle Croft, 1597; but the main interest of the play lies in its picture of London tradespeople in the author's own day, and for this Dekker needed no literary source.

THE HONEST WHORE

From a passage in Henslowe's Diary it appears that Middleton had some share in the first part of The Honest Whore, but it is not supposed that he wrote any considerable portion of it. The second part is wholly bekker's, and is generally regarded as superior to the first. The first edition of part is appeared in 160s, of part it. In 160s, Pearson's reprint, on which the present text is based, follows the 160s quarto of part i, and the 1639 of part it. A copy of the 1635 quarto of the double play has been used to check Pearson's text. No source of the plot has been discovered. The play is a highly characteristic product of the time, both in its picture of the vices of the city, and in its sound and straightforward, if somewhat coarse, handling of the moral issues involved. The character of Friscobaldo, in part it, afforded Hazlitt the theme for what he himself justly regarded as one of his finest pieces of critical interpretation.

THE MALCONTENT

The Malcontent was first issued in 1604; and in the same year a second quarto appeared with the title-page, "The Malcontent. Augmented by Marston. With the Additions played by the Krigs Malesties servants. Written by Ihon Webster. 1604. At London Printel by V.S. for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard! "The title-page of the first edition gives doin Marston as author; the date and publisher are the same. The second edition, on which the present text is directly based, contains, as new matter, the Induction and a number of additions, marked in the present text by brackets and specified in the foot-notes. Its title-page has proved highly misleading, the facts seem to be that Webster supplied the Induction when the play was reviewed by the King's men; and that the other additions are restorations of passages from Marston's original play which had been cut for acting purposes. Stell, who has made this clear, places the composition of the

play in 1600, and has given the tragi-comedy a new importance, in addition to its intrinsic vigor an effectiveness, by arguing foreibly for it as an influence on the characters of Shakespeare's Jaques and Hamlet. The source of the plot has so far not been discovered.

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS

This tragedy, one of the earliest and most pathetic examples of domestic drama, was first published in 1607; and the present text is based on Pearson's reprint of this quarto. The play was a text in based as appears from an entry in Henslowe's Durry. The title, like those of several other plays by Heyword was a proverbial phrase. Createnach (IV. 26) states that Heywood borrowed the two plots of modrama from Margaret of Navarre and from Bandello. The thirty-second tale in the Replanation desinates that the second desirable of a husband who refrained from killing a wife taken in adultery, but the resemblances far from close.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE

The Knight of the Burning Pestle was printed in quarto in 1613, and on Murch's reproduction of this edition the present text is based. A second and a third quarto were usued in 1635, and the plan was included in the second folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher in 1679. The date of composition is uncertain, but recent opinion tends to place it about 1610. It cannot be said that there is as set a general agreement as to the respective shares of the two authors in this contendy, but according to the most careful examination of the question so far made, that of Dr. Murch, most of the play should be ascribed to Beaumont, Fletcher having probably written only the three love scenes, I. 1 to 111 and IV. iv. 18-93. In spite of the similarity between the satirieal purpose of this play and of Proaquesse it has not been shown that the authors had any knowledge of the work of Cetvantes, or that they confered speanish. (The first English translation of Proaqueste of Cetvantes, or that they confered speanish, the first English translation of Proaqueste and propagate at that time among the tradespeople of London; and of this type, Heywood's From Prospect of London seems to have been especially in view. Koeppel has pointed out the reasonable necessary the coffin seems in Act IV. and an episode in Marston's Antonio and Mellida 1602. The love plant to commonplace to have a definitely assignable source, and the second between Merry thought exclude wife, like those of the Induction, are, one may be sure, due to direct observation of contemporary life and manners.

PHILASTER

The first quarto of Philaster, issued in 1620, seems to have been unauthorized, and to have been made up in part from a report taken down at a performance. At the begunning and end it, e.g., of different from the other quartos. The second quarto, 1622, as reprinted by Thorndike, is the base for the present text, with occasional readings from the later quartos and the folio of 1679. The past we probably written about 1658, 10. The respective shares of the two nuthers are difficult to see in the phant and Thorndike give to Fletcher I i. 20-363; H. di.; H. iv 63-203; passages in HI. di., V. in and V. iv; the rest to Beaumont, the prose scenes with less assurance. Macaulay gives in the two of the fit, iv, to Fletcher. This distribution is made mainly on the grounds of the characteristic of the metrics; it does not exclude the probability of intimate collaboration in plot and characteristics of the metrics are common tends of the play seems to have been original, though several of the motives are common tends. There is marked indebtedness to Humbel, and much resemblance to Cymbeline, though Thorndia has argued plausibly for the view that in the latter case Shakespeare was the borrower.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

As in the case of Philaster, the first quarto of the The Maid's Tragedy (1819) is corrupt and accommodate. The second quarto 1821, with Thorndike's collations of the first and third the 5-2 basis for the present text. The date of composition is probably about 1861-11. There is more agreement here than in the case of Philaster as to the respective shares of the joint authors. Most cruster betterer II. ii; IV. i; V i 1-111; V. ii; the rest to Beaumont, with the exception of I is about an exercism. Macaulay gives II. ii, also to Beaumont. The source of the joint authors a format in minor resemblances have been noted, such as that of the duel between Aspatia and Amount it is a fight between Parthenn and Amphialus in Sidney's Areadon, book iii, and that of the quarrel between Melantius and Amintor to that between Brutus and Cassus in Julius Caesar.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

The first quarto of The Faithful Shepherdess is undated, but it was certainly issued before Verious, and the play had been unsuccessfully produced not long before, perhaps in 1668 or 1611 Percent text is based on the first edition, and is dependent on the collations in the Chayer are it is edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. Fletcher's chief model in this pastoral secures to have be uniformly Pastor Fulo, and some few details are borrowed from Sponser; but the plot itself securities original. The play, as Fletcher confesses in his address To the leader, was unsuccessful or, the standard beauty of its byte and descriptive poetry has given it, in spite of its weak dramatic grants a distinguished place in literature. It is notable also as having in part suggested Million's Commit.

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE

The Wild-Goose Chase, we are told by the publisher of the first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, was lost when that volume was compiled; it reappeared later, and was issued separately, in folio, in 1852. A second edition appeared in the folio of 1879. The present text is based on the reprint of Waller, following, however, the edition of 1852 in preference to that of 1879. The comedy is known to have been acted as early as 1821. No source for the plot seems as yet to have been found. Farquhar based on it his comedy of The Inconstant, a fact which points to the obvious relationship between the Fletcherian comedy, of which this is a typical example, and the drama of the Restoration.

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

The first edition of The Duchess of Malfi appeared in quarto in 1623, and was followed by others in 1860, 1678, and 1708. The present text follows chiefly the Harvard copy of the first quarto, with occasional readings supplied by Sampson's collation of the other editions. The date of first performance cannot be later than 1614, since the actor who created the part of Annonio died in that year. The main plot is taken from Painter's Palace of Pleusure, vol. 11, Nov. 23 (1867). Painter translated his story from helle-Forest's paraphrase (1865) of the twenty-sixth novella of Bandello (1834). The story appears in many places, and had been dramatized by Lope de Vegs. Crawford (Notes and Queries, Sept. 17-Nov. 12, 1964, has shown many incidental and even literal borrowings from Sidney's Arcadac. Among the elements in the play not found in Painter are the underplot of Julia and the Cardinal, the scenes of tocture, and the most of the lifth act. Some of these are derived from the tradition of the tragedy of revenge, especially as represented by Shakespeare, Marston, and Tourneur; but, in spite of frequent schoes, this impressive tragedy, almost the last of its kind, derives its vitality mainly from the powerful and sombre imagination of Webster.

A TRICK TO CATCH THE OLD ONE

This comedy was licensed October 7, 1607, and published in quarto in 1608. A second edition appeared in 1616. The present text is based directly on the copy of the first quarto in the Boston Public Library, with the aid of the readings from the second quarto given by Bullion. The plot is supposed to have given Massinger a suggestion for A New Way to Pag to I build, but where Middleton found it, if he did not originate it, is not known. This play is an excellent example of Middleton's comedies of intrigue and manners, full of bustle and fun, more careful of theatrical effect than of moral or aestectic consistency.

THE CHANGELING

The Changeling was performed as early as 1623, but did not appear in print till 1633. On a copy of this quarto in the Harvard Library the present text is based. The source of the tragic plot is the fourth history in book it of John Revende's Teiamph of Golf's Revenue against Morder (1621, but the prose narrative is not followed closely. The under-plot, which gives its title to the play, may be original. Miss Wiggin assigns to Rewley the whole under-plot, and the opening and closing scenes of the main plot. Symons finds the greatness of the play as a whole due to the collaboration of the two authors, and beyond the powers of either alone (Cf. Camb. Hist. of Eng. Lit., vi. 76-7).

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

This play, Massinger's masterpiece in comedy, appeared in quarto in 1633, and on the Harrard Library copy of this edition the present text is based. The play was acted before 1626, and Fleay places it as early as 1622. Few plays of this whole period have held the English stage so continuously or so long as this. The central idea of the plat seems to have been taken from Middeton's 4 Trick to Catch the Old One; but there is almost as great a difference in the dramatic method between the two plays as there is in moral tone. Massinger's didactic ism here finds about no text expression, without destroying theatrical effectiveness. Prototypes of Sir Giles Overreach and Greedy have been found in the notorious monopolist, Sir Giles Momposson and his tool, Michael.

THE BROKEN HEART

The only early edition of The Broken Heart was published in 1633, and the present text is based on a copy of this quarto in the Boston Public Library. There is no evidence as to the date of composition except the hitherto unnoted fact that The Gartand of Good Will, mentioned in IV, if, 15, was published in 1631. The prologue seems to imply that the plot of the play is founded on fact, and Sherman has argued plausibly that the inference is to the story of Peneloge Deveronx, Sidney's "Stella," whose second husband Ford had enlogised in his first publication, Fame's Memorial 1256. It is certain that Ford was interested in both Sidney and Stella, and there are many correspondences between their situation and that of Orgilus and Penthea. The catastrophe is, of course, entirely changed, but in the spiritual situation there is much to recall the sounces of Astrophel to Stella There are traces of the influence of the Arcadia also in the play, such as the laying of the plat in Sparra; and in the delineation of the Jealousy of Bassanes Ford draws upon Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

THE LADY OF PLEASURE

The Lady of Pleasure was published in quarto in 1837, and the present text is based on a copy of this edition in the Harvard Library. The play, a good example of Shirley's comedy of manners, was produced in 1835. No source has been discovered for the plot. Like Fletcher's Wild-Goose Chase, the type of Shirley's comedies is important in measuring the approach made toward the Restoration comedy before the Puritan Revolution.

THE CARDINAL

This tragedy, regarded by Shirley as his greatest play, and in fact no unworthy place to close a value representing the drama of that age, appeared in a volume of Six New Plays in 1603, the date on the title-page of The Cardinal being 1602. On a copy of this octave in the Harvard Library the pasent text is based. The play was acted in 1641, and thus belongs to the last few months before the theatres were closed by the Long Parliament. It is probable that Webster's Duchess of Malfi afforded more than a suggestion for the plot, but otherwise no source has been found. The play was popular both on its first appearance and when it was revived after the Restoration.



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The Woman Hater (probably by Beaumont alone), 1607, 1648, 1649. The Knight of the Burning Pestle, 1613, 1636. Cupid's Revenge, 1615, 1630, 1635. The Scornful Lady, 1616, 1625, 1630, 1635, 1639, 1651, 1677, 1691. 1696. A King and No King, 1619, 1625, 1631, 1639, 1665, 1661, 1676, 1693. The Maid's Tragedy, 1619, 1622, 1638.

1638, 1641, 1659, 1601, 1686. Philaster, 1620, 1622, 1630, 1654, 1639, 1651, 1652 (2 edd.), 1660 (?), 1687. Thierry and Theodoret, 1621, 1648, 1649.

ORIGINAL EDITIONS OF SINGLE PLAYS BY FLETCHER ALONE

The Faithful Shepherdees, n. d. (prob. 1609), 1629, 1634, 1656, 1665. Henry VIII (with Shakespeare), in Shakespeare Folio of 1623. The Two Noble Kinsmen (with Shakespeare), 1634. The Elder Brother, 1637, 1651, 1666. Henry VIII (with Shakespeare), 1639. The Elder Brother, 1637, 1631, 1666. Henry VIII (with Shakespeare), 1633. The Elder Brother, 1637, 1631, 1666. Henry VIII (with Shakespeare), 1633. The Bloody Brother, 1633, 1640. Monsleur Thomas, 1639. The Bloody Brother, 1639, 1640. Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, 1696, 1697. The Night-Walker, 1640, 1661. The Wild-Goose Chase, 1632. The Humorous Lieutenant, 1830 (from a MS. dated 1625).

FIRST POLIO EDITION OF BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S PLAYS (1647)

The Mad Lover. The Spanish Curate. The Little French Lawyer. The Custom of the Country. The Noble Gentleman. The Captain. The Reggar's Bush. The Coxcomb. The False One. The Chances. The Loyal Subject. The Laws of Candy. The Lover's Progress. The Island Princess. The Humorous Lieutenant. The Nice Valour, or The Passionate Madman. The Maid in the Mill. The Prophetess. Ronduca. The Sea Voyage. The Double Marriage. The Pigrim. The Knight of Malta. The Woman's Prize, or The Tamer Tamed. Love's Cure, or The Martial Maid. The Honest Man's Fortune. The Queen of Corinth. Women Pleased. A Wife for a Month. Wit at Several Weapons. Valentinian. The Pair Maid of the Inn. Love's Pigrimage. The Masque at the Marriage of the Prince and Princess Palatine of the Rhine. Four Plays in One.

(Plays followed by an asterisk are believed to be in part by Beaumont: the rest by Fletcher.)

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

JOHN LYLY

John Lyly was born in Kent about 1854. His father was Peter Lyly, Registrar of Canterbury, and his grandfather the well-known grammarian, William Lyly, the friend of Colet and More. He entered Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1869, whence he graduated B. A. in 1875, and M. A. in 1875. Here he was more distinguished for wit than for scholarship. Going up to London, and living at first under the protection of Burleigh, he produced in 1878 his Eughnes. The Anatomy of Wel, which was followed in 1880 by Enphues and his England, both of which gained a great and immediate popularity. He was now attached to the Earl of Oxford. Campaspe, his first play, was performed in 1881, and most of his dramatic work was done in that decade. The Woman in the Moon, however, may have been produced as late as 1894-5. In 1883, Lyly married Beatrice Browne, a well-connected lady, who bore him eight children. From 1888 he seems to have held an honorary position as Esquire of the Body to the Queen, and he lived for years in the vain hope of succeeding to the office of Master of the Revels. Between 1889 and 1801 he sat in four parliaments, and in his Pappe with an Hatchel (1889) he took part with the Bisheps in the Marpelate controversy. In spite of the distinction which Lyly won by his literary work, he failed to obtain from the Queen the substantial preferment which he craved, and he died in 1805, a disappointed place-seeker. Lyly's reputation has depended largely on the extraordinary vogue of his Euphues, and the immense influence of the style of that work on the prose of the time; but he holds also a highly important position in the development of polite comedy in England.

GEORGE PEELE

The date of Peele's birth is unknown, but is conjecturally placed about 1558. In 1566 he was a free scholar at Christ's Hospital, of which his father was clerk, and in 1571 he went to Oxford. He was a student first at Broadgates Hall (now Pembroke College), and later at Christ Church, whence he graduated B. A. in 1577, and M. A. in 1579. From the University, where he had already achieved some reputation as a poet, he went to London, and apparently plunged at once into the irregularities that wrecked his career, for in the same year the governors of Christ's Hospital forced his father to turn him out of the precincts of the hospital. His wife, whom he had married by 1583, brought him some property, which he soon dissipated; and he became a member of that group of authors who wrote plays, pageants, and all sorts of occasional productions, in the uncertain hope of earning a living. The famous Josts, fathered on Peele, are probably quite unauthentic; but there is an unfortunate appropriateness in many of them to his known mode of life. He seems to have been an actor as well as a playwright. Meres mentions him in Palladis Tannia (1598) as dead.

Peele's claims to distinction rest upon his treatment of metre, and on his humor. He did much to refine and supple the diction of the drama, and before Marlowe placed his stamp upon blank verse. Peele was writing it with great sweetness and a charming musical quality. In the present play, the realistic element in the dialogue is more notable than the decorative, and this realism is employed in the service of a new type of humor. "He was the first," says Gummere, "to blend romantic drama with a realism which turns romance back upon itself, and produces the comedy of subconscious

humor."

ROBERT GREENE

Greene was much given to the mingling of autobiography with his fiction, and this has resulted in a much larger body of possibly true biographical details than we possess concerning most of his contemporaries. He was born in Norwich of a respectable family, probably about 1560; entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1575; graduated B. A. in 1578; travelled in Spain and Italy, and, by his own account lived up to the proverbial reputation of the Italianate Englishman; returned to Cambridge and took his M. A. in 1581; and during the rest of his short life busied himself in the production of the very considerable mass of romances, tracts, songs, and plays which to day give him his place in literature. About 1585 he married a Lincolnshire woman, who bore him a son, and whom he deserted after spending her portion. The 'annals of literature hardly bear the record of a more sordid career than that of this university-bred man of letters; and his death was only too fitting a close to it. He died in 152 in the house of, a poor shoemaker, to whom he gave a bond for ten pounds, leaving the following letter to his deserted wife: "Doll, I charge thee by the love of our youth and by my soul's rest that thou wilt see this man paid, for if he and his wife had not succoured me I had died in the stroeta.

Robert Greene." Following his own wish, the shoemaker's wife crowned his head with a garland of

bay.

In spite of the self-confessed wickedness of his ways, Greene was not a hardened criminal, and me themes are more frequent in his tracts than moral exhortation and repentance. It is further notable that his work is freer from grossness than that of most of his contemporary playwrights, and he is distinguished for the freshness and purity of his female creations. He seems also, to judge from his plays, to have retained a love for the country, where he often chose to lay his scenes; and he ranks high among the lyrists of the time. The vivacity and variety of his humor are well exemplified in the play here printed.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Christopher Marlowe was the eldest son of a substantial burgess of Canterbury, and he was born in that city on February 6, 1564. He entered the King's School in January, 1576, and two years later became a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, whence he graduated B. A. in 1584, and M. A. in 1587. As Tamburlaine was acted in that year, it appears that Marlowe's academic and his literary life overlapped. Little is certainly known of his later life, apart from the production of his plays asd poems. He belonged to a circle of which Sir Walter Raleigh was the centre, and which contained men like the Earl of Oxford, and Harriot, the mathematician. These men seem to have engaged in scientific and theological speculation, and were suspected of athelsm by the narrower spirits of the time. This connection was probably the basis for certain extreme charges made against Marlowe after his death; but there is little evidence worthy of consideration. Even the documents connected with Kyd, in which that author seeks to save his own reputation for orthodoxy at Marlowe's expense, are under suspicion in point of genuineness. Marlowe died by the hand of a certain Francis Archer, at Deptford, in 1593, but the circumstances are obscure. The later reports, such as that according to which he was stabbed by a serving man in a brawl over a mistress, are inconsistent with one another, and are little worthy of credit. The prevailing impression of the dissoluteness of Marlowe's life's not based on substantial evidence such as we have, for example, in the case of Greene.

No such uncertainty as surrounds his character and career attaches to the quality of his work. Bora in the same year as Shakespeare, he left behind him at twenty-nine work which far surpasses asything his great contemporary had written by that time. In the vastness and intensity of his imagination, the splendid dignity of his verse, and the dazzling brilliance of his poetry at its best, Marlowe

exhibited the greatest genius that had so far appeared in the English drama.

THOMAS KYD

The date of Kyd's birth may with practical certainty be placed in 1558. His father was a London scrivener, and the son was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, which he entered in 1565. Mulcaster was then headmaster, and Edmund Spenser was among his schoolfellows. He does not seem to have attended a university. A habit of anonymity has thrown a cloud over the extent of Kyd's literary activity, and the list of his plays and translations has been compiled with difficulty and much less than complete certainty. His fame depends upon The Spanish Tragedy, and upon the importance of his contribution to the Senecan tragedy of revenge in this play and probably in the lost pre-Shakespeacon Hamlet, which is now usually ascribed to him.

The later years of his life seem to have been unfortunate, and he was arrested on charges of sedition and atheism in 1503. From the latter he sought, if the letter to Puckering (Boas, p. cviii.) is genuine, to clear himself by ascribing the ownership of the incriminating documents to the dead Marlowe, and he endeavored to minimise the closeness of his intimacy with his great contemporary. These charges, it appears, lost him his patron, and perhaps in some degree his theatrical popularity. He died in 1594.

Kyd seems to have been a man of gloomy temperament, and the vividness and intensity with which he presents in his work the darker sides of human nature and experience are probably in some degree the outcome of his own disposition. In spite of tendencies to melodrama that, to the modern taste, border on the ludicrous, Kyd rises at times to the utterance of genuine passion, and even his sensationalism is frequently impressive. But his historical importance in the development of the type of tragedy of which Hamlet is the climax must be granted to be greater than his intrinsic value.

GEORGE CHAPMAN

George Chapman was born in Hitchin, Hertfordshire, in 1557 or 1559, and was educat ed at Oxford, and perhaps also at Cambridge. His earliest extant work is The Shadow of Night (155 M), which was followed in 1595 by Orid's Bonquet of Sense, The Amorous Zodiae, and other poems, works curious's obscure and contorted in style, though containing distinguished passages. In 1598, b. of finished Martinguished passages.

lowe's incomplete Hero and Leander, and when Meres published his Palladis Tainia in that year, Chapman was already well-known as a playwright. His reputation, however, is most itruly based on his translations from Homer, issued in detachments in 1598, 1609, 1601, and 1614, and complete in folio in 1616. In this work he was encouraged by Prince Henry, to whom he was "sewer in ordinary." He was imprisoned in 1605 along with Josson and Marston on account of the passages against the Scots in Eastmard Ho' and in 1605 he again had difficulties with the authorities on account of a scene in Charles, Duke of Ryron. He continued his work in translation and in the drama till his death in 1636.

Though one can hardly feel that Chapman's natural gifts were those of a dramatist, the evidences of intellectual power, and the almost Shakespearcan splender of the poetry in occasional passages throughout his work, entitle him to an honorable place among the writers of the time.

BEN JONSON

Ben Jonson came of an Annandale family, and was born at Westminster in 1873. He followed his stepfather's trade of bricklaying for a short time, and later served as a soldier in Flanders. He probably began play-writing about 1395, and two years later we find him in the Admiral's Company of actors. In 1388 he is mentioned by Meres as a writer of tragedy, and in the same year he killed a fellowactor in a duel. In prison he became a Itoman Catholic, but returned to the Church of England twelve years later. He scored a success with Every Man in his Humour in 1898, Shakespeare acting a part in the play. After several years of work on satirical drama, Jonson turned to tragedy; and on the accession of James I, he began his long series of masques and court entertainments. In 1695 he was again in prison, this time for his share in Eastward Ho! From this date till about 1617 Jonson was at the height of his fame, and was the leading literary figure in London. He visited France in 1613 as tutor to Raleigh's son; and in 1616 issued a folio edition of his works. In 1618, he visited Scotland, and held his famous conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden; and, on his return, Oxford made him an M. A. After the death of James I. Jonson was less fortunate in court favor, suffered from Ill health, and was unsuccessful at the theatre. In 1028, however, he succeeded Middleton as chronologer to the city of London, and the King sent him £100 in his sickness, later raising his salary. But fortune turned against him again, he lost his city office, made further attempts to regain theatrical favor, and died August 6, 1637. Besides plays, he left an interesting prose work, Timber, or Discoveries, and a considerable amount of non-dramatic verse. A second folio edition of his Works appeared in 1000.

Jonson's artistic ideals were classical rather than romantic, and he stands, in significant respects, in opposition to some of the main literary currents of his time. The plays in the present volume include an example of the "comedy of humours" introduced by him, a typical example of his tragedy, and two of his satirical masterpieces. In these alone one can find abundant evidence that, despite a lack of charm and geniality, one is dealing with the work of a deep student of human nature, a vigorous and independent thinker, and a master of eloquent and virile expression.

THOMAS DEKKER

Dekker's career is an extreme instance of the hazardous life led by the professional author in the time of Shakespeare. Born in London about 1550, Dekker first appears certainly as a dramatist about 1557, when we find him working on plays in collaboration with other dramatists in the pay of Henslowe. He wrote, in partnership or alone, many dramas; and when the market for these was dull, he turned to the writing of entertainments, occasional verses, and prese pamphlets on a great variety of subjects. No writer of the time gives us a more vivid picture of Elizabethan London. But all his activity seems to have falled to supply a desent invellihood, for he was often in prison for debt at one time for a period of three years; and most of the biographical details about him which have come down to us are connected with borrowing money, or getting into jail or out of it. He disappears from view in the thirties of the seventeenth century.

In spite of the impression of gloom left by such a record, Dekker's plays abound in high spirits, and their general tendency in plot and characterization is sane and wholesome. Evidences of leasty and careless workmanship are easily found, yet he was far from an uninspired back, and passages of a noble and delicate poetry are frequent throughout his work.

IOHN MARSTON

John Marston came of an old Spropshire family, and was horn, probably at Coventry, about 1575, fits father, who hore the same name, was lecturer of the Middle Tomple, and there is evidence that the son was trained for the law. He entered Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1991, and according to Bullen, graduated B. A in 1584. His first work in poetry was his Metamorphosic of Pulmotion's Image and Certain Satires, 1598; and later in the same year appeared his Scourge of Pulmay. In the

following year both books were burned on account of their licentiousness by the order of the arch bishop of Canterbury, though Marston had professed a reformatory purpose in both. In 1999 by target to play writing; but the turgid style of his Antonio and Mellida and Antonio's Revenge brought i en on him the ridicule of Jonson in The Poctuster. The Malcontent was written during a period reconciliation with Jonson, and in 1605 Marston collaborated with him and Chapman in Fostwert Ea. a comedy containing a passage reflecting on the Scots, which landed all three dramatists in present

Marston gave up play writing in 1607, and later became a clergyman. From 1616 to 1631 he held to living of Christ Church, Hampshire, and in 1634 died in London, and was buried in the Teng-

Church.

The extreme tendency to fustian which Jonson had attacked in Marston's early work no longer appears to any great extent in *The Malcontent*, and the play exhibits favorably Marston's capacite for the creation of well marked character and effective stage situations. An attempt has recently test made to show that he exerted a considerable influence on Shakespears, especially in *Hamlet*.

THOMAS HEYWOOD

The early records of this, the most prolific of the dramatic writers of the time, are extremely seasi; The date of his birth is conjecturally placed about 1575, and he refers to himself as a native of 155 collabore, and at one time resident at Cambridge. He begins to figure in Henslowe's accounts in 158 and he appears as a member of the Lord Admiral's Company in 1588. He began writing plays and The Four Prentices of London, and in the Address to the Reader prefixed to his English Tourse (1633) he claims to have written or had a "main finger" in two hundred and twenty plays. Unusue of the drama, he tried his hand at almost all sorts of literature, and the quality of his work is co tremely uneven. He was still alive in 1648, but probably died soon thereafter.

Heywood's characteristic power of chetting powerful emotions by a sympathetic treatment of every day conditions and events, is well illustrated by the play here printed. While much is perfuncted in his work, one constantly finds evidences of a genuine and plous spirit moved by a keen approximately finds evidences of a genuine and plous spirit moved by a keen approximately finds.

ation of the pathos of human life.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

JOHN FLETCHER

John Fletcher came of a family which has given many distinguished names to English literature. His father was Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London. Giles Fletcher the clier was his made, and countries and Phineas Fletcher his cousins. The dramatist was born at Rye, Sussex, in 1679, and entered literate College now Corpus Christi), Cambridge, in 1591; but of the details of his life from this time tall an appearance as a dramatost little is known. He collaborated with Beaumont from about tent till related, after Beaumont's withdrawal, with Shakespeare, Jonson, Massinger, and others. He died of the plague in 1625.

The men who laid the foundations of the Elizabethan drama were generally of somewhat about origin; and though some of them had been educated at the universities, they were all poor float ment and Fletcher were the first recruits to the profession of play-writing who came of distinguished families and habitually moved in wealthy circles; and this social environment was early suggested as an explanation of their power of representing naturally the conversation of high-born times and gentlemen. The general style of their plays has been thus admirably characterized by Poundar "Their plots, largely invented, are ingenious and complicated. They deal with royal or noble process with herofe actions, and are placed in foreign localities. The conquests, usurpations, and process that ruln kingdoms are their themes, there are no battles or pageants, and the action is usual confined to the rooms of the palace or its immediate neighborhood. Usually contrasting a surp of

gross sensual passion with one of idyllic love, they introduce a great variety of incidente, and aim at constant but varied excitement. . . . The plays depend for interest not on their observation or revelation of human nature, or the development of character, but on the variety of situations, the elever construction that holds the interest through one suspense to another up to the unravelling at the very end, and on the naturalness, felicity, and vigor of the poetry."

JOHN WEBSTER

The dates 1880-1825 are usually given as conjectures for Webster's birth and death, exact information being entirely lacking. His father was a member of the Merchant Taylors' Company, of which the son was likewise a freeman; but this does not imply that he was actually a tailor. In 1602, we find him collaborating with seven others in the production of four plays for Henslowe, and the rest of his biography consists in the discussion of the dates of his works.

Webster's tragedies come towards the close of the great series of tragedies of blood and revenge in which The Spanish Tragedy and Hamlet are landmarks, but before decadence can fairly be said to have set in. Webster, indeed, loads his seene with horrors almost past the point which modern taste can bear; but the intensity of his dramatic situations, and his superb power of flashing in a single line a light into the recesses of the human heart at the crises of supreme contion, redeem him from mere sensationalism, and place his best plays in the first rank of dramatic writing.

THOMAS MIDDLETON

The date of Middleton's birth is unknown, but is conjecturally placed about 1570. He came of good family, and his writings indicate that he received a good education. We know however, nothing about his early training before his entering Gray's Inn, probably in 1593. His plays abound in allusions to law and pictures of lawyers.

The carliest evidence of his writing for the stage is in the date of *The Old Law*, which was probably composed by Middleton about 1539, and later revised by Massinger and W. Rowley. He was much employed in the writing of pageants and masques, especially by the city, and in 1621 he obtained the post of city chronologer. In 1624 he gave expression to the popular hatred of Spain in his allegorical play, A Game at Chess, which scored a great success, but which was ultimately suppressed at the instigation of the Spanish ambassador, and led to a warrant for Middleton's arrest. He died in 1627.

In his coincides Middleton shows himself a keen observer of contemporary life and manners, and few writers of the time have left a more vivacious picture of the London of James I. "His later plays." says Herford, "show more concentrated as well as more versatile power. His habitual occupation with deprayed types becomes an artistic method; he creates characters which fascinate without making the smallest appeal to sympathy, tragedy which harrows without rousing either pity or terror, and language which disdains charm, but ponetrates by remorseless veracity and by touches of strange and sudden power."

WILLIAM ROWLEY

William Rowley was born about 1885. He was an actor as well as a dramatist, and is sometimes confused with two other actors, Ralph and Samuel Rowley. In his earlier years he wrote some non-dramatic verse, mostly of a conventional kind. His most important work was done in collaboration with Middleton, with whom he worked from 1614, but he had many other literary partners. His verse is apt to be rough and irregular, his humor broad and rollicking rather than fine, his serious scenes tending to extravagance and bombast. But his constant employment to cooperate with greater men, or revise their work, points to a general serviceableness and a capacity for theatrical effectiveness. His death is conjecturally placed about 1642.

PHILIP MASSINGER

Philip Massinger was born at Salisbury, in November, 1583. His father was in the service of this. Earls of Pembroke, and it has been conjectured that the future dramatist was named after the Countese's brother. Sir Philip Sidney. He entered St. Alban Hall, Oxford, in 1602, and left four years later without a degree, having, according to Wood, "applied his mind more to petry and romances than to logic and philosophy." On coming to London he seems to have turned at once to writing for the stage; and, after Beaumont retired from play-writing, Massinger became Fletcher's chief partner and warm friend. All Massinger's relations with his fellow-authors of which we have record seem to have been pleasant; and the impression of his personality which one derives from his work is that of a dignified, hard-working, and conscientious man. He seems to have been much interested in public affairs, and he at times came into collision with the authorities on account of the introduction into

his plays of more or less veiled allusions to political personages and buried in St. Saviour's, Southwark, in the same grave, it is said by (Massinger's great merit lies in his masterly conduct of plot. His what conventional type, his pictures of passion tend to sheer extendes in it something mechanical. His verse is often eloquent, but the remote from life. Yet so skillful was he in the manipulation of the attention without difficulty; and in the present play this power is efful presentation of the main obsractor and a fairly obvious didactied on the stage almost down to modern times.

IOHN FORD

John Ford was born at Ilsington in Devonshire in April, 1899, of gesentered Exeter College, Oxford, in 1601; but if this was our Ford, his member of the Middle Temple in November, 1892. Of the rest of his except the names of people to whom he dedicated his plays and were lication of his last play in 1609. He seems to have been a man of a ment, independent in his attitude towards the public taste, and 6 canses.

Ford's dramas show a tendency to deal with lillicit and even incests dramatist frequently creating strong sympathy for the tempted and i tion of guilt open. This, along with his fondness for the theatrical his being frequently chosen as an example of the decadence of the denied; but in spite of these defects, he shows a power of insight ink writes at times poetry of such beauty and tenderness, that he remain terest as well as historical importance.

JAMES SHIRLEY

James Shirley, often called "the last of the Elizabethans," was born and was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and St. John's College, erine Hall, Cambridge, whence he graduated. About 1619 he took ords Albans, Hertfordshire; but resigned to enter the church of Rome, a bans grammar school in 1623. His first play was licensed in 1625, and of the theatres he devoted himself to the writing of plays and masquet and the patronage of the court. With the outbreak of the Civil War, the Earl of Newcastle, to the field; but after Marston Moor he returned his earlier writings, and resumed teaching. Some of his plays were ret wrote no more. He and his second wife were driven from their hom and both died from shock on the same day.

Shirley wrote many non-dramatic poems, graceful enough but conw to-day. Out of nearly forty dramas, seven are tragedies, the rest chiefly dies of manners. He was a careful student of the work of his predeces of their dramatic effects with skill. He had a distinct comic gift, as judged by The Cardinal. With Shirley, more than with any of his fell disadvantage of coming so late in the development of this phase of conception seems almost impossible. That he is still able to amuse and ments is proof of his capacity as a literary workman; and he should not passages where he displays touches of imagination all his own.

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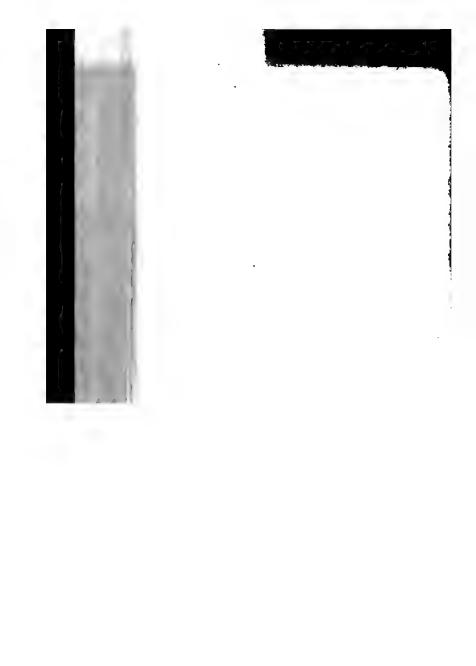












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